

OLD Favorites

God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen.
God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Savior
Was born upon this day
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray,
O tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus our Savior was born
On Christmas day.

In Bethlehem in Jewry
This blessed babe was born,
And laid within a manger
Upon this blessed morn;
To which his mother Mary
Nothing did take in scorn.

From God our heavenly Father
A blessed angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.

Fear not, then said the angel,
Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Savior
Of virtue, power, and might;
So frequently to vanquish all
The friends of Satan quite.

The shepherds at those tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
This babe to find.

But when to Bethlehem they came,
Whereat this infant lay,
They found him in a manger
Where oxen feed on hay;
His mother Mary kneeling
Unto the Lord did pray.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ our Savior was born
On Christmas Day.

NAVY TO SEE THE WORLD.

Why a Rich Kentuckian Stays with Uncle Sam at \$12.80 a Month.

Drilling every day among a crowd of recruits at Mare Island barracks, where he is being instructed in the duties of a private of the marine corps at the regular pay of \$12.80 per month and rations, is Virgil I. Thurman, one of the heirs to an estate of over \$250,000 in the blue grass country of old Kentucky, says the San Francisco Bulletin. And it is doubtful if any of the men drilling side by side with him each day, with the exception of David McGee, the chum who enlisted with him at Sioux City, Iowa, have any suspicion that the quiet fellow in their midst has a cent more than the average man who enlists in time of peace. Thurman's inheritance comes to him from his maternal grandmother, a Mrs. Rant, who died some few years ago on the property which is now to be divided between her heirs, near Hodgenville, Ky. Thirty-four months ago Thurman first learned of his inheritance. Two weeks ago he received a letter from his attorney, Samuel Y. Jones, of Hodgenville, notifying him that the other heirs have applied for the sale and final distribution of the property, so that in a short time the raw recruit now drilling so faithfully at the Mare Island barracks will be the possessor of a tidy little fortune of several thousand dollars.

"I am a cowboy by profession," he said, when questioned by a Bulletin reporter, "and I enlisted in the service at Sioux City because they gave us pretty good inducements to see the world. I have spent all my life around Texas and Colorado and I wanted to see something else. Yes, I knew about this money coming to me, but that made no difference. You see, we will only be kept here a couple of months or so, and then we will be sent off to have an opportunity to see something. No, we don't get much pay, only \$12.80 a month," he laughed, "but I am not sorry I enlisted. We are treated well and I like it, and besides we will have a chance to see the world."

Pity Them.

An Atchison man and his wife sat down the other night and talked it over. "We have been facing it for six weeks," he said, "and dread of doing what lies before us is not making it any easier. We have it to do; let us begin now." His wife agreed with him and departed sadly for the cellar. When she returned she carried a jar of preserved fruit. They had decided to begin to eat their way through 187 quarts of peaches, 47 quarts of strawberries, 78 quarts of cherries and 43 quarts of plums put up last summer.—Atchison Globe.

Always in Style.

They were going through the furniture factory. Mrs. Jones was amazed at the great proportion of chairs. A writer in the Boston Record says she inquired the reason. "Well, ma'am," responded the ingenious attendant, "you see, it's the dull season, and most of our furniture is out of style, but settin' never really goes out of fashion."

With the possible exception of pajamas, nothing in a man's wardrobe is so ill-fitting and shapeless as a hunting coat.

A CANNIBAL FEAST.

Cavilling Woman Witness Describes Horror of Awful Orgy.

It is not everyone that can witness a cannibal feast, where eleven sailors are brutally slain and served up smoking hot, and escape to tell the awful story. At the big Methodist camp meeting in Illinois, a few days ago, such a witness described her experience in a thrilling manner. Miss Beulah Logan Tutbill, 30 years of age, who comes of missionary stock and has followed the perilous calling all her life, was the narrator. Miss Tutbill was taken to the Caroline Islands when she was 6 years of age and began her missionary work when she was 17. In 1900 her parents left the Carolines and went to Sidney, Australia. She remained on the islands for several months, and then she took passage on the steamer Aragus for Sidney. A terrific storm drove the vessel near the island of New Ireland, 200 miles northeast of Australia, and Miss Tutbill was swept overboard. She was an expert swimmer and was picked up by some Christian Malays. They were subsequently wrecked on a sand bar, on which a schooner was going to pieces. This bar was two miles off the cannibal islands.

