

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.

I silvered every scattered straw,
And touched the olive-boughs
With brightness like the aureole
That crowns an angel's brows;
I lit the manger-bed where slept
The Prince of Peace, now born,
And poured upon His infant head
The glory of the morn.

Three thousand years or more have
passed,
To darkness whence they came,
Unnumbered words have dropped from
space
In winding sheen of flame,
And countless moons have waxed and
waned,
And countless suns have set,
But over all the ancient earth
That star is shining yet.

I shimmer on the tropic sea,
And gild the arctic shore;
I beam, a lamp to dying eyes;
The grave is dark no more.
Judged by either storm or cloud,
Its splendor never dies,
Not night and day it lights the way
That leads to Paradise.
—Metropolitan.



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 Ballyhoggin, where he had
been detained on business, would land
him at the union station in Chicago
at precisely 7:30, which would mean
3 o'clock by the time he could possi-
bly get home.

He confided his difficulty to the sym-
pathetic landlord of the hotel and the
landlord said: "There's a freight
leaves Hardwick at 11:20 and you
ought to be able to make connection
with the Kamont express slip into
Chicago if it makes anywhere near
time. That will be three hours earlier
than the regular passenger, but you'll
have to get a livery rig to get over
to Hardwick and that'll cost you \$3."

Five minutes later he and his valise
were packed into a buggy and a start
made. The roads were particularly
bad, however, and about half way to
Hardwick the driver announced his
cheerful conviction that they would
miss the freight. Watson thereupon
urged him to apply whalebone to the
team with the promise of an extra
dollar if he made the freight. When
they arrived at Hardwick they found
that the freight was still there.

Watson paid the driver, climbed into
the caboose and disposed himself as
comfortably as possible on the long,
slippery, cushioned bench that ran the
length of the car. Then he looked at
his watch and found that it was five
minutes past the time for the freight
to start. After a while he got up and
looked out of the car door.

There was nobody in sight. He
stood there wondering whether it
would be safe to go in search of some
one, for the freight was a little dis-
tance out in the yards. After what
he thought was half an hour's consid-
eration he got down and started to-
ward the engine. He had got about
ten steps when the clanging of a bell

sent him back on the run. Just as
he climbed aboard the cars began to
jolt and bang from the head of the
train down, and the freight began
slowly to back. Then it came to a
standstill.

Watson was thoroughly exasperated.
In the course of three or four more
backward and forward movements he
settled into a sort of desperate resig-
nation and it was in a tone expres-
sive of this frame of mind that he ad-
dressed the brakeman when that
worthy at last came into the car and
climbed up to the cupola.

"Would you mind telling me what
we are waiting for now?" asked Wat-
son.

"Waiting for the passenger to go
past," replied the brakeman.

"Not the 2:10 from Ballyhoggin?"
"Sure. That's her. I guess we will
start now."

It was past midnight when Watson
reached his home. Mad? You ought
to have seen him.—Chicago News.

NEW YEAR'S BREAKFAST.

**In Japan It Is a Religious Rite and
a Serious 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 poultice 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 whoever desires happiness
during the coming year.

In the room is placed an "eiyuan
stand," or red lacquer tray, covered
with evergreen leaves and bearing a
rice dumpling, a lobster, oranges, per-
simmons, chestnuts, dried sardines
and herring roe. All these dishes have
a special significance. The names of
some are homonymous with words of
happy omen; the others have an alle-
gorical meaning. The lobster's curved
back and long claws typify life pro-
longed till the frame is bent and the
beard is long; the sardines, which al-
ways swim in pairs, express conjugal
bites; the herring is symbolical of a
fruitful progeny.

These dishes are not intended for
consumption, although in most cases
the appetite is fairly keen. The ortho-
dox Japanese not only sees the old
year out; he rises at 4 to welcome the
newcomer and performs many cere-
monies before he breaks his fast.—Lon-
don Chronicle.

How to Make Plum Pudding Sauce.

A sauce without brandy is made as
follows: One tablespoonful of corn
starch, one tablespoonful of butter, one
pint of boiling water, one egg, one-half
cup of sugar. Put cornstarch, egg
and sugar in a bowl and mix them
well. Pour over them the boiling wa-
ter and stir over the fire until thick.
Add any flavoring.

Not a Bad Idea.

Johnny—Tommy, let's put our pen-
nies together and buy ma a nice
Christmas present.

Tommy—All right.
"What shall it be?"
"I guess we had better get her a pad-
ded slipper."—Texas Siftings.

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.

Look to the Future.

It is not wise to have so merry a
Christmas that you cannot have a
happy New Year.—Chicago Tribune.

JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS.



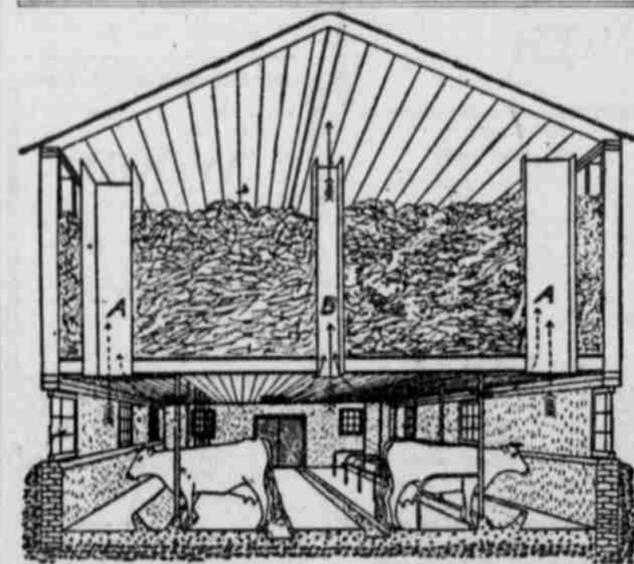
FARMERS' CORNER.

Stable Ventilation.

Some years ago Prof. F. H. King,
of Wisconsin, made an experimental
study of the effect of ample and de-
ficient ventilation upon twenty milch
cows. The experiment was made in a
half-basement stable, represented in
accompanying figure, having three out-
side doors, thirteen large windows and
a door leading by a stairway to the
floor above. The ceiling was nine feet
above the floor and the stable con-
tained 960 cubic feet of space per cow.
Leading upward from the ceiling were
two hay chutes two by three feet in
cross section, twenty feet high, which
could be opened or closed at will, and
a ventilating shaft terminating near
the ridge of the roof inside.

During the trial the cows were kept
continuously in the stable with the
hay chutes closed during two days and
then with them open two days, the
trials being repeated four times. Fol-
lowing these four trials the hay chutes
were left closed during three consecu-
tive days for poor ventilation and left
open the following three, making four-
teen days in all.

It was found that measurably the
same amount of feed was eaten under
both conditions of ventilation. But
during the days of insufficient ven-
tilation the cows drank, on the aver-
age, 11.4 pounds more water each
day and yet lost in weight an aver-
age of 10.7 pounds at the end of each



period, regaining this again when good
ventilation was restored, and this, too,
when they were drinking less water.
During the good ventilation days, too,
for each and every period, the cows
gave more milk, the average being
.55 pounds per head per day.

At the end of the fourteen days the
cows were turned into the yard and
exhibited an intense desire to lick
their sides and limbs, doing so in
many cases till the hair was stained
with blood.

Examination showed that during the
interval a rash had developed which
could be felt by the hand. In the form
of hard raised points, and the rasping
of these off caused the bleeding.

Sell Less Wheat Abroad.

The calendar year 1909 will show a
smaller exportation of wheat than any
year in the last decade, and an in-
creased home consumption, both in
amount and per capita average, says
a report of the Bureau of Statistics on
wheat production, exportation and con-
sumption of the United States.

The continued decline in exports of
breadstuffs lends interest to the state-
ment. The exportation of wheat for
the nine months ending with Septem-
ber amounted to only 27,768,901 bush-
els, against 68,178,935 bushels in the
same month of 1908; flour exports were
6,288,283 barrels, against 9,428,347.
This reduction in exports of wheat
seems to be due to increased consump-
tion at home rather than at any de-
cline in production. The average an-
nual production for the last five years
has exceeded any earlier five-year
period.

Rural Delivery and Roads.

The Postoffice Department at Wash-
ington has again sent out orders that
rural mail delivery is to be disconti-
nued on routes not properly maintained
by mail patrons, who are supposed to
keep the roads in good condition. In
many parts of the country the roads
are maintained and kept in fairly good
condition, but thousands of miles of
roadways traversed every day by the
carriers are wretched, and later in the
year will become next to impassable.
Were it a matter of great expense or

effort to keep country roads in good
condition it might be something of a
hardship to farmers, but the intelli-
gent use of the split-log drag has prac-
tically solved the problem of country
road making and road maintenance,
and people need to get busy in em-
ploying them on the highways. In
many parts of the country, especially
in Iowa and Missouri, hundreds of
miles of roads are kept in means of
condition the year around by means of
this cheap and inexpensive implement.
When once a highway is placed in
good condition any farmer can keep up
one mile of road the year around by
dragging it a few times a month after
rain has fallen, a work that will take
the time of a man and team less than
a half a day all told.—Denver Field
and Farm.

