CHRISTMAS LIKE IT USED TO BE

HRISTMAS like i used to be!
That's the thing
would gladden me.
Kith and kin from
far and near
Joining in the Christ-

oh, the laughing girls and boys! Oh, the feasting and the joys! Wouldn't it be good to see Christmas like it used to be?

Christmas like it used to be-Christmas like it used to be-Snow a-bending bush and tree, Bells a-jingling down the lane; Cousins John and Jim and Jane, Sue and Kate and all the rest Dressed-up in their Sunday best, Coming to that world of glee— Christmas like it used to be.

Christmas like it used to be-Been a long, long time since we Wished (when Santa Claus should come You a doll and I a drum, You a book and I a sled Strong and swift and painted red; Oh that day of jubilee! Christmas like it used to be.

Christmas like it used to be. It is still as glad and free,
And as fair and full of truth,
To the clearer eyes of youth.
Could we gladly glimpse it through
Eyes our children's children do
In their joy-time we would see
Christmas like it used to be.
—Nixon Waterman, in Elliott's Magazine.



VERYBODY knew Moon was "plumb set" against Tom White. They also

knew that Tom was determined to marry Clarissy Moon. The views of Clarissy herself were locked in the breast of that maiden and no one, not even her grandmother, could draw them forth. She listened to the old lady's diatribes against Tom, just as she listened to Tom's ardent wooing and said nothing.

Mrs. Moon, her unmarried daughter and Clarissy lived in a tiny cabin at the foot of the Little Backbone, a very pleasant place in summer, though that season was brief enough in a region which is described by its denizens as having "nine months winter and three months cool weather' each year. In winter the cabin was not a pleasant place of abode. No only did the snow drift high about it but the playful winds entered through the crevices which Mrs. Moon was always intending to have filled up and never did. It was lonely in winter, too; not even the most persistent suitor could find his way to it fre quently when he trail was obliter ated by snow drifts and when night came early and suddenly, too, in the shade of the mountains.

Clarissy was thinking of these things, as she stood at the cabin door one afternoon in the middle of De cember. It was rather a cool place for meditations, but her Aunt Phoebe was on what her mother was wont to call a "high," and any place was preferable to her immediate vicinity at such a time. Aunt Phoebe's temper, never very sweet, had ill with stood the strain of prolonged spinsterhood, and she vented her maidenly disappointment on the nearest ob jects, her mother and Clarissy, who were quite innocent in the matter.

"Seems if I cain't please her, no how," Clarissy was saying to herself, "I cain't bear that air bothersome Tom White, but he's bettern' what tract her attention. she is, anyhow. Sposn' I was t' give him er sign t' come 'n' talk t' me er-As she hesitated she heard Aunt Phoebe's shrill tones still raised to danger pitch in the cabin. Draw ing off the red handkerchief which was knotted coquettishly about her dark hair, she ran down the path and drawing down a branch of the young oak which stood alone, she deftly tied the streamer to it. The handkerchief was Tom's gift and he had begged her to use it as a signal whenever she desired his company. It was the first time she had made use of it, and a she tied it she was assuring hersely that she "didn't care er mite fer that great, awkward fellow," but, in spite of that fact, her cheeks rivaled the handkerchief in color. Yielding to a sudden impulse she scurric 1 into the cabin regardless of Aunt Phoebe's tongue.

'I'll peek out'n the window watch fer him," she thought, "an' I'll let him cool his heels a bit waitin', before I go out. Anyhow, I ain't prom ised nothing by tying that handher-cher up there."

Clarissy had the sharp ears of the mountaineer and soon she heard steps coming along the trail and finally into the clearing, but she never moved, save to see that her grandmother was dozing in the chimney corner and Aunt Phoebe absorbed with her quilt pieces. The latter had passed from the active to the passive stage of her ebullitions and was now sufking.

The steps approached nearer and

"Ef that old stupid ain't comin' in yere, after all," Clarissy thought. "Well, granny'll send him off with a flea in his ear if he does, that's all! and she assumed an air of elaborate

"Hello, thar!" called a masculine voice scarcely audible to Clarissy for the beating of her heart. She made ao move and the call was repeated.

