

CHRISTMAS DAY IN MANY CLINES.

ODD WAYS THE WORLD HAS OF OBSERVING THE UNIVERSAL HOLIDAY—FROM NORWAY TO TASMANIA IN THE ANTIPODES.

In England Christmas is celebrated with more boisterous enthusiasm than anywhere else. Every person who can read the English language knows the Christmas of Dickens and the old English celebration of the feast has been described in detail by Washington Irving in the "Sketch Book." Feasting is characteristic of the English celebration. Eating has become such a part of the day in England that Italians have the following proverb: "He has more business than English ovens at Christmas." The English probably do more eating Christmas than any other people. Roast mutton, beef, turkey and other meats, all manner of puddings and pastries, fruits, candles and dainties are consumed in great quantities. The big log fires, the mistletoe, with its pretty significance, never put in execution, according to the women; the music, jokes, laughter, repartee, dances and merry-making, are all familiar to Christmas celebrators. Punch bowls, holly, evergreens, jags and eggnog mugs all come in at Christmas time, and the various legends, superstitions, ghost stories, fairy tales and golden stories are all closely interwoven with their ideas of Christmas. The Christmas celebrations have, however, largely lost their primitive boisterous character in England, and family reunions and good dinners are held by all that remain of the various rough merriments which formerly marked the festival.

THE DAY IN NORWAY.

In Norway there is a peculiar Christmas way of offering to a lady a brooch or a pair of ear rings in a truss of hay. The housewife who has the person complimented is pushed open and there is thrown into the house a truss of hay or straw, a sheaf of corn or a bag of chaff. In some parts of this "bottle of hay" envelope there is a needle to be used to hunt for. A favorite way for a lover to send a present to his mistress is to make a large brown paper bundle, which upon being opened, reveals a second parcel with a loving motto on the cover. And so on, parcel within parcel, motto within motto, till the kernel of this paper husk is reached. The envelope contains some delicate and valuable ornaments. One of the prettiest Norwegian customs at Christmas is the practice of giving on that day a dinner to the birds. On Christmas morning every gable, gateway or barn door is decorated with a sheaf of corn fixed on a tall pole, wherefrom it is intended that the birds who come to the Christmas dinner. Even the poorest peasant will contrive to have a handful set aside for this purpose, and what the birds do not eat on Christmas day remains for them to finish at their leisure during the winter. The carolling of these birds about these poles makes a Norwegian Christmas cheer.

New Year's day friends and acquaintances always call upon each other, exchanging calls and good wishes. In a corner of each reception room stands a little table, which is kept furnished all day with wine, cakes and sweetmeats for the visitors, who talk, flirt, compliment, and sip wine and nibble cake from house to house with great perseverance.

Between Christmas and Twelfth day merriments are in season. They are called "Julubukker," or Christmas goblets. They invariably appear after dark in masks and fancy dresses.

CHRISTMAS IN SPAIN.

Christmas in Spain is a religious festival rather than a social one. It was so originally in Porto Rico, but the population has been influenced partly by the spirit of the new world and partly by the many foreign merchants who reside in the cities and who exert an influence much greater than the numbers would seem to warrant. The churches welcome the day with alms, which between midnight and last until the midnight of the next day. The churches are crowded, so are the clubs and most of the places of recreation. Every vehicle in motion on that day has seen young men and women trying to imitate English models. Some of the liberos of the mountain districts carry out some of their early superstitions to Christmas. They hang bunches of trees which are supposed to possess charms over the doors of their houses, and often conduct marriage ceremonies under great pomp and circumstance. A great many wild fliers are in bloom at Christmas, and these are worn by children of the mountain districts in wreaths and garlands about their heads, necks and waists. The Christmas giving is sadly missing in our new possessions. The churches hold no Christmas tree, and there are few charitable societies to give feasts.

SOUTH AMERICA'S CUSTOMS.

