

The True Christmas Spirit.

Has the spirit of Christmas come to you? I do not mean the spirit of Christmas as evinced by the dainty things from the Christmas-tree, the plums in the pudding, or the rich juice of the gravy; but I do mean—are you ready to put out your hand to her whom you have thought did you an unkindness?

Are you ready to ask forgiveness for the thoughtless word spoken?

Are you ready to overlook what seemed to you a slight? And are you ready to ask that each one near and dear to you may be joyful and happy, and that the stranger at the gates may not be forgotten?

Unless you can do all this the Christmas spirit is not in you.

And if it is not, then, my dear woman, get down on your knees and pray to that little Child who came on earth so many years ago that He might bring to it light and joy, and ask Him to open your heart to the light and love of kindness.

Do you want to make a happy Christmas for yourself and for other people? Then give, and give royally. Royal giving means generous best, stowing of the best that you have, to those least used to possessing.

Your royal gift may be but a love-message, but be sure if its given in the name of that little Child it will bring happiness wherever it goes, and, like the water of the fountain it will return to you with its virtues a thousand times greater, and you will be made better and younger by it. In your joy remember the children, not just your own—they have you to look after them but think of the little ones whose homes are bare, where life is like a tossing sea.

Remember the sick children. Think of the joy a beautiful toy, a great round orange, a big bag of candies only to be looked at, will bring to the little ones whose limbs are tied down forever. Think of the great picture book over which the eyes will open wide—eyes, my friend, that will soon be closed forever in death; and for the great and intense delight felt when a wonderful tree is recognized, or a bird's name is known to the little boy whose life has been spent in the close streets. These are gifts that you will never regret. Give of them—give of your plenty and from your heart, and be sure that to each little one of your own will come special happiness because you have remembered the sufferers among the babies. When that Divine Baby slept so quietly in the stable, the great kings of the earth thought it worth while to bring presents to Him, and surely as you consider the

and girls might be put candies, oddly-fashioned toys, pencil-sharpeners etc. In each case let the article be worth the price indicated. By buying the articles at wholesale, and having the oranges stuffed and made by those who are willing for "sweet charity's sake" to give their time for that purpose, a very fair margin of profit can still be made for whatever philanthropic or benevolent object the tree is gotten up.

Such a tree will prove most available for Christmas, providing rare sport and pleasant surprises. Wrap the gifts in many and intricate foldings of tissue-paper to afford further mystification, and have each select an orange for himself or herself. O!



REALIZATION.

course, in this case the gift need not be costly, but may be only for jollification, on account of incongruity of the many of the gifts.

Indian Christmas.

Away up on the northern shore of Lake Winnipeg is Norway House, one of the oldest and largest stations of the Hudson Bay Company. To this point the Indians of a large territory bring their furs for sale or exchange. In the winter season Norway House has been a lively place for many years, especially during the holidays, when the company has been accustomed to provide some appropriate entertainment for its Indian hunters and trappers. A Christmas dinner given here more than forty years ago is described by Mr. Ballantyne.

It was with something like awe that I entered the room, and beheld two long rows of tables, with puddings, pies, tarts, stews, hashes, and vegetables of all shapes, sizes and descriptions smoking thereon. I feared for the Indians, although they can stand a great deal in the way of repletion; moderation being, of course, out of the question, with such abundance of good things placed before them.

A large shell was sounded after the manner of a bugle, and all the Indians of the village walked into the room and seated themselves, the women on one side of a long table, the men on the other. Mr. Evans stood at the head, and asked a blessing; and then commenced a work of demolition, the like of which has not been seen since the foundation of the world.

The pies had strong crusts, but the knives were stronger; the paste was hard and the interior tough, but Indian teeth were harder and Indian jaws tougher; the dishes were gigantic, but the stomachs were capacious, so that ere long numerous skeletons and empty dishes alone graced the board.

One old woman, of a dark brown complexion with glittering black eyes and awfully long teeth, set up in the wholesome line, and demolishing the viands so rapidly that those who sat beside her, fearing a dearth in the land, began to look angry; fortunately, however, she gave in suddenly while in the middle of a venison pasty, and reclined languidly backwards, with a sweetly contented expression of countenance, while her breath came thickly through her half open mouth, she gently fell asleep, and thereby, much to her chargin, lost the tea and cakes which were served out soon afterwards by way of dessert.

