

A LULLABY.

O wandering wind, I pray thee fold thy wings,
The whispering trees are calling thee to rest,
The sky grows dim, the noisy birds are still,
And softly sleeps my baby at my breast.

-Caris Brooke.

ACROSS THE DEAD LINE



It was a disagreeable surprise to us
leavy artillery men when our regiment
was detailed for prison duty during
the war, not only because it was dis-
tasteful work, but we thought it derog-
atory to our branch of the service;
and, indeed, it is a mystery to me to
this day why we were selected.

tween two armed guards. During the
preceding night I had not been in a
position to observe his countenance,
therefore I was greatly horrified to
find that this tall, thin strapping,
scarcely 21 years of age, whose lank,
sandy hair hung over the collar of his
coat, and was almost the color of his
complexion, was a lad I had espe-
cially befriended, with whom I was
as intimate as an officer is permitted
to be with a private in the same reg-
iment.

"He will have to accept the conse-
quences of disobedience," said the
judge in a hard, dry voice.
The planter turned once more and
looked at his son, but the boy had
never lifted his eyes. The grimace
faded from the old man's face, and
after one long, wistful look he faced
the judge. The pride of the haughty
ruler of slaves was humbled; it was a
suppliant who said in a broken voice:
"I, too, am a soldier, let me die in
his place, judge; he is so young."
"No, I forbid it!" called out the boy
in a strong, stern voice. "I have brok-
en the rules of the army and must pay
the penalty."
"Is it right; the army in such a
case accepts no substitute," said the
colonel.

THE CHRISTMAS STAR.
Behold the town of Bethlehem
One midnight long ago,
When not a footstep in the street
Was moving to and fro.
A lantern in a stable door
Sent out a feeble bar,
And slowly o'er the humble thatch
Arose the Christmas star.

A REAL RELIEF PARTY.
CHRISTMAS DINNER UNDER DIFFICULTIES.
Helena Finally Found One Woman
Who "Understood."
"Paul," said Helena, so suddenly
that her brother almost jumped.
"Paul, I want to give some parties."
"Good idea," said Paul, cordially, re-
turning to his book.



Snowed In, but Willing to Be Festive—Bringing Provisions to the Passengers of a Snowbound Train.

sence, the overflowing good-will, the
outspoken kindness, the unselfishness
and cheerfulness, need not be limited to
one day in the year. There is no reason
why we should not have them every
day. Why should love not rule
through the circle of the year? A year
full of Christ is a year which carries
into every day the best of Christmas.

RELATIONS BY FRIENDSHIP.
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A REAL RELIEF PARTY.

RELATIONS BY FRIENDSHIP.



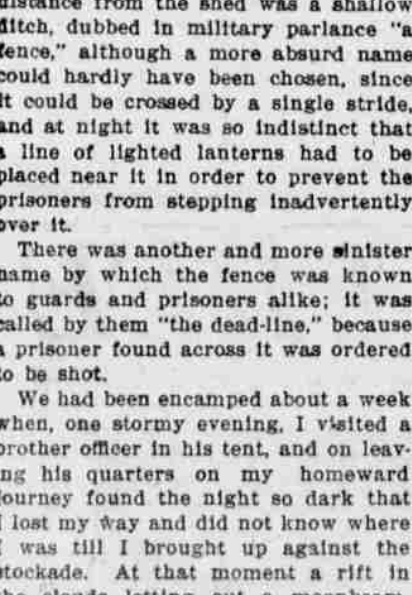
Getting Home

Watson was in a hurry to get home
in order to make his fourth annual
appearance in the popular and mirth-
provoking character of Santa Claus.
The regular passenger train passing
through Ballyhoo, where he had
been detained on business, would land
him at the union station in Chicago
at precisely 7:30, which would mean
8 o'clock by the time he could possi-
bly get home.

NEW YEAR'S BREAKFAST.

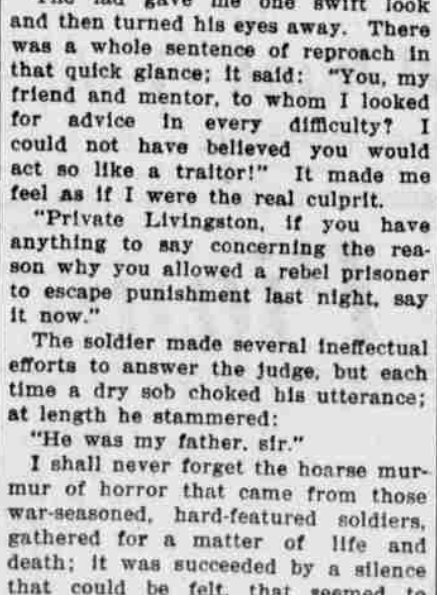
In Japan it is a Religious Rite and
a Festive Matter.
To a devout Japanese breakfast on
New Year's day is a religious rite
rather than a vulgar satisfaction of
the appetite. No ordinary dishes are
consumed at this meal. The tea must
be made with water drawn from the
well when the first ray of sun strikes
it, a poulture of materials specified
by law forms the staple dish, while
at the finish a measure of special sake
from a red lacquer cup must be drain-
ed by whosoever desires happiness
during the coming year.

