



Christmas Eve

A farmer's kitchen of long ago,
With oaken rafters, and fireplace wide,
Where three small stockings of scarlet wool,
Filled to overflowing, hang side by side.

An ancient clock in the corner stands;
There are pewter dishes on dresser tall,
And fire-arms of the old-time war
Are crossed together upon the wall.

A silver pathway the moonlight makes,
In slanting brightness upon the floor,
And the fitful flare of the firelight
Cast wild, weird shadows upon the door.

Into the window a rosebush peeps,
Wrapped in a mantle of fleecy snow;
And the house-cat in a high-backed chair,
Sleeps in the firelight's brilliant glow.

Before the stockings of scarlet wool,
With tender light in her eyes of brown,
Stands the mother, tall, and young, and fair,
In snowy kerchief, and homespun gown.

—Grace Hibbard.

with their backs against the wall they had put all their dolls. You see, they thought that when Santa Claus came he'd see all the dolls and would give each one a little present. They talked about it, too. The Princess could hear them and see them, but they couldn't see the Princess or Santa Claus. She looked up at her companion and said, "Are you going to give the dolls a present, too?" and Santa Claus laughed a little bit, turned red as if he were blushing, and said, "Yes, I guess I'll have to. They are good little girls. Wouldn't you like to stay here with them?"

The Princess thought for a moment and answered, "No, I thank you, Santa Claus. There are so many dolls here their talking would prevent my thinking."

Santa Claus laughed again, and the next moment they floated through the wall, through many walls and stopped in another nursery. Here there were two little girls and their mother. One

Take two pounds of Sultana raisins. Wash a pound of currants. Chop fine a pound of beef suet and two ounces each of candied orange and lemon peel. Blanch two ounces each of sweet and bitter almonds. Grate three nutmegs and one pound of bread crumbs. Squeeze the juice from one lemon. Weigh three-quarters of a pound of flour and a whole pound of powdered sugar. Measure a tumbler of tart jelly—currant is the best—and use nine eggs with this recipe.

Use a large mixing bowl, putting in the eggs first, beat the jelly into these, add the suet, then the flour, a little at a time, putting in the fruit, nuts, crumbs, etc., and, last of all, put in half a teaspoonful each of powdered ginger root and salt.

Let all hands take part in the stirring. Have ready a large piece of muslin, well washed; wet it and sprinkle with flour; tie the pudding loosely into this cloth, and put it into

MAINE THE PULP MILL STATE.

The Lumber Trade Giving Place to the Making of Pulp.

The day seems near at hand when the lumber industry of Maine will be of small importance compared with the making of pulp and paper, and, so far from being regretted, the change now in progress from sawmills to pulp mills, is welcomed by the owners of timber lands and all concerned. Twenty-five years ago, when the lumber trade on the Penobscot began to decline, Bangor shipped from 200,000,000 to 275,000,000 feet of lumber annually to markets on both sides of the Atlantic, and in four continents. Since then the shipments have fallen to from 125,000,000 to 150,000,000 feet annually, and the only foreign trade now remaining is with Great Britain, where a few million of deals are sold annually. The South American trade, to Buenos Ayres, Montevideo and Rio Janeiro, is supplied with Canadian lumber, shipped direct from the maritime provinces or from Quebec via the Grand Trunk road to Portland. The African trade, to the Canaries, Cape Verde and the Gold Coast, was lost long ago, and the once extensive West India trade has dwindled to almost nothing. The domestic trade, also, has declined, chiefly on account of the increased use of metal in construction, but largely, also, because of the competition of southern, western and Canadian lumber, which the Maine product must meet in every American market.

With the lessened trade and the keen competition has come such a decline in the price of eastern spruce that it is no longer profitable to saw logs into lumber, and so a change is inevitable—the logs must be devoted to other uses. This year many of the Penobscot river sawmills have been idle, others running on reduced time. Cargoes of spruce lumber, shipped to New York, after all expenses were deducted, have yielded only about \$9 per thousand feet, or less than the cost of the logs.

