

HO PERCEIVE HO PERCEIVE THIS TO GRIEVE. MEN MUST LAND TO GRIEVE. MEN MUST LAND TO GRIEVE. BUT INSTEAD BOTTLE UP THEIR PANASYRICS DO I SAGELY BEAR TO MALICE. MINCE I FIND TIS A WAY YOU MAVE OF TREATING ALL YOUR KIND. AND I JOIN WITH RIGHT GOOD FELLING AND I JOIN WITH RIGHT GOOD FELLING IN THE TOAST. THAT YOU DRINK THIS MERRY CHRISTMAS YO MY GMOST.

# KATHIE'S CHRIST-MAS SHOPPING.

"V OU may have a dollar to spend for Christmas presents, but I for Christmas presents, but I ean't afford any more."

When mamma said that, Kathie knew it was as much as she could expect, and whe did not try to change the decision. "A dollar" sounds like a goodly sum to a little girl 10 years old, who never had many dollars. But when you come to to the spread out the bill to look at it. count it up in small amounts it isn't so it a one, folded with it! "There," said Kathie, "she's given me

"There's 10 cents for a horn for Harry, three-by mistake!" "There's 10 cents for a horn for Harry, and Mabel's bottle of cologne is 15--it's got a beautiful blue bow on the 'aaodle' And I'll keep 25 cents for mamma: 'cause I can buy her a pretty handkerchief with that. And 20 cents for the ribbon to make a bag for auntie. And 10 cents for a toy for the baby. And 25 cents for one of those pretty paper knives for one of those pretty for uncle aad some little thing pretty for uncle aad some little thing pretty for Annette Hoyt. I only see her school-times, but we have sworn mag previous for Annette Hoyt. I would be enough to buy Christ-mad at me if I don't give her a Christ-mas present! And-oh, dear, how much is all that?"



she said, coming back. "Your sister is a beautiful sewer, my dear. Here are two dollars for this work, and I'll be glad to pay her for the other pieces to-morrow if she'll send them." She handed Kathis the doubled-up hill.

She handed Kathie the doubled-up bill, and although her manner was somewhat kinder than usual Kathie felt in a hurry to leave and made her way home. She walked up the street, wishing as she had

Was it a mistake? Perhaps Miss Mans-

But Kathie's stout little conscience Kathie pondered every day over the problem, frowning prodigiously between her pretty cycbrows and pursing her red lips. It never seemed to come out right, until at the end of a week the dolla, which had looked so big at the beginning the beginning the second se could have given her the dollar without missing it. But again—the dollar was not for herself. It would buy pleasure for ten—twelve other people, this dollar, which Miss Mansfield would never miss. or even know about.

Kathie carried the dollar home. She delivered the two dollars to Mabel, and, with shaking little fingers, put the extra bill away in her drawer. Then she counted out her Christmas presents afresh. Everybody could have one now. But, somehow, the pleasure which the calcusomehow, the pleasure which the calcu-lating and planning with her rightful property had given her had all died out. Kathie made out her list and wrote all the names in her round, childish hand. Two dollars would buy all the p she wanted to give-for everybody. Her generous little heart swelled, pang shot through it. Afte Then a After all she couldn't do it, because the money was not hers to give! Then Kathie broke down and laid her head on the list and cried. The tears ran down and blotted out all the names and all the presents she wanted to buy for everybody. It did not matter. The list would not be wanted. I shall have to carry the dollar back and tell her," was Kathie's next reflec-tion. Somehow that wasn't so hard. The battle was fought and won when she decided that she must do right, no matter what came of it. Even her terror of Miss Mansfield died out after that. Miss Mansfield looked surprised to see her little neighbor back so soon

# WASHINGTON COUNTY HATCHET.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.



Whilom, they tool above some burial mound. Again, they summon souls to praise or

Again, they summon sours to prime or prayer; They mingle in with music when it plays Melodious, so trat all of life seems fair; Or tinkle dimly in the covert ways Where wethers lead the flock that is their care.

Whilom, at sea they hoarsely boom, and fright The good ships from the rocks: on land they tail The time of any by morning, noon and night; Chime of r the skeeping city: All is well. Or bid the folk be up with early light.

exclaimed, her joy bubbling up into her voice. "Can I begin to-morrow? Per-Unon the air as these of Christmas time?

wolce. "Can I begin to morrow? Per-haps I could earn a dollar by Christ-So fraught with precious meanings is their

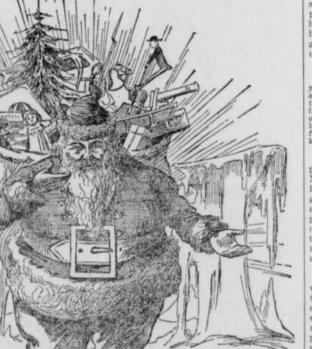
And then the stern Miss Mansfield anghed, too. "I am sure you could, Kathla" and

