

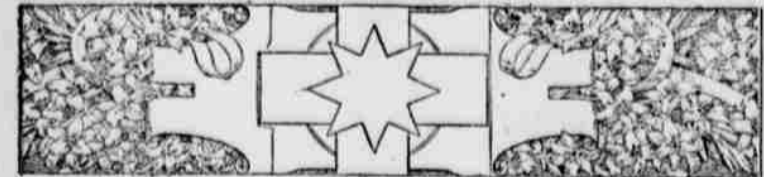


WITH A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

At Christmas time long years ago "Good will to men" the angels sang, "And peace on earth" their message rang across the sky's celestial glow, At Christmas time Long years ago.

At Christmas time in future years— And all the other days beside— May life for you always provide Its laughter all unmix'd with tears At Christmas time In future years.

—W. R. Murphy, in Christmas St. Nicholas.



BRIGHT EYES AND DOROTHY JANE A CHRISTMAS STORY OF TWO DOLLS.



"I am going to little Jennie Reed, whose mother does washing for a living. I am so anxious to see her, because her mother, when she bought me, told the clerk that Jennie had not been very well since her papa died, and she hoped that I would cheer her up on Christmas Day. If Jennie is like her mother I am going to love her."

BRIGHT EYES and Dorothy Jane met for the first time on Christmas Eve. They were being hurried over the city streets in a delivery wagon, and their intimate association with each other in a big wicker basket naturally led to a conversation.

Bright Eyes did not deign to notice poor Dorothy when she remarked that the noisy animals in the Noah's ark, at the other end of the box, were worse than those in the Zoo, and rather rudely crowded the poor little rag baby in the corner as she turned away in disgust.



"DOROTHY JANE CLOSE TO HER BREAST AND THE CANDY DOG IN HER HAND." of the finest houses in the city, and be shown to members of the '400'.

MADONNA IN CONTEMPLATION.

CARLO DOLCI, 1616-1668.



In high society, and won't worry about their loving me." Dorothy Jane knew nothing about society, and did not fully understand Bright Eyes' idea of life.

sleeping child and tiptoed out of the room, Dorothy looked around for other Christmas arrivals. At first she saw no one else, and began to feel the responsibility which had been thrust upon her of being little Jennie's whole Christmas.

The next morning Mrs. Reed peeped into the room in time to see Jennie jump around in an ecstasy of joy, with Dorothy Jane clasped close to her breast and the pink candy dog in her hand.

The affection of the child for Dorothy



"I'M MISTOOK HER FOR SOMETHING ELSE."

Jane grew from day to day, until the neighbors talked about it. Wherever Jennie went Dorothy Jane was with her. Bright Eyes, on the other hand, had a hard time of it.

Christmas Gnomes

While every country has its store of little mythological personages, fairies, pixies, Pucks and other eldritch spirits, Sweden, which somehow seems as much Hans Andersen's country as Denmark, is peculiarly rich in such



PLAN CHRISTMAS VISIT TO THE CASTLE

traditions. In Sweden the little people are known as gnomes, and are weird, misshapen little men, commonly seen as miners with pick and other utensils for delving into the earth's fastnesses.



AS HAPPY AS THE NIGHT IS LONG.

nine beauty, and there are hair-raising, shudder-provoking tales about the theft of this and that little girl to be made a queen of the gnome world.

A Tall Christmas Tree.

It Towers Sixty Feet and Contains 10,000 Toys.

Probably the largest Christmas tree to be seen in London nowadays, says Golden Penny, is that which is erected annually at the Crystal Palace.



SIXTY FEET TREE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, LONDON.

as many as 10,000 to 12,000 tons, lanterns and flags. Perched on the top of the tree, just under the glass roof, is an artistic statue of Father Christmas, dressed in an appropriate cloak, and carrying two Union Jack flags.

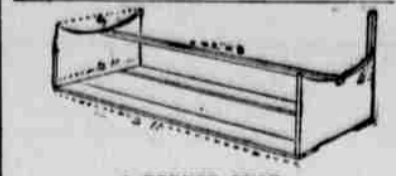
Willing Willie, or Just Before Christmas.



AGRICULTURAL

Device For Cutting Corn Fodder.

A correspondent sends the Ohio Farmer a sketch of a fodder buck he uses to cut corn fodder, using the tops



A FODDER BUCK.

for horse feed and the rest of the stalks for cattle. He uses an ordinary buck saw, sharp, to cut with. The cut explains itself.

Low-Down Farm Wagons.

Any farmer who has struggled to lift heavy loads to the box of the ordinary farm wagon realizes the value of the low wagon, but there is more in the low wagon than its road use.

The wagon led is made of heavy planks and is in reality a platform on wheels, as this wagon can be used for hauling bags of grain and cornstalks, so that no sides are needed.

Dry and Cooked Feeds.

It is said that uncooked grain is, as a rule, preferable for strong, healthy horses in hard work, but it is not desirable that the grain should be given by itself.

Buying Cheap Feed.

The farmer who grows the bulk of the feed given his cows and grows it intelligently, that is, with the single idea in mind of obtaining a crop rich in protein rather than a heavy crop of something which has considerable less feeding value, does not complain that his dairy is running behind; nor do we hear this complaint from the man who buys his stock feed with the same idea in mind.

