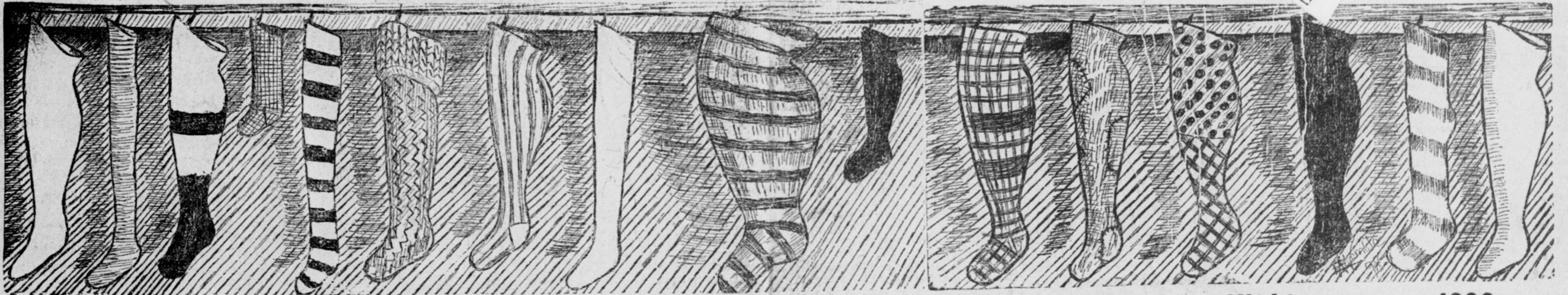


The News and Observer.

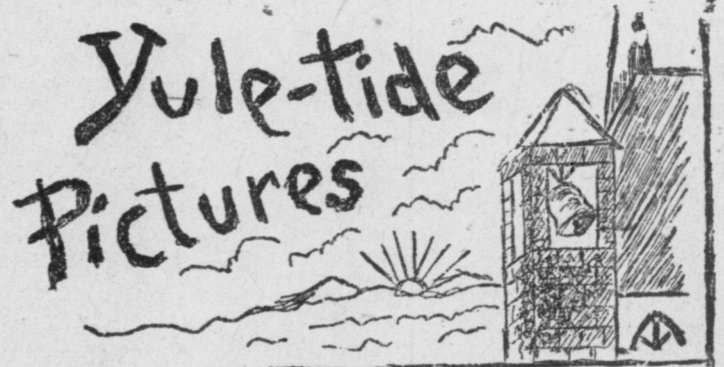
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RALEIGH, N. C., SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 25, 1898.

FIVE CENTS.



1898. Some of The Stockings That Santa Claus Saw on His Ronuds Last Night. 1898.



Hail, merriest day of the year that is dying,
That blooms 'mid the pearl of its Boreal snows,
That offers rare joys from moments swift-flying,
And Love's fairest blossoms o'er life's pathway strews.

Young hearts, how they thrill at its long wished-for dawning;
What gladness irradiates cabin and hall;
While flute-throated bells through the frost-jeweled morning,
Chime transcriptions old that to worshippers call.

And there's laughter and music and little feet dancing,
And for dear ones returned a kiss warm and sweet;
Cheeks burning like roses and liquid eyes glancing,
As lovers long sundered with throbbing hearts meet.

While out in the streets the white snow-flakes are falling,
And sleighs swan-like glide to the jingling of bells;
And snow-balls are flying and blithe voices calling,
While crackling explosion the gay tumult swells.

And oh, the great stores, how they pulsate and glitter
With gorgeous assortments of marvellous toys—
Big dolls that chirp "Mamma," and wee birds that twitter,
And wake in the bosom of childhood rich joys.

And children of larger growth feel their hearts swelling,
Over gifts that have come from far-away home;
And sad eyes grow wet with wistful tears welling,
As love deathless follows wherever they roam.

In ivy-veiled churches there are worshippers kneeling
'Neath glories dim-gleaming through casements so tall;
And hosannas blend with the organ's deep pealing—
Hearts' incense ascending to Jesus, their all.

And so the day wanes, and night's shadows fall darkling,
While roly the fire-phantoms dance on the wall,
As dimpled tots gather with faces all sparkling
To romp round the Yule-tree full-laden and tall.

Oh, the wonderful fruitage its branches are bearing,
Rare treasures that 'into each tiny hand falls,
And they linger a-near their guileless joys sharing,
Till from the dim sleep-land King Morpheus calls.

