

POLLY HANGING HOLLY

WITH Polly I chanced to be hanging the holly,
With Polly the roselike, with Polly the sky;
With Polly, who's brimming with frolic and folly,
A quip on her lip and a jest in her eye.
The wind it was grieving, and shadows were weaving
Their dark web without o'er the face of the sky.
Within it was merry with green leaf and berry,
And Polly, close by, with a gleam in her eye.
"This holly, I know, sir, you wish mistletoe, sir!"
Cried Polly as o'er us a wreath we hung high.
I looked at her, laughing, to see were she chaffing,
And, oh, what a glint there shone out from her eye!



"THIS HOLLY, I KNOW, SIR, YOU WISH MISTLETOE, SIR!"

How like the rose petals on which the bee settles
Her cheeks were! Her lips were the holly fruit's dye,
"Be it mistletoe, dear, a minute or so, dear!"
"A minute?" breathed Polly, with mirth in her eye.
So it's, oh, to be handling the holly with Polly,
With Polly the mischievous, Polly the shy!
With Polly, the genius of all that is jolly,
A lure on her lip and with love in her eye!
—Clinton Scollard in Smart Set.

ORIGIN OF XMAS GREENS.

They Were Used at Christmas Five Centuries Ago.
The use of evergreens at Christmas time is older than the Christmas tree, the Christians seeming to have copied it from their pagan ancestors. In a very old book we find this reference to the use of evergreens at Christmas time: "Against the feast of Christmas every man's house, as also their parish churches, were decked with holme, ivy, bayes and whatsoever the season of the year afforded to be green. The conduits and standards of the streets were likewise garnished, among the which I read that in the year 1414, by tempest of thunder and lightning, toward the morning of Candlemas day, at the Leadenhall, in Cornhill, a standard of tree, being set up in the midst of the pavement, fast in the ground, nailed full of holme and ivy, for disport of Christmas to the people, was torn up and cast down by the malignant spirit, as was thought, and the stones of the pavement all about were cast in the streets and into divers houses, so that the people were sore nighst at the great tempest."—Leslie's Weekly.

On the Christmas Tree.

The old fashioned stockings and hearts and crosses and animals cut out of turlatan outlined with worsted and then filled with flat candies and tied on the tree are always popular ornaments. Sugar figures bought in the confectionery store will serve to break the monotony. The baker at Christmas time usually has his windows filled with horses, dogs, cats and men and women made of delectable cake dough and artistically ornamented with colored sugar curlicues. These are toothsome and attractive to the small boy and girl.
Candles in small candle holders are always scattered well over the tree. It is a wise precaution to keep a pan of water in which is a wet sponge in case of accidents. When a spark falls upon the spot will check the spread of the fire.—Washington Star.

Christmas in the West.

Deadshot Dick—Any fun in Bar Creek on Christmas, Bill?
Grizzly Bill—Vaal, we had a purty big Christmas tree.
Deadshot Dick—Anything of much account hangin' on it?
Grizzly Bill—Three loss thieves and two Chineymen.

Suitable Gifts For Women.

Silver or silver and glass toilet articles are always acceptable to women. Some of them are brush, comb, powder box, cold cream jar, buttonhook, curling iron, glove stretcher, atomizer, perfume jar, vaseline holder and hairpin case.

PLUM PUDDING.

Plain Directions For Making This Christmas Luxury.

Place in a vessel one pound of beef kidney fat, very dry, free from fibers and cleaned very fine; one pound of seeded Malaga raisins; one pound of currants, cleaned and washed in plenty of water; one pound of bread crumbs, sifted through a sieve; a quarter of pound of lemon peel, chopped very fine; one pound of powdered sugar, four tablespoonfuls of flour, a quarter of an ounce of nutmeg and allspice, a pint of brandy and six eggs.
Mix the whole well together. Dip a strong cloth in cold water and wring it out to extract all the moisture. Spread it upon a table and butter it liberally with butter softened to the consistency of cream. Dredge over with sifted flour and shake the cloth to remove any excess of the flour that failed to adhere to the butter. Lay in the center of the cloth the prepared mixture. Form it in the shape of a ball and raise up the edges of the cloth, bringing the four ends together all around, so as to inclose the preparation well, then tighten and tie firmly.
Have on the fire a high saucepan three-quarters full of water. When this boils plunge in the plum pudding and let it cook for three hours. Then remove it and have it stand for five minutes before cutting the string. Undo the cloth carefully and invert the pudding on a hot dish. Sprinkle it with sugar. Pour over some brandy or rum and set it on fire. Serve immediately with hard sauce.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Sauce For Plum Pudding.

