CHRISTMAS FROM MORN TILL NIGHT.

An Original and Helpful Holiday Page

ESPECIALLY PREPARED BY

CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK

(DAUGHTER OF MARION HARLAND.)

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WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS.

To Rich and Poor—The Children's Milestone—Founder Christ's Unselfishness—Joys of Giving—Entering into Homes of Destitution.

Christmas is probably the only festival of the Church that receives almost universal recognition. The observance of Easter each year becomes more general, but it still falls far behind The Birthday in popularity. Saints' days are practically unknown, except to Roman Catholics and some Episcopalians; but "from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand," wherever the Christian religion has been preached, Christmas is the joy time of the year.

It was not always so. The memory of man readily goes back to the time when Christmas was as nothing to the New Englanders in comparison to Thanksgiving Day. In some hearts the Puritan festival still holds the first place, but the Christmas feast follows close after it.

There are many reasons for this. To the devout souls the day commemorates the birth of the Peace-Bringer, and there is an undercurrent of unspoken joy in their hearts that is not due to the outword and visible signs of Christmas.

To the poor it is one of the few bright spots in a long and dreary winter—a season when the well-to-do open their hearts and hands and send bounty into the homes of the hungry.

CHRISTMAS IS DEAREST TO CHILDREN.

To the children—ah, what is it not to the children? It is their golden milestone, the landmark from which they measure everything. As soon as they stop looking back to one Christmas, they begin looking forward to another. An atmosphere of mystery—always delightful to a child—enshrouds the Yule-tide. It is more than a family gathering and a big dinner and presents and candy unlimited. It is the Christ-Child, and Santa Claus, elves and fairies, singing angels and kneeling cattle, worshiping shepherds and gift-bearing Magi, a Star of Bethlehem and a manger, "a sleighful of toys and eight tiny reindeer," all blended in the blissful confusion impossible outside of a child's brain, that knows not reverence or irreverence, but bestows wonder and love with impartial generosity upon Christian story and pagan myth.

So it is, after all, to the children that Christmas is dearest. Next after them it is most loved by those who have never lost the childish heart, those greatly to be envied ones who still feel "Christmas in their bones" as the holiday comes around and rejoice in the joy of others more keenly than in their own happiness, for the true meaning of Christmas is lost as soon as the element of selfishness finds a place in the celebration. Even the children soon learn this, and they are defrauded if this lesson is not early and tenderly brought home to them. They must not be deprived of the joys of giving, and they will not be slow to learn that their merry-making is sweeter and gayer for the thought that by sending happiness into the homes of the needy they have made themselves one with the spirit of the Founder of the feast-day, whose whole life was one continuous gift. The sweet solemnity of the thought will not cloud the mirth. It will, if it is rightly taught and apprehended, be the brimming drop in the cup of happiness of old and young.

THE SELFISH AND SOLITARY SHRINK.

To one or two classes of people Christmas brings little or no joy. The selfish and the solitary shrink from it. To the former its observance would mean a drain upon purse and sympathies that he does not wish to meet. To the latter it brings contrasts too sharp not to be painful.

With the selfish, man—or woman—can do little. If the gentle example, the kindly word fail to move him, one can go no farther, but the solitary when "set in families" is no longer solitary, and there are few homekeepers who do not have it in their power to admit at least one guest to the Christmas dinner. No one but just such a lonely one can tell just what such a "taking in" means to him or to her.

Oh, Christian, open thy heart and door
Cry East and West to the wandering poor,
Whoever thou art whose need is great,
In the name of Christ, the compassionate
And merciful one, for thee I wait.

And the poorest of all may be those whose purses are full.

CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENTS.

Afternoon Walks and Friendly Calls—City Matinees—Country Coasting, Sleighing and Skating—Hot Evening Suppers—"Blind Man's Buff," "Puss in Corner," "Fox and Geese" for Sports—Grandparents and Tots Whirling in the Virginia Reel.

Christmas morning is generally well filled by the inspection of stockings and the examination of presents. When the family partake of a noonday dinner they usually feel little inclination for exercise in the afternoon. As the evening approaches, however, they will probably reach the point when a long walk seems to be needed as a restorative.

The late afternoon is also a pleasant time for friendly calls. It is not every house to which one would care to go on Christmas Day, and all guests would not be welcome. Only intimate friends should exchange calls at such a time, and nearly every one knows some one whose Christmas may have been saddened by memories, and to whom the sight of a kindly face, the sound of a sympathetic voice will come as a boon.

After such a walk or such visits, there is a strong probability that the very persons who rose from the dinner-table declaring they would not care to see food again for at least twenty-four hours will return home ready for supper.

