

# A Christmas Carol.

Christian people, come and sing,  
Dope and joy receiving!  
Tell of Him who is our King,  
— Still His Words are living!  
Proud or humble, rich or poor,  
Christmas opens wide your door.  
From each heart its blessings pour,  
— The joy of joys is giving!

Christian people, sing ye now!  
Earnest voices raising,  
Sing good will to earth below,  
— Which, like heav'n, is praising!  
Proud or humble, rich or poor,  
Christmas opens wide your door.  
From each heart its blessings pour,  
— The joy of joys is giving!

## CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

Time was, with most of us, when Christmas day encircling all our limited world like a magic ring, left nothing out for us to miss or seek; bound together all our home enjoyments, affections, and hopes; grouped everything and every one around the Christmas fire; and made the little picture shining in our bright young eyes, complete.

Time came, perhaps, all too soon! when our thoughts overleaped that narrow boundary; when there was some one (very dear, we thought then, very beautiful, and absolutely perfect) wanting to the fullness of our happiness; when we were wanting too (or we thought so, which did just as well), at the Christmas hearth by which that some one sat; and when we intermingled with every wreath and garland of our life that some one's name.

That was the time for the bright visionary Christmas which have long arisen from us to show faintly, after summer rain, in the palest edges of the rainbow! That was the time for the best and the best of the things that were to be, and never were, and yet the things that were so real in our resolute hope that it would be hard to say, now, what realities achieved since, have been stronger!

What! Did that Christmas never really come when we and the precious people who was our young choice were received, after the happiest of totally impossible marriages, by the two united families previously at daggers-drawn on our account? When brothers and sisters-in-law who had always been rather cool to us before our relationship, perfectly doted on us, and when fathers and mothers overwhelmed us with unlimited incomes. Was that Christmas dinner, and the really know now, that we should probably have been miserable if we had won and worn the pearl, and that we are better without her?

That Christmas when we had recently achieved so much fame; when we had been carried in triumph somewhere, for doing something great and good; when we had won an honored and ennobled name, and arrived and were received at home in a shower of tears of joy; is it possible that that Christmas has not come yet?

And in our life here, at the best, so accustomed—that, passing us as we advance at such a noticeable milestone in the track as this great birthday, we look back on the things that were as naturally, and full as gravely as on the things that have been and are gone, or coming to be again, or still are? If it be so, and so it seems to be, must we come to the

conclusion, that life is little better than a dream, and little worth the loves and strivings that we crowd into it?

No! Far be such miscalled philosophy from us, dear reader, on Christmas day! Nearer and closer to our hearts be the Christmas spirit, which is the spirit of active usefulness, perseverance, cheerful discharge of duty, kindness, and forbearance! It is in the last virtues especially, that we are, or should be, strengthened by the unaccomplished visions of our youth; our teachers to deal gently even with the impalpable nothings of the earth!

Therefore, as we grow older, let us be more thankful that the circle of our Christmas associations and of the lessons that they bring, expands! Let us welcome every one of them and

decays, for other homes and other bands of children, not yet in being, for ages yet to be, arise, and bloom and ripen to the end of all!

Welcome, everything! Welcome, alike what has been, and what never was, and what we hope may be to your shelter underneath the holly, to your places round the Christmas fire, where what is sits open-hearted! In yonder shadow, do we see obtruding furtively upon the blaze, an enemy's face? By Christmas Day we forgive him! If the injury he has done us may admit of such companionship, let him come here and take his place. If otherwise, unhappily, let him go hence, assured that we will never injure nor accuse him.

On this day, we shut out Nothing! "Pause," says a low voice. "Nothing? Think!"

"On Christmas day, we will shut out from our fireside, Nothing."

"Not the shadow of a vast City where the withered leaves are lying deep?" the voice replies. "Not the shadow that darkens the whole globe? Not the shadow of the City of the Dead?"

Not even that. Of all days in the year, we will turn our faces towards that City upon Christmas day, and from its silent hosts bring those we loved, among us. City of the Dead, in the blessed name wherein we are gathered at this time and in the Presence that is here among us according to the promise, we will receive, and not deny, thy people who are dead to us!

