

### A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

A soldier in a scarlet coat,

One winter long ago, Went out and met a pretty maid In woodlands white with snow; She stood beneath an ancient oak; Her name was Mistletoe.

Her cheeks and lips were glowing red. Like poppies in the wheat; Her locks were twined with milky

pearls. Her eyes were blue and sweet;

He looked and loved, and, kneeling. bist

His saber at her feet.

From lcy regions of the Pole The norther blew all night. And hung the branches of the pine With tinkling fringes bright. And made beneath the aged oak A frozen mound of white,

But when the panes are thick with

And nights are bitter chill. And silence, in a crystal coat, Has eased the sliver rill. The pair of faithful lovers haunt The wintry woodland still.

When with the burden of its years The oak is bending low, The soldier-holly, stiff and straight, Stands bravely in the snow, Its slender saber still unsheathed To guard the mistletoe. -Minna Irving in the Criterion.



All the little fir trees in the forest were very much excited.

"To-morrow we shall be cut down," they cried, "and then we shall be carried to the big city."

Now, none of the little fir trees knew what the city was like, but they murmured and rustled and whispered of the wonderful things that they should see

But there was one little tree that asked: "Do we all go?"

"Yes," said the other trees; "tomorrow we start on our travels."

Then the little tree sighed and said: "But I was promised to the children of the lumberman."

"The lumberman is poor," said a big oak, "and these are hard times. This year they must go without a tree."

The next morning, very early, the children came trudging through the snow and stood under the branches of the little fir.

"This is our tree," said one of them proudly. "On Christmas it will be lighted with candles, with an angel on the topmost bough."

"Such a dear little tree," said an-

other; "how we shall love it." And the little tree trembled as it beard them, but the children thought that it was the wind that shook it.

Then they went away, and later came men with axes and cut down all the young trees and laid them on a

great sled to be carried away. And in the evening, when the sun

the children came again, and when animals of the forest began to creep, they saw that tree had been cut down creep among the new white stumps. they cried: "Where is our own little tree?" And the little tree that lay on the top of the sled answered loud-"Here I am, here I am," but the children did not understand, they rubbed their eyes with their rough red hands and sobbed.

"What's the matter?" asked their deer, and the little fir told of the chilfather, as he came tramping through dren.

"Oh, our little tree, our own little



"SUCH A DEAR LITTLE TREE."

tree," wailed the children. "It is cut down and piled with the other trees that are to be sent to the city." "We are too poor to have a tree this

year," said the tired man, sadly, and the children went away mourning. And the sun went down and the pushed softly against the door of the

moon came up, and showed the dark cottage, and the owl pecked at the forest and all the little fir trees lying lock, and the rabbit hunched and hit

NEARING THIN ICE.

on the great sled, and presently the

"So you are going to the city," said

"Yes," whispered all the little trees,

"Why not?" asked the white-tailed

And the deer came closer, and for a

long time the two whispered together,

and presently a big gray rabbit joined

them, and a white owl new down and added wise counsel, and after a while

the deer and the rabbit and the owl

went away, and the little tree lay very,

Then when all the other trees slept

it rolled from the sled into the snow,

and the wind, which blew through the

forest asked, "What are you trying to

do, little tree?" And the little tree

said, "Help me to stand." So the wind

blew under it until it was upright on

its stem, and then the little tree went

hopity-hop, hopity-hop, until came to a sheltered valley, and there it lay

It lay there sleeping and waking in

the sunshine until the men came and

carried off the sled full of young trees,

but no one noticed that the little fir

And the night before Christmas the

wind blew and blew again until the

little fir tree stood upright on its stem.

and the little fir went hopity-hop, hop-

ity-hop until it came to the house

Then out from the forest came the

white-tailed deer and the big rabbit.

and the little white owl, and the deer

very still until midnight.

down and went to sleep.

where the children lived.

was gone.

excitedly. But the little fir cried: "I

the white-tailed deer, nibbling the

moss beneath the snow.

don't want to go."



even als hind feet until the door was opened. And then the little fir tree bent its head and went in and stood in the corner of the room, and the three wild things of the forest went softly from room to room, and came back with things to hang on the tree. And last of all the little gray owl flew to the topmost branch and hung there the pink wax angel with golden wings.