When the seniors had finished, the juveniles were admitted in a crowd, and these soon cleared the remnants of the feast.

Holiday Puddings and Pies.

Recipes for Christmas puddings and for mince pies have been given so many times that every one can easily get the rules, but there are some ways of preparing these dishes which are the secret of success that are not so well known. All fruit puddings, cake or pies, of the rich dark types associated with Christmas must be made several weeks before they are wanted, in order to acquire proper flavor. The pudding had better be made at least two weeks before, and boiled and hung still needed in a cold storeroom, upstairs, where there can be no danger of dampness. The mince pie should be baked and set on the pantry shelf, covered up; the cake baked and also stored away. Old-time housekeepers always made rich pound cakes and a peculiar kind of rich cookies at this season, which are much better made a week before they are used. A genuine English plum pudding is packed tight in the tin, and no room is left for it to swell. It is then covered up tight and boiled in boiling water at least six hours when cooked, and an hour longer on Christmas Day. This produces a pudding dense with fruit, black and heavy, it is true, but like the English pudding.—Tribune.

THE DRUMSTICK.

Behold my rotund wealth of meat,
With all its juices, rich and sweet!
How firm, how solid, are my arms!
And how I go straight to the hearts
Of children, with distended jaws,
In wait to hide me in their maws.

Ah! how I love to lie in state
Upon the table, while you wait
With eager eyes and teeth that burn,
Until it comes to be your turn.
How crisp the skin, and, oh! how brown,
And how I tickle going down;
And, then, my bone, oh! what delight,
To pick it till it's clean and white.

How would you like, on Christmas Day,
To tramp till noon and then, we'll say,
To come back home, well almost starved?
And find me waiting nicely carved?
Between your finger and your thumb
You hold me up, thus (yum, yum, yum!)
I tickle every nerve, I thrill
Your stomachs, and I fill the bill,
And with all men I nothing lack—
I fact, I have the inside track!

—Tom Masson.

A SUITABLE XMAS PRESENT

Dick and Maggie had been married only three months. As is often the case, some of their wedding presents were duplicates, while some other things, just as necessary, were forgotten altogether. The worst of it was, that, as they lived in a village, and the presents were all from dear friends or relatives, they could not exchange them, as we are told they sometimes do in the cities. However, Maggie being a sensible little woman, with the knack of making things do, they had got along very well.

It was the first of December, and Maggie, as she arranged the tea-table, was reviewing, mentally, her list of presents for Christmas. It had been such a busy year—first, the endless preparations for the wedding, and since then, the setting to rights and making pretty of her little home—that she had not found the time for much "fancy-work," so she would have to buy the most of them.

She knew just what mother and the girls would like—father, too—in fact, her list was all complete and satisfactory, with the exception of something for Dick. "Last, but not least, oh, no!" she thought to herself with a happy smile. If he only smoked! To be sure, she was glad he did not; she thought it an untidy, expensive habit, but there were always so many pretty things one could give a smoker.

Here the click of the gate latch interrupted her thoughts, and she flew to open the door.

During the progress of their evening

ed tone, "I saw them unpacking these grapes and oranges as we came along, and I thought they would give just the right look to the table. And look at this," opening a long package, "I remembered how I have had to carve with the butcher-knife all along, and thought it would never do with all our finery, to-day, and I saw this nice carving set at Hardy's, and I couldn't resist. Perhaps it was extravagant," he continued, answering an inexplicable look on her face, "but we will call it part of our Christmas in advance. Is it all right?"

"Yes, of course you dear fellow!" she answered, swallowing a great many unspoken thoughts. "It is just what I was wishing for. Now go in, and make yourself charming, while I take up dinner."

"You are sure you are pleased? I thought it would just suit!"

"Yes, yes!" she said hurriedly, "go, or things will scorch!"

When all were seated around the glittering table, and Dick, with a flourish, took up the new carving knife and fork, Annie and Katie exchanged glances, and then looked at Mrs. Ripple.

"Something new?" asked the latter.

"Yes," said Dick, "I got them today; I was tired of carving with the butcher knife."

Katie looked at Annie again, and both giggled.

"What's the joke?" said Dick.

"Nothing," said Katie. Pa and Ma Ripple were both smiling now, and Dick looked stupidly from one to the other.

"I declare, I don't see anything funny!" he said at last.

"Tell him!" "Tell him!" cried the two girls, now laughing outright.

"Yes, do," said Dick.