Experience with Alfalfa.

In the first place, I made two mis-
takes in sowing with grain and of
course made two failures in getting a
stand that suited me. For my third
endeavor I selected a piece of ground
which had been in hoed crops for a
number of years and heavily manured
each year, plowing it in April and
keeping it cultivated till July, when I
seeded it at the rate of 20 pounds
per acre.

On the night following my sowing
we got a very heavy shower, and I
got a magnificent stand. On part of
the field I had sown wheat and red
clover the fall before. So that in the
fall after sowing my alfalfa the red
clover was knee high and in full
bloom, and as I did not wish it to go
to seed I turned my cattle and sheep
into it, thinking they would not trou-
ble the alfalfa, but I found that I had
made a great mistake, as they fell
upon the alfalfa and eat it nearly into
the ground. I gave it up, thinking
it was entirely ruined, but the next
spring it came up as green as a bed



SHEAR NONSENSE.

Spectator—Why don't they begin
the duel? "They are waiting for the
photographer." —Meggendorfer Blaet-
ter.

Wife—in a battle of tongues a wom-
an can hold her own. Husband—
Myee, pr'aps she can; but she never
loses.—Tit-Bits.

Wantano—Why do you call that
boy of yours "Flannel"? Duzno—Be-
cause he just naturally shrinks from
washing.—London Tit-Bits.

"That clerk of yours seems to be a
hard worker." "Yes, that's his spe-
cialty." "What, working?" "No—
seeming to."—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Blecker (upstairs)—Bridget,
have you turped the gas on in the pa-
lor as I told you? The New Domestic
Jewel—Yis, mum; can't ye smell it?
—Christian Advocate.

Elderly Lady—Doctor, I am troubled
with a hallucination that I am being
followed by a man. What sort of cure
would you suggest? Honest Physician
—A mirror.—Cleveland Leader.

Fortune Teller—You will be very
poor until you are thirty-five years of
age. Impenitent Poet (eagerly)—
And after then? Fortune-Teller—You
will get used to it.—The Sketch.

Jones—That young man who plays
the cornet is ill. Green—Do you think
he will recover? Jones—I fear not.
The doctor who is attending him lives
next door.—London Spare Moments.

Miss Homeleigh—Perhaps you won't
believe it, but a strange man tried to
kiss me once. Miss Cutting—Really?
Well, he'd have been a strange man if
he'd tried to kiss you twice.—Illus-
trated Bits.

"Why does your baby cry so much?"
"Say, if you had all your teeth out,
your hair off and your legs so weak
you couldn't stand on them, I rather
fancy you'd feel like crying yourself."
—Lippincott's.

A—I used a word in speaking to
my wife which offended her sorely a
week ago. She has not spoken a syl-
lable to me since. B—Would you
mind telling me what it was?—Flie-
gende Blaetter.

Father—Why have you kept me
waiting, Johnny? Johnny—A man
dropped ten cents in the gutter.
Father—Did it take so long to find it?
Johnny—No; but I had to wait until
he went away.

Mrs. Hub—What is this thing the
expressman just brought? Mr. Hub—
The settee you asked me to get. Mrs.
Hub—Mercy, what a man! I didn't
say a settee; I told you a tea set.—
Boston Transcript.

"To-day my wife and myself had
the most foolish squabble of our mar-
ried career." "And what was the sub-
ject of your discussion?" "How we
would invest our money if we had
any."—Kansas City Journal.

"I don't see why you are dismiss-
ing me," said his chauffeur, angrily.
"Didn't I take you out in your car
twice last month?" "Yes," answered
the owner, "but you wouldn't take me
where I wanted to go."—Life.

A young man in Pratt said to the
divine object of his adoration: "Do
you think your father would object to
me marrying you?" She replied: "I
don't know, if he's anything like me
he would."—Kansas City Star.

Mamma—Edgar, didn't I tell you
not to take any more preserves from
the jar? Edgar—Yes, ma. Mamma—
Then, if you wanted some, why didn't
you ask for them? Edgar—Cause I
wanted some.—Modern Society.

Cholly Softbed—Say, Mr. Killtime, I
—er—love your daughter and want to
marry her. Is there any insanity in
your family? Mr. Killtime—No,
young man, there's not, an', moreover,
there ain't goin' t' be!—Chicago Daily
News.

Grace—Oh, Mr. Nocoyns, how lovely
of you to bring me these beautiful
roses! How sweet they are, and how
fresh! I do believe there is a little
dew on them yet! Nocoyns—W-well,
yes, there is; but I'll pay it to-mor-
row.—Tit-Bits.

