

Christmas.

With heart and mind we hail the past
And greet the primal Christmas tide,
Illumed with light of blessings vast
That halos Bethlehem's mountainside.
Meek shepherds, chosen first to see
The gift of heaven's wondrous grace,
In ecstasy we bend the knee
Before the Shepherd of the race.

Judaea, favored of the earth,
Ah, sacred is thine every sod,
Land glorified as place of birth
And cradle of the Son of God.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

From a window out of a crowded
apartment house situated in the business
district of a great city a woman
with a pale, wistful face was looking
down into the street below.

In spite of the shabby black dress,
there was an aristocratic air about the
tall figure which impressed one that
she was a lady born, and in the face
now worn with years of sorrow could
be detected traces of what must once
have been a radiant beauty.

It was Christmas eve, and the street
was filled with persons hurrying to
their various homes after the last day
of holiday shopping. Heavily laden
express carts were rattling noisily over
the cobblestones, and groups of small
urchins were adding to the festive din
by tooting lustily on their ear-splitting
Christmas horns.

But the pale woman at the window
neither saw nor heard all this confusion.
Her thoughts were in the far-
away past, when Christmas eve in the
luxurious home of her childhood used
to be the gladdest time of the whole
year. But now she glanced hastily
around the small bare room and shud-
dered to think of the terrible change.
If only she could have bought a few
trifling gifts for the children! But
she had not been able to spare a penny
from her small earnings, and this year
dear, faithful Tony must go unrewarded
and 6-year-old Kathie's strong confi-
dence in Santa Claus be shaken for
ever.

Just then the door was pushed open,
and her sad reverie was interrupted by
the entrance of two children, a tiny
girl with a mass of golden hair framing
a very excited little face and a dark
eyed boy about two years her senior.

"Mamma, mamma," the fairy cried,
rushing to her mother and throwing
both arms about her neck. "Tony and
me have a be-yu-ti-ful plan, just be-yu-
ti-ful! Tony read about it in a book,
and we want to do it—to sing carols to-
night under people's windows."

The mother drew a quick breath.
"And then when they open the door
to find us we'll run away, just like
the children in the story."

Ah, then, her children had not yet
thought of begging at strange doors,
and they wanted to follow out the beau-
tiful old English custom simply for the
fun and novelty!

"And, mother," Tony was saying in
his grave way, "perhaps they'll think
it's an angel when Kathie sings, she
can make her voice so soft."

The mother smiled. Her little daugh-
ter's truly wonderful voice was a great
delight to her, and she hoped some day
to have it carefully trained.

Yes, she would give her consent to
the frolic, and all through the scanty
evening meal the children chatted like
veritable magpies. Then, clad in their
plain, warm wraps, they set out after
bidding their mother a merry good-by.

Hand in hand they hurried through
the crowded streets, past the rows of
brilliantly lighted shops, gay with holly
and evergreens, not making a stop
until they reached a wide avenue, where
the shops gave way to handsome private
houses.

"Now, Kathie," Tony whispered by
way of a signal. "While Shepherds
Watched their Flocks." And a moment
later the childish voices were ring-
ing on the frosty air in clear, sweet
treble. Before they could run away,
as the story had said was the proper
thing to be done, a group of children
appeared at one of the richly curtained
windows, and catching sight of the lit-
tle singers out in the snow beckoned to
them to come in. Tony shook his head
and called out gayly that they were
Christmas children and didn't mind the
cold. Then, clasping their hands more
tightly, they ran on.

House after house was roused by the
clear little voices, and coins were of-
fered, but Tony always refused the
money, saying that they were Christ-
mas children, and that seemed to ex-
plain their situation perfectly, for no
one pressed them further.

"Let's don't sing any more after this
one," Kathie said as they paused be-
fore a large, imposing house of somber
brown stone, "cause I'm very tired."

"All right, Kit, so brace up for the
last and do your best. Let's sing 'Hark,
the Herald Angels!'"

"You begin it, you know." And
Tony, who acted in the double capacity
of business manager and choir master,
gave the note, and Kathie began.

In the handsomely furnished library
of the house before which the children
stood an old man was sitting alone be-
fore a great open fire. He knew that
it was Christmas eve, but the fact did
not seem to make him particularly
happy, for his face was drawn and hag-
gard, as though he were being torment-
ed by his own thoughts. Some one
had wished him a "Merry Christmas"
that evening, and the old man laughed
bitterly.