In no country, perhaps, does Christmas wear so strange a garb as in the half Indian and half Spanish cities of the South American republics. Of these not one presents an aspect so different from that of Peru, its Moorish architecture, its magnificent religious festivals, its many-colored population, its picturesque costumes, and its strange customs. The customs of old Spain with those of the ancient empire of the Incas, combine to form a picture of rare attractions. On Christmas eve, no one goes to bed until the natives call to the whole city is alive with preparations for the approaching festival. The Allemands or public walks outside the city, the Christmas eve crowded with pleasure seekers, and the great square is filled by a motley throng, whose faces present every shade of human color, from the aristocratic and noble to the beggar to the pure Spanish creole through fifty crosses and gradations to the jetty black and robust frame of the equally pure negro. Numerous ice stalls, surrounded with chairs and benches, are scattered over the square and drive a busy trade, for to the Lima ice is a necessity of life, and foreign ice is more welcome during the sultry Christmas time. As the night deepens the crowd increases, and presently is heard above the hum of voices the wild chant of the Peruvian Yemasas, bands of negroes dressed in flowing robes of red, with their black faces sometimes disguised by ugly and still blacker masks, and carrying in their hands calabashes filled with pebbles. To the monotonous music of the guitar and clattering castanets they sing guttural songs and dance uncouth measures, rattling the pebbles to the mark time. After the negro come groups of Indian women, loosely dressed—their long, black hair, unbound, falling to their ankles—carrying long, slender wands fluttering with ribbons. In low soft tones they sing sweet melodies and move in circles, swaying the most graceful dances, waving their light wands in time to the music of a flute and harp. All the house doors are wide open, music is being played in every house, and every one catches glimpses of the dark faces of the dancers as they move through the graceful evolutions of the zambucca, the favorite dance of the colored races.

HOSPITABLE CITY.

Lima is perhaps the most hospitable city in the world, although many of its ancient customs have fallen into disuse. Even yet, as the negro come every night, shining in almost every gateway is seen the "welcome lamp," one universal, which tells the passing stranger that the home is open and ready to receive him. At Christmas every house is open. Strangers enter without fear. To be a foreigner is to have a double claim and to be greeted with a double claim. The ceremony and restraint which we associate with Spanish manners have no existence here, and no introduction what-

ever is necessary. With the prettiest girl in the room for a partner (if she be engaged) and the stranger can muster sufficient courage and Spanish to ask her if she may join the waiters who are spinning around the saloon; or he will find in the adjoining apartment cigars, leeks, liquors, sherbet and delicate pastry and fruits of all kinds, to which he is expected to help himself without any ceremony. The Lima men are early risers and by 6 o'clock in the morning of Christmas day the market place is crowded with customers, among whom are the wealthy ladies attended by their servants. Upon the ground of the square are heaped great piles of fruit—plump, juicy melons, bananas, grapes, limes, oranges, in fact, almost every known variety of edible fruit. Vegetables of all kinds are abundant. The butchers' stalls display their stores of beef, mutton, chickens, geese, turkeys, and game for Christmas cheer. The flower market displays a richly-colored bouquet, that only Lima can produce. It is called puchero de flores, and is the most acceptable present to Lima ladies, who are all fond of perfume.



A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Pastilles are constantly burning in their houses, and showers of scented water frequently salute their visitors, who are delighted to receive such marks of attention. The procession of the Madonna and Child is escorted by the army of the republic, the roofs and balconies are covered with spectators, strewing flowers upon the passing cortege; and the tapadas sit about the procession chaffing the monks and making all sorts of jokes at their expense. The archbishop comes last, bearing the host, and as he passes the noise and laughter cease, every knee is bent in silent adoration. The long day closes with the inevitable ball; open house is again kept, and dancing and feasting continue until midnight.

IN THE ANTIPODES.

A white jacket and trousers, a necktie shirt and the lightest of straw hats, is the proper sort of costume for Christmas day in Tasmania. A much prized lump of ice cooling one's thirst is the only sign of frost—the sole memento of old country Christmas weather. A desert of juicy cherries, ripe, jelly-looking red gooseberries full of succulent pulp and early peaches, ruddy bunches of freshly gathered currants and monster strawberries forms a repast far more in keeping with the weather than the heavy dinner of roast beef and hot plum pudding which is vainly attempted in obedience to the old custom. But still, in Australia, as in every English colony whatever be its latitude, Christmas retains its old associations and loved usages; and the Yule log and midnight waits, the rich spice cake and mellow mulled wine, the long absent-seekers, many a happy Christmas of his boyhood. In the bunch of mistletoe that hangs above his head (for Australia has landed sees the bright eyes and sunny smile of that fair one who was his partner last Christmas eve in the old house at home).

CHRISTMAS AT MANILA.

