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Once more to mark the Christmas morn:
Time's murmuring tides their humbling ocean
For on this day a King was born.
The prophet pointed Prince of Peace.

The walls are singing in the street,
And distant hills and icy dells
Their merry Christmas' repeat,
And hear the clang of Christmas bells.



File up the Yule log's ancient flames:
Bring in the feast of savory wafers.
Today the name of every name:
Shall sweep the circuit of the earth.

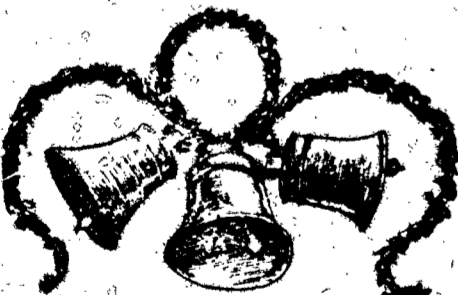
And burdens of the soul shall flee:
Since he took up the cross for us,
And all the sorrows that can be
Shall turn to triumphs glorious.



Now lovely maids whose hearts beat high
Shall stand beneath the mistletoe,
While in the purple eastern sky
Sweet symbols of this day shall glow.

Let evergreen and holly make
Their wreaths for every human door
And good cheer, for the Master's sake,
Come without stint to rich and poor.

Ring, Christmas bells, this joyous morn!
Let not your notes be mute to cease.
For on this day a King was born—
The gentle, heaven-crowned Prince of Peace.
JOHN BURTON.



Christmas Changes.

The Yule log has given place to the steam radiator, the furnace register and the base burning heater, but we who are warmed by any of these means on Christmas eve are quite as likely to enjoy Christmas as were our forefathers and foremothers, who used to celebrate its festivities when gathered about the old time fireplaces. There have been changes in heating apparatus, but human nature and Christmas remain as they were and will probably so remain after the present apparatus has been displaced by electric heaters. We grumble about our furnaces, our radiators and our stoves and will probably grumble about our electric heaters, but in Yule log times our ancestors were often roasted on one side and frozen on the other.

Christmas Stockings.

A street urchin stood peering into the window of a toyshop one evening just before Christmas watching a prosperous father buying presents. Rigger and bigger the boy's eyes grew as the purchasing went on. Finally, when it was all over and the man left the store, the lad slipped up to him and with great diffidence asked: "Was all them things you bought for one boy, mister?" "Why, yes, certainly," said the man impatiently as he turned away with the bundles under his arms. "The street boy's eyes grew bigger yet. "Gee whizz!" he whispered under his breath. "Rich man's boys great wear them stockings!"

HOLIDAY NUMBER

CHRISTMAS IN CAMP.

HON. AMOS J. CUMMINGS RELATES AN AMUSING EXPERIENCE.

How He Added a Pint of Soap, a Little Sugar, Some Molasses and a Caster of Yeast to the Christmas Mese—On Short Rations.

Mr recollections of Christmas experiences in the army are mostly connected with the matter of grub, and I suppose every other old soldier, if he is frank enough, will admit the same thing. As a rule we always looked for boxes from home on Christmas day, and those boxes were tolerably certain to have something in them that made a delightful change from the ordinary rations. When we got those boxes, we celebrated Christmas. When we didn't, we didn't celebrate. Christmas was pretty much the same as any other day under those circumstances.

The particular Christmas that stands up above all others in my memory was that of 1863. We had gone into camp after Fredericksburg, at a place called White Oak church, about six miles from Palmyra, Va., and lay there when Christmas came. We looked for our boxes, of course, for we



"SUGAR," HE EXCLAIMED.

know the people at home would not forget us, but no boxes came. We learned afterward that they were only three or four miles away, but that didn't help us then, and we didn't get them for several days.

It was bitter cold. Only two days after Christmas three or four men were frozen to death on picket, and it was almost as cold then, but even worse than the weather was the notion of feeding on hard tack and salt horse, which was about all we had, while the people at home had turkey and plum pudding. In the morning, though, there seemed to be no help for it, and while we didn't grieve we thought we had to bear it.