"As the tide began to rise to free us the horror began," she said. "One of our lookouts gave an exclamation of terror. We looked, and there on the shore we saw a horde of savages coming down the beach—fully 200 of them—in full war panoply, armed with shields and spears and heavy clubs. They stole down upon the schooner and then attacked it with a rush. The sailors made no resistance. They had concealed themselves in the hope of escaping, but one by one, eleven men in all, they were found and dragged out and killed with a blow on the back of the head with a war club. Then they dragged the bodies ashore and prepared for the feast. They beat on tom-toms and strange drums.

"The victims were laid in a circle on the ground while the savages brought brushwood and great logs for the fires. Then a strange thing came. They seemed actually to make a sort of religious ceremony out of this horrible affair. They beat their tom-toms and pulled their hair and uttered their weird guttural cries.

"The rest is too horrible—how they cooked their human food, how they danced about their victims, how at last they tore the smoking human flesh to pieces with their nails and teeth in a mad orgy. The chief ate first, and then allowed his followers to partake.

"At last, when it seemed to me that I could stand it no longer, the savages formed in line and started to march away. The tide had flowed in and we were free. The frightened sailors who had rescued me made haste to pull away. "But now we were seen. The savages broke their line and rushed to the beach. A score or more of them entered a canoe and pursued us. We had a lead of several hundred fathoms, but their canoe, driven by a score of savage arms, fairly leaped through the water. "They gained upon us, fast, faster. I turned sick at heart. I hardly had strength to pray.

"This island is a German possession, though inhabited chiefly by cannibals. Three miles away away, across the bay, there was a German station, and for this we headed. They gained on us more and more. We could hear their savage cries, but, thank God, there was a German gunboat in sight. They saw our predicament.

"Glancing toward the warship, I saw a little puff of smoke curl out from its bow and a four-inch shell came ricocheting across the water toward the cannibal canoe. It missed. Then another, and this time it hit squarely, exploded, and dealt death and destruction. I could see the survivors jumping into the water and swimming for the shore.

"The Germans welcomed us and I could not thank them sufficiently."

An Incomplete Present.

Recent friction between Great Britain and Turkey over Egyptian affairs reminds the Tatler of an adventure of the Consul General Sir John Kirk with the Sultan on an earlier date. The Sultan had become greatly vexed at the action of Sir John on insisting on certain measures desired by England.

To vent his spite, he bethought of a savage lion which was among his possessions. He had noticed, he told the Englishman, that the British coat of arms was supported by a lion and a unicorn. He thought a live lion would be a great addition to the consulate, and desired to present the animal to Queen Victoria for that purpose.

Sir John, however, was ready-witted. "It is true the arms are supported by a lion and a unicorn," he said. "I am certain your highness would not care to make an incomplete present to her majesty. Therefore when you have captured a unicorn I shall have the happiness, on her behalf, of receiving both the animals."

High Dive Cure.

In Revere, Minn., they take drunkards and give them what is locally called the "high dive cure," by ducking them in a large tank of water situated in a convenient location in town. A couple of dips is all that has been required in any case yet, and one chronic offender from Walnut Grove who was immersed one evening has never shown up in Revere since.—St. Paul Dispatch.

The Latest Fad.

"Miss Cutting says she's going to fence a good deal next winter." "She ought to be an expert; she's been fencing all her life with her tongue."—Detroit Free Press.



