

That Havana lottery will evacuate the Spaniards. Uncle Sam will protect the Cubans against themselves.

Adventurers have thus far spent \$30,000,000 in going to and from the Klondike, and have brought back \$6,000,000. But, then, think of the fun!

A Philadelphia paper in its story of the jubilee crowd said it was "nip and tuck between the pickpockets and the police." It would be interesting to learn which finally got the most.

Mr. Joe Leiter is said to have taken to literature. If he can bulge the poetry market in the same way that he did the wheat market he will be regarded as a benefactor by a very numerous constituency.

The enterprising young fellow whose means of livelihood is the marrying of widows with money is in the wrong state and lives in the wrong time. He should have lived in Utah four years ago. Then his peculiarity would not have excited comment.

Dewey is said to be coming home. It will be such a home-coming as no American ever had. For his own comfort we advise that he be put under strong guard in Fort Warren, where his family and friends might visit him with passes signed by himself.

In the conflict which resulted in the resignation of the Brisson ministry in France, the grave underlying question was the supremacy of civil or military law in that republic. As long as militarism prevails in France it can be a republic but in name. The promotion of the rights of the people, the establishment of personal freedom, and all of the elements which enter into republican government are at war with the idea of military supremacy. As long as the man in epaulettes is the hero of the populace, and his will supplants that of the statesman, true republican government is impossible.

Agitation for the repair of Time's ravages on Faneuil hall has been renewed in Boston, and this time the local papers hope work will follow the agitation. Ample money to make the long-needed repairs is said to be available, and its use may be hastened by the reiterated warnings of experts that the Cradle of Liberty is actually in danger. In this case there is no such question as was raised in connection with the restoration of the Bulfinch front and the dome of the state house. No one is proposing to rebuild Faneuil hall. It is entirely a work of strengthening and repairing, and this, the Boston Advertiser says, "must be done very gently. It must be done with loving intelligence and patient reverence. We do not want Faneuil hall to become a ruin, venerable and pathetic as that ruin would be. We want it for use as well as for an object of patriotic enthusiasm on account of its sacred memories. We want it to continue to be the people's forum, as truly now as in John Adams's time."

The curious relations of personal vanity with the worst forms of criminality are plainly shown in the case of Vacher, the notorious "Jack the Ripper" of Paris, who has been condemned to the guillotine. Although evidently a mental pervert, with the usual accompanying mania for homicide, he was willing to give the full details of his crimes, previously confessed, only on the conditions that they should be published in all the leading papers, and that he should have a separate trial for each murder in the place of its commitment, thus obviously adding to the morbid notoriety of his doings. The desire to create a startling sensation by limiting his acts to the murder and subsequent brutal mutilation of young shepherdesses was paramount to all other motives, although he incidentally refers to his fancy for shedding blood. As is not unusual in such instances of gross depravity, he plied his dreadful work long enough to give it the air of great mystery, and when unable to keep the secret beyond a certain time he was compelled to openly jeopardize his safety by exploding a revolting confession. Criminologists are quite uniform in their statements regarding the prevalence of this weakness among thieves and murderers. The detectives understand so well this propensity on the part of wrongdoers that it is an ever ready avenue to secrets which otherwise would perhaps never be discovered. It is the plainest of all exemplifications of a fact that "murder will out." The crime and its punishment grow from the same root.

The time seems to be not far distant when English will be the language of the people inhabiting the entire valley of the Nile.

Commissioner General Peck is likewise indulging a propensity for expansion. He has secured 22,000 square feet more for American exhibitors at the Paris Exposition.

The government of the state of Nuevo Leon, Mexico, has directed that the pupils in all the official schools shall be taught to write and perform all manual tasks as well with one hand as with the other.

It was a Chicago man who, having purchased a kaleidoscope, brought it back the next day and indignantly explained he had tried to play on the blamed thing for an hour, and had not been able to get a tune out of it.

A normal school in Wisconsin has been equipped with an electric program clock system. Clocks are operated automatically from a central point, announcing the exact time for various studies and recitations, and indicating in which room they will be carried on. The superintendent has a telephone and switchboard that enables him to communicate with any teacher in the building without leaving his chair.

A Swiss anthropologist, on his return from Patagonia, brought home with him a complete collection of Patagonian skulls, and when the custom-house proposed to tax them on the basis of animals' bones imported as manure, he protested that this was an insult to humanity. To his surprise his objection was listened to, and he received a receipt for the duty charged upon a higher scale, with the skulls entered as "returned emigrants' worn effects."

