

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

By J. B. CHRYSTAL.
Christmas bells.

Himing through mist-mantled dells,
Sweet the bells of your music bells,
Of that I loved birthday ring
Came to us by the infant King,
Felt oh, hills, with rapturous ring,
While the children sweetly sing,
"Hark, on earth, good will to men."

Old Santa comes,
With his bells and drums,
And everything that
equals or huns.
Will make no noise
When with his toys,
He fills the hose of
girls and boys.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

By G. A. PARKER.

ROBERT GOODMAN, pastor of a certain church in a town some 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 selected a few moments then replied, "Why, thank you, Mr. Goodman, 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."

The man with paper and paste was speedily followed by another bearing a pot of paint, and the transformation of the study was soon under full headway. 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 re-juggerated room. The paper on the walls and ceiling was restful to the eye, with its soft tints and unobtrusive 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 coziness.

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 slipped over to the parsonage, and when Mr. and Mrs. Goodman stepped out into the wintry air they were startled by a gleam from the study windows.

"What can it mean?" cried Mr. Goodman 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 bearing 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 warning without and the odor within.



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."



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Once upon a time, when Christmas 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 wreath our churches to-day; they burned great yule logs in honor of the sun, that he might make the earth blossom into Spring; and they gave their children yule gifts from fir trees loaded down with pretty things, just as we give to our children upon Christmas Eve.



There are no hard and fast rules for setting the Christmas table—or any other table, for that matter—but custom prescribes certain forms with more or less definiteness. In many private families, for instance, 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 plainly folded, so as to show the monogram laid on the plate. The latter method is perhaps the most "up to date."

ORIGIN OF YULE TIDE.

The Festive Season celebrated Long Before Christmas Came.

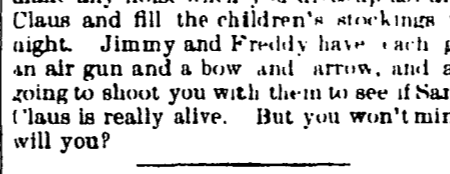
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THE CHRISTMAS TABLE.

How to Arrange it in an Artistic and Up-to-Date Fashion.

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PLEASANT FOR THOMAS.



Mrs. ESPERIE—Thomas, you must not make any noise when you dress up as Santa Claus and fill the children's stockings to-night. Jimmy and Freddy have each got an air gun and a bow and arrow, and are going to shoot you when they see if Santa Claus 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 Bits. "I don't know, I'm sure. Misdread 'em somewhere."

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Raw Oysters. Bouillon. Boiled Salmon, Hollandaise Sauce, Pickles. Salted Almonds. Roast Turkey. Cranberry Sauce. Celery. Mashed Potatoes. Scalloped Asparagus. Chicken Pie. Kirsch Punch. Roast Duck. Currant Jelly. Sweet Potato Croquettes. Lettuce Salad. Sweetbreads. Plum Pudding. Brandy Sauce. Mince Pie. Apple Pie. Cheese. Ice Cream. Cake. Nuts. Raisins. Fruit. Coffee.

A CHRISTMAS CASUALTY.

A lady from the South says that peanuts 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 choiced 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 CAROL.

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

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Where the Glass Decorations Come From.

How many of the hundreds of thousands of children and grown-up people who have enjoyed the sight of and helped to fasten the fragile ornaments to the Christmas tree know whence these dainty nothings come? At least most of these dainty little know-knacks come from Thuringen-Wald, the forest of Thuringen, in Central Germany. Nothing could more appropriately be called the workshop of Santa Claus and these dainty ornaments are isolated, forest-lad mountain villages.

PUTTING ON THE LURE.

As soon as the object leaves the glass blower's hand it is passed to some other member of the family, whose duty it is to fasten an eye or hook, as the case may be, to the ornament. If it is 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 silversmith gives additional lustre to the object by attended to. This is done by dropping some quicksilver solution through a small opening left for that purpose. The final touches are then given the ornament in the buffing or polishing with soft cotton batting.

CHRISTMAS.

(Rhymed Acrostic.)
Christmas, come and bring again
Holly-berries all aglow,
Roving mistle's merry strain,
Ivy-wreath and mistletoe,
Sweet reunions, friendly faces,
Pendant thoughts, bring, too, for me
My lady's kiss and fond embraces,
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