Yes! We can look upon these children angels that alight, so solemnly, so beautifully, among the living children by the fire, and can bear to blink how they departed from us. Entertaining angels unaware, as the Patriarchs did, the playful children and unconsented of their guests; but we can see them—can see a radiant arm around one favorite neck, as if there were a tempting of that child away.

Therefore we commit his body to the earth, and in her hands she leads him to a radiant arm around one favorite neck, as if there were a tempting of that child away. Among the celestial figures is one, a poor misshapen boy on earth, of a glorious beauty now, of whom his dying mother said it grieves her much to leave him here, alone, for so many years as it was likely would elapse before he came to her—being such a little child. But he went quickly, and was laid upon her breast, and in her hands she leads him to a radiant arm around one favorite neck, as if there were a tempting of that child away.

There was a gallant boy, who fell far away, upon a burning sand beach at a burning sun, and said, "Tell them at home, with my last love, how much I could have wished to kiss them once, but that I died contented and had done my duty!" Or there was another, over whom they read the words, "Therefore we commit his body to the earth, and in her hands she leads him to a radiant arm around one favorite neck, as if there were a tempting of that child away."

Christmas eve at midnight has always in all countries been looked upon as the "ghostliest" time of the year.



Botticelli's Madonna

summon them to take their places by the Christmas hearth. Welcome, old aspirations, glittering creatures of an ardent fancy, to your shelter underneath the holly! We know you, and have not outlived you yet. Welcome, old projects and old loves, however fleeting, to your nooks among the steady lights that burn around us. Welcome, all that was ever real to our hearts; and for the earnestness that made you real, thanks to Heaven! Do we build no Christmas castles in the clouds now? Let our thoughts, fluttering like butterflies, among these flowers of children, bear witness! Before this, they stretch out a future, brighter than we ever looked on in our old romantic time, but bright with honor and with truth. Around this little head on which the sunny curls lie heaped, the graces sport, as prettily, as airily, as when there was no aether within the reach of Time to scythe away the curls of our first-love. Upon another girl's face near it—pleasider but smiling bright—a quiet and contented little face, we see Home faithfully written. Shining from the word, as rays shine from a star, we see how, when our graves are old, other hopes than ours are young, other hearts than ours are moved; how other ways are smoothed; how other happiness blooms, ripens, and decays—no, not

### EXPERT CRITICISES THE ARMY.

Lieut.-Col. Pettit Ascribes American Victories to Luck.  
Lieut.-Col. Pettit, who last week read a paper before the military service Institution at Governor's Island, N. Y., in which he declared the republican system of government and politics makes our army an undisciplined collection of men who win victories only through luck, is considered an expert on military matters. He is a West Pointer and has seen service on the frontiers and in Cuba. He was military governor of Manzanillo, Cuba, where he made a record in establishing a government, schools, and sanitary conditions.



LIEUT.-COL. J. S. PETTIT

### SUCCESS DUE TO BRAIN WORK.

Farmers of the Country Working on Scientific Principles.  
The most progressive farms of the country are those of the northwest. This is not because the natural conditions are more favorable in that section than in others—the south, for instance—but because the northwestern farmer is a stickler for system in his business. He does nothing by guesswork. He keeps books and takes a strict accounting of expenses and income. He knows what it costs him to grow his crops and when he has marketed them he knows what his profit or loss has been. He knows the value of keeping up his machinery and his stock and of taking advantage of newest methods. He is a reader of newspapers and magazines and keeps abreast of the progress of the world. Year after year the farmers are mixing more and more brains with the brawn and guano they put on their fields, with most satisfactory results.—Savannah (Ga.) News.

### Take the Hopeful View.

Those who are prone to alarm at the recent disclosures of fraud and corruption in high places should take heart of their faith. Our nation is robust and strong, young and virile. We shall not die of the national measles. The disclosures are a warning that we have the measles, that is all. As we have caught the disease comparatively early in its development and have good physicians we will get well. It was nearly a third of a century ago that James Anthony Froude, the English economist, wrote optimistically. "Somehow this world was built upon moral foundations, and in the long run it is well with the righteous and with the wicked man."—Kansas City Journal.