"There, there, girls, don't be silly! They are laughing, Dick, because when we went to the city shopping, two weeks ago, we all settled on a handsome carving set as a Christmas present for you and Maggie; for we remembered that you had none, and thought it would please you both."

"Did you!" cried Maggie, "and only last week, I left an order for one at Steele's for Dick's Christmas gift, because he told me to get something we both wanted, and I thought we needed that most of all."

"There! I knew you were not pleased somehow, when I came with this! No wonder!"

"Hal! hal! hal!" "He! he! he!" "Hol! hol! hol!"

Long and loud, they all laughed, some one of them beginning again, and so starting the others, every time there was a pause. It was a merry meal.

As they arose from the table there were sounds of an arrival in front of the house—wheels, then the gate



HAI HAI SO THEY WATCHED FOR ME, DID THEY?

meal, Maggie was so unusually quiet, that Dick finally noticed it, and asked.

"What's up, little woman? Anything gone wrong to-day?"

"No, Why?"

"You seem so quiet."

"Oh, I've been thinking."

"That's nothing new. What about?"

"About Christmas. I can't think of anything to give you; you have everything."

"That's so. Don't give me anything. You have given me yourself; that will do for one while."

"What rubbish!" she said, with a pleased blush. "Anyway, I want to give you something; it would not seem like Christmas if I didn't!"

"Well, get something we will both enjoy—something we need about the house. That will do first rate."

The next day, as soon as Maggie had finished washing the dinner-dishes, and had tidied the kitchen, she donned her stylish walking suit, and set out for one of the two hardware stores of the village. Not finding anything that suited her rather fastidious taste, she left an order with the proprietor, to be sent to the city and filled. Then, visiting some other stores to complete her list of presents, she turned her face homeward, with a feeling of satisfaction that the problem was solved.

The following week, Maggie invited her mother, Mrs. Ripple, and the girls, Annie and Katie, to spend a long day with her. Pa Ripple was to come home with Dick at noon. It was an occasion when Dick and Maggie felt very anxious that their little establishment should have its "best foot foremost;" for, although the family had "dropped in" singly, time and again, at meal-time, this was their first attempt to have them all at a formal dinner.

The table looked very pretty in all the bravery of bridal linen, china and silver. As Maggie proudly surveyed it, she heard her father and Dick come in. The latter came hurrying out, his arms full of bundles. "See here, Pet," he began, in a pleas-



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Utica Observer.

"Are you going to pay for that package at this end?" asked an express carrier, as he watched a lady who, having wrapped up an express package and addressed it on one side, was about to address it on the other side also. "Yes," she replied.

"Do you want to pay twice?" asked the expressman. "You are very liable to be charged twice for an express package if you mark it on both sides. After a package is paid for in advance, or at the point of shipment, we mark it 'paid' on the side of the address. When the billing clerk gets that package the chances are just even that he is presented with the side which is not marked paid, and he bills 'collect.' Never address both sides of the package. It by any means your package gets open, the bill accompanying it will tell the expressman where it goes.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Had To Saw Her Out.
Several hundred people crowded the street in front of Galt's jewelry store one morning, attracted by the sorry plight of a comely young woman who sat on the flagstones right in front of one of the big windows. One daintily shod foot peeped perforce from under her skirts, and the other was down in the coal hole under the sidewalk.

It seems that the iron and glass grating that lights the vault under the sidewalk just before the plate glass window was broken. The hole did not seem large enough for a child's foot to slip through.

The young woman, a pretty blonde in a handsome dark green dress, stopped to look at the jeweler's wares in the window. Suddenly she gave a little shriek, and seemed to lose a little of her stature. She was evidently much distressed at something, and little wonder. Her French boot had slipped through the hole in the grating and her leg had followed it half way to the knee, as far as it could go. She tried to pull it out, but it was wedged fast. So she sat down on the flagstones and began to cry from fright and pain and mortification.

She was at once surrounded by a crowd. The police came and made the people stand back, and a kindly faced old lady did what she could to comfort the unfortunate girl.

Mr. Galt sent to a machine shop for a couple of men and they came with saws, hammers and crowbars and set about breaking one of the bars of the iron grating so as to release the imprisoned foot. It took fully a half hour, and the crowd got bigger every minute, but finally the iron bar was sawed through and the pretty girl was freed from the most awkward situation of her life. Then she took a carriage and went home.—Washington Post.

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