SANTA CLAUS UP-TO-DATE.



Ho! all you giggling girls and boys, Gay dads and bachelors melancholy, Foul mothers' mid domestic joys And maidens coy beneath the holly— A startling tale my pen employs— A truthful tale and wondrous jolly.

Last night when I had lingered late
With fascinating Kit McDonough,
We paused a bit at Kitty's gate,
And what d'ye think our gaze fell on, O?
Your old friend Santa up to date—
A winter-whiskered fat Cyranol

In auto-car he flitted by,
His antiquated outfit scorning;
He lifted, as he caught Kit's eye,
The striped cap his hand adorning.
Behind him presents towered high—
The very ones you found this morning!

Heigh-ho for days when drifts were deep And sleighbeils on the reindeers tinkled; When dreams disturbed our tardy sleep, And Santa came with snow besprinkled. (I dare not guess what style he'll keep When Kit and I are gray and wrinkled.)
—Frank Putnam.

What fun it was opening the small

A bottle of cologne appealed to one

writer, a brooch, a pocket pencil—it was wonderful how many useful things came out of those little stock-

When all had been examined, the

Then came Mildred's triumph

"Now, papa, will you lead the way to the library, where we shall find a postscript from Santa Claus?"



By MEIRA HUNT.

bundles!

adjourn.

DELL me, dear, was there |

ever such a bore!" sighed Mildred as she threw herself upon a heap of cushions in the pretty oriel window.
"What is the mat-

ter!" said her mother, who was spending "blind man's holiin the glow of the firelight. "Has this rainy day been too much for my sunshiny daughter?"

"Some woes will bear patching," said Mildred, "but I don't see how even you can mend this one."

even you can mend this one."

"It must be very bad indeed then," laughed Mrs. Windsor, "for usually you think me an expert in that line. Come over here by the fire, my dear, put on a bit of driftwood, and let us find a rainbow in the beautiful colors, while you tell me all about it."

Mildred slowly drew herself up and went towards the fire. The bits of ragged gray sticks did not look very promising, surely, but they were tossed, nevertheless, on the ebbing fire, while mother and daughter awaited in silence the cheery blaze. awaited in silence the cheery blaze. When the dainty colors began to dance about in glee, against the sooty background, Mildred nestled at her mother's feet and began to share her

trouble.
"It's about Christmas,—not the do ing-to-others part, nor the gifts either, but how to give the gifts to our very own, our nearest and dear-

"It is all very easy in a large family, or where little children can be bidden to a tree laden with pretties and goodies. But what is the use of trying to make believe that big people are little folks again, and that it is great fun preparing for two or three people, where there are too few for a mystery

and no one to surprise?
"We have tried to invite friends, but they so often have some excuse. "Christmas is nearly here; for a wonder, my own gifts for Santa Claus"

pack are ready and waiting; but what can we do to make our own home Christmas happy?''

"You do seem to be all in a tangle,

dearie, but I am sure we can straigh ten it out some way.

"Let me see; there are how many

of us? Seven, are there not? Why could we not weave a rainbow into our

"There! I knew you would help me, mother mine. Leave the rest to me, and I will surprise you, with the others. We shall have a Merry Christ-

mas were busy ones for Mildred, and



A JOLLY REPAST WITH PLENTY OF MISTLE TOE.

mystery hovered over her goings and comings, and reigned supreme behind the closed doors of her room.

the closed doors of her room.

Christmas evening came, and with it the few guests for whom it had seemed so difficult to plan. The dinner table was bright with holly and mistletoe. A tiny Christmas tree occupied the place of honor in the centre of the table. On it were babyhouse candles, small flags, cornucopias, candies and mysterious little stock ings filled with miniature bundles.

ings filled with miniature bundles.

Bright red ribbons started from a big ball of red and green, hung beneath the chandelier, and spread Maypole fashion to the edges of the table, where they were fastened with knots of holly. There was holly on the pictures, about the room, holly for buttonhole bouquets—holly garnished the dishes, and gave a real Christmas flavor to everything.

flavor to everything.

After the nuts and raisins, the tiny tree was lighted, and the wee stockings were distributed.

bags, comparing discoveries and thank-ing those donors who were present. Bags of bright colors were provided for the servants too; not one was left out, and they were present to receive

them.

Lighting the tree closed the ceremony, and Mildred had the satisfacsion of knowing that her guests,
though few, had been thoroughly entertained with the fruit of her own
thought and handiwork, while none
of the old charms that make Christof the old charms that make Christmas beautiful had been omitted.