"I'm worried about that boy of mine," said the elderly man with the businesslike air. "Seems to me a nice-appearing lad," observed his friend in the drab waistcoat. "Of course, I don't know him as well as you do, but I don't believe I'd worry about him."

"I try not to," replied the father, "but I can't help it. I wouldn't like to say that he'll never amount to much, and, of course, he's young yet. His habits are good enough, I guess—as far as I know. What's bothering me is his future. I don't think he's ever going to make a captain of industry—or even a corporal. He's got the wrong point of view. I suspected it for some time, but something that happened the other day seemed to confirm it. I bought him a camera about two years ago—"

"Oh, that wears off," interrupted the man in the drab waistcoat. "I bought one myself once and I was crazy about it." "I wish you wouldn't butt in when I'm talking," said the elderly man. "I wasn't talking about the expense of photography. I said I bought the boy a camera. I did it because he seemed to want it and it was his birthday or some occasion, I forget what. Well, it was a good camera.

"The other day Jimmy comes to me to ask if I minded his trading it. That seemed to me natural enough. He'd had it for nearly two years and had got a lot of fun out of it and kind of got tired of it. I told him certainly he might trade it. What did he want to trade for? Well, he didn't know—calculated to look around. What did he think he wanted? He didn't exactly know.

"I thought he ought to have some idea of what he wanted, but still that thought didn't particularly impress me at the time. In a day or two he came to me again and told me he had been offered a trade for a wheel and would I help him out with a dollar and a half.

"What kind of a wheel is it?" I asked.

"Oh, it's a dandy," he says. "A peach!"

"It ought to be," I said, "if your young friend wants boot. That's a pretty good camera of yours, do you know it?"

"Well," he says, "it wasn't a bad sort of camera when it was new." "Doesn't it do the work?" I asked.

"Yes, it works pretty well."

"Leak light or anything?"

"No, it doesn't leak light, but the button got chipped off somehow, so you have to press down on the little peg that's underneath it and all the nickels

GOOD Short Stories

Ben Butler was a terror and torment to the judges. On one occasion Judge Sanger, having been bullied and badgered out of all patience, petulantly asked: "What does the counsel suppose I am on this bench for?" Scratching his head a minute, Butler replied: "Well, I confess your honor's got me there."

A well-known member of the New York bar, a man of most patronizing manner, one day met John G. Carlisle, to whom he observed loftily: "I see, Carlisle, that the Supreme Court has overruled you in the case of Mullins vs. Jenkinson. But," he added, in his grand way, "you, Carlisle, need feel no concern about your reputation." Carlisle chuckled. "Quite so," he agreed. "I'm only concerned for the reputation of the Supreme Court."

A certain man was recently very sad because his wife had gone out of town on a visit, which she would not shorten in spite of his appeals to her to come home. He finally hit upon a plan to induce her to return. He sent her a copy of each of the local papers with one item clipped out, and when she wrote to find out what it was he had clipped out he refused to tell her. The scheme worked admirably! In less than a week she was home to find out what it was that had been going on that her husband didn't want her to know about!

A clergyman happened to tell his son one Saturday afternoon what lesson he would read in church the next morning. The boy got hold of his father's Bible, found the lesson's place, and glued together the connecting pages. In consequence the clergyman read to his flock the following day that "when Noah was 120 years old he took unto himself a wife, who was"—here he turned the page—"140 cubits long, 40 cubits wide, built of gopher wood, and covered with pitch in and out." After reading the passage, the clergyman read it again to verify it. Then, pushing back his spectacles, he looked gravely at the congregation and said: "My friends, this is the first time I ever read that in the

worn off the thumbscrew for winding the film. That's a peach of a wheel."

"Go bring that camera here," I said. "He went and got it. It was a little rubbed, certainly, but not a great deal and a little leather dressing would have fixed it up like new. The button could have been replaced for 5 cents.

"Is the wheel a new one?" I asked. "Just an good as new," he says. "I'll ask Ed to bring it over."