The case is different with those who lunch in the middle of the day and reserve the chief feast of Christmas for a later hour. They have a long afternoon in which to amuse themselves. In the city they frequently pass it at the matinee, and perhaps there is no pleasanter fashion of spending time. In the country, where such enjoyments are out of reach, it is easy enough to find amusement if the weather has been sufficiently cold to make ice that will bear skaters. Or, if there has fallen a heavy snow, the joys of coasting and sleighing are not to be despised. Indeed, when the moon is kind enough to be near the full on Christmas Day, such sports may well be prolonged through the evening, and end with a merry, hot supper at the home of some hospitable householder.

Should the weather prove unfavorable for outdoor sports, the dwellers in the rural districts must make the most of such entertainment as is possible also to the residents of cities who spend their evenings at home.

This night, of all others, is the one upon which to have the old sports. The hearty 6 o'clock dinner will probably produce a sense of repletion that will disincline the diners for awhile for anything but quiet. Later in the evening they will feel more disposed for active exercise. Then is the time when young and old throw dignity to the winds and enter heartily into the delights of "Dumb Crambo," "Shouting Proverbs," "Blind Man's Buff," and even "Puss in the Corner" and "Fox and Geese."

The Christmas evening would be incomplete if it did not close with the "Virginia Reel," from which none may be excused. Even the grandfather and grandmother should renew their youth and go up the middle and down again with the youngsters who have barely quitted the nursery.

APPROPRIATE CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Affectionate Giving—Useful Hand-Made and Home-Designed Presents—Make Early Purchases—Valued Christmas Donations From Country Friends.

There are several considerations that go to make up the value of a Christmas gift, entirely independent of the price paid for it.

One of these is the spirit in which it is given. A duty present—one that is made simply because it is expected, and not because of a real affection or esteem that flowers out in the shaps of a gift—is valueless, no matter how much money it has cost.

Another consideration is the appropriateness. You may love your friends most devotedly, but if you present a smoking-cap to a man who never smokes, or a teapot to a woman who abhors the Chinese herb, or a spectacle-case to the one who never uses glasses, they will probably one and all unite in thinking that your good will is in excess of your perceptive qualities.

Still a third consideration adds value to a gift. Something that is the work of the donor's own hands almost always possesses a value in the eyes of the recipient quite beyond that of a purchased gift. The reflection that love and thought had gone into the making of the gift enhances its preciousness.

And the moral of all this, as the Duchess in "Alice in Wonderland" would say, is that it behooves the people who mean to recognize Christmas by presents to firmly resolve, in the first place, to make no gifts out of regard for appearances, or from any motive except that of a desire to cause happiness to some one they love or honor; in the second place, to bestow enough thought upon the presents they do give to insure their commending themselves by their appositeness; and last, but not least, to make with their own hands as many of the gifts as possible.

COMMON SENSE IN BUYING.

Christmas gifts should never be a burden; but, alas! they often are. Many a woman of light purse looks forward to the holiday season with positive dread, foreseeing the expense she can ill afford to bear.

"I don't recover from the effect of Christmas for three or four months," laments one of these unfortunates, whose generosity is sadly out of proportion to her income.

"The only time in the year when I wish that I had fewer friends and relatives is at Christmas-time," sighs another of the same stamp.

This is all wrong. The blessed peace-time of the year ought not to bring with it burdens too heavy to be borne. Yet what has one to do who has a large family circle and many friends? She does not wish to lay herself open to the suspicion of stinginess, neither does she feel that she can with justice to herself and others expend upon the luxury of giving the money she should reserve for the payment of just debts and for the purchase of necessaries.

NEAT HOME PRODUCTIONS.

A common suggestion offered to such a problem is the suggestion that the presents should be home-made. The woman who is skilled with brush or pencil may, indeed, evolve calendars, photograph-cases, picture-frames and easels, panels, card-trays, and scores of other pretty and dainty gifts from cardboard, drawing-paper, ink and paint. The cost of materials need not be large.

Far different is the case with the woman who can only wield a needle, no matter how skillful she may be in its use. With the best will in the world the fabric for a handsome gift cannot be purchased except at a rate that pulls hard upon her purse.

I stood in a Broadway shop one day during the last holidays, and in the interval of waiting that elapsed between the payment for my purchase and the return of my parcel and change, I watched with interest the mental struggles of a woman near me.

She was plainly, rather poorly dressed, and as she explained to the not over-sympathetic saleswoman, she wished to buy some ribbon for a pincushion. It was seven inches square, of yellow satin, with white lace over it, and there must be a bow of satin ribbon at each corner.