At noon, however, there came a little alleviation. One of the men—I remember his name was Hageman—came in from picket duty with the bones of a sheep that he had kicked up in the snow. Some guerrillas had been along there and had killed and eaten the poor brute and left the bones. They had mighty little meat on them, but they were full of marrow, and we boiled them up. There was a Dutch sergeant in the company who had a potato, and somebody managed to steal two onions from the quartermaster, so we had some soup.

It was a change, and so it was welcome. I don't remember to have enjoyed any soup since then quite as much as I did that, but somehow it didn't seem to fill the bill of fare very well for Christmas, and we were ready to take almost any kind of a chance for something good.

My brother was in the same company with me, and he was on guard at brigade headquarters that day. We all know that there were some privations in the storehouse there, but the question was how to get at them. It meant running the risk of being shot by some sentinel, besides the certainty of severe punishment in case we should get caught trying to steal anything, yet there were some of us willing to take the chance.

When my brother came in after being relieved, he came to my tent in great glee.

"I've got it!" he said after making sure that nobody was looking or listening. "What have you got?" I asked. "Sugar," he exclaimed. "Where is it?" said I. "Here," said he, showing me his moustache. He had managed to get into the storehouse long enough to pick the barrel of his gun full of sugar, but didn't steal anything else. "Sugar is good," said I, "but if there is sugar in the storehouse there ought to be some whiskey there too." And I made up my mind to get some of that whiskey that night if it was a possible thing.

There was a corporal named Nason in the company, who was always ready to take chances if there was anything to be gained by it, and he wanted some of that whiskey as much as I did. It was hard enough to make a reconnaissance under cover for a tip. I nudged Nason up, and we agreed to start together when it got dark.



Fortunately it was a dark night, and we knew the lay of the land all right, so we had a comparatively easy time to dodge the sentries. It wasn't really easy, but it proved to be a good deal easier than getting away from the place afterward. It took us half an hour of hiding and dodging to get through the line, but we managed it and found ourselves, somewhere about 10 o'clock, under the storehouse.

It was a rough sort of a shanty, built on the side of a hill, and there was room enough to move around under it all right, but the trouble was, we had neither of us been inside the building, and we hadn't any notion where the things were packed, so we could only guess where the whiskey barrel was, and that was what we were after.

We took turns boring holes in the floor at random, and it wasn't long before we found out that we had a pretty dirty job on hand, to say nothing of a good bit of hard work, but we persevered for something like an hour before we could strike anything that would leak through. We struck all sorts of things that wouldn't leak, but we had no means of knowing what they were and no way of getting them down if we had known.

At length, after an hour, we struck a barrel out of which a slow thick stream began to trickle. We didn't think which it was till we tasted it, and then we knew it was molasses. We used a little teaspoon for a minute or two, but soon molasses was a treat, and we couldn't afford to despise it. So we tried one specimen with that and plugged the hole up, so well as we could, so as not to create the suspicion of anybody. We struck the barrel again, and we found it was full of sugar.

to give up. We bored holes after holes. It seems to me we must have bored 30 or more before we got through, and it took some minutes for each one. Sometimes we would go through the floor and get nothing, and sometimes, as I said, it would be something solid.

At last we struck something that seemed like a barrel, only it spotted downward. I was right under it and I was flooded in a minute. I scrambled out of the way as quickly as possible, and we investigated it was yeast. Well, yeast didn't seem to be as good as we wanted in the molasses, but we didn't protest in any way, so we filled the whole specimen with that, after we had had a good taste of it. It was not quite equal to the best, but it was a sort of substitute for it, and we enjoyed it hugely.

We didn't succeed in plugging that one as well as we did the molasses barrel, though we did try. The yeast was too much for us, and I am seriously afraid that that whole barrel of yeast was spilled.

By this time we had pretty well the aspect of looking the whiskey, but we kept on trying a while longer, and it was as if we had reached the store at midnight. It was about midnight when we got back to our tent, and we were all pretty well satisfied.

The rest of the night in the store of the house was covered with a sort of a blanket, and that was all we had to do. The floor sloped downward as a matter of course, and we had surveyed this carefully before going in, and I said to Nason that I would make a trail over to where that yeast was and get down the same quantity of yeast that any of the other specimens were made of.