Within ten years there have been erected on the Penobscot half a dozen large mills, in which many millions of feet of small logs are annually ground and cooked into pulp. These mills are so profitable that several new and larger structures are now planned, and the various pulp and paper manufacturing projects now under way will require millions of capital. At Wiscasset a large pulp and paper mill is to be built, an extensive enterprize is planned at Milford, and a company has just been formed here whose purpose is to erect at North Twin Dam, on the west branch of the Penobscot, the largest pulp and paper mill in the world. At this point the river will furnish 20,000 horse power and there are millions of acres of timber land surrounding.

Big logs will some day be scarce on the Penobscot, but no man can tell when the supply of material suitable for pulp will become exhausted. The pulp forests are practically unlimited, and no fear is felt even by the so-called forestry reformers that the pulp mills' digesters will ever go hungry. Pulp pays, lumber does not. That is the whole story. Pulp gains, lumber loses. The brick mills, with their acids and grinders, are rising on every hand; the wooden mills, with their gaugs and muley saws, are decaying, and Maine will soon be best known as the pulp mill state.—New York Sun.

Briefly, the events of the past nine months may be thus summarized: Russia is firmly encircling herself in Manchuria, has violently vetoed a British loan for the Northern Railway extension, is arming to the teeth at Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan, and is monthly pouring out reinforcements to the Far East; Germany, established in Shan-tung, declines to pledge herself to any liberal commercial policy, and advances claims to exclusive rights as regards railway construction through the Shan-tung province, especially the trunk line from Tien-tsin to Ching-kiang (the most promising line in China); France is putting forward preferential claims of a comprehensive character in connection with her leasehold acquired in Southern China—the West river, which was supposed to be opened long ago, being still practically unopened; France and Russia are actively interesting themselves in the sanctioned trunk line from Peking to Han-kow, and its proposed extension from Han-kow to the south; Japan is in Formosa, with a revisionary claim on Fo-kien province, a territory of great value. On Great Britain's side there is nothing tangible except the acquisition of Kow-lung, which, as it stands, is far from satisfactory.—Archibald R. Colquhoun



THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

THE MAGIC DOLL.

A Christmas Allegory.

By Margherita Arlina Hamm.



Y lady, the Princess Angelina lived in Dollytown. She was a doll—the most beautiful, delicious, lovable and lovely doll that was ever born. She could close her eyes and say "Papa" and "Mamma." She could stand upon one leg and hold her other leg over her shoulder for half an hour. When a doll can do this, she is a royal doll and not a common doll. She had a marvelous complexion, and the more you washed it the brighter it grew. The Princess Angelina had a beautiful wardrobe. She had a ball dress, a dinner dress, a slumber gown, a bicycle suit, a golf toilet, a rainy day costume, a bib and tucker to make believe she was a baby, and four other common frocks, and her commonest suit was better than the best dresses of a great many dolls. Now, Dollytown is in the middle of New York. It doesn't begin anywhere, and doesn't end anywhere. The Princess Angelina was a magical doll. When a person came to buy her whom she didn't like she squinted with one eye and made the other turn green, so that she looked so ugly people put her down right away. Another time when some one wanted to buy her whom she didn't like, she took a hat pin out and stuck it in the woman's thumb and the woman got mad and went off and didn't buy any doll at all. This is why all the other dolls got sold in Dollytown the day before Christmas and why the Princess Angelina was not sold. It got around to evening and the Princess said, "I wonder where I'll go." Then she gave a scream because right in front of her, looking like a dear old grandfather, was Santa Claus himself. He bowed very nicely, because Santa Claus is a very polite gentleman, and said: "Good evening, Princess; I called to see if your Highness would like to take a walk."

The Princess smiled and said,

walking out of the beautiful rooms where she had been living into the street.