There was something pathetic in the dismay of her face when, after having matched the sample of yellow satin in ribbon of the width she wished, she found that the four yards needed for the four bows would cost a dollar and thirty cents. She was still hesitating when I came away.

This is a sample of the experiences known to all women who undertake to make Christmas gifts.

HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS.

The best plan to pursue, considering all things, is to buy Christmas gifts early in the season, and to pick up little trifles that commend themselves by their beauty and cheapness. After you examine your purchases you will seldom fail to find that many of them will just suit friends concerning whose gifts you have been in uncertainty. A pretty cup and saucer for this one, a memorandum book for another, a letter-opener or a courtplaster case for a third, a paper-weight or a letter clip for a fourth.

While large and handsome gifts, like sofa-cushions, worked foot-rests, table-covers, and the like, cannot be made except at considerable expense, there are smaller gifts that need cost less. The woman who knows how to do drawn-work, hemstitching and fringing as well as embroidery, can work wonders with a piece of fine linen and a handful of silks. She can produce bureau and sideboard-covers, toilet sets, doilies, center-pieces, carving-cloths, tray-cloths, and a variety of other dainty trifles. The chief expense about many of these things is the stamping—an expense that is removed in the case of a woman who can draw her own designs or possesses a "stamping outfit."

TO COUNTRY DWELLERS.

But some one may say, "All this is very nice for the people who are in town, but what shall be done in preparing Christmas gifts by those who live in the country, and cannot pick up baagains at every corner?"

Then send what you can get.

I wonder that more country people do not appreciate how much they can do with what they have. There are few city people who would not appreciate the gift of a box or bag of chestnuts, walnuts, hickorynuts, butternuts, hazelnuts or beechnuts. Still fewer are there who would not delight in the arrival of a small rustic fernery, filled with fine ferns, mosses and tiny evergreens, and brightened by the scarlet berries of the mitchella. All these may be dug up in the woods a few weeks before Christmas.

Usually, too, such dainties as a few jars of pickles or preserves or a few glasses of jelly may be spared from the country store-closet, and are a boon to the city housekeeper.

Ingenuity and good-will seldom fail to produce good results when they are put vigorously to work.

SOME CHRISTMAS DAINTIES.

Nice Ribbons and Wrappings—Pretty Boxes—Poetical Legends.

It is no waste of time to bestow thought and pains upon the doing-up of Christmas gifts. Half of the grace of the present is lost if it comes from the hands of the giver to those of the receiver carelessly wrapped in a tumbled brown paper—or, worse still, in a newspaper. The daintiness of white or tinted tissue paper, of bright ribbons and of neat boxes should always be called in to add to the attractiveness of the gift.

RIBBONS AND POETRY.

The narrow baby ribbon that comes at ten cents for a piece of ten yards is within the reach of most purses, although for those who have many gifts to tie up the handkerchief ribbons that are to be had for the asking at dry goods stores are hardly less pretty.

White tissue paper is always satisfactory, although charming effects may be produced by the use of colored paper. A clever young woman put her wits to practical use in the fashion she chose for doing up some cups and saucers she sent to a friend at the last holidays. There were four of them and a tray. This last she wrapped in soft green tissue paper and tied with narrow ribbon of the same shade. Then she turned the cups upside down in their saucers, that they might stand more steadily. She set each saucer in the middle of a round piece of violet-tinted tissue paper, large enough to bring around and over the cup and have a large frill standing above. She gathered the paper together just above the cup with a bit of violet ribbon and spread out the frill (she had previously cut the edges in scallops) so that it looked like a big violet itself.

Then she set the cups on the green-covered tray and did the whole parcel up, first in a big double sheet of white tissue paper and then in a neat brown paper. The bundle was delivered by hand, and it is easy to imagine the pretty effect that was seen when the outer wrappings were thrown back and the violets were seen on their green bed.

Be a little lavish with your ribbon at Christmas-time. If you give a teapot, tie the cover on with a pretty ribbon—not too narrow a one either. Secure your cards to your presents by ribbons. Tie one around the book or photograph case which you give your friend. Put a bow of it on the handle of the whisk broom or the hand glass. What if it must soon come off? It will be an adornment while it stays on, and the ribbon can always be put to some use afterward.

I do not forget that wide ribbons of good quality are not to be had for the asking; but they may be procured for a trifle if the bargain counters are watched for a few weeks before Christmas. Nearly every dry-goods shop has at all times a

TRAY OF ODDS AND ENDS

Of ribbon, often fine in quality and satisfactory of color, that may be bought at an absurdly low figure. Here should be the gleaning place of the economically disposed.