Four tablespoonfuls of butter, whites of two eggs, one cup powdered sugar, one gill of brandy and one gill of boiling water. Cream the butter, add gradually the sugar, and beat until white and light. Add the whites, one at a time, beating all the while. When ready to serve add the brandy and water. Stand in a basin of boiling water over the fire, stir until creamy, and it is ready for use.

A sauce without brandy is made as follows: One tablespoonful of cornstarch, one tablespoonful of butter, one pint of boiling water, one egg, one-half cup of sugar. Put cornstarch, egg and sugar in a bowl and mix them well. Pour over them the boiling water and stir over the fire until thick. Add any flavoring.

Cranberry and Apple Sauce.

Take one quart of cranberries, two cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of water. Pick over the berries carefully and wash in cold water. Put them into a porcelain lined saucepan, with enough water to cover, and cook until tender. Then add the sugar and remove from the stove just as soon as the sugar has been dissolved. Serve hot or cold. Select the berries carefully; boil them slowly without stirring. If treated in this way they will retain their shape and the sauce will be clear and transparent.

Apple sauce is for roast goose. Peel and core six tart apples. Put them into a saucepan and just cover with water. Boil until tender, then press through a colander. Add a teaspoonful of butter, a dash of nutmeg or cinnamon and sweeten to taste.

Presents For Men.

In silverware there are toilet articles such as talcum jars, cold cream jars, silver mounted brushes, combs, clothes brushes, whisk brooms, flasks and shaving brushes.
Bath robes come in the most attractive guise, and the man who has none will surely bless the sister or mother who gives him one.
Gorgeous heavy silk mufflers, embroidered suspenders, neckties of white silk, linen or silk handkerchiefs and chest protectors are some of the things men must expect, as they generally put off buying them until after Christmas.
Other decorations for a man's den are the hideous but picturesque Japanese masks, swords and bayonets. Pane decorations in oriental design will surely please if they are well selected. A wastebasket would not be amiss, and one of the new corkscrews, with a horn top, silver trimmed, would be highly acceptable.

Kind Old Man.

Ascum—What did that rich old uncle of yours give you for Christmas? Something useful, I'll bet.
Hauskeep—Yes; a little device for saving coal bills.
Ascum—Ah! An arrangement to attach to the heater.
Hauskeep—No; to keep on my desk. It's a bill file.—Philadelphia Press.

The Only One In Captivity.

Museum Patron—Well, what new freak have you for the holidays?
Manager—The rarest thing on earth—the man who doesn't buy more Christmas presents than he can afford.
Then He Took Another.
Comfort Brown—Don't you think it nonsensical—all this kissing under the mistletoe?
Thomas Tabbs—Sure thing! But a little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men—and women!

A Synonym.

Spacer—Give me a synonym for the word Christmas.
Popper (moodily)—Broke!

At Gay Yuletide.

All hail the genial time of year
When every heart is kind,
When far and near there is good cheer
And care is left behind.
Old feuds forgot, old hates aside,
Now hearty clasp of hand,
While far and wide at Christmastide
Love reigns throughout the land.

Forgive, forget, a truce to pride;
Healed are all friendship's rifts.
At gay Yuletide on every side
We're "worked" for Christmas gifts.
—New York Journal.

New Year's on the Old Plantation

CHRISTMAS was never celebrated to any great extent in the south back in the good old days "before de wah." New Year's day took its place among the masters, and the prolonged, rollicking "co'n shuckin'" supplied the slaves of Kentucky and Missouri especially with all the jollity they desired. It was an institution peculiar to the south, peculiar not in being confined to those sections, but peculiar in the manner in which it was conducted, for husking bees have been known in New England since the mind of man remembers and Indian corn has been gathered.

When a "co'n shuckin'" was decided upon notices were sent out to the slaves of all adjoining plantations stating that on a certain night Judge S. or Squire B. would give a corn shuckin' of so many thousand bushels and that all colored people, male and female, were invited to attend. Great preparations were made by "ole massa" and "ole missus" for this event, for, while they expected a good night's work in the shape of wagon loads of yellow corn, pleasure was to be the main part of the programme.

Supper was always provided on a large scale and generally consisted of two or three roasted pigs, turkeys and chickens, with side dishes of vegetables in equal proportion. Bushels of sweet potatoes were baked, boiled and fried, and hundreds of rich, golden pumpkin pies were turned out of the ovens, done to a mouth watering brown.

A band of musicians was engaged, for no "co'n shuckin'" would be complete without it. On those nights negroes worked not happily save to the twanging of the banjo and wailing of the fiddle.

A corn shuckin' always lasted three nights continuously on one plantation, and then the negroes moved on to the next, where three more were devoted to the corn of the owner, and so on until all the maize of the neighborhood had been husked.