In the Philippines Christmas enjoys the finest weather of the year. The sky is pale blue or hazy, with thin gray clouds. The orange groves put on their finest attire, and form long walls of burnished green dotted with golden circles. A dozen other trees and scores of shrubs and lowly plants seemingly try to celebrate the season by putting out their fairest flowers or sweetest fruit. The day is a holiday, and is observed something as it is in Madrid, something as it may have been before the conquest. The people lead their long absent-seekers. The churches are open, and are centers of human activity. White women and brown, yellow and red, proud Castilian and humble Colonial, Tagal and Iroquois, Visay and half-breed, make up the procession that enters and departs through the great church portals. Within is the storm of noble music played by the Filipino men play. The art nature in the brown race expresses itself in music and motion. The Caucasians wear the tolets of Madrid, right with Gothic lace, velvet flannel, and ruffled neckties, and they breathe appear in quaint but elegant robes of silk and grass-cloth plas and other odd but attractive creations of the East. The women wear the long, flowing, and move in circles, swaying the most graceful dances, waving their light wands in time to the music of a flute and harp. All the house doors are wide open, music is being played in every house, and every one catches glimpses of the dark faces of the dancers as they move through the graceful evolutions of the zambucca, the favorite dance of the colored races.

raisins, two vast cauliflowers and a bouquet. His offering is graciously accepted, and a small present in return cancels the obligation. Now comes the spiced and ornamented cake, and a quantity of exquisite favor from the shores of Persia. Kisses! Whence the word? Nobody knows the etymology, but kisses is a pretty nice dessert fruit to play with. Next comes the sardar bearer, the tailor, the washerman—even the poor mutton or buckshish—pronounced often by the After service at church the family are greeted at the door by visitors, native and European, of the highest grades. More cakes, more fish, more legs of mutton or lamb, more almonds, raisins, kisses and oranges crowd the hall, and the staircase. Most of this perishable matter is distributed by the khansungas (butler) to the poor. As evening closes in, hospitable doors stand wide open for the reception of the Christmas party. The beef and plum pudding and the roast pig, the old crusted port wine, and the cool champagne—even the attachment of the English to old, time-honored usages.

Age of Ballet Dancers.

A German statistician has discovered that ballet dancers, as a rule, attain an age much above the average. Carlotta Gridi is seventy-seven years of age, and Andalla Ferraris seventy-eight. Tagliotti was over eighty years old when she died and Fanny Elssler was seventy-four. Rosita Mauri, well over fifty, is still dancing at the Paris Grand Opera.

CHRISTMAS AT MANILA.

Shorty Smith (distributing gifts at the Sunday school Christmas tree)—Here's a present for your superintending, and I guess it will be a nice surprise for him.

CHRISTMAS AT MANILA.

These make dainty receptacles for small gifts, jewelry, money, candies, raisins or caraway seeds. Fill a half shell with the gift of candies, insert a loop of baby ribbon by which to hang the nut to the tree, and glue to it the corresponding half shell. For variation the shells may be painted to represent old women's faces, and a flannel dress attached, which makes of them penwiper or needle boxes; or they may contain amusing mottoes and be placed, ungilded, with other nuts.

GIFTS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Queer Tokens Which Come to the Chief Executive of the Nation and the Disposition Made of Them.

The trash of one generation makes the treasure of another. Nothing could be stronger proof of this than a visit to the great, dim garret of the White house, the place in which is consigned discarded and useless articles, old-fashioned and broken-down pieces of furniture, as well as the trunks and other private property of the president and his family. The presence of the latter articles makes it almost impossible for any one save the president's family to gain admission, as it is considered one of the most private sections of the executive mansion. Unlike the proverbial garret, it has no narrow, winding, rickety staircase. The only means of access to this interesting and rarely frequented part of the White house is a modern elevator running from the domestic quarters of the mansion. This elevator was put in solely for the purpose of economizing space. In Cleveland's administration the old staircase was knocked out, and several rooms were built for the use of the president's household. This proved a convenient addition to the rather restricted quarters. The garret covers the entire floor plan of the White house. The entrance is in

of the same costly material. Beneath the banner stands a peculiar kind of wooden table, on which is placed a miniature representation of the Washington monument, exquisitely wrought in mosaic. At the base, as if for a corner stone, are these words: "Christmas, 1857." Resting on a pile of boxes back of the gift stand is a life-size portrait of the president. It is a splendid piece of work. The background is of a dark, uncertain greenish shade, and the head is turned slightly to one side and seems to be gazing straight into the eye of the looker-on. A morocco case holds a set of gold and silver toilet articles, consisting of comb, brush, mirror, but brush, clothes brush and manicure set. There are other gifts of like character and of more or less value. There is a bronze lamp on a base of onyx, with an old rose-colored shade, also an inlaid music stand. These can be seen pieces of fancy work, carved wood, tapestries, paintings and embroidery.

Mysterious looking boxes and packages are scattered around. These are not allowed to be opened. Among them is a box about three feet long, resembling in shape and built a miniature coffin. It is made of beautifully grained and highly polished dark wood. On top, in heavy relief, is a representation, wrought in solid silver, of the shield of the United States. On the side of the box is a curious box is a plate bearing the inscription: Presented to President McKinley, Christmas, 1897.