Of course all this is an expense of time. Few people can afford to wrap and tie the gifts that are exchanged between members of the same household. But it should always be done with gifts that are sent away, and a great deal of fun can be given by affixing appropriate or amusing inscriptions to the various gifts.

A box was sent once by an Eastern woman to a friend in the West. The box was pretty well filled with attractive-looking parcels, and each one bore its legend. It was a matter of course that on the bon-bon box should be written "Sweets to the sweet," and upon a parcel of ribbons might be read:

Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round:

while a jar of pickles was marked:

Now, Heaven preserve thee, lady fair;
I will not breathe the Frenchman's prayer,
Who, to the maiden's great alarm,
Exclaimed, "God pickle you, madame!"

Any one with a good memory for quotations can supply others as apt for the gifts she sends.

DANGEROUS TOYS.

Avoid Painted and Varnished Playthings for Nursery Denizens—Stone Blocks for Wee Architects—Mechanical and Flavorless Toys—Colored Sweets—Little Willie's Tragic Death.

It seems easy enough on the surface to select Christmas gifts for children. With the shops full, as they are at the holiday season, of everything to delight the most exacting youngster, there should be no difficulty in making a choice.

As a rule, the baby of either sex delights in blocks. Indeed, these are usually popular with children of a larger growth, and, like other good things, it is hardly possible to have too many of the squares, cubes or triangles that make up the building materials of the wee architects.

In this day, when the study of children's foibles and fancies has advanced to the dignity of a science, sets of blocks are offered for sale that might furnish amusement and instruction to boys and girls who have long since quitted the nursery. Such blocks are of wood, stone and composition, and come in shapes that enable their owner to build anything from a Queen Anne cottage to a cathedral. More than mere amusement can be gained from handling these blocks under the direction of an older person, and they may serve as a valuable means of imparting information respecting architectural terms and proportions.

There are other toys which one may be tolerably sure will give pleasure. Nearly every boy delights in a train of cars, a fire-engine or a steamboat, and seldom is there a girl found who fails to find employment in a well-stocked tin kitchen or a miniature dairy farm. Paint boxes and crayons give to children of both sexes that always dear pleasure of making a mess.

Games, too, are excellent in a family where there is more than one child, and for both boys and girls, big and little books are always and altogether admirable. The choice of these should not be a mere haphazard affair.

The purchase of mechanical toys is usually a waste of money. The delicate machinery will not bear unharmed the energetic handling of the average small boy or girl, and a plaything that can only be enjoyed under parental supervision is a disappointment to the child and a nuisance to his guardians.

One caution should be especially observed in the choice of toys for very little children. They should be such as would prove harmless to the child, should he take a fancy to test their flavor. Most of us are familiar with the moving tale of little Willie, "who had a red and yellow monkey climbing on a purple stick," and have heard how

He went and sucked the paint off,
And it made him very sick.
They stuffed him down with calomel,
In hopes to move his liver,
But all in vain, his little soul
Was wafted o'er the river.

The parents who wish to avert such heartrending catastrophes from their own offspring should purchase paintless wooden toys, china or rubber dolls and woolly animals.

No less care should be observed in selecting bon-bons. Even in the best-regulated nurseries a few sweets are allowed on Christmas Day, and these should be of the purest. The gay-colored candy images which charm the childish eyes have their uses as adornments for the Christmas tree, but these mixtures of mineral paints and alba-terra are unfit for anyone's stomach, least of all for a child's. The old-fashioned barley-sugar, simple chocolate pastilles, or the always popular lemon drops and cream peppermints, if given in moderation, will tickle the babies' palates and do no harm to their digestion.

TRIMMING THE TREE.

Childhood's Memorable Delight—Tall and Short Trees—A Myriad of Attractive Adornments—Bells, Drums, Guns, Trumpets, Fishes and Lights—Decorated Stockings—Snow-Powdered Santa Claus—Fire's Danger.

The decoration of the Christmas tree is a serious affair. For, of course, there must be a tree. What matter if it dries quickly in the furnace-heated air and the needles from it bestrew the carpet? It will be a delight to the children to see and to remember. As long as they live the "spicy blasts from cedar alleys blown" will bring back to them the quivering delight of the moment when they inhaled the resinous odor of the evergreen branches as they entered the room where Santa Claus had done his magic work between sunset and dawn.

The first sight and smell of the Christmas trees, piled on wagons or stacked at the market or grocer's, will recall the old delirious thrill that is popularly described as "feeling Christmas in the bones."