"I told him to go ahead and in a little while back he comes with a boy and a bicycle. It looked to me a pretty poor proposition. The spokes were bent and rusty and the front wheel was warped so it rubbed against the fork. The enamel was chipped and the tires were patched. I pointed out these defects and Jimmy's face fell. The boy with the wheel was on to his job, though.

"Aw, them tires is all right," he said. "They've been punched, but they're tight all right an' all that wheel wants is to have the spokes trued up."

"Jimmy's face cleared. 'And it's an awful good make,' he urged. "Maybe, I said, 'I guess it would be all right if it was in half as good shape as your camera. You get new tires for it and have it enameled and pay the repair man a few dollars to straighten it so it will run and it may last you six months or so.'

"I'll trade even if you want," said the boy, and before I could put in Jimmy snapped him up.

"I gave him a talking to afterward. 'If you've got anything to sell or trade,' I said, 'you want to convince yourself that it's a mighty desirable thing to have; then you may convince the other fellow, and don't you let other folks' property look too good to you. Make the most of the good points of your own mule and make the most of the bad points of the cow you're dickering for, then you won't be badly disappointed if the trade falls through, and if it goes through you'll get a whole lot better terms. You once get the idea into your head that what the other fellow has is \$1.50 better than what you have and you'll pay that \$1.50."

"Do you mean that you've got to hypnotize yourself before you try to get rid of Picaresque preferred at 67?" asked the friend.

"I said 70," replied the businesslike looking man. "Seventy, a favor, too. There's no hypnotic business about that. I'll keep it at 70 or sell it at 70 to-day and you can take it or leave it. To-morrow I may conclude I want 75 for it, but your please yourself."

"I've about convinced myself that my good money is worth more than that punk stock," said the man in the drab waistcoat. "Make it 68 and I'll consider it."—Chicago Daily News.

Bible, but I accept it as evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

A Frenchman challenged an American to fight. The American, a husky six-footer from Yale, who had pitched on the baseball team and stroked the crew, was loth to accept, and took the matter as something of a joke. The count pressed his desire for satisfaction, and at last the son of "Old Eli" consented to meet him, stipulating that he should choose his own weapons. Seconds were agreed upon, and the mode of combat chosen by the American was baseballs at twenty paces. It was dangerously close range for a man who has spent three years twirling inshoots and outdrops over a twelve-inch plate and likely to be a pretty accurate shot with a baseball; but the Frenchman was game, and they met on the outskirts of the city at daybreak. Each was to have three shots, and the count won the toss and thereby the privilege of leading off. Perhaps he had never seen a baseball before, and at any rate the man from Yale had no difficulty in dodging the adamant spheres which the son of Belle France sent scaling in his direction. Then the American opened fire. The first ball grazed the Frenchman's shoulder; the second lodged in the pit of his stomach, and the third, an inshoot, caught him full on the point of the chin. He went down and out, and never challenged another American citizen.

Machinery and Wages.

The effect of machinery on wages is well exemplified by the following figures: At one time in the United States a roller in a rail mill, rolling iron or steel rails, received about 15 cents per ton, turning out from 75 to 100 tons per turn. To-day, on some of the modern steel mills less than 1 cent per ton is paid for doing the same work, and yet by the end of the year the roller in the rail mill can make as much money as he did under the old method of working. At one time 45 cents per ton was paid for heating iron for making iron rails. To-day, through the use of the improved methods, very little more than 1/2 cent per ton is paid for doing the same work, and yet the wages received are better than they were at that earlier time.

Happy is the woman who marries the man who loves her as much as she loves herself.

Many a man who owes his success to his wife doesn't owe much at that.



A Little Girl that Shone.

"Well, grandma," said a little boy, resting his elbow on the old lady's stuffed chair-arm, "what have you been doing here at the window all day by yourself?"

