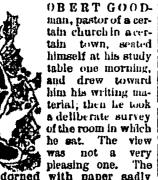
BY C. A. PARKER.



walls were adorned with paper sadly discolored and falling away in places; the bare, smoky ceiling was traversed by numerous cracks; the paint on the woodwork, of dismal bue to start with. showed the ravages of time; the carpet was wretchedly shabby.

Mr. Goodman gazed at all this and sighed, as he had often done before. 'A could write better sermons in a decent study, I am positive," he said to himself. "This room certainly is depressing. It does seem that the church might paint and paper it. The ex pense would be small. Then there is the carpet; but if that remained 1 should have to 'look up and not down.' Well, that is what I must do anyway,' and with a faint smile he turned again to the work before him.

'Just ' 'en there was a little tap at the door, and he rose and opened it. "Good morning, Mr. Goodman," said Miss Hope Arnold, who stood outside the study door, looking fresh and bright as the morning itself. "Shall I disturb you? Mrs. Goodman said she thought you wouldn't be fairly at work told me to con

Meanwhile the young girl had enter-

ed the room at the minister's invitation and scated herself with a comprehensive glance at her surroundings. "I wished to consult you, Mr. Goodman," she continued, "about some of

our Christian Endeavor work, but first of all. I want to tell you how much good your sermon last Sunday morning did me. I thank you for it. It was just what I needed." "I am very happy to hear you say

so, Miss Hope," replied the minister with a flush of pleasure, "and I thank you for telling me;" but the visitor little guessed how much good in turn she had done her pastor. When they had finished their talk on

Christian Endeavor work, and Hope had risen to go, she exclaimed impulsively: "So this is our minister's sindy! I have never been in it before. Really I should think the church could afford to paper it, at least." "It would be a great improvement

certainly," responded Mr. Goodman, emiling. "It ought to be done," she declared in decided tones, "and it shall be," she

mentally added.

When his caller had gone, Mr. Goodman, greatly cheered and encouraged, turned once more to his study table, and the next Sunday morning's discourse was generally pronounced one of his best.

Mr. Goodman was all that his name implied, but, thoug an earnest preacher, he was not brilliant nor elequent, and the large churches with corresponding salaries were not for him. And as there were several small peo-"ple at the parsons; > to be fed, clothed and otherwise care . for, there was no money for superfluitles, or for many other things not generally reckoned as

Mrs. Goodman, 'ortunately, was a cheery, efficient li le woman, with a wonderful knack for compelling a dolhar to do more than full duty, and in every way she was a true helpmeet to her husband.

On leaving the parsonage Hope hastened to the office of her uncle, one of the trustees of the church, and inquired whether the pastor's study could not be repapered and painted, but he shook his head.

She did not give up, however, by any means, and at the next meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society she presented the case. "Now," she said, "I propose that we

rejuvenate that study as a Christmas present to our pastor. I have made some inquiries, and find that it can be done at small expense.

"Mr. Ball, who is a member of our church, would furnish and put on good paper for four dollars. A zeat matting for the floor would not cost over four deliars more. Fred Johnson (a young painter, and a member of the C. E. Society) will kindly attend to the woodwork without charge. So you see that the actual expense of the undertaking used not exceed eight dollars, mough some other changes and additions might be made to good advant-

Much to her delight. Hope's plan met with reneral approval, and then arose a discussion as to the hest method of raising the money to carry it out.

Finally Ellen Berry, one of the most

active members, said. There are so many oyster suppers, sociables and chinas of that sort, let us try someon a distriction Suppose such mem-

and the second s

Well, old man, what did you the year stocking this morning?



The Sunday before Christmas, Mrs Bardwell, a good, motherly woman who lived four miles from the town, and who was a member of Mr. Goodman's church, said to the pastor and his wife as they shook hands after service, "I want you folks all out to my house for one good holiday visit. Can you come the day before Christmas? It seems a kind o' queer time, may be, but if you can possibly come, that's the day I want you."

