

OLD SANTA IS REAL

BY HUBERT NORTON
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Once a clever Boston papa ceased to believe in Santa Claus. He had bought a slate and pencil and figured it out that the sleigh which would contain the toys that boys and girls in the world would have to be as big as a house and that the span of reindeer that could pull it would be forty tons too heavy to drag it up the walls of the first house on the trip over the roof. Many other strange things did the wise man find out with the help of his slate and pencil, and then he added them all up and found the sum total to be that Santa Claus is a myth.

He joyfully told this to his little son, who was an advanced student of ancient literature. To his surprise, however, his little son seemed very glad, and when the amazed parent asked him wherefore he thus explained:

"My worthy father, because of certain ocular demonstration afforded by a surreptitious glance or two into our kitchen last Christmas eve I was gravitating rapidly to the opinion that Santa Claus does not exist. The only explanation of the phenomenon observed consistent with his existence seemed to be that he could at once take the appearance of yourself, sir, and also of mamma, in your robes and with your arms full of gifts for me, and this, too, while neither of you was in your own room. I established the alibi for you by a hurried visit. It is not to be marveled at that my faith in Santa Claus received a severe jolt."

"But your conclusion receives my ancient belief and puts it on a sure footing. You have discovered that Santa Claus is a myth. Hurrah for him! Hereafter I will believe in him, hereafter I will adore him!"

"You appear astonished, parent, but perhaps that is because you do not understand myths. There is nothing so real as a myth. When I say that Helios rides across the sky in a golden chariot every day, preceded by blushing Aurora, it is as true as if I say that the sunrise follows dawn in all the lands of the earth. When I say that Hecate wrestled with the corn and three him and buried him only to see him rise again, I but speak of the familiar industries of reaping and sowing and of the sprouting of the new plant in its time."

"A myth is a folk tale describing well through personification the attributes or offices of the abstract. Yes, papa, write that down. Let us now apply the definition to Santa Claus. 'Santa Claus' is a name for the toys, sweetmeats or more useful gifts at Christmas. His attributes are generosity, benevolence, care for dependents. That office is actually filled; those attributes display themselves. Therefore, according to myth law, Santa Claus really lives and acts his useful and popular part."

"With a hint or two as to the manner of doing it, I will now leave you to pursue the study further. You will find it fascinating. Observe that Santa Claus comes out of the frozen north. That is as if you would say that the impulse of Christmas giving proceeds from the coldest heart at this season. Note that he drives reindeer, pleasing spectacle for the mind's eye. It is as if you should say that he seeks to make his guise or his gifts unusual, for the better enjoyment thereof. Consider that he comes down the chimney; that is a lesson to the children. Christmas gifts shower on the warm hearted and loving."

"Father, I have only to add that I am warm hearted and loving. You will pardon me if I now go into the library and write a chapter of my book on the truths of mythology."

"Welcome Every One.
On Christmas day we shall shut out from our fireside nothing—Charles Dickens.
(With asides.)
"The now the joyous Christmas time; The pans are etched with pens of time. (Alas, that one so young as I— Alas, that truth should be so dear! When both the windows at my side, Though screened by wire, are open wide.)
The air is rent by alight and hail; The snow is deep on hill and dale. (Tis hard to think that this is true, When green is green and skies are blue, And as I tell to earn a check, And my collar stiff becomes a wreck, And heads of sweat run down my neck.)
The singing virgins are harped, I ween, By frosty fingers all unseen. (Another fib for which I'm paid— In fact, it's ninety in the shade; But art demands the early bird, And Christmas joys can't be deferred; I'm laying this on August third.)
—Truth.

Or Why Little Johnny Green Ate His Christmas Dinner Standing Up.
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Mr. Green (the church sexton)—Do you, my son?
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ORIGIN OF XMAS FESTIVITIES

By G. L. Langdon.
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There are two reasons for Christmas feasting aside from the instinct which teaches us that the joy of holiday making is impossible or incomplete without good eating and drinking. One is that Christmas is the survival of one, both of two great pagan festivals; the other, that the mind of man in all times and conditions expressed rejoicing by the laden board and the brimming bowl.