To prevent anybody stealing her beautiful dresses, and I am sorry to say that there are bad, wicked, naughty dolls who steal other dolls' gloves and handkerchiefs and who tell fibs, and do other awful things, Santa Claus packed all her dresses, bonnets, gloves, shoes, stockings, parasols, fans, umbrellas, bibs, aprons, water-proofs, handkerchiefs and bracelets into a doll trunk. He put this on his shoulder and off they went. The street was very crowded, but it didn't make any difference. Sometimes they walked through the people, sometimes the people walked through them and sometimes they walked



SOMETIMES THEY WALKED THROUGH THE PEOPLE.

through each other. At one place in the street she walked right through the heart of a very pretty shop girl who had charge of rag dolls, and there she saw beautiful pictures and statues and jewelry and bands of music playing and fountains leaping and flowers waving and apples and pears hanging from the bows of the trees. They were not exactly real things she saw; they were magical things, which are sometimes more real than real things.

At another place on the street whom should they walk through but a cross old maid, who had charge of the rubber dolls in Dollytown, and again the Princess said "Oh," because in the old maid's heart there were gloomy woods and caves, frogs, green snakes, and horned lizards and bats, and owls that shrieked, "tu-whit, tu-whoo!" The Princess was very glad to get out on the other side, and then she knew why she had always loved the young girl and always hated the cross old maid. By and by they came to a house with big doors, and a waiter at the door who let people in and out, but they didn't mind him in the least. They did not even wait for the door to open. They went through the door and through the waiter, and floated up stairs into the nursery, where there were three or four children getting ready to go to bed. They were all little girls, and they had hung their stockings upon the mantelpiece, and upon the floor

of them had been quite naughty. The mother said she hoped that Santa Claus, who was a very kind man, would forgive her. The little girl looked relieved and said, "If Santa Claus will forgive me, I'll never break another doll again!" and from the folds of her little dress she pulled out the remnants of a doll which had lost one hand, one foot, its nose and half an ear.

The Princess grew very indignant at the sight, and said: "If you please, Santa Claus, I don't like such people. Let us go somewhere else." Santa Claus nodded silently, and again they floated through the walls, out into the street, and into other homes. It wasn't until the hundredth call that the Princess noticed something. It was this, that whenever the children wished for something very much and their mothers and fathers smiled, Santa Claus nodded and took something out of a pocket and dropped it in a closet. This something was like a little cloud of smoke, such as comes when you strike a match, but it grew and grew and became hard and took the form of just what the children had been talking about.

But the Princess was getting very tired. They stopped finally in a little room where there was a big bed and a little crib. There was a sweet-faced woman putting a little girl to bed. The child said her prayers, then lay down and closed her eyes. She opened them again and said softly: "Mamma, do you think Santa Claus will bring me a doll? I don't want a big one, just a wee little one," and the mother, who was dressed all in black, said: "I hope so, darling." Then silence came upon the room. The clocks tolled midnight and the mother fell asleep. The Princess turned to her guide and said: "Santa Claus, if you please, I think I'll stay here." Santa Claus nodded, but said not a word. Then the Princess climbed into the crib, although she had on her ball-room dress, her bracelets, her fan and her gloves. She got under the bedclothes and put her head upon the child's arm and her arm around the child's neck. Then she closed her eyes and fell sound asleep. And she was still sound asleep in the morning when the child awoke and found the Princess in her arms.

Between the Lines.

My dear Miss Bonds, your eyes pray lift
(If this don't win her I am lost!)
And deign to view my humble gift;
(I hate to think about the cost!)
May it find favor in your sight,
(And bring about the end I seek!)
Although its value is but slight,
(I'll have to fast at least a week!)

a large pot of boiling water. Cover and let it boil slowly nine hours. Lift it out and put the pudding, cloth and all, into cold water.

Turn out on a dish, stick it full of blanched almonds, put a sprig of holly in the centre and serve.

How the Illusion of Santa Claus Was Cruelly Dispelled.



1.



2.



3.



HE BOWED VERY NICELY.

"Thank you, Santa Claus, that is just what I have been wanting to do all day, but there was no gentleman around I cared to walk with," and she took Santa Claus's arm and they went

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