The act requiring the navy department to build four more monitors was passed before the lessons of the war had shown the defects of this class, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. Since the craft must be built it is well that they be the best of their kind. Thus it is gratifying that the plans are to be changed, and the new monitors made much larger and better than the old. They are valuable only for harbor defense, but they can go to sea at a pinch, and can make a long voyage if they do not have to encounter rough weather ships on the way. However, the country is not likely to build any more, as we are not likely to have any more scares about attacks on the coast. The Spanish war has shown that the place to defend our coasts is out at sea, wherever an enemy's fleet can be found.

The development of mines of ore and sulphur in Sicily has always been the cause of many strikes, on account of the low prices paid to the laborers. The government of Rome obtained recently from the Chambers a law guaranteeing financial support to sick or wounded and lame miners. The proprietors of the mines announced that they would decrease the wages of the workmen in a sufficient proportion to meet the extra expenses imposed upon them by the operation of the new law taxing property for the support of invalid laborers. The miners in the Province of Girgenti to the number of about a thousand have struck work, and, at last reports, the strike was still in progress; fortunately this time it was not accompanied by the violence and bloodshed which too often marked the labor troubles of Sicily.

The history of the last few years shows a succession of hostilities against England from all sides and in all quarters, none the less aggressive, none the less dangerous, than if they had been conducted in actual warfare, says the Sydney (New South Wales) Bulletin. Look at the intrigues of France in Egypt, in Siam, in Niagara, in Madagascar, or the Nile; look at the encroachments of Russia in Persia Afghanistan, the Pamirs; look at the characteristically prudent and cautious, but none the less real hostility of Germany in the Transvaal, in Zanzibar, in Samoa; look today at the unanimous exultation of the continent at the blows which are being struck at the prestige and commercial interests of England in the East. Everything seems to show that England must either make ignoble submission to a European aggressiveness which seeks to bleed her by fair means or foul, or take the risk of financial ruin, of possible effacement as a first-class power, in a desperate contest with the monster armies of her neighbors, to whom she appears as the one great obstacle to their designs.

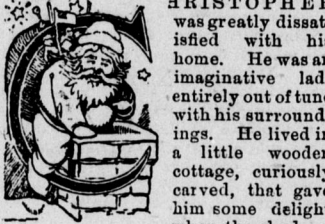


The Log They Cut.
This is the yule of the long ago,
The log they cut in the woods, hol hol
The yule log old that gave its glow
At the Christmas hearth in the olden time
When the bells rang mad with their golden chime.

IN HOLDA'S WOOD.

How Old Father Christmas Was Born—The German Legend of Kris-Kringle.

BY ESTHER FINGLETOS.



CHRISTOPHER was greatly dissatisfied with his home. He was an imaginative lad, entirely out of tune with his surroundings. He lived in a little wooden cottage, curiously carved, that gave him some delight when the shadows of night deepened and drew dark forms and shapes under the long roof which sloped nearly to the ground. It was not pleasant to return from a land of dreams to the hard facts of life and to the plait and weave the long, green willow wands into baskets at his uncle's command and to hear the scolding tongue of his aunt busy with her household duties. Finally he determined that he would run away and seek a life for himself; but the day never came until he had completed his fifteenth birthday, which was uncelebrated. It was upon a Christmas Eve that he decided to break away. His aunt had been unusually ill-tempered and as his mind was sure the proper time had arrived for his step into the world, not even the cold of approaching night discouraged him.

Kriss was not altogether free of blame, for he had been a discordant note in the household. He was neither cheerful nor amiable, nor unselfish, but then he had never been shown the way towards a loving and grateful disposition. He had become sullen and hardened. As he crept stealthily into the street the twilight was throwing her gray draperies around the little German village. Down the deserted road he passed, on, and up the hill, where he turned to bid farewell to the only home he had ever known, and betook his way into the dark forest that seemed to call him into its depths.

How many voices were there—sweet ones, too, unlike any he had ever heard! The wind blew off his cap by way of a joke, and, touching him with icy fingers, said, "Come! Come! Come, Kriss! There is much warmth in the forest and joy. Come!" The pine-bow hummed huskily, yet softly: "Come, Kriss, come! It is true; the wind knows. Come! Come!"