Mrs. Goodman : effected a few moments, then replied, "Why, thank you, Mrs. Bardwell, I think we could come that day. I could arrange to go, I am sure. Couldn't you, Mr. Goodman?"

'Yes, I think so," he responded, very cheerfully. "Of course there will be preparations going on for the evening exercises, but I don't know that I shall be particularly needed. Thank you very much for your kind invitation, Mrs. Bardwell. We shall enjoy the visit. I assure you."

Mrs. Goodman securely locked the front door on the day appointed, and dropped the key in her pocket, but scarcely had the sleigh containing Mr Goodman and herself and the four hilarious little Goodmans vanished down the road, than a man with rolls of paper appeared at the parsonage, and was admitted by Hope Arnold, who had secured a duplicate key from her

The man with paper and paste was speedily followed by another bearing pot of paint, and the transformation of the study was soon under full head-WAY.

Late in the afternoon three of the male members of the C. E. Society took possession with a roll of matting, and when in a short space of time, their work with that was finished, they were re-enforced by several of the girls, and the study was soon in readiness for its occupant.

Great was the satisfaction of the conspirators as they surveyed the rejuvenated room. The paper on the walls and ceiling was restful to the eye, with its soft tints and unobstrusive pattern. The coloring of the woodwork harmonized with that of the paper. In spite of fresh paint, neat muslin curtains had been put up in place of the shabby lace ones, and the well worn table cover had given way to another just from the store. Over the neat matting, before study table and easy chair, rugs were placed for warmth and cosiness.

And as a crowning touch a beautiful etching that was of itself an inspiration hung on the wall opposite the pastor's seat at his study table. This was a personal gift from Hope Arnold. Care had been taken to have everything done before it should be time for the pastor and his family to arrive at the church, that they might not be so soon surprised at seeing a light in their house. But toward the close of the evening's exercises Fred Johnson slipned over to the parsonage, and when Mr. and Mrs. Goodman stepped out into the wintry air they were startled by gleam from the study windows.

'What can it mean!" cried Mr. Good man in alarm. "Can it be fire?" Home was soon reached and they hurried upstairs. A lighted lamp was on the stand before the study door, and against it leaned a placard cearing the words, "Beware of paint" in large letters. Mr. Goodman carefully opened the door and entered the room, followed by Mrs. Goodman ushering in her brood with due deference to the warn-

ing without and the odor within. The little folks chattered and exclaimed, and pointed out to one another the various changes, but for a few moments the pastor and his wife s**aid not a** word.

Then Mr. Goodman took an envelop from the table. It contained a \$10 bil and a card, from which he read aloue in a rather unsteady voice:

"Please accept the alterations in your study as a testimonial of affection and esteem from the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, and use the inclosed for such further improvements in the way of books as it will make, and you may desire."

Mrs. Goodman sat down and cried. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "this study has worried me so! I've tried and tried to plan for having it fixed up, but there didn't seem to be any way to do it. Finally I gave up and just left it with the Lord, and since then I've been sure it would be done some day. And it is! Those blessed young folks! And \$10 for books, too!"

"Yes," replied Mr. Goodman, wiping his own eyes, "I am very thankful for it all. It was Hope Arnold's idea, I am positive. She looked very determined when she left the study that morning she was here.'

Well, it is certainly a welcome Christmas gift, and a great surprise." Then small Johnny Goodman, who had been regarding his parents in great perplexity, exclaimed: "I don't see what makes papa and mamma cry about it! I think it looks nicer than it did before!"

A Lakeside Christmas.

"Ouch!" The beautiful maiden withdrew her foot hastily.

Plunging her arm into the silken depthe she took from the toe of her stocking a five-pound box of candles she had overlooked. Weed it be added that this happened in Okleano?





BEATATH ". MUSTLETSE.