"Do you and you wife ever have any
differences of opinion?" asked the im-
pertinent acquaintance. "Only once in
a while," answered Mr. Meekton,
"when Henrietta changes her mind
about something and neglects to no-
tify me."—Washington Star.

A New Yorker, dining a Philadel-
phia friend, desired to show him all
the delicacies of the season. One dish
in particular the Philadelphian ex-
claimed over in delight. "That is
made of snails," said his New York
host. "Don't you have snails in Phil-
adelphia?" "Oh, yes," responded the
Philadelphian; "but we can't catch the
peaky things!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

ELEVEN DAYS IN THE BUSH.

W. D. Pittairn, in his "Two Years
Among the Savages of New Guinea,"
relates an adventure which befell a
friend of his, Bob Sanderson, in north
Queensland. This friend, who was a
man of good education and an experi-
enced bushman, was on an expedition
in search of new country adapted to
stock raising. He had with him a
party of men with tents and all neces-
sary provisions for the journey.

After traveling about four hundred
miles they found a good looking coun-
try, and pitched their camp. Mr. San-
derson wandered some distance from
his party, and on returning at night-
fall, found the place deserted. His
followers had struck their tents and
made off.

He was four hundred miles from
civilization, alone in the pathless
bush, the home of wild and treacher-
ous blacks, without a morsel of food,
and with no weapon but a revolver.

There was nothing for it but to face
the inevitable, and he started on his
long journey.

Day after day he plodded wearily
along, without any covering at night
except the trees, finding here and
there a few berries, and often suffer-
ing horribly from hunger and thirst.

One morning at sunrise he was de-
scending a slope, when to his dismay,
about fifty yards below him, he saw
a large camp of blacks. One of them
had just risen, and was stretching
himself directly in the face of the
white man.

This was a moment to test the stuff
of a man already reduced by days of
continuous tramping and starvation.
But Sanderson did not hesitate. With
piercing shouts he rushed down upon
the camp, firing his revolver as he ran.
The blacks took it for granted that
he had a large force at his back, and
immediately broke in confusion and
fled across the river.

For several days longer the man
struggled on. Then on the eleventh
day he sank to the ground, quite un-
able to go farther. Happily he was
now near a cattle station, and a stock-
man who was out riding stumbled
upon him. He was taken into the
house and every attention was be-
stowed upon him, and eventually he
recovered his health and strength.

DO NOT PROLONG CALLS.

**Lingerin' at Meal Times Makes One
Unpopular.**

When paying calls on one's friends,
whether formally or informally, do not
utterly disregard the hours for meals,
for it is not good form to linger until
the lunch or the dinner hour when
you have not been invited for the
meal. If you do, you are likely to
place your friend in an awkward po-
sition. Either she must ask you to re-
main because she feels it necessary,
or she has the meal delayed waiting
for you to take your departure.

Do not put yourself in the position
of allowing either of these alternatives
to occur, for no housekeeper likes the
routine interfered with, and unex-
pected guests are not apt to be popu-
lar, for in all well regulated house-
holds the table is as conventionally
laid for luncheon as for dinner, and to
rearrange it at the last moment nec-
essitates considerable change and
special orders for the kitchen. All of
which many housekeepers dislike, and
therefore do not feel obliged to invite
callers at the last moment.

If you are really wanted, you will
be asked during the early part of your
call, for the hostess who wants you
will insist that you take off your hat
and stay for a long visit. If she does
not ask you in this spontaneous way,
do not embarrass her by remaining
until the moment the meal is an-
nounced.

No well-mannered hostess allows her
maid to announce a meal while a
caller is present, and if the visitor is
thoughtless the lunch or dinner is
often delayed until it is almost spoiled,
for cooked foods should be eaten as
soon as they are done. This waiting
is a trial to the housekeeper and a
cause of irritation to her husband,
if she has one, and the visitor respon-
sible for such a state is never popular
in that family.

When you ask guests to a meal, if
one of them is late, do not wait more
than ten minutes. At the expiration
of that time the meal should be served.
This is only fair to your punctual
guests, who deserve to have a good
dinner, and not one that has been
spilled by standing. In order to get
their guests together at just the right
time some hostesses resort to the sub-
terfuge of naming a dinner hour half
an hour earlier than they mean to
have the meal served. This gets the
tardy one there on time, but it is not
quite fair to the punctual ones, who
are kept waiting. That old adage,
"Punctuality is the courtesy of kings,"
should be observed by everyone.—
Washington Post.

A Big Statue.

In Arona, Italy, is a statue so large
that people can climb up inside it and
stand in the head.