

WILLMAR TRIBUNE.

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CHRISTMAS HYMN.

THROUGH the solemn midnight, ringing, Falls the sweet, triumphant song Of the choir of God...

Blessed voice of God's own angels, Echoing word of His evangelist, Hark! they fall again...

His the giving and forgiving, Bitter dying, anguished living, Cross and pain and sorrow...

Soft the music grows and tender, Loving hearts, what can ye render To the Christ, your King?

NOT GEORGE'S FAULT.

OW, George, ain't these little toy tin kitchens just cute? Do you see how nice they're fixed up?

giving at the brown, threadbare sleeve at her side. "There's a stove and kettles and pans and dishes and a table and that little washtub and board is the cunningest of anything I've seen in all my life."

"Say, George! do you see?" this time giving the sleeve a vigorous twist. Mr. Brown's eyes were fixed absent-ly on the huge tags adorning the oppo-site wall, and he evinced no interest in the tin kitchen.

The lamps in the great storeroom were lighted, and the tables were heaped with a brilliant mass of Christ-mas toys.

Mrs. Brown went anxiously from one table to another, her eyes held with excitement. At length she held up a tiny ship and viewed it smiling-ly. "It's just what Harry has wanted all the time," she said softly to her-self.

"Say, George! look a-there! Wouldn't Harry be tickled 't get that?" "I do know," grunted the man at the table, shifting his position un-easily.

"You see how it works, don't you? Them little sails can be put up or down; h'isted, I think they call it. Say! he could sail it splendid on our duck pond, couldn't he, George?"

"I s'pose so," grumbled Mr. Brown, in a voice that distinctly said he wished Mrs. Brown would "shut up" and leave him alone.

Finally she laid the ship down and went over to the book counter. Mr. Brown followed her slowly, and stood looking on sullenly, while she turned over page after page of childish lit-erature. "You know, I must get a book for Benny," she said, by way of explanation; "he don't seem to do nothin' but read now since he's been sick. He's rather have a nice new



"It's just what Harry has wanted," she said. "He's read the old one time and ag'in." She selected one with a pretty, bright cover, and had it wrapped up; then she went over to look at the dolls. There were all kinds of dolls, from little china and bisque babies two inches long to great wax dolls, that would laugh and cry and that were



SANTA'S MISTAKE.

Old Santa has spoiled this little boy's fun By making the slightest mistake — A doll in his sock instead of a gun — Now he says that Old Santa's a "fake."

longer than many of the little mam-mas who would possess them. She picked up a little bisque baby, about a foot long, and stood looking at it uncertainly.

"What do you want of another doll?" said Mr. Brown, crossly. "There's a dozen kickin' round the house now."

"But Bessie hain't got any," said Mrs. Brown, reproachfully. "I don't know what difference that makes," retorted Mr. Brown. "One plays with 'em as much as another."

"Well, what do you think of that ship for Harry?" questioned Mrs. Brown, growing hopeful at her hus-band's show of interest. "Ain't it the cutest thing you've seen?"

"He'd break it 'fore he had it a week. I s'pose, Marthy, you're sot on gitten' a lot o' tomofooleries like this; but it's too much money throwed plum away. I don't be-lieve in pamperin' youngsters; they're just as well 'thout 'em."

"Well, there's the kitchen, there ain't nothin' to break 'bout that," per-sisted Mrs. Brown, eagerly. "Annie's such a womanly little thing; she'd learn to be a real little housekeeper."

"I don't see what good that 'ud do; she's got dishes 'nough now. Why don't you get 'em some candy 'r some-thin' an' let it go at that? This throw-in' away hard cash is a little too much these hard times, Marthy."

Mrs. Brown turned away indignantly, her hard, tollworn little fingers firmly closed over the bright coins in the tip of her woolen mitten.

"George," she said, and her voice was no longer soft. "I s'pose you know how I earned this money? A settin' up an' knittin' long after you was abed an' asleep. I reckon I'll spend it as I see fit. You can spend your money as you're a mind to, but them young-uns'll have their Christmas presents as long as I'm able to earn 'em."

bling hands, and thought of the new woolen muffler she had put away for George himself, when Christmas morn-ing should come.