"Merry Christmas," he half mutter-
ed. "When have I seen a Christmas
that was anything but a torment since"
— And his mind went back to a Christ-
mas eve just ten years ago. Ah, those
were merry Christmases in the old
years when Katherine was a child with
long golden hair! What was it that
she sang every time before she ex-
plored the mysterious stocking? Oh,
yes, he remembered it well—

"Hark, the herald angels sing!"

Was he dreaming, or was it really his
darling's voice that broke the stiffness

of the winter night? He listened in-
tently. Faintly the air of the old an-
them came to him. Then, as his ear
grew accustomed to the voice, he
caught each word distinctly. "Glory to
the newborn King." The sound came
from the street, and the old man rose
from his arm chair and walked noise-
lessly to the window. Hiding himself
among the heavy folds of the hang-
ings, he gazed eagerly out into the
snowy avenue.

Two tots of children were standing
directly in front of the house. One,
the smaller of the two, a girl with
bright curls, as he saw by the friendly
glint of the street lamp, was singing
with all her small might. And such a
voice! It made him think of the "her-
ald angels," about whom she sang, or
better still, of Katherine.

He waited until the carol was ended,
and then raising the sash called out
in a persuasive tone. "Little ones, will
you come here," and as the children
hesitated he added: "Don't be afraid.
I only want to speak to you a moment."
And a little later Tony and his sister
were standing before the old man in
the great wide hall.

"I want to tell you how much I
have enjoyed the anthem that you have
been singing out there in the cold and
to ask you if you won't come to-mor-
row and sing it for me again. I used
to have a little girl like you," touching
Kathie's hair softly as he spoke, "who
sang it every Christmas day."

"Did she?" Kathie asked, looking up
at the grim old man with a genuine
interest in her big blue eyes. "Why,
that's just what my mamma used to
do when she was a little girl, isn't it,
Tony?"

Tony, who, unlike his sister, disliked
to speak of what he termed family
"fairs" before strangers, simply nod-
ded and was about to say that they
would be very glad to come in the
morning, when their host of five min-
utes, leaning eagerly forward, exclaim-
ed in a hoarse voice: "Your mother,
children? Who is she? Who are you?"

Half frightened by the change that
had come over the old man's face, Tony
answered wonderingly, "We are mam-
ma's children, Kathie and Tony, and
mamma is Mrs. Anthony Girvin." The
suddenness of the discovery was too
great to be borne calmly, and the old
man trembled like a palsied person as
he rang the bell for a servant. "Tell
John," he said when the domestic ap-
peared, "to have the carriage ready im-
mediately." Then, turning to the puzzled
children, he said in a voice that he
tried in vain to steady: "Little
ones, your mother was the little girl
who used to sing for me years ago.
Will you take me to her, for I want to
go to-night!"

It was years before that his daughter
Katherine had come up behind him one
evening, and putting her arms about
his neck told him with an unwonted
shyness that she had that day promised
to be Anthony Girvin's wife, and he,
enraged that his idol should be willing
to marry a poor musician, who, though
good and talented, was guilty of being
in moderate circumstances—had broken
from the fond embrace and commanded
her—yes, he had used that very word
—to break her promise or to leave his
house forever. And how proudly she
had towered above him in her tall
beauty as she utterly refused to com-
ply with his commands, because—and
the words were galling to her father—
because she loved Anthony Girvin more
than the whole world. "Then show
your devotion to this pauper and go!"

He had shouted, little dreaming that
he would be so promptly obeyed, for,
with a slight bending of her beautiful
head, she had gone from the room, and
when with a half formed fear he went
to find her a note on her dressing table
told him that "her devotion to this
pauper" was proved, for she had left her
father's house forever. The torturing
remorse that followed almost drove him
insane, and when he was convinced that
all search for his daughter's where-
abouts was vain he settled down to an
almost entirely secluded life, which was
in its very nature a living death.

Tony always persists that they owe
their present happy life to Kathie's
fondness for discussing family affairs,
but Kathie herself and Kathie's idol-
izing grandfather lay it all to the old
Christmas carol.

John Smith the World Over.