### NOBEL PRIZE AWARDED WOMAN



BERTHA VON SUTTNER

Bertha von Suttner of Austria, who has been given this year's Nobel prize for distinguished work in the interests of peace among nations, is the author of "LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS," the book which is said to have led to the call The Hague conference.

### Hereditary Dramatic Genius.

As may be inferred from his name, Booth Tarlington owes to heredity the dramatic gifts evinced in his writings. Mr. Tarlington's grandfather, Booth Tarlington, as he was named after his uncle, Newton Booth, a senator and governor of California, who was also a gifted orator.

### "Ugly" Show a Success.

An interesting showman in Milan, who has more than once organized successful beauty shows, recently struck out in a new line by presenting what might be styled an "ugly" show, whereat a number of women and girls competed for three prizes which were offered for the three ugliest countenances. And strange to say, the show was a decided success, which goes to prove that, contrary to a common belief, there are some women sufficiently ugly to be conscious of their defects.



### The Help of Machinery.

There was a time when the farmer worked all by himself a small farm and found it profitable to do all his work by hand. Had there been machinery at that time it would have possessed little value for him, as he could not have disposed of his surplus for enough money to pay for his machinery and leave a balance on the transaction. The transport by sea was then by sailing vessels and the transportation over the land by means largely of ox teams. We cannot imagine the great grain crops of today being moved by such means. If great grain crops had been raised the grain must have fallen in value till it would not have paid the cost of raising, or much of it would have molded in the bins. With the progress of the world came the necessity for the use of farm machinery. The motive power on the water was changed to steam and great barges were constructed with enormous carrying capacity. These could carry the grain around the world at small cost per bushel. On the land, hundreds of lines of railway opened up the country, and train-loads of grain are now moved in any direction night and day. It is no longer possible for a community to produce so much grain that it cannot be shipped out. The commerce of the world will take all the grain the farmer can grow. It is therefore necessary for the farmer to take advantage of the existence of machinery for farm use. The price of grain has fallen greatly from what it was a hundred or two years ago, and each acre of land must therefore be worked at a less cost than formerly. This the farmer can do only by the use of machinery, and the more improved the machinery the less per acre is the cost of handling the land. Every farmer should therefore study the machine question and learn if he is using fairly good machines, or whether he is using machines that are expensive of labor and effect a less degree than should be found in farm machines. It is sometimes cheaper to throw away an old machine than it is to keep it.

### Is Iron a Fertilizer?

It has not been believed that iron in any form is what we might call a real fertilizer in the soil, although it is true that iron gives the color both to the soil and to the plants produced upon it. There are some experimenters, however, who believe that iron sulphate is itself a fertilizer. One of these is a Belgian, who has been making some experiments on oats and other cereals. He applied 250 kilograms of iron sulphate, and by it produced the same effect on oats as did 150 kilograms of nitrate of soda. In many weeds were destroyed by the iron sulphate. The iron sulphate is solely to the iron and not to the sulphuric acid. We are sure, however, that most of our experimenters, at least those on this side of the water, will be very slow in accepting the conclusions of this experimenter. While iron does enter into the formation of plants, yet it is to a very limited extent. The advantage resulting from the application as recorded may be due to some other element rather than to the application of iron.

### Buy Clover Seed Early.

Usually clover seed is sown very early in the spring or even late in the winter. In northern localities it is sown on the snow in March and further south is put in in February. The clover seed should be purchased a considerable time before it is used, so that it may be tested. This testing should be done by counting out a hundred seeds and placing them in seven damp woolen cloths inclosed in reversed plates to keep in the moisture. If the germination is low new lots of seed should be purchased, and this is the more reason for buying the seed early in the winter. Also the testing is more likely to be done if the seed is purchased early than if it is purchased later. The late-bought seed is too apt to be scattered on the land without the farmer knowing whether it is fairly good or not. If it fails he does not know whether the failure is due to poor seed or something else.