The tree need not be large, unless the custom is practised of hanging certain gifts on it. This is seldom satisfactory, as the weight of the parcels impairs the symmetry of the tree, by displacing the branches. A small tree—that is for decorative purposes only—is full as satisfactory to the children, who are, after all, the ones whom it is most essential to please. There is no difficulty in finding a variety in the trinkets to be used in the work of adornment. As the holiday approaches the smallest and the largest of toy shops are gay with ornaments for Christmas-trees. The decorations are of all sorts and sizes, from the strings of colored glass or gilded balls, that bound the ambition of the poor children who have coaxed their parents into promising them a tree, to the great silver-gilt globes, the wax figures, and the smiling image of the Dutch patron saint that will adorn the big trees that are dressed for the delight of Sunday-schools. Between the two there is a large variety from which to choose.

GLASS BALLS EFFECTIVE.

The gay glass balls of various sizes are always justly popular, for nothing is more effective than they in decking the Christmas-tree. As they sway among the dark branches they bring to one's mind the old, child-beloved story of the wonderful jeweled fruits Aladdin found in the cave, and for a moment it seems possible that the dream may have been true. These fruits are of a variety of shapes. Large spheres and small, egg-shaped balls and many-spiked ornaments that catch and reflect the light are among the gay conceits the season brings. Little trumpets and other musical instruments come in this same fragile stuff, and there is no reason why with their aid the tree should not look on Christmas morning as though the fairies had visited it over night.

For those who do not wish to spend their money in adornments that are so easily broken, come no less pretty ornaments in gilt and silver paper. Here are tiny ships with sails full spread, and here are little unlimbered guns and drums and helmets to please small boys of a soldiering turn of mind. Here, also, are marvelous gold and silver fish and turtles, sedan-chairs, diminutive watering-pots, baskets of fruit, banjos, violins, mandolins, horns, rings, bells, lilliputian pianos, and a myriad of other quaint and dainty devices.

FORGET NOT SANTA CLAUS.

And if one attempts to go in for bon-bonnieres to hang on the tree, he is at a loss what to choose from among so many. Stars to crown the tree are not wanting, and here also is the winged figure of the Christ-Child to suspend from a branch or from the ceiling. Best of all, perhaps, are the figures of the dear old Santa Claus powdered with snow and bowed under the weight of the laden Christmas tree he bears upon his shoulder. Stockings, peculiarly fitted to hold the gifts he will bring, are decorated at toe, heel, and top with tiny gold and silver bells.

With all these beautiful things it would be strange indeed if the children of the well-to-do could not have a brilliant spectacle in their Christmas tree, with its many wax lights doubling the brightness of the sparkling ornaments. But people of moderate means often hesitate before recklessly expending a good round sum in the perishable adornments of the Christmas tree, and they are glad to know that with very little money they can dress a tree that will delight any but an ultra fastidious or *blase* taste.

POPCORN—APPLES—CANDLES.

The old fashion of hanging a tree with strings of popcorn and rosy lady apples may still give pleasure, and when to these are added a few papers of the tinsel that may be bought from toy-shops or street vendors, as pretty, if not as dazzling, an effect is produced as the more expensive ornaments create. The addition of a few colored glass balls may be made at trifling cost, while cornucopias and net candy bags complete the decoration.

It is hard to say too much of the value of tinsel as a decorative agent. Cheap, effective, easily arranged, it commends itself to every one. Occasional short ribbon streamers or pennon-shaped strips of gay silk, or even of cambric, are excellent for brightening the tree.

Candles are a *sine qua non*, but their placing and lighting must be intrusted to some steady-headed, grown person, who can be relied upon to secure them where there will be no danger of their setting fire to the easily ignited branches. The tapers should be lighted just before the general public is admitted to view the sight, and it is prudent to have the illumination of brief duration. The nervous elders of the party will breathe more freely when the lights are extinguished, and there is no further risk of the children setting fire to themselves or the tree in their transport of delight over their new acquisitions.

CHRISTMAS AND THE CHILDREN.

A Red-Letter Day for the Young, Grateful Little Hearts—Dear Old St. Nicholas Tales—Encourage Gift Shaping and Making Among Children—Their Relations to the Poor—Use No Switch on Christmas—Childhood's Days Will Soon Be Over.

Christmas is *par eminence* the children's feast. If anyone doubts, he has only to compare the holiday in a home where there are no children with the celebration where there is even one olive branch. The more of these the merrier. One of the times when there can hardly be too big a quiverful is at holiday time—that is to say, so far as enjoyment is concerned. On the financial side of the question opinions may differ.

Yet, properly trained children are usually unexacting little creatures, who have as keen enjoyment in cheap playthings and inexpensive gifts as in the costly productions of the French or German toy-maker.

MANY WONDERFUL TALES.