The well-known name, John Smith, a
good, strong, and honest English name,
is sometimes transformed into John
Smyth, Smythe, and even Smijthe, but
transformed into other languages it
seems to climb the ladder of respect-
ability, thus: In Latin it is Johannes
Smithus; the Italians smooth it off into
Giovanni Smithi; the Spaniards render
it Juan Smithus; the Dutchman adopts
it as Hans Schmidt; the French flatter
it into Jean Smeets, and the Russian
sneezes and barks Joulouf Smittowski;
When John Smith gets into the tea trade
at Canton he becomes Jahon Shimmit.
If he clambers about Mt. Hekla, the Ice-
landers says he is Jahn Smithsen. If
he trades among the Tuscaroras, he be-
comes Tom Qa Smitha. In Poland he
is known as Ivan Schmittiweiski. Should
he wander among the Welsh mountains
they talk of Jihom Schmidt. When he
goes to Mexico he is booked as Jouth
F'Smitr. If, of classic turn, he lingers
among Greek ruins, he turns to "Ton
Smikton, and in Turkey he is utterly
disguised as Yoe Seef.

Wonderful Power of Frost

Speaking of the wonderful powers of
nature, a well-known architect says
that the frost is one of the most power-
ful forces in the whole category. Elec-
tricity has great and peculiar power,
gravity is in immense evidence, the
wind and the sun and the rain and the
clouds have their respective forces to
command, but he had found that the
frost, when once it got below a build-
ing, was more powerful than could be
well estimated. A whole building, in
one case, a large and substantial brick
structure, was raised several inches by
the powerful expanding force of the con-
fined frost. Foundation walls suppos-
ed to be strong enough to last a cen-
tury, and certainly as strong as all or-
dinary demands would call for, have
been known to be thrown far out of
plumb because they were too near the
frost of the ground, which, in its invisi-
ble and silent might, would push the
massive masonry out of place in order to
give Jack Frost a little more elbow
room.

AFRICA IS TRANSFORMED

THE CONTINENT OPENED UP WITH- IN A FEW YEARS.

Thousands of Miles of Railroad and Steam-
boat Lines Now in Operation—You can
Read London Papers at Port Salisbury
Only Five Weeks Old—The Available
Cultivable Land of the Globe is In-
creased by a Fifth.

It seems but yesterday that Stanley
emerged from the heart of the Dark
Continent and told of his year-long
wanderings and perilous descent of the
Congo. Now the trader rides by rail-
road nearly half the distance between
Lima and Stanley Pool, and at
this place buys a ticket by either of
two lines of steamboats to stations 1,500
miles distant from the Atlantic. Fur-
ther south the Portuguese are working
diligently, though with limited means,
at the transcontinental road by which
they once proposed to connect their
possessions on either ocean, and the plan-
ters 200 miles from the coast send their
rubber, sugar and coffee by rail to St.
Paul de Loanda. The miner seeking
the gold fields of Mashonaland has the
choice of two routes. He may take the
train at Cape Town, and from the pres-
ent terminus of the northern road, al-
most 1,000 miles distant, go by coach to
any of the great mining centers. Or
he may prefer the shorter land route
from the east coast, and be carried by
the Beira railroad to the very edge of
the arid plateau. In his mining
camp near Fort Salisbury, which a few
years ago was practically inaccessible
to the white man, he reads the London
papers only five weeks old. The Hindoo
merchant seeking his fortune in the
British Central Africa Protectorate is
transferred from the Bombay steamer
at the mouth of the Zambesi to one
of the fleet of the African Lakes Com-
pany's steamers, which, with 100 miles
"carry" around the Shire rapids, lands
him on the shore of Lake Nyasa. If
from thence he travels 300 miles west-
ward, to the remote Lake Mweru, where
Livingstone's wanderings ceased, even
here the postman will bring him letters
from his home in far-off India.

RAPID TRANSIT

into the interior has not made so great
progress on the east coast. Only some
thirty miles of the German railway
from Tanga to the Victoria Nyanza are
completed, and the money for the par-
allel English road to Uganda has but
just been appropriated. The Italians
have built twenty miles of a projected
line from Massowah on the Red Sea to
Kassala on the north-western frontier
of their colony of Eritrea. The grasp
of the Mahdists on the middle Nile has
been loosened, and any day we may
hear that the water route from Egypt
to the great lakes has been reopened.
The other northern routes, from the
Mediterranean ports into the Sudan,
are still closed to white men; but the
Trans-Saharan Railroad, by which it is
proposed to connect the Algerian system
with the French lines pushing eastward
from Senegal and northward from the
Gambia coast, has almost passed out of
the realm of mere visionary schemes
into that of possibilities.