"Ain't ve got no manners, t' let ompany wait out there that a way," her aunt said, sharply, and poor Clar

ssy went flying to the door.

There stood, not Tom, but Amos Purdy, a near neighbor, as neighbors go in a thinly settled country, and a widower of two months' standing who had dropped in once or twice of late. He entered now with a sheepish air which to anyone less preoccupied than Clarissy would have proved that he was on courting bent. He took a chair near the door and where he shut out Clarissy's view of the win-

"Right cold day," he ventured, addressing Aunt Phoebe.

"Well, I guess ye can't 'xpect much else, with Christmas only two weeks off," was the ungracious reply.

"Yep, that's so," the visitor responded. Then he relapsed into an embarrassed silence, during which he with apparent unconsciousness, stared Clarissy out of countenance. "Ole Zeb White killed er bear last

Chuesday," was his next remark, still addressed to Aunt Phoebe. "Biggest one this year, he says. Them Whites is awful liars, though, an' I cain't promise ef he tells th' truth er not." 'Them Whites is a bad stock," Moon broke in, suddenly; "one of 'em filled our ole cow full of shot when I was a gal, pretendin' like he thought she was er bear. An' all the satisfaction pap got was puttin' er load o' shot into him, and pretendin' like he thought he was er buck!" She chuck-

ed at the remembrance. "That air Tom White's goin' t' see Tiny Koontz;" remarked the guest. "I seen 'em walkin' last Sunday. Reckon they'll be gittin' married soon. Seems s'f they'd be a lot of marryin' round yere before long. Er man ain' worth much nowadays 'nless he's got a wife."

Clarissy had turned pale at the bit of news. She rose now, on pretense of getting more wood for the fire and went outside. Aunt Phoebe had suddenly become gracious and the sound of her voice followed the girl as she ran along the trail to the tree which held her token.

Moon received most graciously. Aunt Phoebe's eyes shone, but she kept them on the ground in maidenly modesty and was very reserved and coy in he manner. It never occurred to either her mother or herself that Clarissy wa

the object of Amos' evident intentions "I plum got t' have somebody t' keep house fer me soon," the guest re-marked. "I ain't much of a cook myself, an' there's lots o' good meat spoilin' at th' cabin now fer want o' a woman t' look after it. I was er good husban' t my woman while she was livin'," he concluded.

"So ye was, Amos," Mrs. Moon agreed. eagerly; "I always said so." She was overjoyed at the idea of giving up her daughter; she thought delightedly of daughter; she thought dengatedly of the quiet life she could lead with only Clarissy. "An', now that air Tom White's out'n th' way, I'll git t' keep her a long time," she reasoned, complacently, as she listened to the visitor's account of what he intended to do for his wife when he married early do for his wife when he married again talkin' erbout marryin'; I guess Tom White an' Tiny Koontz'll be gittin

married a Christmas. I seen her with a red hankercher he give her th' las time I was over there," he went on. It seemed to Clarissy that she would die as she sat there. It was bad enough to tell herself that Tom had given her handkerchief to Tiny, but to hear it as a certainty was worse yet. She made no sign, but when the talk had once nore veered around to the apparent!y inexhaustible subject of Amos' second wife she slipped softly out of the cabin and wandered about in the snow like some wild thing with a mortal hurt.
As she was returning an hour later she found Amos patiently awaiting her at the hollow tree.

"I put a lot o' nuts in there and some sellow apples," he announced. "Ef ye don't like red apples ye mus' like yel-low ones. Say, Clarissy, sposn' you'n me git married a Chrismus, like what Tom White an' Tilly Koontz is goin' t' dó!'

Clarissy never could remember right ly what she said, but Amos construed her answer into consent, and, promis ing to come with the preacher at seven o'clock on Christmas evening, he went his way.

"He ain't goin' t' think I want 'im;"

It was dark when Clarissy came into she panted, he can go t' his Tiny
the cabin, and her grandmother and



AND CAME FACE TO FACE WITH TOM.

Koontz, ef he wants to. I don't want | aunt were in such a state of excitement 'im-great awkward thing!" She dashed away a tear, as she did so, and saw that the handkerchief no longer fluttered from the branch. Nervously she searched the ground to see if the wind had carried it into a clump of bushes. But no handker-chief was there! Tom had evidently come and gone, without trying to at-

"An' he's taken th' handkercher t' that air Tiny Koontz!" she said. Then, with head held high, she marched back, meeting Amos face to face, as he came down the path.