THISE MAIDERS WHE THROUGHOUT THE YEAR REPUSED US MEN A NISI," MUST HEW SUCCUMB, AND GRANT THE CHEER OF THIS ECSTATIC BLISS, THEY MAY HAVE HELD US ALL ALTER THREUGHEUT THE YEAR WITH "NO", BUT NEW WELL TAKE BUR SWEET REYEAGE

MYRTILLA, TA ATALIZUG MINX. WHESE PRETTY POUTING LIPS, WERE MADE BY LEVE MIDST KNOWING WINE TO MAKE US, YEAR A FOR SIPS, THEIGH SHE REBEL THE SLY COQUETTE AND BLUSH W PRETTY WEE, WE'LL KISS HER TS OUR HEARTS CENTENT. BENEATH THE MISTLETPE.

140 MIRABEL AND BETTY TEE MUST FOR THE MEMILE GIVE IN . 440 THESE WITE DARE TO LO ME AND WOR. A MISS FROM EACH SHALL WIN THAT CHRISTMAS DOTH ITS BLESSINGS BEING THESE MAIDENS SHALL WELL KNOW. SHEWEER WE CATCH THEM CHRISTMAS DAY

BENEATH THE MISTLETEE. PERRAM A MARBURGH

CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Raw Oysters. Bouillon. Boiled Salmon, Hollandaise Sauce Pickles. Boiled Potato Balls. Salted Almonds. Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce. Mashed Potatoes. Celery. Chicken Ple. Scalloped Asparagus.

Kirsch Punch. Currant Jelly. Roast Duck. Sweet Potato Croquettes. Sweet breads. Lettuce Salad. Plum Pudding, Brandy Sauce. Mince Pie. Apple Pie. Cheese. Cake. Ice Cream. Raisins. Nuts. Fruit. Coffee.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.



A merry Christmas to all, my dear fellows say L May you live in enjoyment, and live till you

May you share in the good things the world can afford And never look sad at the gay, social board.

A happy New Year-let me drink to you To the men, to the ladies, to the great, to the small: The ladies I'll toust in a glass of good WIDO May your phizes, when old, look as smilng as minel



ORIGIN OF YULE TIDE.

The Festive Season (elebrated Long Refore Christmas Came.

Once upon a time, when Curistmas was yet unknown, the northern nations of the world held a yearly festival which they called Yule They wreathed with greens the temples of their heathen gods, as we wreathe our churches to-day, they burned great yule logs in honor of the sun, that he might make the earth bl ssom into Spring: and they gave their children vule gifts from fir trees loaded down our children (pon Christmas Eve

It was not until 181 years after Jesus Christ, in the reign of the Roman Empercr Commodus, that Yale became Chiis'mas, and it was in the fourth Great and of Discletian, that there: girlo know everywhere as Santa (:aus. The legend of the jolly old fellow traveling with his reindeer to fill the stockings, or, in some countries the shoes, which children placed ready for him, grew from the fact that Saint Nicholas was regarded as the patron saint of young people the world over. English-speaking nations have the story from the Dutch.

But what shall we tell our boys and girls of Santa Claus. Do they not know him? Are they not looking eagerly for his visit of this year Let us remember, however, the history of the Christmas holidays; for what is more beautiful than that the living religion of Christ should touch and vivify one of the oldest of the heathen festivals, not only taking away nothing that it was good to retain, but hallowing one particular day, the 25th of December, as the birthday of the child

PLEASANT FOR THOMAS.



MRS. ENPEQUE -Thomas, you must not make any noise when you dress up as Santa Claus and fill the children's stockings tonight. Jimmy and Freddy have each got an air gun and a bow and arrow, and are going to shoot you with them to see if Santa l'laus is really alive. But you won't mind, will you?

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Some Girls Won't Go Near It, But There Are Others.

Let me see. Isn't it somewhere about this time that the mistletoe hangs out? Oh, where are the girls of long ago, I kissed beneath the mistletoe? asks a writer in Illustrated Fender thoughts; bring, too, for me Bits. I don't know, I'm sure. Mislaid My lady's kiss and fond embraces, 'em somewhere.