"All I could," answered dear grandma, cheerily; "I have read a little, and prayed a good deal, and then looked out at the people. There's one little girl, Arthur, that I have learned to watch for. She has sunny brown hair, her brown eyes have the same sunny look in them, and I wonder every day what makes her look so bright. Ah! here she comes now."

Arthur took his elbows off the stuffed arm and planted them on the window sill.

"That girl with the brown apron on?" he cried. "Why, I know that girl. That is Susie Moore, and she has a dreadful hard time, grandma."

"Has she?" said grandma. "Oh, little boy, wouldn't you give anything to know where she gets all that brightness from, then?"

"I'll ask her," said Arthur, promptly, and to grandma's surprise he raised the widow and called:

"Susie, O Susie, come up here a minute; grandma wants to see you!"

The brown eyes opened wide in surprise, but the little maid turned at once.

"Grandma wants to know, Susie Moore," explained the boy, "what makes you look so bright all the time?"

"Why, I have to," said Susie. "You see papa's been ill for a long while, and mamma is tired out with nursing, and the baby's cross with her teeth, and if I didn't be bright, who would be?"

"Yes, yes, I see," said dear old grandma, putting her arm around this little streak of sunshine. "That's God's reason for things; they are, because somebody needs them. Shine on, little sun; there couldn't be a better reason for shining than because it is dark at home."—Ram's Horn.



When all the leaves are lying dead,
And all the trees are bare;
When brush and bark do litter up
The ground most everywhere;
Then take your rakes, gay boys and girls,
And drag into a pile
The mass of fallen debris,
Singing this song the while:

Into a pile we rake the brush
To make a big bonfire;
Heaping it on and piling it up,
So the flames may leap the higher;
And the smoke, so filmy and blue,
Goes soaring to the sky;
Weaving wreaths of darkening hue,
As it wafts our bonfire cry.

Oh, burn the brush!
Then hush! hush! hush!
Till the smoke gets out of our eyes;
Then rah! rah! rah!
With all our might,
Till our song hides itself in the skies.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

Queer Lullabies.

It is not given to all classes of song to be universal; some countries are rich in one particular style, some in another, but we may safely affirm that the lullaby is indigenous to every soil. There are mothers and babies in all lands, and, therefore, as a natural sequence, we find the lulling song or lullaby. From China to Peru, from Spitzbergen to South Africa, motherhood in its primitive form is ever one of the best sides of complex human nature. The little cannibal, the embryo fire-eater, the untutored Aino baby, all turn with something like a spark of affection toward the mothers who gave them birth, and although we shall probably find more melody, more beautiful poetic imagery among the lullabies of European mothers, yet we must not fail to take into account the sincerity of such lines as these which the Chinese woman chants over her infant: Snail, snail, come out and be fed, Put out thy horns and then thy head, And thy mamma will give thee mutton, For thou art doubly dear to me.

The Arab tawny treasure seems to be easiest sent into dreamland with the following bucolic verse:
Sleep, my baby, sleep;
Sleep a slumber hale,
Sweetly rest till morning light,
My little farmer boy so bright,
And the little Zulu goes to:
Hush, thee, my baby,
Thy mother's o'er the mountain gone;
There she will dig the little garden patch,
And water she'll fetch from the river.

Guided by the Stars.

Some naturalists think that the birds that go north in summer are guided by the stars. It seems rather incredible, but the argument in its favor is plausible. It is known that these birds fly steadily toward the north on clear nights, at a height of at least three miles above the earth's surface. At that elevation it is impossible for them to distinguish the topography of the country, and yet they go on uninterrupted. This may be explained

In one of two ways; they must have the sense of direction as have the bees and wasps, or they are guided by the stars. If they have the sense of direction, why is it that they seem to become bewildered on cloudy nights, and seek the ground? The only reasonable inference is that they are endowed with the power of "steering by the stars."

Ballroom Snow.