"Mighty purty red cheeks ye got, larissy," he remarked; "when I git er-Clarissy," nother wife she's got t' have red cheeks tell ve. Sav. d've like red apples? I'll fetch ve some when I come this here way agin; you look in that air holler stump, an' ve'll find 'em."

"I jest plum despise red apples, an' l plum despise you, too, Amos Purdy."
And she fled to the cabin before the astonished guest had time to make re-

To her surprise, Aunt Phoebe was in especially good humor. Her mother had been throwing out some very plain hints as to the intentions of Amos re garding herself, which chimed pleasant ly with her own opinions on the subject. She giggled mightily, and assured her mother that she "wouldn't look at that ole silly, no, not fer nothing!" But she was mightily pleased, as anyone could

In her anger against Tom, Clarissy forgot all about Amos and his red apples, and, indeed, she attached no im portance to the offer, anyhow. She, too, was very gay that evening, for she felt that her grandmother's sharp eyes were on her, and she would have died rather than display her futile rage against her faithless lover. She assured herself over and over again that she never cared a straw for Tom, but the fact that she had sent for him and that he had answered her signal only to carry off the present he had given her to take it to another rankled in her

Heavy snow fell the next day and a cold kept her close in the cabin for a week. Amos was the only visitor during that time, and when he came he brought a substantial offering of venison and a brace of rabbits, gifts by no means to be despised, and which Mrs.

that they failed to notice her pale cheeks and wild eyes. For they had decided that Amos certainly meant to marry Phoebe and that preparations had better be commenced at once.

"Because widowers don't want t' wait r minute," Mrs. Moon said, sagely; "they makes up their minds quick, an' they expects other folks t' do th' same. I wouldn't be a mite surprised to see 'im come in with th' preacher a Christmas, like what ole Sam Smith did when he got married th' fourth time. Sairy she wasn' 'xpectin' 'em, but she thought she better take 'im when she could git

Nothing was said to Clarissy, who was regarded as a child by her elders and she, in her intense preoccupation, failed to notice that the preparations for Christmas were on a much more elaborate scale than usual. She was ir a sort of a daze, sometimes determined marry Amos in order to convince Tom that she cared nothing for him at others, determined to die before she did such a thing. Fortunately for her, Aunt Phoebe

wanted a quantity of ground pine and red berries with which to adorn the cabin, and as Clarissy knew the sheltered spots where they were likely to be found she was sent out in quest of them. In her anxiety to be alone she made the quest a prolonged one. Amos wisely absented himself from the cabin, a fact which puzzled Mrs. Moon and her daughter not a little. Clarissy gave this fact not a thought; she was quite in ignorance of the fact that Amos was supposed to be the victim of her aunt' w and spear, and was only thankful to have him out of the way while she

wrestled with her problem. All too soon, it was Christmas eve, and Clarissy went forth for a last load of pine, with which the cabin was already gay. Late in the afternoon, she sat down a moment with her load, still pondering upon the subject which never left her mind. She was in no hurry to return home, for her aunt had gone to the store at the cross roads to make a few pur shases and she knew that her grandmother would be dozing and uncon scious of the flight of time.

As she sat there, Clarissy let the tears roll unchecked down her cheeks. It seemed to her now that go. Papa, I think Santa Claus got Tom had left her for another, he had stuck on that steam engine.—Puck.

become the one object for which she

"Well, I'll take Amos;" she said, proudly, "an' then nobody 'll know Tom left me fer Tiny Koontz!" As she spoke, she rose from the stump on which she was sitting and came face to face with Tom-Tom pale and haggard, and with a gun over his shoulder, which added to the wildness of his appearance. Clarissy trembled so that she could scarcely

stand, but she put on a brave smile "That you, Tom," she said, "I—I mus' wish ye well, you 'n Tiny. When ye goin' t' git married—to-morrow?" Tom put down his gun. "Me 'n who?" he demanded, fiercely.

Clarissy's anger grew at the eva-sion. "You 'n' Tiny Koontz," she re-sponded. "Amos Purdy, he tole me ow you 'n' her was goin' t' get married to-morrow night.