"They are good children,' said the little white owl, as he flew down again. When the winter is cold, they hang scraps of meat for me on the trees."

"And they put carrots in the path," said the rabbit, "and cabbage, so that I may not go hungry."

"And behind the barn they drop armfuls of sweet, juicy bay," said the deer, "that I may come in the night and feed."

And the little fir tree said: "They are good children, and I would rather be here than in the big, big city. And then it whispered, "Good-night," and the wild things went away.

And in the morning when the children came, they cried, "Oh, father, father, look at the beautiful tree!" And the lumberman came in and cried in astonishment, "Who brought it here?" And the little fir tree whispered and sang:

"I ran away from the forest. I ran away."

But they could not understand, and so they stared and wondered, and at last the lumberman said, "It is too late to carry it now to the city, so it can stay." And at that the children oried, "A Merry Christmas to all!" And the fir tree whispered happily, "A Merry Christmas!" And out in the forest the owl and the rabbit and the white-tailed deer wished each other 'A Merry Christmas!' as they hurried away through the snow .- Evening Wisconsin.

Peter Stuyvesant's New Year's. The custom of celebrating New Year's Day in our own country is largely due to the Dutch. Old Peter Stuyvesant made much of the day, and cheery assemblages were held at the governor's home in New Amsterdam. The Dutch method of kissing the women for "a happy new year" was observed and toll taken of all who were young and handsome. In fact, during the reign of Peter Stuyvesant New Amsterdam was the most thoroughly bekissed country in all Christendom and formed a marked contrast to the staid Puritans, who thought the observance of this day savored strongly of reverence for the god Janus and who made no note of their first New Year's Day in the new world save to record, "We went to work betimes."-

New York Evening Post. Helping Santa.



Christmas the Year Through. Christmas candles burn out, decorations must be thrown aside, exchange of gifts comes to an end. But these things play only a secondary part-in Christmas. The love which is its es sence, the overflowing good-will, the outspoken kindliness, the unselfishness and cheeriness, 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.

His Roar.

McGorry (carpingly)-Thim maker. av almanacs hov got us be dhe t'roats.

Mrs. McGorry-How d'yez make thot out?

McGorry-Make ut out? Here, now. We hov cowld weather New Year's, phwin we don't nade ut; an' do dhey give us aven a brith av frost on dhe Fourt' av July, phwin our tongues are hangin' out wid dhe heat? Not so's yez cud notice ut, bedad!-Judge.

A New Year's Wish. God keep thee, dear, through all the

Through all the joys, the sorrows, tears Of life-its commonplaces, too, God keep thee sweet, and brave, and

Amid the doubts and fears that rise In every life—the mysteries, Things that are hard to understand, The movings of a mystic hand, God keep thy reason sound and sure, Thy mind alert, thy heart still pure. God keep thee always this I pray For thee, upon this New Year's Day. -B. McM. Bell.

In the Dark. "Well, have you bought your wife's

Christmas present yet?" "I dunno. She has all our Christmas stuff locked up in one of the closets, where I can't get at it."

If Money Brought Happiness. If money only brought bappiness, there would be little Christmas cheer in a majority of homes.

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How He went.

"And if you really ascended that awful mountain why did you leave no visible trace?"

"The footprint left by the astral body is not a tangible thing," responded the explorer with a dignity almost frigid.-Philadelphia Ledger.

The Separation. "I understand that she is separated from her husband."

"Yea" "Oh, tell me all about it. What did she do?" "Nothing. He died."

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News comes from Vienna of a new idea at weddings-the wearing of a wreath of roses by the mother of the bride. Upon arriving home after the Painless ceremony the bride's mother removes her hat and puts on a half circle of roses, composed of buds with silver petals and foliage.

Portland, Or., Dec. 10, 1909. The ruling market quotations in Portland today are as follows: Dressed Turkeys, per pound, 

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"What?"





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