About twilight the darkies began to arrive from all over the country, the "boys" clad in their suits of jeans, with that pride of the darkey's heart, his "long tailed clawhammer blue." Every negro who made pretensions to being "anybody" possessed one in more or less condition of wear.

The female portion of the gathering was coquetishly dressed in linsey



THE NEGROES WORKED HAPPILY TO THE MUSIC OF BANJO AND FIDDLE.

woolsey frocks, with their heads tied up in flaming red bandanna handkerchiefs, the redder the better, and with a white handkerchief crossed upon their breasts.

They came in groups, and each party of huskers from a neighboring plantation was announced long before it arrived by the well known tunes prevalent in those days floating down the road and over the fields as the happy boys and women hastened to the gathering. A favorite tune was this:

Yes, we's gwine to de shuckin',
Yes, we's gwine to de shuckin',
We's gwine to de shuckin' of de co'n,
An' we'll be dar in de mo'nin',
An' we'll be dar in de mo'nin',
We'll be dar in de mo'nin', shuah as yo's bo'n.

As soon as the darkies were all assembled the oldest slave present went to "ole massa" and begged a piece of silver money. This was always expected, and a plantation owner would as soon have thought of having a "shuckin'" without corn as to be unprepared to produce the bit of silver on the first evening.

Taking this piece of silver, the ancient darkey returned to the field and there performed a ceremony the exact meaning of which has not come down to us. Whetting his jackknife upon the silver, he solemnly pronounced an invocation for a bountiful crop of corn the following year. And it is doubtful if the "ole massa" would have been any more willing to allow the husking to proceed without this kindly prayer than would his white haired servant, who by its means thus once a year stood in the attitude of high priest to the family he served.

After the preliminary prayer the "twelve wise men" were chosen, and

their first duty was to select two of the brawniest negroes in the company, who, when called out, with much pride at their distinction, indulged in a good humored contest of strength, which was known as "rassin' fo' de cap'nin'." The victor became the master of ceremonies, and upon him devolved the duty of seeing that no one shirked in work or entertainment.

The matter of the captlaincy being decided, the "twelve wise men" chose four big fellows, who formed a "back saddle" by crossing their hands and the captlain was elevated upon it and carried half a dozen times around the heaps of corn, while the darkies sang this melody or something akin to it:

When our days are done
Don't we darkeys have a time?
When our days are done
Don't we darkeys cut a shine?

Back to our cabin we will go,
Back in the early mo'nin',
But we'll be here in de ch'ain'
To do de shuckin' of de co'n.
Then the corn shucking proper began. Stacks of fuel had been placed at intervals of a few yards near the corn, and after they had been lighted, under the supervision of the "twelve wise men," the fun began. As the corn was husked it was thrown into piles and would be hauled away in the morning. Twelve workers were selected for each heap of unhusked corn, and, as back in New England, the red ear was eagerly sought for, but with a different purpose. When a man got it he shied it at a big nigger's head, and if he hit the mark the unfortunate darkey would not "marry for ten years." If by shrewd dodging he missed it his happiness would be crowned within the year. If a dusky belle secured a red ear she had the option of choosing a sweetheart from any of the darkies around the corn pile.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

NEW YEAR'S CARDS.

They Originated in Japan, Where They Are Now Obsolete.

In Japan originated the art of making and the custom of exchanging New Year cards. Today both are as obsolete in the Flowery Kingdom as is New Year's calling in the United States. More charming art, more delightful custom, are not numbered among the good things that have passed away to suffer in their time, let us hope, a happy revival.

For more than a hundred years the designing and coloring of New Year cards occupied the attention of the foremost draftsman and wood engravers of Japan. They were made at the command of the noblemen of the emperor's court. In size they were from six to eight inches, and each was inscribed with a poetic sentiment dictated by the noble giving the order. They were printed from five or six blocks, each color requiring, as in modern color printing, a separate block. The blocks were the property of the noble, who retained or destroyed them at will. No reprints for another were ever permitted. A nobleman's New Year card was like his coat of arms or his sword. The surimono, as Japan's New Year's cards were called, were designed specially to please some lady-love.—New York Press.

NEW YEAR'S IN OMAR'S DAY

It Was Celebrated in the Springtime Nine Centuries Ago.

Now the new year reviveth old desires,
The thoughtful soul to solitude retires;
Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears
Today of past regret and future fears.

So sang old Omar, the Persian poet, nine centuries ago, and we of today can but echo his thoughts at this New Year's season of resolution and festivity, though kingdoms have risen and fallen, old nations have decayed and new ones sprung up and we live in a country where sentiments of freedom and justice abound, for the human emotions remain much the same whatever the time or clime in which we live, whatever the religious influences which govern us. Of course in the time of Omar in most countries the new year was celebrated in March, that being the beginning of the vernal equinox, and as it is the season when everything in nature is given new birth the ancients probably for this reason considered it a suitable time to begin their year also. Christianity, however, made a distinct break, and finally in the sixteenth century Jan. 1 was settled on by common consent in all continental countries.