It is an odd-looking piece, and there is no telling what is inside of it, but it has been said that it holds a political effigy. Outside of this curiosity shop are several rows of old, musty, old documents sent up from the different offices of the executive mansion, when there is no longer room or use for them.

A cedar room holds, during the summer, the winter clothing, and in the winter the summer wearing apparel of the president and his family. The cast-iron of the garret is stored miscellaneous lot of furniture of styles ranging from the war times of 1861. There are two antique walnut bedsteads in the light and dark grays of the wood. These two pieces of furniture were in the White house during Lincoln's administration, and since that period, as the fashions have changed, they have gradually worked themselves from the guest's chambers to servants' room and servants' room to the garret. Many of the statement of years gone by have dreamed out their political victories in these old discarded beds.

There are several delicately built mahogany chairs. Years ago these were used in the east room. The upholstering is badly worn and the coloring faded until it is almost impossible to discern the original pattern and shading. It may have been old rose, or, as the style indicates its birth in the days of lavender, it is more than likely that the colors were in that dainty court shade. The handsome piece of furniture in the attic is a large inlaid cabinet. The drawers are of rosewood, with roses, lilies and forget-me-nots, and are mounted from the same root and inlaid in mother of pearl and silver. This piece is very much out of repair, and as it was not needed in any of the drawing rooms it was consigned to the attic.

In the summer, when a great many improvements were being made in and about the White house, a lot of stuff was sent up to the garret, among them rolls of half used carpets, useless chairs, boxes of curtains and some mirrors and pictures. Some of the last were views of Washington, several photographs and a few engravings.

An antique bookcase and writing desk, formerly used in the president's office, but having been replaced by more modern fixtures, has been stored here. Battered file cases and cumbersome newspaper files are there, with some winding desk chairs of the style of about twenty years ago. All sorts of banged-up odds and ends of furniture are piled in order. Everything is as clean as it is possible for things in a garret to be. There is a room full of old newspapers. Once a year this room is cleaned out and its contents sold by the wagon load as old newspapers.

At the south side of the garret is a little barred door. By its side is a large pine box, and an American flag is spread over it. The box contains about two dozen such flags, which are used for decorating on holidays. The first time these flags were unfurled was to honor our greatest hero, Admiral Dewey. The little barred door leads to the back of the south portico, and from there by steps to the top of the house, where, standing beneath the flagpole, one gets a magnificent view of the nation's capital. The custom of storing away presents sent to the president found its origin during the infant days of our government, and each successive president has consigned some treasure to the locker in the attic. The contents of each administration's contents of the locker are sold, and thus this old storehouse is emptied and replenished.

OVERCOME ITH SURWPRIZE.



When his whiskers took fire from a candle

SWEETS PROPRIO TO THE SHIPMASTERS.

SURPRISE WALNUTS. Split English walnuts in halves, taking care not to crush the shells, and remove the meats. Dry the outside of the halved shells and fill them. These make dainty receptacles for small gifts, jewelry, money, candies, raisins or caraway seeds. Fill a half shell with the gift of candies, insert a loop of baby ribbon by which to hang the nut to the tree, and glue to it the corresponding half shell. For variation the shells may be painted to represent old women's faces, and a flannel dress attached, which makes of them penwiper or needle boxes; or they may contain amusing mottoes and be placed, ungilded, with other nuts.

SUGARED POPCORN. Sugared popcorn can be made in several ways. For Orleans popcorn take a cupful of New Orleans popcorn, a half cupful of granulated sugar and a small piece of butter. Boll over the fire, stirring occasionally, until the syrup threads; then pour it slowly over the loose popcorn, mixing the corn with a spoon, so as to distribute the syrup evenly. If one desires it can be molded into balls or served loose in a bowl. Maple popcorn balls are made in the same way, using maple syrup instead of molasses. A plain sugar syrup, colored with a little cochineal water, may also be used, and the corn will delight the children.

CANDY BAGS. The gayest candy bags are made of tulle in shades of red, blue, pink and green. These are cut square, oblong, stocking shaped or circular, are embroidered in tulle and have a drawing of a baby whom colored worsted. Pretty bags are made by sewing two silk American flags together and shirring about an inch from the top with red satin ribbon. Paper muslin bags, shaped to simulate pointed caps, turned upside down and filled with candy, are popular with young folk. Bags of china silk are also pretty. In the attic, the chief executive is sure always to buy the gayest colors.