The Uncle's Lament.
Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight,
Ten or twolve years would be just about

right.

Make all of my sisters young ladies again,
Make all of my brothers young unmarried men--Blot out all my nieces, my wee nephews,

Till after the holiday season is through;
Carry me back to those old days when I
Didn't have about forty-five presents to
buy.

Backward, turn backward, O tide of the

years,
They are sweet, they are cunning, the dear little dears;
They "love Uncle Jack very much," so they do
When Christmas begins to loom up to their

view; But things of late haven't been coming my

I am hard up at present, and therefore I pray:
Swing backward, O Time, from the echoless shore,
Make me nephewless, nieceless, till Christmas is o'er.

-Chicago News.

A Postal Santa Claus.
A postal Santa Claus visits the Boston postoffice every year during the week before Christmas. No one knows his name, and those whom he helps do not even know that they have been

Many packages are mailed every year to go to foreign countries or to other parts of the United States as Christmas presents, and for some rea-son postage is not fully paid on all of them. In such cases the packages are person, a little ring brought a shout of joy from the youngest guest, a dainty thimble for the industrious one, a silver stamp box for the letter either returned to the sender or sent to the dead-letter office and the persons for whom they are intended are

disappointed.

The postal Santa Claus calls at the postoffice and pays all the postage due on these packages and they are for-warded without delay. Santa Clau paid more than \$20 in this way last year and disappeared without leaving his name, and this year he has come again to repeat his good deeds.

Mistletoe and Love and Kisses The Druids regarded the mistletoe

AYULETIDE Twas on a merry Yuletide night
An artless youth and
watched, while beneath
Their gay companions
played
And he looked guite disousted, gusted, And she looked nalf atraid. "Such conduct," said the artless youth,
"most shocking seems to me!"
"But 'neath the mistletce, perhaps,
'Tis different," murmured she.
'The artless youth he smiled a smile;
"Pray; look at this," quoth he. lt was a spring of mistlefoe.

with tiny leaves of green;

Up rose that artless maiden

All with a solemn mien,

And Stealthily she led that youth

Forth from the shocking scene. All silently sne led nim torih (That artless maiden fair) To the dim conservatory

Mid the palms and orchids rare;

Then took that sprig of mistletoe

And put it _____ in her hair!

C.P. LESTER.

At the library door the guests started in amazement. There in front of them was a large screen artistically draped with a fine flag; across the top were groups of small flags like a standing fringe.

In a corner stood a bushy Christman tree, bright with the usual glitter.

mas tree, bright with the usual glitter and color. In front of the screen were hung mysterious bags of cambric, one for each color of the rainbow.

dred took a small wand in her hand and announced that, as Santa Claus had so much to do that evening, he had left a bag for each person on dition that every one should claim the right one.

Waving her wand towards her waving her wand towards her grandfather, she asked him to make the first guess. Alas! it was wrong. Once or twice she went around the circle before any one guessed the right has

right bag.
Then Mildred says the owner must

Then Mildred says the owner must prove a right to the bag before she could deliver it. So saying, she handed over a small envelope containing a card on which were written a few lines of peoetry.

More mystery and guessing! The guests began to wonder if they ever should earn their gifts. At last some one discovered the clew; the envelopes contained acrostics on the names opes contained acrostics on the names of the guests, and great amusement was afforded by reading these aloud.

was afforded by reading these aloud.

One bag was long and narrow; the recipient was tall and slender; the color was that of his college.

Another bag was the favorite color of the one for whom it was filled; its shape was very wide and stout. The owner of this bag received the booby prize for being the last to guess correctly.

He explained that he had not been willing to select that bag sooner, in spite of his fondness for the color, as

he feared to be thought greedy.

The prize was a ridiculous tin toy;
the first prize was a toy watch and
chain, presented with due ceremony.

At last came the fun of opening the

as an emblem of love, and believed that it typified the beneficent feeling that it typined the beneficent feeling of their gods toward mankind. It is doubtless to this old Druidical association of the mistletoe with love that the English custom, which still obtains, of enforcing the forfeit of a kiss from any female who is caught under a branch of it at Christmas time, is traceable.

The name of Christmas, assigned to the festival, was derived from Christ

and the Saxon maesse or mass, and the two words were combined to denote a special service in honor of the birth of the Son of God.