"Amos Purdy tole ye that?"

"Yes, he did; and ye needn't to deny it—I don't care!" All the girl's fierce pride was in arms. "I-I only put th' red handkerchief on th' tree that day because-

"Because ye wanted t' make er fool er me!" Tom cried, hotly. "Ye had took it down again 'fore I could git there, an' ye give it t' Amos Purdy; there, an' ye give it t' Amos Purdy; he showed it t' me. An' he tole me you 'n', him was goin' t' get married a Christmas, an' ye didn' want no more sight o' me! I on'y wish I'd had my gun that day, an'—"
"Oh. Tom! Tom!" Clarissy and the ground pine were all tangled up in

his arms, and Clarissy was crying for pure joy.

"But I tell ve one thing, Clarissy," Tom said, later, "that ole coon did see me with Tiny Koontz that day. was giving her a message from Wait Thomas over at th' sawmill. Him 'n' her's goin' to git married soon's he gits back." When Clarissy at last started for

home Tom went with her to tell her grandmother that he meant to marry her granddaughter on the following

day, with her consent or without it.
"For I ain' goin' t' take no more

chances!" Tom affirmed.

Luckily, Aunt Phoebe had not returned when they reached the cabin, and the story was poured out to Mrs. Moon alone. Her dislike for Tom melted away before the idea of Clarissy's marrying Amos, on whom Phoebe had set her heart, and leaving her to bear the brunt of that sel's rage.

"Tell ye what you do," she said, nally. "You 'n' Tom git ready 't git married to-morrow night an' jest

leave Amos t' me when he comes!"

Tom stood out for a personal interview with Amos first, but he was overruled. Just what Mrs. Moon said to that worthy during the few min-utes' private talk they had no one ever knew. She said it so convincingly, however, that there was double wedding in the cabin that Christmas night, and Aunt Phoebe never knew that she was second second -Eliza Armstrong, in Banner of Gold.

Outside.

Outside.

Fate delights in still contrasting
All that comes to mortals here;
Some may feast. The rest are fasting.
For each smile there is a tear.
There are shine and holly berry.
There is hunger's tattered cloak.
There is Christmas when you're merry—
And there's Christmas when you're broke.

When the music, softly playing, Seems least fenderly to fall
Than the laughter that comes straying
Through the nursery and the hall.
Who shall think that some poor fellow
On the pavement stands afar,
Watching every gleam so mellow
Through your window blind ajar?

When all care is shut behind us
And when love dispels each sigh,
Let some gentle thought remind us
Of the lonely passer-by.
Life to some, though pleasant, very,
last's all a gladsome idea.

Isn't all a gladsome joke. There is Christmas when you're merry— And there's Christmas when you're broke, And there some Washington Star.

HOLIDAY REPARTEE.



"Here, this isn't the Christmas spirit dunning me for money on Christmas

"Well, if you had the Christmas spirit ou would pay me."-Chicago Daily Record.

A Beautiful Mother.

I heard a very sweet story the other day of some children who had earned their Christmas money by acting as caddies of golf players in their neighborhood, says a writer in the Christian Intelligencer. The father found a memorandum they had made of expenditures they intended, and it ran as follows:

"Mother, one dollar. "Father, 75 cents.

"Sister Susan, 50 cents, etc."
"How is this, Laddie?" said the fa-

ther. "Why do you mean to spend a dol-lar for your mother and only 75 cents for me?" "Oh!" was the sufficient answer,

'mother's mother."

His Qpinion. Papa-What is the matter with the

steam engine, Johnny?

Johnny—I don't know; but it won't

SOME SECRETS OF SCENTS.

Mysteries About the Composition Perfumes That Were the Favorites of Royalty.

Her majesty the queen is very fond of loyally keeping up the old custom of her predecessors. On her table dishes that were the favorite ones of kings and queens long departed are still to be found, and even the much-liked perfume she uses, Ess Bouquet, poss right royal past, says the London Mail.