## THEY DIDN'T FIT.

T was the night be 原原 打戶門 fore Christmas, and ARAPAICO near midnight. The main postollice in one of our large cities, always the scene of great ac-tivity, was now the many of the great near midnight. The scene of the great-est. The clerks had thrown off their

perspiring. mands and cautions over and over again, besides having them written on every corner of the big package. The next day after his shopping tour, Mrs. Bidwell spent several hours with a neighbor, during which time the re-sults of Mr. Bidwell's Christmas shop-ping were sent home. When Mrs. Bidwell returned to the house she found pandemonium let loose. The contents of the big package had been distributed, and each child had se-cured a share. Tommy had his express wagon, Mamie her doll, Freddie his grumbling and swearing.





# any clew to the sender." Then he proany clew to the sender. Then he pro-ceeded to hold the slippers up and shake them, and from one of them fell a note, without an envelope, which he seized and hastily opened. "A woman's writing, and no date nor address, of course. Let's see what it save?

what it says: " 'Dear Petrikhas-A merry Christmas! I send you a slik nightcap to fit down snugly over your pretty ears, and keep your curis in the last shape decreed by fashion. How cuming you wil kook in it. I also send you a pair of slippers, which I hope are not too harge for your wee footness-tootseys. May you find both little gifts very "comfy." as our English consine say. Your foring ... "AUNT TAM." Mr. Proctor, thoughtfully murmuring

"Dear Pettikins," placed the cap on the very top of his head, kicked off his right slipper, balanced one of the blue and gold and seed-pearled ones on the tips of his toes, and with an emphatic shake of the head declared: "They don't fit. Aunt Tam, and they're not a bit 'comfy,'" add-



SENT THESE THINGS TO ME?"

ing with a comical grimace, "and what in the world am I to do with them?" At the very moment Mr. Arthur Proc

at the very moment Mr. Arthur 1760-tor was trying on the blue silk nighteap and the pearl-embroidered slipper. Miss Antoinette Mayfield was gazing with wide-opened, astonished, violet-blue eyes at the contents of a much-battered paste-board box that had just been delivered to

her. They consisted of a package of cigars, a pair of men's driving gloves and eights, a pair of men's driving gloves and an exquisitely cut-glass jar of mustache pomade. "Good gracious! who could have sent these things to me?" she asked herself. "Ah! here's a note between the gloves," and taking it from the unsealed, unaddressed envelope she read it aloud:

unaddressed envelope she read it aloud: "Burleigh & Co., — Walnut zve., City. "Dear Old Chum-A merry Christmas to you. Knowing your extreme fondness for a good cigar, I send you a few of a brand that I think can't be beat. The gloves are like those of mine which you admired the other day-hope they wou't be too small-had to guess your size: and the pomale is from the lot I brought from Parce, and will keep your musinche in splendid order. keep your mustache in spiendid order. "CHARLES BURLEIGH."

"It's lucky you wrote on your business paper. Mr. Charles Burleigh," giggles giggled Miss Mayfield as she lost her small right hand in one of the driving gloves and glanced, with a merry twinkle in her eyes, at the cigars and pomade, "for now your presents will be likely to find their proper owner, and no doubt he will welcome them, though they do come a day or two after the ball, I should say, the Christmas festivities, is over." . .

It was noon, the day after Christmas, when Charles Burleigh sauntered into Ar thur Proctor's own particular den, and, sinking into an easy chair directly opposite to that occupied by his friend, took a note from his pocket, and, without any preliminary remarks, read it in slow, measured tones, as follows:

"Mr. Charles Burleigh: "Dear Sir-A Christmas box intended by you for an 'Old Chum' has, through some mismanagement at the postoffice, failen into my hands, Will you please send for it as soon as possible, and oblige, yours very

#### JANUARY.



The Sultan of the Northland comes with stiff and rat-tiling volley; Not an acora in the forest can escape his dagger through the mistletoe and holly

And flares about the stoutest cedar's vell.

And the Western wind comes rushing in a white and blinding flurry.
And dances on the bilitops the livelong winter day:
And the tiny snow-winged fairles, they hustle and they hurry
Till all the earth is snugly tucked away.

The Eastern wind comes up from where the low, white bogs are [ying: And he brings a vell of moisture, and he brings the sleety rain: We hear him shrilly wailing, and we hear him softly sighing. And flinging bits of ice against the pane.

Then the Southern wind comes whispering of valleys that are sleeping Among the orange thickets and groves of pain and date. And we dream a dream of springtime, and of pinks and lark-spur peeping. And know that we shall find them if we walt.