Those New Year Resolutions.

Every 1st of January that we arrive at is an imaginary milestone in the turpique track of human life, at once a resting place for thought and meditation and a starting point for fresh exertion in the performance of our journey.

The man who does not at least propose to himself to be better this year than he was last must be either very good or very bad indeed.

And only to propose to be better is something. If nothing else it is an acknowledgment of our need to be so, which is the first step toward amendment.

But, in fact, to propose to oneself to do well is in some sort to do well positively, for there is no such thing as a stationary point in human endeavors. He who is not worse today than he was yesterday is better, and he who is not better is worse.—Charles Lamb.

Her New Year's Gift.

Luella Gladys Rossmont
Ophelia Phyllis May
Sweetly resolved to make folks glad
Upon the New Year's day,
A basket filled with dainties rare
With her own hands she bore
And left it without word or sign
Before a poor friend's door.
"It did not even bear my name,
For that, in full, you see,
Would quite eclipse the gift itself,"
She murmured modestly.
—Joe Cary.

High Grade Shoes

Many of our lady and gentlemen patrons are fastidious dressers and can afford and demand strictly

"High Grade Footwear"

Shoes of exclusive quality. Such shoes as are only possible by a combination of the best material—best designers—best workmen—strictly best quality. Shoes that are imitated but never equaled. In showing a complete stock of such "HIGH GRADE FOOTWEAR" we stand alone in this city. The newest and best in the shoe creation to suit the pocket book, awaiting you here. They are well worth seeing. You are welcome whether you buy or not, for we take great pleasure in showing this elegant to all callers.

Don't Forget

We have winter comforts in Felt Romeros and Slippers. Some thing nice to give your friend for Christmas.

Sole Agents for "The Dorothy Dodd Shoe."

Pride & Patton, Up-to-Date Shoe House, GREENVILLE, S. C.

The Only Store in Greenville That Flies a Flag Is Barr's Big Establishment.

114 & 116 South Main Street.

Four stories in one—every foot of space filled up and crowded with Christmas Goods.

First Floor—Dress Goods, Corsets, Gloves, White Goods, Hosiery, Underwear.

Second Floor—Trunks, Chinaware, Glassware, Agate and Tinware, Rugs, Ladies Cloaks, and Jackets and Dolls.

We imported our stock of Dolls direct from Germany and so of course can sell them cheaper than if we bought them from a wholesale dealer in this country. We are going to give away a beautiful \$10 doll to some of our doll customers. Any one buying a doll, even if it's only a 5c one, will be entitled to a chance at this one drawing to take place on Christmas Eve.

Some things that are suggestive for Christmas presents:

Glove and Collar boxes, Albums, Writing Portfolios, Vases, China Cups and Saucers, Teacher's Bibles, Pictures, Kid Gloves, Zephyr Shawls, Cloaks, Paper and Envelopes, Rugs, Knives and Forks, Ash receivers, Match Boxes, Umbrellas, Cut Glass, Cameo Ware, Wedgewood Ware, Building Blocks, Croquin de Boards, Doll Trunks, Savings Banks, Jardiniers, Purses, Pocket Books, Wrist Bags, Suit Cases, China Dolls, Kid Dolls, Stuffed Dolls, Dressed Dolls, Undressed Dolls, Timbries and Books.

We haven't space to quote prices on every article—wish we had—for then we would be certain to count you among our customers. When you are in Greenville come and look through, it will be an hour well spent even if you do not buy.

BARR'S DRY GOODS STORE.

114-116 Main St. GREENVILLE, S. C.
Stradley & Barr's old stand.

Now for Christmas Buying

In the midst of winter you will need good warm clothing, warm Blankets, Comforts, Shoes and Underwear. Just now I am offering some of the best values that I have had in Wool Dress Goods, Wool Flannels, and Canton Flannels.

The best Jeans and body suits for 25c, Duckings, Kersays, the best goods ever made for men's wear at 50c the yard, Canton Flannel 8c, 10c, and 12c. Same goods at same price as when cotton sold for 7c.

Underwear for men and women, good goods at 25c and 50c a garment.

40 inch Sea Island still selling at 5c.

The time to buy Caps and Cloaks is now. I have a big lot of them bought at "closing out" prices, which enables me to sell them for under price.

Don't give me out when you want Blankets and Comforts. My Shoes still stand the test, old customers stick to me and bring new ones with them. Come to see us and if we can't save you money we won't ask you to buy.

A. K. PARK, West End GREENVILLE, S. C.

P. S.: More goods for same money, Same goods for less money.