### Care in Experiments.

In the making of farm experiments that care needs to be exercised to have all possibility of error eradicated. Many of the so-called experiments carried on on farms are really not experiments at all. They are so carelessly conducted that no scientist would accept their conclusions. Such an experiment is that in which the farmer, to test his land on a manure, puts the fertilizer on a field but has no check plot with "no treatment." He makes a comparison with what the field did when the fertilizer was not used. It should be evident that any increase of harvest may be due to something else than the fertilizer. Such experiments mean little or nothing.

### Those Who Have Tried It.

will use no other. Defiance Cold Water Sulfur is made in Quantity. Quality—18 oz. for 10 cents. Other brands contain only 12 oz.

### The Long Island Japanese who committed suicide to escape being killed seems to have had a mind incapable of understanding an anomaly.

### A GUARANTEED CURE FOR FEARS.

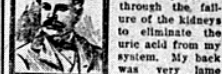
Testing, Bites, Blooding, Provenance, Pins, Dress, and all other ailments. A GUARANTEED CURE FOR FEARS. "Not one false man but does incurable mischief."—Carylie.

### Lewis' Single Bladder straight to cigar made of the finest tobacco. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Plover, Wis.

"Labor is life," sings a poet. Also, so it is, for most of us.

### SEVEN YEARS AGO.

A Rochester Chemist Found a Singularly Effective Medicine.  
William A. Franklin, of the Franklin & Palmer Chemical Co., Rochester, N. Y., writes:



"Seven years ago I was suffering very much from the failure of the kidneys to eliminate the uric acid from my system. My back was very lame and ached if I overexerted myself in the least degree. At times I was weighed down with a feeling of languor and depression and suffered continually from annoying irregularities of the kidney secretion. I procured a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and began using them. I found prompt relief from the aching and lameness in my back, and by the time I had taken three boxes I was cured of all troubles."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

### Interdependence of Nations.

This is only one member of the world, after all, and what seriously affects the people of one section of it is pretty apt to affect others on the other side of the globe. For instance, ferro-manganese is necessary to the manufacture of steel; the bulk of the supply of ferro-manganese used in the steel mills of the United States is mined in the domain of the czar of Russia; the strikes and riots in Russia have shut off the source of American supply, in consequence of which the Pennsylvania steel mills have had to reduce their output and as a result of the reduced output steel construction in Savannah and elsewhere is likely to be delayed indefinitely.—Savannah, Ga., News.

### "Uncle Joe's" Caustic Comment.

Pennsylvanians in congress are disappointed and somewhat indignant because their own state has not been named as a proper number of places on important committees. Some of them interviewed Speaker Cannon on the subject and mentioned that the smallest states seemed to have been treated with more consideration than the great commonwealth which they represented. "Uncle Joe" then talks for a while. "Then he set his jaw and said bluntly: 'Gentlemen, it's quality that counts, not quantity,' and the incident was closed.

### Chinese Ruler.

The Empress Dowager of China was sold into slavery at the age of eleven to save her family from starvation. Afterwards, she was presented to the late Emperor, and, upon his wife's death, became Empress. Her first husband died, and she was sought to read after her present pleading. The sterling qualities of this wonderful woman, like those of Pilla-vary's Vitos, have overcome every obstacle and she has been herself at the head of China, as does Vitos at the head of breakfast foods.

### Present for Papa.

J. H. Miller, of Lily Rose, Chickasha, I. T., ran away to Oklahoma City and were married on the birthday of the bride's father, the latter receiving the first intelligence of the event in a letter from his daughter. "I could think of nothing that you need more than a son-in-law; so I concluded to give you one as a birthday present."

### Costly Saddle Owned by Khedive.

The Khedive of Egypt owns the most costly saddle in the world. It is made of black leather, though more gold than leather is visible, and it cost \$70,000. It is really four saddles, one being used on horses harnessed to the royal coach on state occasions and occupied by four postillions.

### Sport.

"Have good luck on your hunting trip?" "No, poor. Guides awful scarce this season; only got one and winged another."

### Fashionable Flower.

"This flower is strictly up to date," said the florist. "What do you mean by that?" asked the prospective customer. "Why," he explained, "it was obtained by grafting."—Detroit Free Press.

Every man ought to learn something every day not connected with his usual daily occupation. The married can always do that by just listening attentively.

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The Russian revolution is a Revolution.