Lo, whose empty sleigh o'er the tree-tops goes speeding,
Its apple-checked driver with beard floating white,
Chuckling low as th' antlered steeds, now fast-receding,
Quit earth for a season and vanish in night.

Raleigh, N. C.



The Old Time Christmas

(F. T. Powell, in N. Y. Independent.)

The Christmas of 1847 was a simple and tender affair, consisting mainly of Santa Claus and well-filled stockings. The presents were handsome, with a few added sweetmeats and toys. Think of the changes! An orange was a sight more rare than custard-apples are now. A banana I do not remember having seen before 1850. Farmers used old flint locks to shoot the squirrels for a Christmas pie—or what we used to call the "Queen's arms." These were British muskets, captured during the revolution. The first breech-loader was patented in 1836, but they were not in common use. We went in thick stoga boots because rubbers were barely known, and I do not think a rubber boot was in existence. What we had wore a sort of Indian moccasins imported from Brazil, capable of wearing for ten years. The first Goodyear patent was taken out in 1835. About the same time the first machine was put in operation for making pins, while for pens we used goose-quills or even hen-quills. It was, however, a peculiarly inventive period. All the knick-knacks that are most familiar to us were then novelties and costly. A bunch of pins in a Christmas stocking was not despised. If a box of matches could have been had it would have been a welcome gift from Santa Claus.

The stockings were hung up by the huge old fire-place, where great logs burned and coals were covered up at night. In rural sections we had never seen a scuttle of coal, and had only heard of it as an effort to burn black stone. Whale-oil lamps marked the advanced line of progress in lighting streets and houses. There was no dream of canned fruits and cocoa and chocolate, although we had plenty of tea and coffee. It was impossible to get a sewing machine or a photograph. Daguerrotypes were not devised until 1839, and the first were taken in America at least a year later. I remember when Avery, who took the first sun picture west of Albany, carried it up and down the streets, flushed with his first success, and ran into house after house to exhibit it. It was a ghostly affair, to be squinted at and guessed out, but after all it was the beginning of a great art.

The presents were fuller of affection because homemade. The whole family had been at work for weeks planning and executing little gifts. The boys made boxes and toys and hand sleds. The women made stocking and mufflers and dainty caps, while the girls made slippers, and the fathers made shoes. A home was a word that meant great things in those days; for both the women and the men had trades, as well as a knack and a knowledge of land culture. It is interesting to note that some of our best observers and social students prophesy a large reaction from our present fast and uneasy age to the quiet and calm of those earlier days of the century. Of course we should not give up our inventions; but with them we may lose our boyish excitement, and react to another period of reconsideration. This has been the history of the past. Eras of restless aggression have been followed by periods of reflection. We could do all that is necessary for a happy social state, with less of wear, and less of nerve friction. Will electricity help us in this direction? We believe it will.

The most delightful part of these old-time holidays was the sports, pure and

free from every guile. Our evenings were always at home; and in the one great family room, which was the dining-room and the kitchen in one, we gathered before the huge fire of logs and had that sort of unadulterated fun which can be had only where the whole family is united. We parched our homogenous corn, and made our candy of molasses, and played simple games, in which no one joined more heartily than the father and the mother. The evenings lasted from candle lighting until nine o'clock. No child was ever permitted to absent himself from the household after dark without the direction of his parents. But after nine o'clock no one ever thought of being absent. Then we were all in our beds. If we react to these or to simpler methods of living it will be by a resurrection of more home life. Let us see to it that the farm home is more of a home, and the farmhouse family more self-contained.

The better half of the family never knows quite as much about how the other half lives as she would like to know.

STRANGE, PASSING STRANGE

Night Recent Examples of Promiscuous Osculation by American Women.

1. Lieutenant Hobson, the hero of the Merrimac, kissed by Miss Emma Arnold at Long Beach.
2. Admiral Schley, after the destruction of Cervera's fleet, embraced and kissed by two unknown women at Washington.
3. Osborn Deignan, of Hobson's Merrimac expedition, hugged and kissed by a mob of girls at Stuart, Iowa.
4. Mrs. Minnie Seligman (Mrs. Robert L. Cutting) wanted to sell a real stage kiss, for charity, to the highest bidder, at St. Louis, Mo.
5. Young women of the De Angelis Opera Company, lured young Deignan behind the scenes last week and smothered him with kisses.
6. Admiral Schley kissed at Frederick, Md., by two dozen women.
7. Attempt to kiss Admiral Sampson at the railroad station, Jersey City.
8. Admiral Cervera surrounded and kissed by a bevy of pretty girls, at Norfolk, Va.

