

WITH HER SOLDIER HUSBAND

Wife of General Grant Accompanied Him on His Campaigns Whenever It Was Possible.

Like Penelope of old, Julia Dent Grant was wedded to a soldier named Ulysses. Also like Penelope, her husband journeyed around the world. But there the resemblance ceases. Mrs. Grant herself is quoted by historians as saying:

"Having learned a lesson from my predecessor, Penelope, I accompanied my Ulysses in his wanderings around the world."

Julia Dent Grant was born in St. Louis, the daughter of Frederick Dent, a prominent man of that city, says the Detroit News. At the age of eighteen, shortly after she had completed her studies at an exclusive school, the charming girl met Ulysses Simpson Grant, then only a lieutenant. He was stationed at Jefferson barracks in St. Louis. It was not long before the young people were deeply in love. After the war with Mexico they were married.

Like that of most wives of soldiers, Mrs. Grant's life was one of constant moving about, until she fell ill, and was not able to accompany her husband to California, whither he had been ordered. She spent two years at the home of her parents and at the end of this time Captain Grant resigned from the army, that he might be near her.

The Civil war brought him back into the service and it was during this time that Julia Grant revealed her brave and hardy spirit. She was with her husband whenever it was possible, and spent all of her time on or near the scene of action.

She saw him twice inaugurated President.

ILL-LUCK IN "THREE PIECES"

Ancient Superstition That Has Strong Hold on the Mind of Almost Every Japanese.

You must never take three pieces of any cut food on your plate at one time, nor must you ever offer three pieces of cut food to anyone at one time. There will be bloodshed if you do, according to old Japanese superstition. Why? Well, three pieces is Mi Kire, three cuts, and it may also be, in the spoken language, Mi wo kiru, in another inflection, meaning "to cut the body." Somewhat far-fetched, but it holds strong sway in the minds of every living Japanese. Furthermore you must never cut only three baby dresses out of one piece of material. One "tan" the usual length of piece goods will make exactly three baby dresses, and leave a small remnant. This remnant, if you wish the baby you are sewing for not to suffer from grievous body wounds, you will cut into some part of another dress, the neckband, the belt, or anything you please, so long as the entire cutting from the piece is more than Mi Kire, "three cuts." The curious belief in sympathetic magic is strong in every walk of Japanese life, and in every act of daily existence.

Captain Cook's Ship.

The Endeavour, in which Captain Cook sailed from Plymouth on August 25, 1768, was bought at the modest price of \$2,500. The small tonnage of the Endeavour was, to Cook's practical mind, one of her chief merits. She could be easily careened and easily handled, and when he was struggling with the currents of the Great Barrier Reef her captain was able to thrust out oars through the ports of the vessel and thus turn her into a galley. He crowded into this small ship a complement of 85 men, with provisions for nearly two years. The main object of Cook's expedition was to take some astronomers to Tahiti to observe the transit of Venus, but he was instructed to proceed afterward to "make discoveries in the south Pacific ocean." It was in pursuit of this secondary object that the Endeavour won her place in the history of exploration.—Manchester Guardian.

No Perpetual Motion.

Perpetual motion has been the dream of visionaries for centuries. Many men have labored and experimented on the making and invention of perpetual machines, but all have failed. If such a machine were invented, it would, after it had been once set in motion, keep in motion without drawing on any external source of energy. A machine of this description would entirely controvert the established principle of the conservation of energy, and since the establishment of that principle had been judged visionary. Perpetual motions have been founded on the hydrostatic paradox, on capillary attraction, on electricity and magnetism, but in every case the result has been a failure.

When Fainting Was Fashionable.

Referring to "Santo Sebastiano," a popular Victorian novel, a critic made a computation of the number of fainting fits that occur in the course of five volumes: Julia de Clifford 11; Lady Delamere 4; Theodosia 4; Lord Glenbrook 2; Lord Delamere 2; Lady Enderbie 1; Lord Ashgrove 1; Lord St. Orville 1; Henry Mildmay 1. A single passage selected for no other reason than because it is the shortest, will serve as a specimen of these catastrophes: "One of the sweetest smiles that ever animated the face of mortal now diffused itself over the face of Lord St. Orville, as he fell at the feet of Julia in a death-like swoon."