Packing Apples For Market.

All fruit should be neatly and honestly packed, whether in the small box, where deception is easily detected, or in the barrel, where less liable. The practice of facing at the ends of the barrel is one calculated to do the grower great harm, sooner or later.

Farm Notes.

Breaking colts is a great deal like sitting up with a sick man. One must attend strictly to business. No napping on duty.

Really sound horses of good and kind disposition are scarce. If we get one we ought to stick to it as long as the animal is able to work.

Sometimes a bit of taffy goes a good way toward making a man do his best. Cows are just so. Kind words and good treatment count for a sight. Ever try it?

Look well to the colts you are driving. It is a good plan to put them one at a time with some old and steady horse until they have become thoroughly broken.

The manure produced by one pig in a year is worth about \$12 for fertilizing purposes, hence the need of removing this to a suitable yard or shed where its fertilizing value will not be wasted.

The Faithful Mule.

In case the plans of the chief of the Live Stock Department of the World's Fair meet the approval of management, the mule and his kin will be accorded unusual honors at St. Louis.

THE LAY OF THE CITY PAVEMENT

They took a little gravel, And they took a little tar, With various ingredients Imported from afar. They hammered it and rolled it, And when they went away They said they had a pavement That would last for many a day.

But they came with picks and spades To lay a water main; And then they called the workmen To put it back again. To run a railway cable They took it up some more; And then they put it back again Just where it was before.

They took it up for conduits To run the telephone; And then they put it back again As hard as any stone. They took it up for wires To feed the electric light; And then they put it back again, Which was no more than right.

Oh, the pavement's full of furrows; There are patches everywhere; You'd like to ride upon it, But it's seldom that you dare. It's a very handsome pavement, A credit to the town; They're always diggin' it up Or puttin' it down. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.



Old Gentleman—"Walter, this meat is like leather!" "Yes, sir. Saddle of mutton, sir?"—Punch.

Edith—"I believe he only married her for her money." Edith—"Well, he has certainly earned it!"—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Glady's Beautifull—"Oh, mamma objects to kissing!" Jack Swift—"Well, I am not kissing your mamma, am I?"—Town Topics.

Henry—"Horace is too confiding." Harvey—"I thank so; he tries to catch his trains by the clock out at his country hotel."—Detroit Free Press.

And have you ever noticed, With a feeling of surprise, You really cannot recollect The color of her eyes?

Editor—"This stuff isn't poetry! It's the worst I ever saw!" Poet—"Oh, come now! I tried to sell it to a popular song house and they wouldn't take it!"—Puck.

Mr. Borem—"I can't imagine why she was out when I called." Miss Pert—"Why, didn't you just tell me she knew you were coming?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Elsie—"You know, Dorothy, Bobby is our first cousin." Dorothy (on whom Bobby has made an unfavorable impression)—"Is he? Well, I hope he's our last, that's all!"—Punch.

"I wish," she sighed, "that I could see myself as others see me." "Gracious," replied her fond friend, "why aren't you satisfied to let well enough alone?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

"What in the world are you doing with a phonograph, Harker? Thought you hated them?" "I do; but we use this one to keep our neighbors away when we don't feel like entertaining." There are plans that are wrong, there are hopes fairly set.

That flutter aloft and then die; Ambitions are crushed into wrecks of regret; They are flying machines that won't fly. —Washington Star.

"What's the difference between a bachelor girl and an old maid?" "Well, a bachelor girl thinks she could get married if she wanted to, and an old maid knows she couldn't."—Scottish-American.

Witherby—"I made the mistake of my life this morning. I told my wife I didn't like her new gown." Plankington—"What was she angry?" Witherby—"Oh, no, it wasn't that; but she wants another."—New Yorker.

"At what age do you consider women most charming?" asked the inquisitive of more or less uncertain years. "The age of the woman who asks the question," answered the man, who was a diplomat from Diplomaville.—Chicago News.

Drama of Loyalty.

Dramatic entertainments at Windsor differ from those at Sandringham. All the court ceremonials are enforced, and the performance is one of state. In front of the stage, and screening the orchestra, is a superb bank of palms, ferns and flowers. At 9 or 10 o'clock the court enter the magnificent room and take their places, the men in full uniform and official dress. Soon afterward the orchestra plays the national anthem, the assembly stands, the doors are thrown open, and, with the announcement, "Their Majesties," the royal party enters. The court remains standing until the King and Queen are seated in their armchairs in the front row. The curtain then promptly rises. At Windsor etiquette forbids any enthusiastic demonstration on the part of the audience; applause and laughter must be well modulated, and follow only in the wake of the King.

Sandals For Princesses.

When King Victor Emanuel decreed that his little daughter, Princess Yolande, should wear sandals which are now so much worn by our little people, his people were properly shocked. Fancy a little princess having her bare feet protected only by an arrangement of brown leather soles and straps, and of actually going barefooted on the seashore! Even the Queen disapproved and would like to have kept her daughter's little toes covered with openwork silk socks and white kid shoes, like those of other little folks of exalted rank. Princess Yolande's opinion on the subject is not recorded, but doubtless she approved of her father's choice of footgear for her.