The advance of civilization, then, into
Africa is from every quarter, and in
many places the goal is already reached.
At the present rate of progress, in a
few years the whole continent will of-
fer no more difficulties to the traveler
than India does now. It is not incon-
ceivable—nay, more, it is probable—that
in 1905 the Cook tourist on the Nile will
not be obliged to turn back, as now, at
the second cataract, but may keep up
the river to Lake Albert, and thence by
alternate rail and water to the mouth
of the Zambesi or to Cape Town. Then
the traveler around the world will not
be confined to the Suez Canal or the
passage round the Cape, but will have
the choice of

SEVERAL ROUTES

across the continent. He may take the
African lakes route from Chinde to
Nyasa, and cross by coach or rail the
British protectorate, connecting at the
Portuguese frontier with the trains on
the Companhia Real for the Atlantic
seaboard. Or he may choose either of
three roads to the Congo—the Ger-
man Central, now being surveyed, from
Daes-Salaam, opposite Zanibar, to
Lake Tanganyika; the German North-
east to Lake Victoria, or the British
Uganda Railway past the magnificent
snow-capped Ruwenzori range. At Stan-
ley Pool he will be able to take the
cars of the State road to the head of
navigation at Matadi, or, if he prefers,
the all-rail route through French Con-
go to the port of Loango.

In other words, the barrier of desert
and fever-haunted coasts belt which has
separated Central Africa from the
rest of the world since creation, has
been finally and permanently broken
down. And just as the water brought
in artificial channels from the eternal
snows of the Alatan Mountains is trans-
forming the arid desert of Turkestan
into a region of smiling villages and
cultivated fields lined with shade and
fruit trees, so these wagon roads, steam-
boats and railways are just so many
irrigating streams which will fertilize
the mental and moral wilderness in
which the negro lives. For that which
has kept him in a state but a remove
above the wild beasts who share with
him his forests and grassy plains has
been chiefly his isolation. With the
inrush of the white man into his soli-
tudes, intent on gain though he be, and
bringing with him the countless evils
of civilization, but at the same time
their antidotes, a new era has opened
for Africa and the African. The full
import to the world of this great fact
it is impossible to grasp. This how-
ever, may be said with confidence: it
has increased the available cultivable
land of the globe by a fifth, and

DOUBLED THE AREA

within the tropics. That is, the sources
from which man can draw his food sup-
plies in the future have been almost
indefinitely extended. To what extent
this will add to his mineral wealth is
still a matter of conjecture, but that
the African highlands contain the pre-
cious metal and useful metals in abun-

dance every traveler testifies. Of great-
er importance, however, than these
material advantages is the fact that the
sum of human happiness will be immeasurably
increased. These railways, with the
stable government which is the essen-
tial condition of their existence mean
the absolute suppression of the
greatest curse which has ever
blighted man's growth, the slave trade.
They mean the raising of the standard
of living, the creation of a knowledge
of the rights of property, of the profita-
bleness of labor, the dignity and
value of human life to 50,000,000 of our
fellow-beings. They mean the binding
together by common interests nations,
tribes, and villages now mutually hos-
tile. They mean the indefinite multi-
plication of such oases (even now hap-
pily numerous in the great wilderness)
as the settlement of which we read in
a British official report, that here "will
be seen clean, broad, level roads, bor-
dered by handsome avenues of trees, and
comely red brick houses with rose-
covered verandas peeping out behind
clumps of ornamental shrubs. The na-
tives who pass along are clothed in
white calico, with some gaudy touch of
color superadded. A bell is ringing to
call the children to the mission school."

ABOUT THE FUR TRADE

The Enormous Price Which the Rarer
Furs Bring in the London Market.