"I don't s'pose there's any use in tryin'," she said. "He never will see no sense in it. I can't make him feel

as I do about it. It's just extravagance and waste in his eyes. Mebby if his folks had been different; but George never had no Christmas. He never knew what Santa Claus was, poor boy, and I don't know as I can blame him much. Never knew the pleasure of

givin' 'r receivin'. He was fetched up that way; he ain't to blame. It's all the way they're learnt when their younguns.

"But our boy Harry—" She did not finish her sentence, but her eyes shone with a renewed determination as she counted out the money for the pretty toy, and handed it to the wait-ing clerk.—Maudie Morrison Huey, in Detroit Free Press.

Hard to Understand. "Of course," he said, reflectively, "I am not making any complaint about it. All I desire to say is that I can't un-derstand it."

The Best Christmas Present. The best of all gifts at the present time is yourself. Make yourself in some way more pleasant and helpful to others. You may have been neg-lectful of them; be mindful hence-forth. You may be quick in temper and have spoken hastily; put on re-straint and speak kindly now. Re-strain all evil habits and make yourself a joy and a help to others. They will bless you.—United Presbyterian.

Her Little Surorise. Mr. Snobs—I suppose this bill is for my Christmas present. But where on earth is the present? Mrs. Snobs—I thought I would sur-prise you with the bill first.—Up to Date.

Too Suggestive. Don't spell it Xmas. It is too sug-gestive of the good X dollar bills that were broken and wasted.—Atchison Globe.

Wise Precaution. "There," said the prudent house-wife, as she looked over the Christmas decorations, "I think that will do very nicely. Only we must not forget to take the mistletoe from the chandel-ier and move it to different parts of the room during the day."

Tact Required. It really requires a marvelous amount of tact to appear thankful at Christ-mas for something you didn't want.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Inventive Genius. Alice—Yes, Jack Hastings kissed me several times yesterday and really I had no redress. Maud—How was that? "He had a sprig of mistletoe fast-ened on his umbrella, and then insist-ed on keeping it hoisted whenever no-body happened to be near."—Chicago Daily News.

Lost Opportunity. Who knows what changing fortunes may be near? Take courage, then! For night shall turn to day. From brightening skies the clouds must roll away. And faith and hope and love shall all be here.

Christmas Carols. It takes Santa Claus a long time to fill the girls' stockings in Chicago, but he makes up for lost time when he gets to Boston.

Don't try to make yourself happy at Christmas by doing the things you will swear off at New Year's.

If you should see anyone coming down the chimney don't think it is Santa Claus, but go at once and sound the burglar-alarm.

Don't call yourself unlucky just be-cause you fail to pull the gold watch out of the Christmas grab-bag.—Judge.

Discovered. "Papa," said little Petie, "does Kris Kringle bring little boys toys ahead of Christmas?" "No, my son," replied the father. "Why do you ask?" "I was a wonderin' what them new toys was I found away back in the left behind the trunks."—Philadelphia North American.

AS IT'S DRAWING NEAR CHRISTMAS DAY, TO THE ISLANDS I MUST FIND A WAY. I CAN'T RIDE ON THE BREEZE, AND THE GULF DOES NOT FREEZE, SO IT'S USELESS FOR REINDEER AND SLEIGH.

AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

AT Christmas time last year So many friends that now are gone were here! So many hopes were glowing then unspoken, So many faiths were strong that now lie broken.

At Christmas time this year So many of us find the world a drear And barren desert wherein blooms no rose, With mountain peaks surrounding it, Whose snows Have chilled our hearts, and turned life's foliage sere.

At Christmas time next year, Who knows what changing fortunes may be near? Take courage, then! For night shall turn to day. From brightening skies the clouds must roll away. And faith and hope and love shall all be here.

At Christmas time next year, —Helen M. Winslow, in Woman's Journal.



We stood beneath the mistletoe, Her hand I clasped in mine; Her red lips pouted temptingly, Her breath was sweet as wine; O, rapture! then, O bitterness! I knew not what to do. For I was barely five feet high And she was six feet two! —Town Topics.

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