The wise parents, knowing how quickly the time of beautiful child-faith must pass, cherish all the sweet baby beliefs as long as they can. They tell wonderful tales of Santa Claus, or Kriss Kringle, or St. Nicholas—the beneficent Christmas saint is the same under any alias—they repeat and teach the blessed ballad of "The Night Before Christmas," they raise to the dignity of a state ceremony the business of hanging up stockings, and in a general way make the most of the sweet, merry mystery surrounding the great holiday.

There are some people who deprecate the teachings concerning dear old Santa Claus, and say that when a child learns that the saint is a myth he loses a portion of his faith in his parent's truthfulness and in their instructions concerning other and more sacred mysteries. The objection seems of little force. If the story of the Christmas saint is told, as are the tales of fairies, gnomes, and other sprites, the child's serious faith is seldom shaken by the gradual awakening to the perception that the beloved Santa Claus is only another myth, a parable, like that of Jack Frost, who paints the colored leaves of autumn with a touch of his chilly finger, and locks the lakes and streams by a blast of his icy breath.

It is not wise for the father and mother who tell the Santa Claus fiction to insist upon its truthfulness as they do upon that of the Babe in the manger, but they will readily learn to grade the emphasis they place upon either story.

TEACH CHILDREN BENEVOLENCE.

Children are defrauded of their share in the best lesson of Christmas if they are not encouraged in making gifts. The end in view is not gained when the elders purchase gifts to be made in the name of the little ones. The childish givers have then none of the joy of planning their presents, the pleasure of winning appreciation by their thought for others.

Some time before Christmas it should be suggested to the children that they lay aside part of their weekly pocket money toward the purchase of gifts. This plan should not be enforced against a child's own wishes, but its advantages should be pointed out and stress laid upon the blessedness of giving. The children are usually the souls of generosity, bless them! and willing to impoverish themselves for the sake of others.

But saving is not all that should be taught. Even very young fingers may be trained to shape gifts, and the mother or father will cherish the tiny book-marks or pin-cushion or mat, worked in curious stitches unknown in South Kensington, more tenderly than the costly gifts that do not represent the labor of small hands.

Do not deprive the children of the delight of being your almoners in your gifts to the poor. They will never forget the lessons of benevolence they learn at this age, and for the rest of their lives they will be unwilling to deny themselves the blessedness of giving.

SWEET LIFE RECOLLECTIONS.

The joy of Christmas should never be clouded by any bitter associations in the minds of the children. Never let a switch find its way into the Christmas stocking. The punishment of such a mortification and disappointment may seem merited in the eyes of the mother. It would not, could she for a moment enter into the feelings in the depth of the childish heart wounded by the cruel rebuke. There is no fault—I say it advisedly—worthy of so bitter a penalty.

On Christmas, "the sweet o' the year" to the little ones, let there be no shadow of pain, of rebuke, of sorrow that the elders can by any effort spare to the young hearts.

OUR SLUMBERING DARLINGS.

Christmas Garlands for the "Windowless Palaces of Rest"—Remembering Departed Kindred and Friends—Emblems of Imperishable Green—Everlastings—The Cross and the Crown—Immortal Longings and Resurrection.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

If ever the loved and lost of the home should be remembered, it is on the Christmas day. There must be of necessity some sadness in the recollection, but it is a soft, sweet sorrow one would not willingly let go. The memory of those who have gone before comes back to us accompanied with the words, "Lord, keep my memory green."

With the preparation of gifts for the living beloved ones comes the desire to do something to make beautiful the last homes of those who have "crossed the bar." Judgment as well as affection should be shown in choosing such decorations. Flowers, beautiful as they are, seem out of place in a spot where they must freeze within a short time. More appropriate are emblems made almost entirely of green—the color of hope.

There is a large choice among these. The star and the anchor are especially fitting at this time, and a wreath, a crown, or a cross may be used.

There is no lack of choice in the materials from which these may be made. Laurel, pine, running cedar, and, most beautiful of all, holly, are all admirable for the purpose. Mingled with the green may be a few white immortelles. The gaily dyed ones so frequently seen on funeral wreaths are, like all artificial things, in wretched taste at such a place. The simpler the decorations of the "God's acre" the better.

CHRISTMAS IN TOWN.

City Holiday Shoppers—Dense Throngs and Shop Talk—"For Mercy's Sake, What Shall I Buy?"—Eleventh-Hour Buyers—Rich and Poor Selecting Presents—Street Fakirs—Bargains—Night Disturbers—Dawning of Christmas Morning.

Christmas in a large city is always a time of bustle. It is a bustle that begins weeks in advance. The Christmas goods are most of them in place in November, but people do not get their purchases done then, when the shops would be less crowded than later on.