Under the title "The Rarer Furs,"
the London Spectator has an interesting
article on some of those skins used in
the manufacture of wearing apparel
which are becoming scarcer year by
year. It appears that seal, sea otter,
silver fox, blue fox, and beaver are the
furs whose costliness seems to show that
they are destined to disappear earliest.
It is a surprising statement, but it is no
doubt true, that a single skin of the
silver fox fetched at the spring sales
in London last year no less a price
than \$850. The silver fox has always
been esteemed on account of its ex-
treme rarity and beauty, and the fact
is quoted that two sportsmen, in their
journey on foot across the Hudson's
Bay territory, only succeeded in trap-
ping one of these seldom-seen animals.
The sea otter's fur is very beautiful,
but it is said that the sea otter is
becoming so scarce that the sight of
one of them swimming out at sea is
the signal for a fleet of Aleutian boats
to start and attempt its capture. The
skin of the Antarctic seal, the richest
and thickest of all seal fur, is even
rarer than the sea otter, while the
finest Russian sables, with the per-
fect "ashen" lustre, are now offered at
\$225 "in the rough."

While admitting that there is no
prospect at present of the useful less
costly furs becoming scarce, the Spectator
enlarges on the sumptuous and
aesthetic qualities of the rarer furs,
and declares that if they were not
perishable they would be as

PRECIOUS AS GEMS.

This arises not only from their rarity,
but from their intrinsic qualities. The
wonderful fineness of their under-fur
causes them to hold minute quantities
of air in the infinitely small interstices
between the hairs; and while the air en-
closed is warmed by contact with the
body, the fur is a non-conductor to the
cold from without. The Spectator
makes a suggestion which may possibly
be of use in Canada. It says that the
sable, which is as prolific as the ferret,
might be bred for fur-bearing
purposes in Siberia. If in Siberia why
not in certain parts of Canada? Bear
farms are already an institution in
certain parts of Russia, and it seems
possible that if the skins become a
coveted object of trade, something
might be done towards establishing
bear ranches in the Dominion. Mean-
while it is instructive to learn that
in London, now the depot for the en-
tire fur trade, the sealskins in sight
for this month's sales will be less in
number than those of a year ago by
60,000. This may mean that the mea-
sures taken to protect the seal may be
having a temporary effect in reducing
the number of victims of the hunters,
and that a diminution of wholesale
slaughter may postpone the extinction
of the tribe. There seems no doubt,
however, that with the vast increase
of the number of people willing to buy
furs a time will come in the not distant
future when there will not be enough
of the rarer furs to go round.

Will Sell Customers Cold Air.

A company has been incorporated in
New York City for the purpose of sup-
plying cold air for refrigerating pur-
poses to hotels, restaurants, meat shops,
and households, through a pipe service,
similar to that employed in the distribu-
tion of steam. The cold air is to be
manufactured by the anhydrous am-
monia process at a central plant, is
piped into mains which are laid beneath
the street, and the house connections are
made by service pipes, which are carried
into the refrigerator or cold-storage
compartments. The degree of refrigeration
is under perfect control, and any
number of varying temperatures may
be secured in adjoining compartments.
For isolated customers in districts re-
moved from the pipe service the refrig-
erating material is delivered in a steel
cylinder, similar to those in which soda
water is delivered to drug stores.

Born in the Tower of London.

Mrs. John Heaton, historical person-
age of the old world, and a highly re-
spected and early settler of Virginia, Ill.,
died the other morning, aged 76 years.
Her maiden name was Mary J. Full-
erton, and she was born in the tower of
London, England, Feb. 29, 1820, when
her father, Major James Fullerton, was
in command of the tower. All visitors
to this famous prison of the old world
were shown the room and especial at-
tention was called to the fact by the
guides that Mary J. Fullerton Heaton
was the only female ever born in the
tower. She leaves a husband, Captain
John Heaton, aged 85, and nine chil-
dren.

Green Old Age.

Calinaux and Guibollard, who are of
the same age, conclude to bet on their
longevity. I shall go to your funeral,
I shall go to yours. What is your bet?
A champagne supper.

CURRENT NOTES.