The Peacock a Christmas Bird.

The peacock was the favorite Christmas bird with our English ancestors.
The preparation of his peacockship
was elaborate and expensive, and could be done only by an expert cook, who usually sent the bird to the table with his comb gilt and his tail spread.

Johnny Was Anxious.

Mr. Squiggs (reading)--''I see that Professor Wiseman, the prophet, has decided that the world would come to an end next Christmas."

Johnny Squiggs—"Before or after dinner, pa?"—Baltimore American.

The Pudding of Old. It is estimated that if all the pud dings made in England in honor of Christmas were rolled into one, the weight of it would be 7589 tons. For this pudding 32,000,000 eggs were used.



DON'TS FOR CHRISTMAS.

What to Give and What Not to Give You Don't pay more for the Christmas

tree than you pay for the Christmas tree than you pay for the fruit. Don't send your gentleman adorer a gold toothpick. He may have false teeth.

Don't send your pastor embroidered slippers. To travel the strait and nar-

slippers. To travel the stratt and narrow path requires hobnailed shoes.

Don't buy your daughter a piano and your wife a washtub. If you reverse the order, you will do justice

to both.

Don't place your expectations of a Don't place your expectations of a Christmas gift too high. You may have to put your foot in your stocking to find anything in it.

Don't make your friend a present and be disappointed because he doesn't give something. Perhaps you have surprised him.

Don't give presents to people not quite so prosperous as yourself and

quite so prosperous as yourself and tell them not to reciprocate because they can't afford to make presents. Be just before you are generous. Pay your debts before you buy pres-ents. Your creditors may consider that they have received an unexpected cift.

Don't give your boy a drum and forbid him beating it, nor your daugh-ter a horse and order her not to take it out of the stable without your permission.

Quotations For Christmas Gifts. Quotations For Christmas Gifts.

The passing of the Christmas card is thoroughly signalized by the vogue given the selected quotation, which is now made an important adjunct to every Christmas gift. The selection of a quotation which is appropriate and personal evidences the desire of the sender to express a special greeting. The quotations given below may ing. The quotations given below may possibly be of value to our readers: With some trifling present, Shakes-

peare's "My good will is great though the gift be small."

With a pair of slippers, Dickens' 'We must go together.'

With a book of travel, Stevenson's "It takes the mind out-of-doors." With a calendar, Emerson's

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day of the year." With a pair of gloves, Dickens' "We're a pair, if ever ther was one."

With a change purse, Dickens' "We must expect change." With a work-bag, the old Proverb

"It is never too late to mend." With a silver plate given to a small hild, Eugene Field's

ild, Eugene Field's

When thou shalt ent from off this plate
I charge thee: Be thou temperate;
Unto thine elders at the board
Do thou sweet reverence accord.
Though unto dignity inclined,
Unto the serving folk be kind;
Be ever mindful of the poor,
Nor turn them hungry from the door;
And unto God for health and food,
And all that in thy life is good,
Give thou thy heart in gratitude."

Christmas Twice a Year. Some children think that Christmas day Should come two times a year; But that is not at all the way That it should be, I fear.

For in the summer Christmas-trees Are very, very small; And all the games and toys one sees, They are not ripe at all:

The dolls are very tiny ones;
The wagons will not go;
The balls are littler than buns—
It takes them months to grow!

The candy it is, oh, so sour!

The guns they will not shoot.

There's need of many an autumn shower

To ripen Christmas fruit!

—St. Nicholas.

Romans Used Christmas Greens. It seems odd that Christmas Day should be so bound up with customs and observations which are but a sur vival of superstition and heathenish rites. The use of evergreens, for in stance, is one of these. The Romans ornamented their temples with them during the feast of Saturn, while ivy was universally used by them in the orgies attending the honor of Bacchus. The ancient Druids hung greeu branches and mistletoe over their doors as a propitiation to woodland

A Devonshire Belief.

A belief was long current in Devon and Cornwall, and it is said to still linger in remote parts of the country, that at midnight on Christmas eve the cattle in their stalls fell on their knees in adoration of the Saviour, as they are said to have done in the stable at Bethlehem. Bees were also believed to sing in their hives at the same time, and bread baked on Christmas eve, it was averred, never became mouldy.

A Christmas Plea. Don't look up the chimney, sweetheart, For Kris Kringle and his things; But leave your door a bit apart For Cupid's dainty wings.