Oh, no! They wait until every one else suddenly recollects that the holidays are close at hand, and then they begin, under the most unfavorable circumstances, the delicate task of choosing appropriate gifts for people of widely varying tastes. The woman who would deliberate for half an hour over her selection of a birthday present for a fastidious friend, did the birthday come in the middle of the year, will rashly buy right and left, taking what she can get rather than what she wishes, and thank heaven if she escapes with life preserved and garments intact from the crowd who are submitting to the same voluntary martyrdom.

These foolish ones, who have neglected to buy oil for their lamps until the last moment, have their uses as parts of a spectacle. Possibly they would not relish the suggestion that they are to be regarded as the shifting fragments of a kaleidoscope, but that is the aspect in which they present themselves to any one who has the time to draw aside from the procession into a sheltered corner and to watch the hurrying tide of humanity.

How business-like they all look! and yet how different from the ordinary business crowd on common shopping-thoughts intent! These people almost all have an air of suppressed excitement about them, and the scraps of conversation one catches as they pass all turn upon the one great subject.

"Well, I've just bought him the loveliest smoking-jacket."

"I'm sure I hope she'll like the pin. I couldn't think of anything else she needed."

"Mary, for the love of mercy, tell me what to get for Aunt Annie! She has everything in the world already."

AS THE DAY DRAWS NEARER.

All this and much more may be noted on the shopping streets for three or four weeks before the 25th. As the day draws nearer the crowd becomes denser, the aspect of its members more preoccupied. The streets are lined with fakirs who sell mechanical toys warranted to get out of order within twenty-four hours, rubber balls, screaming balloons, hideous little figures that are inflated by the breath, and whose collapse is as sudden as their distension, wharbling whistles, jumping-jacks, gold, silver and bronze tinsel for Christmas trees, watchmen's rattles, walking dolls and dancing bears. Vendors of Christmas trees and greens, of English holly and mistletoe, shout their wares, and their steps are besieged by importunate flower-boys.

In the midst of all the gayety are the blind, lame, and palsied peddlers of shoe-laces, lead-pencils and hair-pins, who are evidently moved with the hope that while the angel of generosity is troubling the human flood, they may be able to step in and win a share of the blessing. And always on the outskirts of the crowd is to be heard the wheezing wail of an accordion or the asthmatic pipe of a superannuated and demoralized hand-organ, played by an old, very old man, or by a woman with a baby on her knees.

ALL CLASSES REPRESENTED.

On Christmas, in the up-town shopping districts, the streets grow quieter after a

[CONTINUED ON SEVENTH PAGE.]

Three Things to Remember.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has the most merit, has won unequaled success, accomplishes greatest cures. Is it not the medicine for you?

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation.

XMAS.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO GET? WHAT WILL YOU GIVE?

YOU WILL GET INCREASED LOVE, INcreased admiration, increased respect if on Christmas you present to your Father Husband, Brother or Lover a beautiful face, fresh, rosy, free and clear from every pimple, freckle, moth patch, mole, wrinkle or other facial blemish. Nothing will give them greater joy than to look into your lovely face. Is it not worth your while to be beautiful? Is it not your duty?

YOU CAN BE.

My toilet articles will make you beautiful. MRS. MATTIE STICE, Lady Hairdresser and Manicure, 525 J street, will sell them to you. My Lola Montez Cream, the SKIN FOOD and TISSUE BUILDER prevents, wrinkles, withering, drying and aging of the skin. Positively improves the complexion. My Hair Vigor cannot be surpassed. A trial of all my articles solicited. MRS. NETTIE HARRISON, America's Beauty Doctor, 26 Geary street, San Francisco.

XMAS.

EXTRACT OF BEEF!

Inferior and imitation sorts are coarse, of disagreeable odor and unpleasant flavor, but the genuine

Liebig COMPANY'S

Bearing the authorized signature of Justus von Liebig, the great chemist, *J. v. Liebig*

Has the odor of roast beef gravy, a fine flavor, dissolves clearly in water and assimilates with the finest and simplest cookery.

FOR DELICIOUS, REFRESHING BEEF TEA.
FOR IMPROVED AND ECONOMIC COOKERY.

GAS ENGINES!

The latest and best invention for Pumping, Spraying Fruit Trees, Running All Kinds of Machinery, Electric Light Plants, etc.

TATUM & BOWEN,

34 and 36 Fremont Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THE RECORD-UNION AND WEEKLY UNION are the best for the family circle.

SO HAPPY.