The history of a fashionable scent is as interesting as a love story, and truly the romance that attaches to her majesty's favorite one is a thrilling and tender one. Long years ago, upon an occasion when King George IV. gave a state ball, he was attracted by the exquisite aroma of a certain perfume used by Princess Esterhazy. His majesty inquired the name of the scent and was told that it was Ess Bouquet. Immediately he sent a large order to the inventor and maker of the perfume, Mr. Bayley, a far-famed purveyor, who was the maker of scents and powders for royalty and so-ciety since the days of Queen Anne, and from that time onward until his death Ess Bouquet became the monarch's favorite perfume. Still from their treasure house in St. Martin's Lane the same firm send out the same scent. It has a peculiarly delicate and refined aroma, and for that reason the queen finds it always acceptable and pleasant.

Good scents are not cheap luxuries but poor ones are very bad investments There is something exceedingly vulgar bout a common perfume, whereas a dainty aroma gives its owner, if she be woman-for men still use very litle-a cachet or smartness which is

A perfume that has a triumphant rogue among the Russians in high life is called Esprit Unis. The czarina herself uses it, and sends to London for it. The Russians are very good and lucrative customers to the makers of perfumery, for it flows like water as a spray in their apartments, and in the little ornamental fountains that decorate their drawing rooms and state apartments, among the utmost luxury that prevails in rare flowers and plants, especially in St. Petersburg durplants ing the long winter season

The recipe of a favorite and popular scent just as the Ess Bouquet just mentioned is as precious as a big fortune to its owner. Only the heads of the firm know to this day what they knew n the days of Queen Anne-namely, the precise treatment that is needed to empose it-and from generation generation the secret has been handed down. A neat little business is done by fraudulent persons who profess to sell recipes of famous perfumes which, hen carried out, will cost per bottle about half as much as the ordinary scent; but those who are foolish enough to be taken in always find that, ven though the ingredients may have been correctly purloined, the process of distillation is incompletely stated, and so the result is not what it ought

fume market. Chemistry is so derfully developed a science now that scents closely imitative of those pro-duced by the flowers themselves are produced by coal tar, but old-fashioned methods are best, and perfumes expressed from real flowers cannot be equaled by "made-up" scents for beaucountry for the distillation of attar of roses, which is used in so many ways by perfumers and soapmakers. It is a precious product that costs about five pounds per ounce.

But it is not only from flowers that

scents are obtained. Civet, for example, comes from the civet cat, and comes to this country in rhinoceros for any time the mere contraction horns from Africa; musk from the muscles produces a feeling musk deer; castor from the beaver, and ambergris, which fetches £2 10s | "I natur per ounce, from the sperm whale. One he dared use his voice enough of the chief uses of these scents, which practice, for how otherwise did he in themselves are detestable, is to "fix" extract such pathos and feeling from other perfumes—in other words, to prevent them from losing their power. Fruit is also a scent producer. Try if tice so much there is not the most enchanting aroma in the skin of a tangerine orange "It is bec next time when you eat one, and to see the oil squeeze the peel against them and phrased them in every posthe flame of a candle.

The way in which the true aroma of a perfume can be thoroughly enjoyed is not by putting some on a handkerchief and smelling it that way through cambric, but by employing a spray, which seems to divide the perfume into its exponent parts. The person who wishes to enjoy the aroma to the full should stand some two feet or so from the operator. Dabbed on the temples behind the ears, beneath the nostrils and on the wrists scent is most potent and refreshing waters like eau de cologne and lavender can be used in such a way upon sick people with a

very pleasing and vitalizing effect.
Old-fashioned scents such as the above, as well as lily of the valley, wallflower and violet, continue to have a steady sale. There is a new Japanese odor called Fusiyama which is building up its claims to fame, while anyone who pines for the Scotch moors in vair can almost fancy he is there in person as well as in thought by sniffing a bot tle of perfume appropriately called "Braemar."

Many ladies use scent in the form of sachets to perfume their clothes. The newest sachet is of enormous size Made to fit the bottom of a drawer, lying quite flat, it is composed of layers scented flannel. Wealthy often have their wardrobes lined with sachets.

Vocal Soloists.

When a soloist sings, all the other soloists in town who are present also cheer, so as to get it back when they sing .- Washington (Is.) Democrat.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

When the elevator was first invented at Schoenbrunn, in 1760, and placed in the summer residence of the Austrian emperor, it was called the chair.