As Kriss passed into the forest he felt, although he could not see, the mysterious spirits. Kriss stood still wondering what would occur next, when a young tree about his own height, vain of her beauty and patronizing in her manner, said: "Sit by me, Kriss," and he obeyed, still watching and listening to the voices of the mysterious spirits of the winter night.



"COME! COME! AND SEE THE WIND-SPIRITS DANCE WITH THE SNOW!"

which had gradually become visible, busily preparing for the celebration of their Christmas feast.

Strange to say, he was not cold though resting on the velvety snow; nor was he homesick. A gay procession entertained him, issuing out of the black hollow of a great oak, that glittered in its armor of ice. First came the children of the Winter-Wind, all fierce-eyed and sharp of feature, dressed in tunics of white and gray flowing mantles. Then followed the Snow-Children in their glistening garments of white and flower-shaped crystal crowns; and after them Holda herself, Queen of Earth and Woods, Queen of Snow and of Christmastide.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

By T. B. CRYSTAL.

Christmas bells,
Oh! Christmas bells,
 chiming through white-mantled dells,
 Sweet the tale your music tells,
 Of that blessed birthday when
 Came to earth the Infant King!
 Peal, oh, bells! with rapture ring,
 While the children sweetly sing,
 "Peace on earth, good will to men."



Old Santa comes,
 With dolls and drums,
 And everything that
 squeaks or hums,
 He'll make no noise
 When with his toys,
 He fills the hose of
 "girls and boys"

Open wide your purse plethoric,
 Give with willing hand your gold!
 Make your charity historic,
 Ere the Christmas day
 grows old!
 Take a basket or a barrel,
 To the needy, on your way
 Try to sing a Christmas carol,
 Celebrate earth's greatest day!

How lovely she was in her gown of emerald velvet with a big bunch of snowdrops at her breast, and a crown of oak leaves like a Dryad. Her flaxen hair was bound with a strand of pearls, her eyes were blue as summer rivers, her lips as pomegranates, her arms and neck as white as the falling flakes, that, touching her, turned into showers of creamy roses.

"Why have you come hither?" she asked. As he was speechless the Trees and Snowflakes said in their soft choruses: "The Wind brought him, and we bade him join the joy of Christmastide and cried 'Come! Come! Come!'"

"Unless you come selfishly," she asked, "what have you brought to us? The birds give their voices, the flowers their perfume, the Trees their shelter, the Wind his music, the Snow-children their service, the Seasons their beauties and their bounties, and I, to grant all wishes. What do you bring to the Christmas Revels?"

Christopher hung his head. He fell to her feet and kissing her dress with emotion, exclaimed: "I have brought nothing but myself. Do with me as you will."
"So be it," replied Holda, "you shall give yourself. You shall be one of the greatest Spirits of the hallowed season."
The Queen of Christmastide clapped her hands and bade the Revels begin. When all the enjoyment was at its height, Queen Holda clapped her white hands and four and twenty Wish-Maidens bowed before her and, then facing the strange multitude, promised to bring to every one in Holda's realm his and her desire. Bowing low to Holda they took their leave, soon returning. Each one now held a rosy ribbon attached to a silver ear, which they drew along and upon which what appeared to Christopher the most wonderful thing he had ever beheld—a glittering tree.

Queen Holda gave to each one present gifts from the Wishing-Tree, and then she said impressively: "We have one more gift. Kriss has given himself. He is to go out into the world and carry the blessings of our Revels." Then she called her Snow-Children and, speaking to them in her snow language, which none but herself and her little people can understand, or even hear—so low, so soft, so melodious is it—bade them prepare Christopher for his long journey.

First they murmured into his ear until he grew drowsy and fell asleep, and when he slumbered they folded around him rich, red robes and a mantle bordered with ermine, and placing on his head a tall peaked cap, bound around it a wreath of holly. They powdered his long hair with snow,

they fastened a long white beard to his chin and above his lips a gentle curling mustache. Then they called the Wind and all the other Snow-Children, and they took hands and danced and sang, and hailed him "Old Kris Kringle, Father Christmas."

Awaking at the merry peals of laughter and jollity, Christopher stood amazed. Queen Holda explained it. "Father Christmas," she said, "you have slept a hundred years in my enchanted wood. You came into my forest a hard and selfish youth. You have seen our Revels and our gifts each to each, and you gave yourself to us. While you slept my Snow-Children robbed you, and now I send you into the world where I cannot go, for I must ever dwell within the limits and haunts of Elf-land. You shall travel far and wide at the happy season of the year. Your Wishing-Trees shall never fail when you carry Christmas greetings to the children with the message of 'Peace on earth, good will to men.'"