But Janus claps his ice-mailed hands, and stamps upon the heather; Once more his forces raily at mandate of their king; And all the mad and merry winds clasp hands and dance together, And hees away the fairy dream of spring. -Good Housekeeping.

#### ORNAMENTING THE TREES.

# Where Tinsel and Glass for Christ-

mas Decoration Come From. How many of the hundreds of thousands of children and grown people who have enjoyed the sight of and helped to fasten the many fragile ornaments to the Christmas tree know whence these dainty nothings come? At least nine-tenths of the world's supply of these flimsy knick-knacks come from Thuringen-Wald, the forest of Thuringen, in Central Ger-many. Nothing could more appropriately be called the storeroom and workshop of Santa Claus than these elevated, well as isolated, forest-clad mountain



SORTING AND PICKING.

Here, buried among the dark regions. pines and snow-covered crags, are scat-tered the little villages, the inhabitants of which are all the year round engaged in making an innumerable amount of gew-

In years gone by the decorations of a Christmas tree were, though, perhaps, not less satisfactory, far more simple than those of the present day. A number of home-made colored cookies or gingersnaps, with a string or two of cranber-ries and popcorn, answered all purposes. In later years these modest efforts were re-enforced by some gilt nuts and a tin



"SHE'S GIVEN ME THREE-BY MISTAKE."

esented a very small and miserable aparance whenever Kathie took it out to look at it.

"Have you bought all your Christmas presents yet?" asked father, smiling, one rning, at the breakfast table, at Kathie's serious face.

" said Kathie, still intent on trying "cut her coat according to her cloth.

"There are so many of 'cm." "Never mind, Kathie, leave me out this Christmas," said father, giving a pull to the flaxen braid hanging nearest him. Father had been ill. Kathie beat him. Father had been ill. Kathie had heard them talk of doctor's bills and of other bills to be met. She knew in her heart that it was very good of mother to allow her a whole dollar to spend. Dol-lars were not so plenty nowadays. Mabel, making up her mind not to ask for the money she knew was hard to obtain, had been doing some sew-ing for a friend and neighbor, Miss Mansfield, just for the sake of making enough money to pay for the hristmas presents she wanted to get. Kathle knew that, because she had gone home with the work a couple of times. She wished herself big enough to earn money, but a good many school years must come before that, Kathle knew. Besides, she had dim hopes of painting pictures some day, when she had learned how, and that glittering prospect con-soled her for many present privations. She finished her breakkfast in sober ailence, hurrying because Mabel reminded her of the package she was to carry home that morn

"It's for Miss Mansfield, Kathie, and you must come directly home if she pays you the money," was Mabel's parting charge.

It was not an errand Kathle specially liked. Miss Mansfield was grave, yet rather quick in her manner and not encouraging to the house in a hurry. Still she went. The bundle wasn't very heavy; it was some fine and dainty stitch-ing: and Miss Mansfield was at home

"It was a mistake, ma'am," said Kathie, abruptly, handing that lady the bill. "You gave me three dollars instead of

"And why didn't you hand it back to e"---- began Miss Mansfield, sharply. "I didn't know it until I was part way



SHE TOLD THE STORY.

answered Kathie, bravely, lookhome,

ing with clear eyes into her face. "But why"- began the censor, aga and Miss Mansfield was at home invited Kathie to sit down while she ad for her purse. With a sudden impulse, she told she had carried the extra dollar home, and how, when she got it there, she found out that



said "I don't know which is worse, Mrs. B., with tears in her eyes, "to have

A Christmas Mishap.

Bidwell told his wife that he would do

the Christmas shopping this year. "I remember how tired you were last

year, and if you'll make out a list I'll buy the things myself, and save you all the

It was a great scheme, but it didn't work. Bidwell got the things all right and had them put away marked with his name and address—the whole lot in one

immense big package, out of which stuck handles and heads, and other things in-

But he did not do as his wife was in the habit of doing, reiterate certain com-mands and cautions over and over again, besides having them written on every

cidental to Christmas.

worry.

no Christmas at all, or to have it a week before the time." "Next year I'll remember," murmured

r. Bidwell, penitently. "Next year I'll be Santa Claus myself," Mr.

answered his wife. "The responsibility of Christmas shopping is too much for a man—he will get rattled."

Origin of the Christmas Tree. The old Teutonic and Saxon races in Central and Northern Europe, before the introduction and spread of Christianity, had a great veneration for trees. They would never willingly damage them. Under large trees, especially old oaks, the great councils were held and judgment given, and the graves of this people were found in groves-they always being buried under the roots of a tree. This was the result of the superstition that their gods lived in those trees. In the linden tree Berchta, dwelt a benign spirit who took charge of the babies and rocked their cradles when the nurses fel? asleep; in the oak, Donar, the thunder god; in the willows, all sorts of spirits; in the elder trees, the dwarfs. Whenever the festivals of these gods were celebrated their trees were decorated with lights, wreaths and questen (tassels), and o Ings were hung in the branches, which wever, were plundered again when the festival was over, the gods being sapposed only to appropriate the best .- Sunday School Times.