THE SANTA PARTY

How Lots of Christmas Fun May Be Had by Boys' Club.

Each Lad Provides One Present, Made by Himself, for Old Kris Kringle's Bag.

THE biggest boy in the club should be the Santa Claus. To dress him up, borrow a bath robe, and trim it round the collar and cuffs with some old fur. A big fur cap is the thing for Santa Claus' head, and a great big bag should be provided for him to hang over his shoulder to carry the presents in. A paper mask for Santa can be bought at some small store for about twenty cents, and a big beard can be made of excelsior, tied up so as to stay in place. If the excelsior can be dyed gray all the better.

Each boy in the club should provide one present for Santa's bag. It would be better if each boy should make the present himself. Good things for such presents are bean bags, baseballs, bats, shiny sticks, tops, marbles, short wooden swords, slings, putty blowers, Jew's-harps, soap-bubble pipes, jack-stones, match-safes, candy, chewing gum, and so on.

All the presents for the Santa Claus party should be handed to a committee of three knights, whose duty it is to pack them all neatly in Santa Claus' bag. At the time of the party the members of the club should gather together in the meeting room, and the committee may meet in a room near by with the big boy who is to be Santa Claus. They must dress him up and escort him to the club. When Santa comes in all will rise, and the president will say:

"Greeting, Santa Claus; the boys await you."

Santa may reply, "Greeting, my children."

Then Santa passes out the presents. It is best for the boys to form a line, and for Santa to reach in the bag without looking and pull out the first thing that comes to his hand.

The last present in the bag is Santa Claus'. A good deal of amusement can be had at the party if a committee of five boys is chosen to look after the entertainment. A good plan is to get up shadow pictures. A sheet is hung up near one end of the room, about five feet from the wall. Behind the sheet, close to the wall and low down, is placed a strong light. The knights and others who are to be the audience all sit in front, and when everything is ready all lights except the one behind the sheet are put out. The boys who are to make the shadow pictures then go between the light and the sheet

and cut up all sorts of antics, throwing large shadows on the sheet. If there is a boy who can make odd shadow pictures with his hands he can amuse the club for some time.

Another thing that makes fun at a Santa Claus party may be called the "boy orator." A large pair of boots is provided, and the boy orator puts his arms in these and stands back of a table, so that his booted arms may look like a pair of short legs and he appears to be a funny little man standing on the table. Another boy stands behind him, and puts his arms through under the orator's arms and makes the gestures while the orator delivers his speech. This can be made very funny if the orator learns a good speech and if the boy who makes the gestures waves his arms and makes very bad and inappropriate gestures. It is especially trying for the orator if the gesturer holds a handkerchief in his hands and wipes his face occasionally or waves it in triumph at inappropriate times.—The Delineator.

Present and Future.

The wise youth prepares for the future. But during the holiday which he should also remember the present. That's expected by his best girl.

Santa Claus Did Come



The Christmas Feel

THEY'S a kind o' feel in the air to me,
When Christmas time sets in;
That's about as much o' a mystery
As ever I've run agin'.
For instance, now while I gain in weight
An' general health, I swear
They's a goneness somer's I can't just state
A kind o' feel in the air.

They's a feel in the Christmas air goes right
To a spot where a man lives at!
It gives a feller a appetite—
They ain't no doubt about that!
And yet they's somepin—I don't know what—
That follers me here and there,
And ha'nts and worries, and spares me not
A kind o' feel in the air.

They's a feel, as I say, in the air that's jest
As touchingly sad as sweet.
In the same ra-sho as I feel the best
And am spryest on my feet.
They's allus a kind o' sort o' ache
That I can't locate nowhere;
But it comes with Christmas and no mistake!
A kind o' feel in the air.

It's the racket the children raise!
Why no! God bless 'em, no!
Is it the eyes and the cheeks ablaze—
Like my own wuz, long ago?
Is it the bleat o' the whistle, and beat
Of the little toy drum and blare,
O' the horn? No! It is jest the sweet
The sad sweet feel in the air.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Holy Night

First night! Holy night!
All things sleep since the bright
And most holy midnight past.
Holy Child, with ringleted hair,
Sleep in heavenly peace.
Sleep in heavenly peace.