TY-EIGHT.

(Harper's Bazaar.)

A year ago, a little year,
But oh! it seems full ten years long
Since one she loved was here—was here,
And with her sang the Christmas song.
The Christmas song of mirth and cheer,
One year ago, one weary year.

Alone she sits and thinks of him,
The year's last sands are sinking low.
The empty room is strangely dim
Save for the candles' yellow glow.
Almost one fancies ghosts about;
The sparkling Yule-tide stars are out.

She sings, with what a quivering note,
Her grieving thoughts are far away.
A sob is trembling in her throat,
How shall she sing this song today?
Old memories at her heart-strings clutch,
One's native land may ask too much!

And yet, there may be tender ghosts
That steal from shores contiguous
To waves that sweep from our own
coasts,
And wistfully yearn over us:
Such shadowy friends, so close they
stand

One almost feels the vanished hand,
And many a heart this Christmas-tide
Keeps vigil, for its dear ones gone,
A lonely hearth, a chair beside.
The embers once that redly shone,
And many a heart must mourn its fate
This Christmas, eighteen ninety-eight.

MISTER CHRISTMAS.

Mister Christmas, wish you bring
All yo' han's kin hol',
Kaze de li' chillun cryin',
En de li' chillun col'.

I don't take much fer po' folks;
Dey got a humble soul;
But, de li' chillun cryin',
En de li' chillun col'.

Mister—Mister Christmas,
Put me on de roll;
Kaze de li' chillun cryin',
En de li' chillun col'.

FRANK L. STANTON.

Science teaches us that the sun draws water from the earth. The spots on the sun are no doubt caused by what it draws from the Chicago river.

When a man gets into trouble the majority of those who call to sympathize with him are only after the particulars.

THE HOLIDAY BELLS.

They sound their sweet notes o'er the cities,
They ring o'er the hills and the dells;
They echo the voices of children
—The happy, sweet holiday bells!

The holiday bells,
They ring o'er the cities—they thrill
through the dells;
And never birds singing
Where roses are springing
Sang sweet as the holiday bells!

They are telling the tenderest story
That life with its joys ever tells;
They ring out the gloom for the glory—
The happy, sweet holiday bells!

The holiday bells,
They ring o'er the cities—they thrill
through the dells;
No birds that are singing
Where roses are springing
Sing sweet as the holiday bells!

—F. L. Stanton.

SUNDAY STUFF SEE!!!

THE SPIRIT OF PEACE.

Sweet spirit of peace and of splendor,
Gentle and heavenly-wise,
All that is truthful and tender
Dwells in your radiant eyes.

Sweet spirit of faithfulness mission,
Stay, stay till the dreams shall depart,
For all that we dream of Elysian
Throbs in your heavenly heart.

Sweet spirit that pitying sorrow,
Hath never a whisper of blame;
That singeth at night of the morrow,
And saveth from dark pits of shame.

Sweet spirit! what songs shall we sing
you
In paths which your presence hath
blest?

Ere the bells of the beautiful ring
To the lilies and roses of rest?
Sweet spirit! No song of our singing
Is worthy to echo your way;

No bells o'er the rose-gardens ringing
Your wonderful sweetness can say!

For lo! in life's dawn it was given
To life to be glad of your grace,
And earth is an echo of heaven
In the light of your eyes and your face.

—F. L. Stanton.

Poets often affect carelessness in their garments for the same reason that tramps travel in freight cars.

FATHER CHRISTMAS.

Harper's Bazaar.

Christmas, Father Christmas,
Is this you with your pack?
You've been awhile upon your way
And a burden on your back:
A million toys for children,
And joys for older folk,
And the merry heart is yours, for all
Your gifts are all bespoken.

Oh, Christmas, Father Christmas,
Had you a thought of me,
When you came through the deep green
wood

And found the fair green tree
That blossoms out with tapers
Like stars that twinkle bright,
To show the path to sailor-men
Who plough the seas at night?

If once you thought of me, then
You've brought my true love home.
God grant it be that nevermore
My true love hence may roam!
And Christmas, Father Christmas,
Pray give us from your pack
The one sweet heavenly gift of peace
You never can take back.

—ALICE EVANS.