In olden days I have been told by a | Singing oft in measures soft of love dear friend whose veracity I respect unless I'm dead sure he's lying-in olden days the Druids used to go out and cut the mistletoe down as it hung on trees; but nowadays mistletoe generally hangs in a doorway or at the bottom end of the chandeller, and any young man taking it down is earnestly requested to replace it after he has been round the room and kissed all the pretty girls he wants to. It is not good form at all for one fellow to stick to the only piece of mistletoe in the room all the evening. We've all got to have a chance, you know

There are some girls who won't go near the mistletce anyhow. And there are others. The others generally freeze on to a chair or lounge immediately under the biggest piece of mistletce in the room and hope for good luck. Some of them will hang around a piece of mistletoe for an entire evening on the off chance of a fellow coming up behind and mistaking them for a pretty, girl, and kissing them before he finds out the bitter, relentless

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

The frost gleams white on the house tops high, And the clouds—they look like snow; And the plumber man goes briskly Blow, little tin horns-blow!

And I view my cash with a secret sigh, And I say to my soul: "Go slow!" But the children come, and I can't look Blow, little tin horns-blow!

So, I'm quite resigned to the rocket's noise, And the Roman candle show;

It's hands all around with the girls and poas-Blow, little tin horns,-blow! -Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.



THE CHRISTMAS TABLE

How to Arrange It in an Artistic and Upto-Date Fashion.

There are no hard and fast rules for setting the Christmas table-or any other table, for that matter--but cus tom prescribes certain forms with more or less definiteness.

In many private families, for in-

stance, a cocked-up napkin is placed at the left of each plate, and in the snowy linen jaws is stuffed a dainty roll. In many others this style has been abandoned and the napkin plainwith pretty things, just as we give to ly folded, so as to slow the monogram is laid on the plate. The latter methnd is perhaps the most "up to date" So of the gl. is. Time was and, to a certain degree, still is-when a little forest of crys al was ranged at century, at the time of Constantine the like right of every plate. "A glass for very wine and a wine for every lived Saint Nicholas, whom boys and | class " But here again the later day method is toward moderation. Three classes champagne, craret and apolcinaris are counted in better form for ocial gatherings. Indeed, the deep linkers and large eaters of not so very long ago would shiver with hunary apprehension at the sight of the stylish banquet board of to-day

Good taste, as we see it now, requires hat no eatables whatever, except the merest nibbles the hors d'oeuvies of he high-toned menus—shall be on the able before the guests are seated. Daintily heaped on mounds of racked ice are the olives at one end and the radishes at the other end of 'he table, flanked right and left by salted almonds and French candy.

How shall we be knived, and wherewithal shall we be spooned and forked is not so easily answered.

Any hostess may have notions of her own on these matters within rather wide limits, and be in no wise an offen-

But again, the best way is the short one. The oyster fork, a spoon for the soup, and two knives at the right, and wo forks-one for the fish-at the left, are all that are required at the beginning of the banquet. A butter chip and individual salts

plate. But butter plays a minor role n the very pretentious dinner casts. For the centre piece a large piece of holly gives a Christmas-like air, and the red and green form a pretty bit of color contrast.

and peppers are bunched before each

The olives and radishes carry out the same color scheme, and add to the attractiveness of the board. For a soft, pretty light candleabra

with colored paper shades, prettily linted, are the thing and they are very lecorative. All table decorations and fixtures

end toward simplicity The high entre pieces of fruits or flowers-once so prevalent - are rarely used now. When friends or intimates meet around the social board there is no sense in making the conversation of opposites so largely a matter of pecka-boo.

CHRISTMAS.

(Rhymed Acrostics.) Christmas, come and bring again Holly-berries all aglow, Roving mistrel's merry strain, Ivy-wreath and mistletoe, Sweet reunions, friendly faces, And thy poet I will be. and thee!