# A Holiday Jingle. We may as well remember, While geting Christmas cheer, There'll be another holiday, Known as the glad New Year.

And when our purse is empty We'll find we haven't reckoned On George's bithday, which occurs On Feb'ry twenty-second.

Festivity Not Yet Complete. Tommy-Come on out an' play. Eddy-I can't. Tommy-Why not? Eddy-I got some Christmas wot I ain't broke yet. me Christmas things

bugie, and the other things were an open himself at the breakfast table (the rest secret to all who cared to investigate. of the family were at their country of the family were at their country house), when the maid servant entered the room. "A Christmas parcel for you, sir," she said, "and it looks as though it had

en very roughly handled, too. "Lay it on the lounge, Mary," replied the young man, and then went on leis-urely drinking his coffee. He was a tall, broad-shouldered, good-looking fel-low, with dark hair and eyes, and comalexion to match. At last, the coffee-pot being emptied and the toast and omelet plates cleared, he leaned back in his chair, stretched out his hand for the par-



#### "HERE'S A LARK," HE SAID.

cel, drew it towards him, read his address in bold, black letters on the brown paper wrapper, cut the fastenings, and opened it. A look of ludicrous surprise spread over his face as he took out from their respective dainty boxes a diminutive, blue silk cap of the shape worn by very small girls, and a pair of feminine slippers-No. 21/2-made of blue velvet and gold kid, and handsomely embroidered with seed pearls. "Here's a lark!" he said, twiri-in; the cap on his fist. "Someone has blandered, that's sure. Wonder if there's

"120 -- street, City, Dec. 26, 18-

The "Old Chum" sprang from his chair. Well," he exclaimed, "if Miss Antoinette Mayfield has an Aunt Tam, this is a veritable miniature 'Comedy of Errors, for I received her Christmas gifts early yesterday morning.

"She has, and I know her-the aunt-ell," replied Mr. Burleigh. ""Tam" stands for Tamasin, and not for tama-rinds, as one might suppose, and the whole name is Mrs. Tamasin Mayfield. She's the dearest old lady in the world, and will only be too happy to help me untangle this snarl. I'll call on her at once, and she'll go with me to Miss May-field's-who, by the way, Arthur, is one

of the loveliest blondes I ever saw "Take me along, too, Charlie," quickly interrupted Arthur, and Charlie did.

A few months later. Item from so-clety news column: "It is rumored that the engagement of Miss Antoinette Mayfield to Mr. Arthur Proctor will soon be announced.'

#### A Great Present.

"What are you going to give Santa Claus for Christmas?" asked auntie. "I guess I'll give him my stocking,"

answered May. "Why, Santa Claus doesn't care for

that," auntie returned. "Well," said May, "then he can fill it and give it back to me."—Harper's Young People.

#### A New Year's Wish.

A Happy New Year to you, little one, Whose Happy New Years are just begun! And may your life be as sweet and true As the wishes to-day that are wished for you, -Youth's Companion.

#### An Unfeeling Man.

"What are you going to give me for my Christmas present?" asked Mrs. Cum-

so of her husband.

About fifty dollars to pay for mine," replied the wretch .- Judge.

## The Modern Aspiration.

She hung her stocking by the fire, And thought it was no sin To wish that she night find, next day, A golden calf within.

# Another Garment Hung.

"Did you hang up your sock last night?"

"No. I hung up my overcoat yesterday to get the money for a present for my best girl."-Puck.

## Hang It Up.

The Christmas fashions now are out, And really 'is quite shocking; The only novely about is something new in stockings.

star or two, which additions in days had their ardent admirers. To-day things are different. The question is not what decorations to put on the Christmas tree, but what to leave off. There is really too much to choose from and the trouble of it all is that everything is extremely pretty and very cheap. habitants of the villages mentioned above



are in the main responsible for this sto of affairs. Every cottage among t mountains is a complete little facto which turns out j at as many goods fam the numerical strength of the permits. Everybody works, from t venerable grandparents, if they are all

an

ler

We

ye

poi Bei

ful

Tal

to the smallest child able to toddle. This work of making Christmas t ornaments is very poorly paid indee and the people's lot is far from an envi ble one. When the business season a ble one. When the business senson proaches it makes it necessary for m of the members of a family to work fi eighteen to twenty hours a day, and th have to keep this up for a long t With all their hardships these arth are a very cheerful lot; you do not b of any complaint in proportion to poverty that prevails.