The Salisbury government will soon
be compelled to deal with the liquor
licensing system. There are demands
on all sides that reforms shall be made,
and the Church of England Temperance
Society is once more pressing forward
its scheme for dealing with the ques-
tion. The principal points of that
scheme are few in number. In the first
place, the bill so diminishes the num-
ber of public houses that in the cities
there would not be more than one pub-
lic house for every thousand inhabi-
tants, while in the smaller towns and
in the rural districts, there would be
only one public house for every six hun-
dred inhabitants. Any public houses in
excess of this number are to be closed;
but in no case is a house to be closed
unless its owners or occupiers are com-
pensated out of public funds. These are
the two most important proposals of a
bill which in its compensation features
is much on the lines of a bill intro-
duced into Parliament in 1888, and intend-
ed to give the county councils power
to suppress public houses, but which
failed, owing to the hostility of tem-
perance reformers to the proposals for
compensation. In the next place, the
Church of England bill re-opens the
question of Sunday closing. In Eng-
land, at present, public houses are closed
during the morning and afternoon
service in the Established church, and
opened for a couple of hours after mid-
day, and from four or five o'clock in
the afternoon until ten or eleven
o'clock at night. The hours of opening
and closing vary in the larger and the
smaller towns; but in all places the
houses are closed for the greater part
of the day, and the law is most rigidly
enforced. If a license holder offends,
his license is indorsed by the magis-
trates, and after three indorsements
the offender forfeits his license, and
is incapacitated from keeping a pub-
lic house for some years to come.

In the opinion of the Bishop of Lon-
don and his associates of the Church
of England Temperance Society the
hours of opening on Sunday are too
long. Their aim is to curtail them, and
make changes in the law which shall
check the Sunday frequenting of pub-
lic houses, and their use on that day
for convivial purposes. The last clause
of the bill is aimed at clubs, the bishop's
idea being to bring them under the
licensing law. In this he will
have the support of the licensed
publicans, who have long com-
plained that the clubs were open at
times when publicans were compelled
to close their houses, and that, in every
large town, bogus clubs were organ-
ized solely to defeat the licensing laws.
Compared with the various measures
which have been introduced into the
House of Commons, the Church of Eng-
land Society's bill is a moderate mea-
sure indeed, and is skilfully framed so
as to arouse the least opposition on
the part of the liquor trade. If the Church
of England is really in earnest, it ought
to have no difficulty in getting it
through Parliament. The Bishops in
the House of Lords are of course in fa-
vor of the proposals; while as to the
House of Commons, it is thirty years
since the Church of England had as
many professed friends in that cham-
ber as it has at the present time.

ENGLAND'S CATHEDRALS.

Beautiful Architectural Specimens to be
Seen in Small Towns.

It was my privilege to see ten of
the cathedrals of England, and situat-
ed, as some of them are, in small towns,
one comes on visiting them to know
more of the life of the people than the
tourist can attain who flies from one
great city to another, says a writer in
the Springfield Republican. Each tra-
veler will have his favorite among them,
and all have excellencies and defects.

Some of them are partially spoiled by
the smoke of the town, and any restor-
ation ought to be welcome that will
clean it off. Such is the case with York
and Lincoln, and, to a greater extent,
with Peterborough, whose magnificent
facade, or rather architect's conception
of it, is best appreciated by the study
of a photograph. As the English are
not inclined to apotheosis of dirt, they
have in many cases removed the dis-
grace in recent years, and Peterborough
itself is now made glorious within in
all the marvelous beauty of its cream-
white stone. When these buildings are
not in smoky towns the atmosphere,
after the lapse of ages, has sometimes
heightened the architectural effect, so
that Ely grows old gracefully, and Sal-
isbury even beautifully. Salisbury and
Canterbury seem well-nigh perfect. In
Durham the marble columns are mar-
red by a puerile fluting; the towers of
York are not all finished. The wonder-
ful central tower of Lincoln has lost
its pinnacles; the great facade of Peter-
borough is out of proportion to the
building; the external effect of Ely is
too much like a fortress; the spires of
Litchfield are not mates in color and
are somewhat ornate; but upon Can-
terbury and Salisbury the eye rests
content. And yet he is little to be
envied who would not find intoxicating
joy in every one of these, so great are
they in their varied power, so lifting
the beholder above and beyond all in-
cidental defects, and it is quite to the
credit of the young woman from Spring-
field who is said to have burst into
tears at the sight of Westminster Ab-
bey.

There is not the least flower but seems
to hold up its head, and to look pleas-
antly, in the secret sense of goodness
of its heavenly maker.—South.