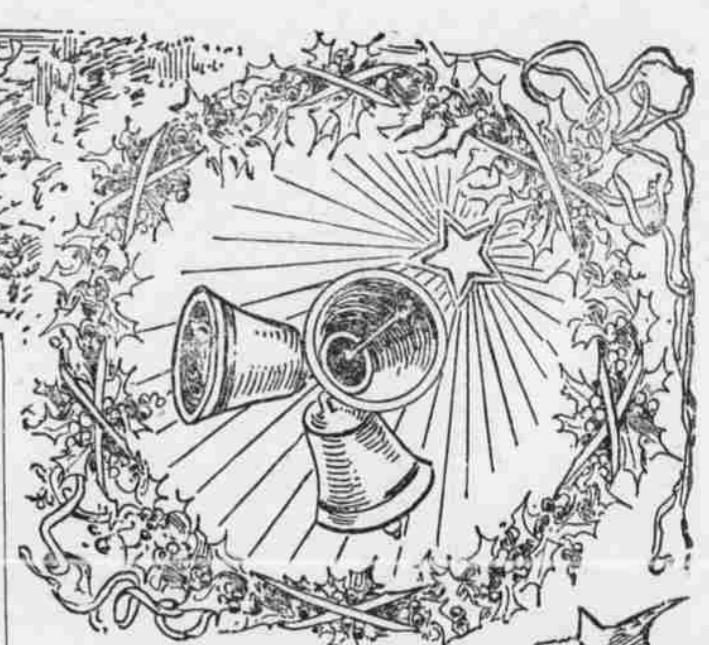
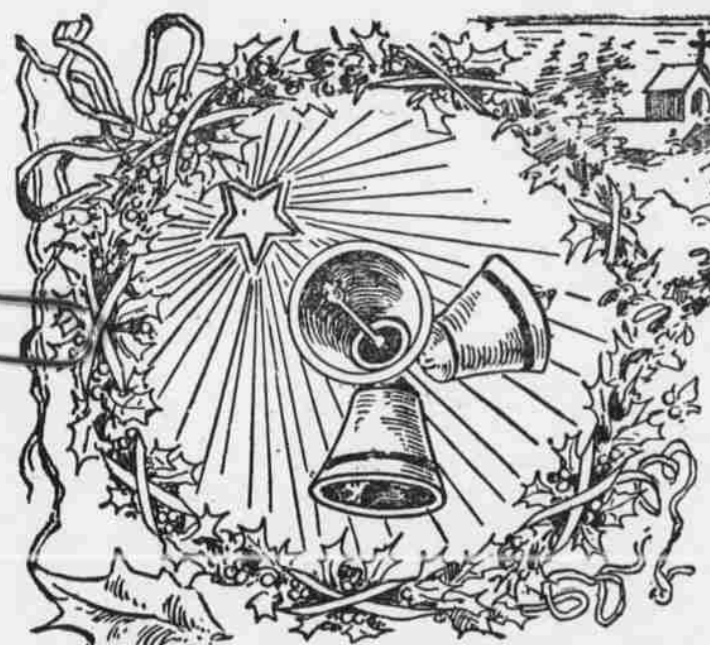


HOLIDAYS



WHEN DADDY LIGHTS THE TREE.

WE have our share of ups and downs,
Of cares like other folk;
The pocketbook is sometimes full,
We're sometimes nigh dead broke;
But once a year, at Christmas time,
Our hearth is bright to see;
The baby's hand just touches heaven
When Daddy lights the tree.

For weeks and weeks the little ones
Have lotted on this hour;
And mother, she has planned for it
Since the summer's sun and shower.
With here a nickel, there a dime,
Put by where none could see,
A loving hoard against the night
When Daddy lights the tree.

The tiny tapers glow like stars;
They mind us of the flame
That rifted once the steel-blue sky
The morn the Christ-child came;
The blessed angels sang to earth
Above that far countree—
We think they sing above our hearth
When Daddy lights the tree.

The weest kid in mother's arms
Laughs out and claps her hands,
The rest of us on tiptoe wait;
The grown-up brother stands
Where he can reach the topmost branch,
Our Santa Claus to be,
In that sweet hour of breathless joy
When Daddy lights the tree.

Our grandpa says 'twas just as fine
In days when he was young;
For every Christmas ages through
The happy bells have rung,
And Daddy's head is growing gray,
But yet a boy is he,
As merry as the rest of us
When Daddy lights the tree.

'Tis love that makes the world go round,
'Tis love that lightens toll,
'Tis love that lays up treasure which
Nor moth nor rust can spoil;
And Love is in our humble home,
In largesse full and free,
We all are very close to heaven
When Daddy lights the tree.
—Woman's Home Companion.

The Christmas Guest

had prepared a supper which the traveler seemed to relish with a zest that betokened a keen appetite. Having finished his meal he relit his pipe, drew his chair near the fire and became more communicative.