Jimmy -"There. bully; I hope he'll take de hint an put some new stock does anything else." stockings dere 'fore he

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED

Subject: The World as It Will Be—Im-provement in Human Conditions After the Earth Has Been Revolutionized For Good—The Coming Century.

[Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.] (Copyright, Louis Mopsch, 1899.)
Washinsdron, D. C.—By a novel mode Dr.
Palmage in this discourse shows how the
world will look after it has been revolutionized for good; text, II Peter fil., 13.
"A new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

Down in the struggle to make the world better and happier we sometimes get depressed with the obstacles to be overcome and the work to be accomplished. Will it not be a tonic and an inspiration to look at the world as it will be when it has been brought back to paradissical condition? So let us for a few moments transport ourselves into the future and put ourselves forward in the centuries and see the world in its rescued and perfected state, as we will see it if in those times we are permitted to revisit this planet, as I am sure we will. We all want to see the world after it has been thoroughly gospelized and all wrongs have been righted. We will want to come back, and we will come back to look upon the refugent consummation toward which we have been on larger or smaller scale toiling. Having heard the opening of the orchestra on whose strings some discords traveled, we will want to hear the last triumphant har of the perfected oratorio. Having seen the picture as the painter drew its first outlines upon canvas, we will want to see it when it is as complete as Reubens' "Descent From the Cross" or Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment." Having seen the world under the gleam of the star of Bethiehem, we will want to see it when, under the full shining of the sun of righteousness, the towers shall strike 12 at noon.

There will be nothing in that coming century of the world's perfection to hinder our terrestrial visit. Our power and velocity of locomotion will have been improved infinitely. It will not take us long to come here, however far off in God's universe heaven may be. The Bible declares that such visitation is going on now. "Arethey not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be helir of salvation?" Surely the gates of heaven will not be botted after the world is Edenized so as to hinder the redeemed from descending for a tour of inspection and congratuation and triumph.

You know with what interest we look upon ruins—ruins of Mensenger of the world's complete on the middle of the ne

Naomi. More chants than dirges. Not a thin song, the words of which no one understands on the lip of a soloist, but mighty harmonies that roll from the outside door to chancel and from floor to groined raftes as though Handel had come out of the eighteenth century into the twenty-first and had his foot on the organ pedal, and Thomas Hastings had come out of the enry part of the nineteenth century into the twenty-first and were leading the voices. Music that moves the earth and makes heaven listen!

Music that moves the earth and makes heaven listen!
But I say to our twenty-first century escort: "I cannot understand this. Have these worshipers no sorrows, or have they forgotten their sorrows?" Our escort responds: "Sorrows! Why, they had sorrows more than you could count, but by a divine illumination that the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries never enjoyed they understand the uses of sorrow and are comforted with a supernatural condelence such as previous centuries never experimend."

I ask again of the interpreter, "Has death been banished from the world?" The answer is, "No, but people die now only when the physical machinery is worn out, and they realize it is time to go and that they are certainly and without doubt going into a world where they will be infinitely better off and are to live in a mansion that awaits their immediate occupancy." But how was all this effected?" I ask our escort. Answer: "By flood of gospel power. You who lived in the nineteenth century never saw a revival of religion to be compared with what occurred in the latter part of the twenty-first century. The prophecy has been fulfilled that ya nation shall be born in a day"—that is, ten or twenty or forty million people converted in twenty-four hours. In our church history we read of the great awakening of 1857, when five hundred thousand souls were saved. But that was only a drop of the coming showers that since then took into the kingdom of God everything between the Lyrenees and the Pacilic, between the Pyrenees and the Himalayas." The evils that good people were in the nineteenth century trying to destroy have been overcome by celestial forces. What human weaponry failed to accomplish has been done by omnipotent thunderbolts.

As you and I see in this terrestrial visitation of the coming centuries that the church has under God accomplished so much, we ask our escort, the spirit of the twenty-first century, to show us the different elenominations, and we find that they are just as different in the twenty-first century as they were different in the nineteenth when we worshiped in them. There is unity in them as to the great essentials of salvation. But we enter the Baptist Church, and it is baptismal day, and we see the candidates for membership immersed. And we go jinto a Presbyterian Church and see a group of parents around the baptismal font holding up their children for the christening. And we enter the Episcopal Church and hear time to sit down at a love feast and give audible "hame" when the sermon preached

Imagine that was desected grait that the contract of the contr