A strange thing happened one night at a ball in Russia. The weather was intensely cold, but the winds did not reach the interior of the room, where all was warmth and comfort. The dancers soon became overheated, and the air, which had been dry, absorbed like a sponge the moisture from their bodies. One of the company presently lowered a window from the top, to let in some fresh air, and the result was somewhat startling, for the cold air instantly condensed and froze the moisture, and little flakes of snow fell all over the dancers.

WATER MAY DETHRONE COAL.

Swiftly Flowing Rivers Can Produce Electricity.

There was a time in this country when every mountain stream was harnessed to mill wheels. These rushing brooks and small creeks ground the flour, sawed the lumber and turned the spindles. Water power was the reliance of all manufacturing. It was cheap, well distributed and easily procured.

Then the reign of king coal began. The more or less picturesque water wheel gave way to the puffing little steam engine. Dams and "tail" races disappeared from the valleys. For some years now steam has done everything that water used to do and more besides, for it churns the butter, threshes the crops and has been quite generally the right hand of the busy people.

But it now appears that water may dethrone coal and return to its former place of eminence as a producer of power. Not only has the stupendous force of Niagara been converted into electric lights or made to become the hand that turns a thousand wheels, but rivers are being harnessed up in a similar fashion. Only sixty miles from Philadelphia there is being constructed a work that will make the noble Susquehanna do the work of 100,000 horses. Another plant just over the Maryland State line will make the same river do nearly as much more.

Why should not the "blue" Juniata, the swiftly flowing Lehigh, the winding Allegheny and even the mighty Delaware be utilized to produce power? Coal has become an expensive fuel, and it will grow more costly year by year. The rivers of Pennsylvania could together furnish a very large proportion of the electricity needed to light the streets of every town and haul the trolley cars.

It is hard to realize to-day the former extravagant waste of the fine timber that once clothed the hills of this commonwealth. Fire and axe swept forests out of existence, which if standing to-day would be worth vastly more than the land upon which they grew. The time exorbitant prices are being paid at the extravagance of the present time, when rivers are permitted to run unfettered to the sea, while at the same time exorbitant prices are being paid for fuel.—Philadelphia Press.

Pacific Codfish.

Japan took great interest in Pacific coast cod-fishing in 1905. To investigate the American methods of cod and deep sea fishing, a Japanese agent of the mikado's government signed on a fishing boat as a common seaman and spent a season in Bering Sea. He found cod plentiful in the Okhotsk Sea. It is the intention of Japan to make the most of the fishing privileges secured in that body of water from Russia.

The home of the Pacific cod stretches over practically an unlimited area. It includes not only the broad expanse of the Okhotsk Sea and Bering Sea, but other banks as large as Ireland, where cod are most abundant. One of them has an area of 9,200 square miles. Another, and one of the best, is within easy reach of Puget Sound. Pacific cod now have a place in the markets of the Atlantic, even in Gloucester, Mass. In less than a dozen years, says the Bellingham, Wash., correspondent of the Times of London, the Pacific coast cod are likely to outnumber their Eastern competitors in the markets of the world.

And Still People Die.

There are 228,234 medical doctors in the world. Of these there are in Europe 162,333, distributed as follows: In England, 34,967; in Germany, 22,518; in Russia, 21,489; in France, 20,348; and in Italy, 18,245. In England the proportion of doctors is 78 to 100,000 of the population. In France it is 51 and in Turkey 18. In Brussels the proportion is 241 to 100,000 of the population; in Madrid, 209; in Budapest, 108; in Christiania, 181; in Vienna, 140; in Berlin, 132; in London, 128; in Athens, 123; in Paris, 111; in New York, 74, and in Constantinople, 35.—L'Illustration.

Lots of Time.

The champion absent-minded man lives at Balham. On one occasion he called upon his old friend, the family physician. After a chat of a couple of hours the doctor saw him to the door and bade him good night, saying: "Come again. Family all well, I suppose?" "My heavens!" exclaimed the absent-minded beggar, "that reminds me of my errand. My wife is in a fit!"—Pick Me Up.