Christmas Dishes in Various Nations.
Each country has its distinctive Christmas dishes. The holly dinner of England is too much like our own to need description, although we are apt to have turkey and mince pie instead of roast beef and plum pudding.

In France, the Christmas dinner includes a chicken roasted and garnished as only the French can do it, and liver pudding, rich with truffles and seasoning.

In Spain, they are fond at holiday time of a soup made of sweet almonds, cream and a fish first roasted before the fire and basted with lemon, garlic and oil.

In Germany, they have a fat goose stuffed with chestnuts, pork boiled with sauer kraut, sausages, beef with sour sauce, black pudding, smoked goose and baked apples.

In Switzerland, also, the goose is the leading dish, and there will likewise be found on the table confectionery, cakes, fruits, nut pudding. Geneva fritters—the national dish—a paste made of fruits, marmalade, spices and eggs.



THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

SO long ago as nearly three-quarters of a century the verses beginning,

"Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse," first saw the light of print, appearing in the Troy Sentinel of December 23, 1823. As published then it was anonymous, but it was prophetic of its coming popularity that even in that day, unfavorable as it was for newspaper illustration, it was accompanied by a picture of Santa Claus on his rounds. In the time intervening it has become known to practically every man, woman and child in America, has spread hence to the widest limits of the English-speaking race, has been translated into the language of every nation that has a Santa Claus, and is little, if any, short of being the most popular poem in the world. For years it was an annual feature of all American newspapers. Then, in 1844, it was acknowledged by its learned author, being included in a little volume of his poems published in New York. Thence its inclusion in school readers and all kinds of declamation books was only a matter of a short time. In 1859 the edition that first attained wide distribution was issued, with the pleasant illustrations made by Felix O. C. Darley, which was remembered gratefully by any number of persons now crawling reluctantly into middle life.

It will be a surprise to many to learn that "The Night Before Christmas" was written by the erudite doctor of laws who prepared the first Hebrew dictionary ever published in America. He was Clement C. Moore, a descendant of a famous family in the history of the Episcopal Church, and himself one of its most notable benefactors.

Clement Clarke Moore was born on July 15, 1781, in New York City, and died at his summer home in Newport on July 10, 1863. The poem which has given him greater fame than all his learning and benefactions was written as a pastime and given his children as a Christmas present just seventy-five years ago. He thought little of it at the time, or later. Indeed, it is possible it would never have become known to the world at all had not the eldest daughter of the Rev. David Butler, D. D., rector of St. Paul's in Troy, N. Y., seen the lines during a visit to New York the year after they were composed, and published them in the paper mentioned without their author's consent. It is said that nothing but the speedy popularity the verses attained procured Miss Butler's forgiveness.

Good Deeds For the Day.

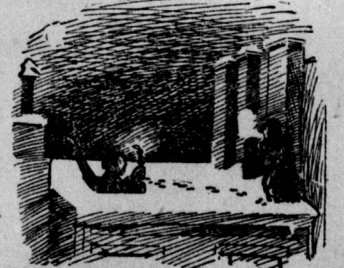
- Don't shut your door to pity the poor.
- Give the children a bushel of happiness and they'll share it with you.
- Raise the preacher's salary—but not so high that he can't reach it.
- Make the Christmas tree a green spot in memory.
- Don't lose sight of the fact that you were a boy yourself in the early years of the century.
- Don't let the tin horn blast your happiness. Christmas will soon blow over.
- Make somebody happy, even if you have to settle an old bill to do it.

Arranging the Christmas Menu.

The menu for the Christmas dinner may be as follows:

- Oysters on the Half Shell
- Clear Soup
- Custard and Spinach
- Bloeks
- Olives
- Celery
- Deviled Spaghetti
- Roasted Turkey, Chestnut Stuffing
- Cranberry Jelly
- Sweet Potato Croquettes
- Peas Served in Turnip Cups
- Ginger Sherbet
- Lettuce Salad
- Cheese Balls
- Toasted Crackers
- Plum Pudding, Hard Sauce
- Coffee
- Bonbons
- Almonds

A Young Doubter.



Father—"Why, Tom, what are you doing on the roof this time of night?"
Tom—"Well, I've got my doubts about that Santa Claus story, and I came here to watch the chimneys and find out if there is such a person."