"You seem to be a conversable man," said the host, "and I'm proud of your company: if you like to sleep under this roof to-night you are heartily welkim, and we'll spend a pleasant Christmas day together."

"You are too kind, sir," said the stranger. "But I accept the invitation."

"Of course," said the farmer, "you'll have to take pot luck with us; he have no dainties to offer you, but there was a time when a prince couldn't find fault with our table on Christmas day, when we could spread before you turkey, geese, ham, lamb and almost every delicacy under the blessed sun, but them times have passed away like the snow."

"God bless you and your good wife, sir, for the cordial welcome you have given to the poor stranger. It reminds me of the gay old times when I was a happy boy under the roof-tree of my parents, when we loved to pass the Christmas eve by the cheerful fireside, singing the old songs of our persecuted land, and listening to the ghost stories and the fairy tales until the hour arrived to attend the midnight mass. In an evil hour I was caught with my pike while attending a moonlight drill in the mountain gap. A mock trial took place, and a packed jury found me guilty of high treason. I was loaded with chains and hurried off in a convict ship to Western Australia. I escaped, and after many perils I was received with open arms in the land of the Stars and Stripes by my expatriated

HERE'S TO THE MISTLETOE.

When I grew in oak groves in the ages past,
The Druids, in robes of white
With a knife of gold, in the fair moonlight,
Cut me down from the bough where I clung
so fast,
To aid in their mystic rite.

They have passed away, those days of old,
But their ghosts still linger where
At Christmas-tide the maidens fair
Invite while I hang o'er their locks of gold
The kiss which a lover may dare.

Oh, merry and brave is the mistletoe bough
When winter storm winds blow,
And the clouds hang heavy with snow,
Like glittering pearls are my berries now,
Their dark green leaves below.

GOOD FOR SOMETHING.

How the Maine Fir Forests Are Turned Into Gold.

FARMERS in Maine say that while the Creator no doubt meant all right when He made a fir tree, they can find no use for one. It has too many limbs to make it profitable for cordwood, and when cut the grain is so coarse that it burns without giving out enough heat to keep a room warm or boil the tea kettle. All the trees which are large enough to make timber are hollow and full of ants, and it is a saying in Maine that "a whole township of fir is



out a mould and will require the same time allowed for cooking. Christmas puddings should be made at least six days before they are required for the table. When a pudding is taken out of the pot hang it up immediately and put a plate or saucer underneath to catch the water that may drain from it. The day it is to be eaten plunge it into boiling water and keep it boiling for at least two hours, then turn it out of the mould and serve with brandy sauce. On Christmas day place a sprig of holly in the middle of the pudding and pour about two wine-glassfuls of brandy around it. Light this at the moment of serving.

This amount will serve fourteen or sixteen people. Halve recipe for smaller number. Five or six of these puddings should be made at one time, as they will keep for many weeks, and are suitable for festive occasions until March.

A FEW GIFT SUGGESTIONS.

Clever Fingers Can Devise Some Very Attractive Presents.

Hat boxes, padded and perfumed and covered with flowered cretonne, or painted silk, are made by the beauty-loving maiden for her airy theater bonnets, her plumed hat and other perishable head-gear.

An odd penwiper has a cover of oozle leather, with a picture of a preternaturally wise looking owl writing a letter as the pokerwork design. The leather is cut to silhouette the head and tail feathers of the bird, giving an amusing and grotesque effect.

Toys for men are not uncommon this season. Cigars and cigarettes packed in such perfect imitation of real cigar and

ON THE ROOFS OF EUROPE.



THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

BEAUTEOUS Star! once brightly beam-
ing
In the far-off Orient clime;
Still thy brilliant rays are streaming
Down the minster-aisles of time.

Not alone, thou heavenly beacon,
For the Magi dost thou shine;
Not alone they heed thy token,
Hastening to Messiah's shrine.

We who dwell in later ages,
Hail the glorious Savior's birth;
We, with Oriental sages,
Bearing gifts, would hasten forth.

Not with incense and with spices,
Shall our offerings be given;
Broken hearts for sacrifices,
Better please the Lord of heaven.

Oh! we love to hear the story,
How the Lord of life and light,
Left his blissful home in glory,
To illumine earth's dark night.

Shine thou on, Oh, starry stranger;
Tell the aged and the young,
Of the infant in the manger,
Of the song the angels sung.

Look to heaven, Oh, weary pilgrim,
Ere life's desert sands are crossed;
Thou canst see the Star of Bethlehem,
Shining 'mid the heavenly host.

Shine thou on, Oh, heavenly beacon,
To remotest regions shine,
Till all nations thou shalt beckon,
To Messiah's lowly shrine;
—Chicago Times-Herald.

INFLUENCE OF SANTA CLAUS.

The Good Which the Holiday Myth Does Children.

IT is not well to altogether overthrow the Santa Claus myth, for an immense moral influence dwells in it. The belief, which is very general among children, that his favor depends upon their good behavior, has an unequalled soothing power over rebellious dispositions.