Christmas, monarch of the year. Haste and spread thy wonted cheer: Rock the steeples, bid each bell Iron-tongued thy tidings tell; Sorrow strangle, nurse content Tune all hearts to merriment! Mirth is brier, and care will wait At the threshold soon or late, So scare him out with song and shout beyond the gate!

A New Turkey Dressing. A lady from the South says that peaouts make a far finer dressing for the Christmas turkey than chestnuts do. The peanuts must be parched, as usual, pulverized in a mortar and mixed with chopped celery, a little butter and the usual herbs, held well together with a paste of cornmeal. The peanuts are said to impart a singularly fine flavor to the turkey.

A CHRISTMAS CASUALTY.



MRS. SANTA CLAUS-What's the matter with your hand? SANTA CLAUS-Some fresh little boy put steel trap in his stocking to see if there cally was such a person as me.

Where the Glass Decorations Come From.

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How man, of the hundreds of thousands of children and grown people who have enjoyed the sight of and helped to fasten the trapile ornaments to the Curatinas tree know Whence these dainty nothings come? At least nine-tenths of the world's supply of these flinesy little kinea-knacks come from Thuringen-Wald, the forest of Thurmgen, in Central Germany. Nothing could more apprepriately be called the storerown and workshop of Santa Claus han these elevated, as well as isolated, forest-elad mountain

regions. ... ery cottage among the mountains is a complete little factory, which turns out just as many goods as the n merical strength of the family pernies. Everybody works, from the veneachle grandparents, if they are alive, to the smallest child able to toddle.

As a rule the older members of the family-the father, mother and grown sens perform the most difficult and hardest work, tha of blowing and sh ping the glass ornaments. The blowers generally sit three to five around a table, each making his par-



COLORING THE GLASS BALLS. icular pattern as suits his fancy. The hree chief points of all absorbing importance observed are speed, cheapless and quality. The people might be said to be a race of artists in their particular line, and there is little waste rom faulty designs. The glass used great deal is known in the trade as lashed glass The workman has two pots, one with colored and one without any mixture. As the work requires he dips his blowpipe in one or the stances.

To produce the film of color he quickly immerses his bulb in the coloring fluid, which gives the object a marvelous lustre The most delicate shading is obtained by eating away the color by means of fluoric acid. which is frequently employed, and most beautiful effects are thus produced. No one has seen these variegated Christmas tree decorations but has marveled at the intense brilliancy of their color These superb effects are obtained by the use of metallic oxides, and are generally applied by some of the children of the family.



PUTTING ON THE LUSINE.

is soon as the object leaves the .ass blower's hand it is passed to some other member of the family, whose duty it is to fasten an eye or a hook, as the case may be, to the ornament. If to be dyed it goes to another who stands at the bath and dips every object with lightning rapidity. He or she then hands it to some child who puts it on a long stick for the drying oven. If an oven is not to be had the heat of the room or the sun has to perform this office. Then the silvering, which gives additional lustre to the object is attended to. This is done by dropping some quicksilver solution through a small opening left hat for that purpose. The final touches are then given the ornament in the buffing or polishing with soft cotton batting.
In the immediate vicinity of the

Louscha in the village of Steinheid. the people have taken up the mannfacture of Christmas tree ornaments. made chiefly of the cheapest kind of tin. These ornaments are more durable and almost as cheap as the ones made from glass. The objection to them, however, is that from an artistic point of view they do not compare favorably with the latter. But there are many things to recommend them. and the dealers predict an enormous trade in this line. All sorts of shapes are made-stare, crescents, suns and all sorts of geometrical designs. They are cast so as to have one side deeply indented. On this side the ornamentation is done, which consists in lining thedepressions or indentions of the pattern with a wonderfully brilliant substance. By skillfuly combining harmonious colors some very beautiful effects are estalned.

the cric "Yes, to use i me eee pose w more ti the-This: least, al Christm and a co

he woul his stoc in the v