A society lady in a busy Connecticut town recounts an extremely trying experience. "I have suffered," said she, "about everything possible in bed, propped up with pillows and get what sleep I could that way. I could not lie down; if I did I would feel a terrible choking sensation which made me gasp for breath. Everything seemed to ferment the moment it got into my stomach, and often I felt bloated and generally miserable. Since I began using Ripans Tabules... I have been so greatly relieved that I fully believe they will soon cure me entirely."

RIPANS TABULES. TRADE IN CHRISTMAS TREES.

COMFORT BROUGHT TO THE HOME OF THE MAINE FARMER BY THE SALE OF 1,500,000 BALSAM FIRS.

As soon as the deciduous trees have cast off their summer garments and November winds have harked the sky with cold, steel-gray clouds, the Maine farmer who lives on the dividing line between the cleared fields and villages on the north, gets out his flock sweeps up the barn floor and begins to pound out beans, the regular strokes of his swinging stick ringing out in the crisp air like the thuds of a mule driver. He thrives beans on cold days because the frosty bean pods will snap open easily. When the weather is moist and foggy he chops cordwood at the edge of the clearing, or chases fresh deer tracks along the fence, or stacks the forest. With venison to eat, with wood to burn and with beans enough to eat with the pork that is growing fat in the pot, he has no fear that he may run short of food before the rats of spring shall bring up the dandelion greens in his yard and set the smelts and tuckers to running up the smaller brooks.

Though the Maine farmer has food and clothing enough for the immediate wants of himself and family, though he pays no rent and never knows the light pinch of poverty that is often felt in the tenement districts of the big cities, he is usually in a condition which is commonly called "dead broke," a state of financial paralysis which compels him to wait until he can make butter or get eggs enough to buy a pound of tea at the store before his family can drink tea at the supper table.

In order to relieve the chronic anemia of his pocketbook the backwoods farmer resorts to expedients. If he is honest he wants to pay as he goes. He looks about him to find some new way of getting money and steady employment for himself. In the last dozen years a score of more new industries have been undertaken in rural Maine. There are five times as many hens kept in Maine today as there were ten years ago. Three large firms are canning rabbits for shipment. Ten years ago a man could not get a dollar for 10 cents a carload. There are three condensed milk factories, more than fifty creameries and over 100 corn and apple canning establishments in the State. There were not one a decade ago. Popcorn in the ear is shipped from Maine now by the carload. Ten years ago more than half the corn that was raised in Maine was sent to New York and Massachusetts. One county in Maine has increased its yield of potatoes by over 5,000,000 bushels within the decade. Canned blueberries, canned clams and bottled clam juice, sealed jars of cranberry sauce, and other products of the mill are also among the new articles which Maine produces and sends away for sale.

CHRISTMAS TREES.

One of the newest industries that has come to Maine and in the season one that is assuming great size is the cutting and sending of Christmas trees to the big markets in the big cities. Until six or seven years ago the balsam fir of the cold Northern woods was considered the most worthless tree that ever grew. It was as prolific as a burdock and as hardy as a burdock. It grew on land that would raise no other crop; no animal or worm or bug would eat of its foliage, and when it was once started in a field no other tree or shrub had any chance to come in and supplant it. The wood was valueless for timber and made poor fuel. Except for some articles sent to the barks which formed in blisters below the bark and which was used as an empirical remedy for coughs and colds, the fir was wholly outside the pale of human utility. Yet it was one of the prettiest and most thrifty trees that grew, having a dense foliage of living green and a shape that was tapering and symmetrical. It was one of the best of the two were in reality one storm, and that the pure could have been retained and the best forewarned in ample time to reach safety.

Special Rates Via the North-Western Line.

For the Christmas and New Year holidays the North Western Line will sell excursion tickets from Dec. 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, and Jan. 1, good returning until and including Jan. 2, to points within a radius of 200 miles, or to any point on the route trip. For particulars apply at City Ticket Office, 335 Robert street, St. Paul.

How Forecasting Beams.

The first attempt at scientific forecasting of the weather was the result of a storm in England, Dec. 25, 1854, which destroyed the fleets of France and England. As a storm had raged several days, and the weather was in a state of confusion, which showed that the two were in reality one storm, and that the pure could have been retained and the best forewarned in ample time to reach safety.

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Purely Vegetable, Mild and Reliable. CURE ALL DISORDERS OF THE STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Indigestion, Torpid Liver, Dizziness, Dropsy, etc.
One of two of Radway's Little Pills daily by those subject to bilious pains and torpidity of the liver, will keep the system regular and secure healthy digestion.