The big cities of Russia are as follows: The population of St. Peters-burg is 1,132,677; Moscow, with its two suburbs, 988,614; Odessa, 405,041, 2 great increase since 1892, and Warsaw 626,072.

The castle at Brindisi, built by the Hohenstaufen Emperor Friedrich II. is now used as a prison. The grounds are full of vipers, and every summer six to ten of the criminals are killed by them.

Glasgow is not so free from taxes as most Americans believe, for the recelpts from the numerous industrial plants belonging to the cit are not allowed by law to be used for the im-proving and cheapening of the article

on which the profit was made.

In Australia a novel idea has been introduced for weeding out the "man who doesn't dance." Each lady has a slip of paper perforated in squares, one square for each dance on the programme; she gives one of these coupons to her partner at the end of each dance and any man who cannot produce a fair percentage of coupons is refused admission to the supper

Recent estimates are to the effect that asphalt is being dug out of the famoustar lakes of Trinidad—the most notable existing sources of the material in the world—at the rate of 80,000 tons per annum. There are still 4.500,000 tons in sight, but at this rate the supply could not last long were it not that the lake of bitumen referred to is receiving a constant accretion from the bowels of the earth.

Occasionally interesting bits of philology come up in the police court. Thus, not long ago, a farm laborer in England was sued for damages because he had "thrown up his job" after accepting "arles." Any good dictionary should tell what arles are, but not one in the courtroom seemed to know about the word or the custom. In the north country speech "arles" are earnest money, the equivalent of the "queen's shilling," which the recruit takes when he enlists. It is supposed that the word comes from the Norman French

REEVES' COSTLY VOICE.

London Correspondent Says That It Cost the Famous Tenor \$400,000.

"I send you a few notes," writes a correspondent of the London Daily News, "of a talk I had with Mr. Sims Reeves some years ago. He told me that his extreme conscientious-ness about his voice had cost him the handsome sum of £80,000. I need scarcely say that Mr. Reeves preferred to disappoint an audience rathwhich was not in the finest condition. than sing to them with a throat very well remember how minutely he went into the matter at the time, when the complaints of his non-ap-

scented flowers are specially grown they be hoarse or not, but, depend fume market. Chemistry is nothing strains the voice more. Yes, I have given up more than anyone, in what you may call my extreme fastidiousness or artistic conceit

"I asked him how he knew that he

could not sing.
"'Ah, that is very simple,' he anequaled by "made-up" scents for beauty and refinement. Bulgaria is a great a tickling, a dryness of the throat, an irritation of the mucous membrane The saliva refuses to flow properly, the vocal cords lose their beautiful coating. You can imagine a piece of highly polished steel, the most minute speck of dust, the least breath of air, affects it. It is so with the throat of a tenor. Why, if you bend down for any time the mere contraction of

> "I naturally asked him, then, how the songs he sang. But with Mr. Reeves it was not a question of practice so much, as that word is usually

'It is because I have always studsible way, asking myself what they meant, and interpreted them according to my own feelings. I walk up and down, trying this line and trying that, until I feel that I have struck the right idea. Singers do not study elocution sufficiently, if at all. In a recitative, for instance, the words are sacrificed to the music. In my method they are of equal importance. Do I love applause? Ah, yes, an artist lives for it. It inspires him. Give me an enthusiastic, a receptive audience, and my heart and my voice go out to them. Often the great sea of faces has affected me-words cannot describe emotions—I have put forth my greatest efforts. Without applause an artist is timid, frigid, nerve-

The Other Parent.

"Now, tell me," said the kind-hearted woman, "you're a runaway, aren't you?" "Yes, I am, ma'am, ter tell you?" "Yes, I am, ma'am, ter tell the truth," replied the young tramp. "Mother died not long ago, and after that things didn't go right, and one day I lit out and I run till I was dead tuckered out." "Poor boy! Couldn't go a step farther, eh?" "Oh, no. It was 'cause I couldn't go a stepmother."—Troy Times.

Saving Woman,

Mr. Pavne-What! Sixty-eight dollars for an evening dress? Why, I thought you were going to have your

last year's black lace made over.

Mrs. Payne—I did, dear. I had it made over red satin, and that's what cost so.—Philadelphia Bulletin.