Helping Santa.



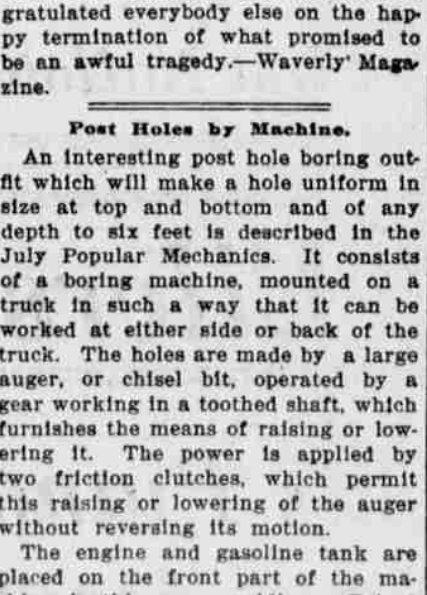
"Now, children," said the good man
who was talking to the Sunday school,
"you know, of course, where all the
pretty things you find in your stock-
ings on Christmas morning really
come from, do you not?"
"Yes, sir," they replied with one
voice, "Germany."

Posted on That.



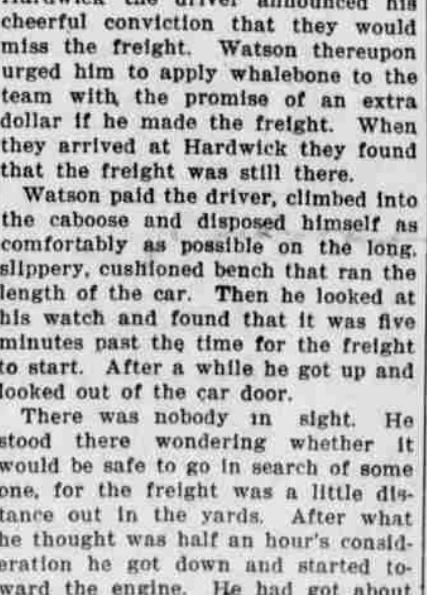
"Well, have you bought your wife's
Christmas present yet?"
"I dunno. She has all our Christ-
mas stuff locked up in one of the closets,
where I can't get at it."

Happy Children.



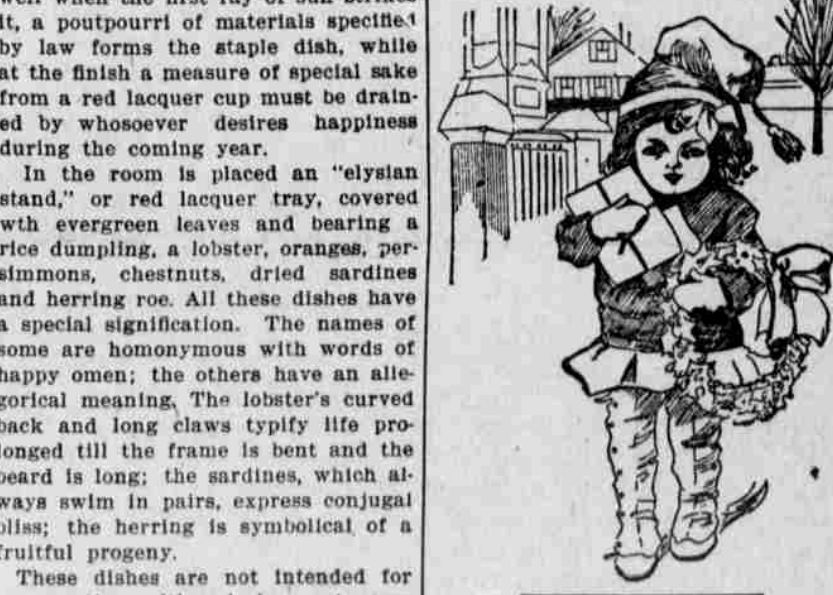
Blessed are the children who can
still hang up their stockings and be-
lieve implicitly that a really, truly
Santa Claus will fill them.—Brooklyn
Life.

Just Before Christmas.



God keep thee, dear, through all the
years.
Through all the joys, the sorrows, tears
of life—its commonplaces, too,
God keep thee sweet, and brave, and
true.

Man of Many Limbs.



The old colonel was spinning off
yarns of the civil war and in the heat
of reminiscence patriotism his memory
became somewhat tangled.
"Ah, gentlemen," he related serious-
ly, "I shall never forget the charge
at Chickamauga. It was there that
I lost my leg." Ten minutes later the
old colonel was relating an incident
of Gettysburg.