First night! Holy night!
Shepherds first saw the light;
What the angels' hallo! hallo!
Lead ye from far and near,
Christ, the Saviour, is here,
Christ, the Saviour, is here.

First night! Holy night!
Son of God, Ah! how bright
Smiles thy love on heavenly host!
Tis the first Nativity Morn!
Christ, the Saviour, is born!
Christ, the Saviour, is born!

WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES

THE hand of the world seems hard,
The heart of the world seems cold,
Of selfish schemes seem all its dreams
And its only goal seems gold.
Yet whenever Christmas comes,
The world the mask removes
From the tender part of its kind; true heart,
And we learn how much it loves.
We see it's a good old world
Which only plays a game;
Though it loves the race and it keeps
The pace.
It is tender all the more,
Though it struggles hard to win,
The dream in its heart is sweet;
And on Christmas Day it is glad to lay
The prize at its Saviour's feet.
—LEE SHIPPEY in Little's.

THE CHRISTMAS WATCH

SAVE for the engine's rhythmic beat
The ship is wrapped in dreams,
Behind it on the darkened deep
A wake of silver streams.
I walk my lonely watch, and hear
The voices of the brave
Old Vikings chant their sagas wild
In roar of wind and wave.
God sends a little nearer here,
Far out upon the grand
Blue sea that used to keep
My Christmas on the land;
For — in it seems to me the stars
Are shining angel eyes
That watch above the mariners
From stations in the sky.
—Mina Irving in the New York Herald.

Christmas Sonnets

CHRIST
Day-spring, Deliverer, Just and Holy One,
The way, the Faithful Witness, Prince of Peace,
The Word of God, Lord of our righteous
—
Our Redeemer, True Vice and Conscience,
Adam the Sonnet, only-begotten Son,
Image of God, divine of every race,
Our Chancellor, our advocate, our grace,
The Morning Star, Horn of Salvation,
Root and offspring of David, Jesus' Lamb,
Shepherd of souls, Emmanuel, the I Am,
The First and Last, Salvation's only Name,
Our yesterday-forever-ye the same,
Light of the world and conqueror of death,
Author and Finisher of our Faith.

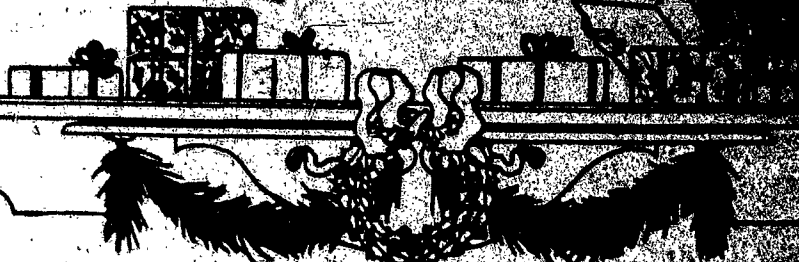
Jesus
Christ-damned eyes we turn how comfort-
ably
To Thee, O Gentle Friend, sweet Name-
less!
John-like upon thy bosom faint to lean.
O eyes we love to look in! eyes that see
Beneath our faults our human frailty—
Forgiving eyes! And hands so strong and
clean
We love to feel our frail hands needing aid;
We kiss the white scars where thine agony
Once flow'd for us, and in our grateful bliss
So Allied are we with Christ love we are
fain
To separate even Judas from his kiss,
And if we have them, say to our comfortment,
"Tomorrow meet with me in Paradise."
—ORELIA KEY BELL.

CHRISTMAS IN THE HEART

O, that Christmas in the heart,
That long, that lasting voice
That stings through all the harrowing years,
And sings — "Rejoice! Rejoice!"
That Christmas glory creeping
From finger tips to toes —
The music of the world within,
And the bells across the snow!
O, that Christmas in the heart,
That long, that lasting voice
That stings through all the harrowing years,
And sings — "Rejoice! Rejoice!"
That Christmas glory creeping
From finger tips to toes —
The music of the world within,
And the bells across the snow!
That spirit of the golden power
That cries, "I give! I give!"
—By the Downtown Bard, in Houston Post.

A Quitter,
Did Santa Claus, that generous soul,
Create a joyous din,
But hastens homeward to the pole
Before the hills come in.

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