3 Bottles of SWIFT'S SPECIFIC relieved me of a severe Blood trouble. It has also caused my hair to grow out again, as it had been falling out by the hand full. After trying many physicians in vain, I am so happy to find a cure in S.S.S.—O. H. ELBERT, Galveston, Tex.

SCALP } CURES by forcing out germs of disease and the poison as well. It is entirely vegetable and harmless. Treatise on Blood and Skin mailed free.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

A MODERN MIRACLE.

Personal Statement of Mr. Wm. H. VAN COTT, Glens Falls, New York, late Clerk of the Court of Warren County, N. Y., made September 9, 1892.

[Abridged from a Newspaper Interview published in The Chicago News Record, Oct. 1, 1892.]

Five months ago I was taken with terrible pains in my side and back. I called in my family physician, who has doctored me for twenty-five years. He said I had sciatic rheumatism. He doctored me until I was disgusted. Then I called in a homœopathist. He put me through a course of electric treatment—two shocks a day and lots of pills and medicines besides. He did me no good. Then I sent to St. Louis and got a medicine that claimed to cure rheumatism. It cost $3.50 a bottle, and I took a gallon and a half, but it didn't do a bit of good. Then I tried several so-called rheumatic cures, made in New York, Chicago and the Lord knows where else—growing worse all the time, until in my despair I turned again to the doctors, who said there could be no cure without a surgical operation. To this I demurred. Then they advised me to try a change of climate—to go somewhere near salt water. Finally, I started to try the salt water climate at Branford, on Long Island Sound. Oh! I was in a terrible condition—bent double. When I got there I was a sight for gods and men and was suffering tortures beyond description—in a literally hopeless condition—had been going from the bad to the terrible for nearly three awful months. I put up with a man named Lounsbury, who helped me into the house and I got to bed somehow, suffering so that I wanted to die. Mr. Lounsbury said there was no use for me to suffer—that he could cure me right away. The way he talked gave me a little hope. He gave me a dose of an agreeable sort of stuff, and I turned over on my pillow, wondering if I had struck another disappointing crank. In a little while, after only one dose, I was conscious of a feeling of relief and restfulness.

I found that he was giving me Ath-lo-pho-ros. He kept at me with it, and I improved steadily, until I had used two bottles. My pains all left me; I could walk erect as well as ever. I had run down to one hundred and fifteen pounds—never was a heavy man, but I now weigh as much as I have for years—one hundred and thirty-five. And ever since then—two months ago—I have felt as well as a man can, and I'm a walking and talking advertisement of Ath-lo-pho-ros. Since I got home I've cured a friend of mine with it, who had rheumatism terribly. I talk it everywhere. I'd like to take the medicine to every one on earth who has any form of rheumatism. It's the greatest medicine that ever was put into a bottle.

The entire interview, a racy bit of reading, will be sent free to any one who will write for it to

THE ATHLOPHOROS CO., New Haven, Conn.

Ath-lo-pho-ros sold by all druggists. $1 per bottle.

WISTAR'S BALSAM.

This celebrated preparation of Wild Cherry has been a household favorite for upwards of a half a century, and is to-day the Sovereign Remedy for all

THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.

It opens the congested passages, expels the mucous deposits, and by reason of its stomachic qualities produces a hearty appetite and gives strength and energy to the patient.

For sale by all Druggists.

SETH W. FOWLE & SONS,
PROPRIETORS.
BOSTON, MASS.

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For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.

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CURES { Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation
A.A. Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
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C.C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
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Single Bottle (over 50 doses), - - .69
Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Veterinary Cure Oil and Medicator, $7.00
Jar Veterinary Cure Oil, - - 1.00

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In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.
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The Original and Genuine (WORCESTERSHIRE) LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to SOUPS, GRAVIES, FISH, HOT & COLD MEATS, GAME, WELSH-RAREBITS, &c.

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Beware of Imitations; see that you get Lea & Perrins'

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Signature on every bottle of Original & Genuine.
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TRADE MARK BIG G CURE YOURSELF! If troubled with Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Whites, Spermatorrhœa, or any unnatural discharge ask your druggist for a bottle of Big G. It cures in a few days without the aid or publicity of a doctor. Non-poisonous and guaranteed not to stricture. *The Universal American Cure.* Manufactured by The Evans Chemical Co. CINCINNATI, O. U.S.A. PRICE $1.00

TO THE YOUNG FACE

Pozzoni's Complexion Powder gives fresher charms, to the old renewed youth. Try it.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—ESTATE OF PHILIPEAN H. BRENDEL, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Philipean H. Brendel, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the publication of this notice, to said administrator, at the law offices of Driver & Sims, No. 420 J street, Sacramento, California, the same being the place for the