Victory, good fortune, weddings, christenings, are celebrated today by dinners, as they have been for thousands of years, the practice undoubtedly coming down from that prehistoric time when the victory over the animal was the means of supplying the feast. We can find trace of it and its concomitant habit, gift-making, in the book of Exodus, where the Israelites are told to give to the poor of the tribe of Levi, who were to be the priests of the day, when the Jews rested from their enemies, and the month which was turned into them from sorrow to joy, and from mourning into a good day, they should make them days of feasting, and of giving of portions one to another and gifts to the poor.

And what greater cause for rejoicing and the usual expression thereof could exist for the early Christians than the fact of the birth of Christ? It is true that there were differences of opinion in the early church as to the date, or even the season of the year, when that all important event occurred. Clemens Alexandrinus tells us that it was kept by many Christians in April and by some in Egypt in the month Pachon, corresponding to our May, but long before the council of Nice had fixed the date, separating it from the Epiphany, a curious circumstance had operated to fix forever the observance of it in the European midwinter.

Observing the course of the seasons and their relation to the growing or lessening length of the days, the Aryans inhabiting Europe had come to learn that at the winter solstice the decline of nature was over and that as the day lengthened she revived until a few weeks later she would abound gloriously again in the green garb of spring. It was a fitting time for universal rejoicing. Nothing could be done afield. The bins and butts were still well filled and the cattle fat. It was also a time to remember the goodness of the gods, to make sacrifice as well as to feast.

Hence we find at the dawn of Christianity two great midwinter festivals among the two most powerful branches of the Aryans of that period—the Saturnalia among the Romans on the south and the Yule among the Scandinavians. It is a curious fact that they appear to be identical as to time of observance.

In Rome and wherever Rome had ruled long enough to have planted her customs the Saturnalia was a season of sacrifice to Saturn of social equality and of riotous license. The slave in many households was permitted to become master for the week of the feasting, and his master executed the ridiculous orders which he gave. Duffoonery in street processions and in the homes was one of the chief elements of the festivity. Orgies indescribable formed another. Present giving was universal.

The sea kings called the season Yule (whence Yule), and they celebrated it by feasting and drinking, besides making sacrifice to Thor. Around a great blazing log, big enough to burn for the whole week of the gluttonous feasting, they hung the half bare ox bones in rude stave and passed the vassal bowl.

The primitive church found these pagan festive institutions which could not uproot, so it wisely adopted them, turning the sacrificial fires there of into worship for the born Christ, stripping the feasts of their grossest sensuality, but letting much of their joyousness remain. Besides the great festivals mentioned, there was another observed at the same time by a large family of the Europeans—the Gauls, Celts or Celts—which was similarly adopted by the church as she spread her teaching among them, but this had far less pagan origin than the others. Upon the customs which have marked the celebration of Christmas down to the present time. The reason is that there was more of sacrificial rite and less of feasting in its celebration. From it, however, comes the kissing under the mistletoe, which with the wassailing, the union of man and woman and of the union of mankind with Baal. From it also comes the Christmas tree, dear to the little ones, a survival of the hanging of votive gifts on their sacred pine.

But out of the other two great pagan festivals arose the principal form that the feasting took. Eating and drinking of the best, giving to the poor by right of their equality at that season, as well as the old nummery, practically abolished since Perdition tried to suppress the festival utterly in 1647, are easily and directly traceable to those pagan orgies.

THE PARASITE MISTLETOE.

"Oh, lady, give a kiss to me
On this Christmas night;
Thus spake the wanderer with the can,
Who longed to get a gift.
The lady was a splinter gay;
Her wit was counted keen.
She only gave the tramp a spray
Of mistletoe so green.
"Oh, lady, give a man a chance!"
Reverend the reverend;
"I'd rather have a pair of pants
Than any parasite!"
—EARLE HOOKER ESTON.

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A KLONDIKE CHRISTMAS

BY RODNEY LINCOLN
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"Pay dirt, and five hundred to the pan, or I'm a liar!"
"Sure, Tom, I know 'fifty' when I see it. There's fifty thousand to the box length when we come to wash out in the spring. Reckon that up, and see if you can make us out worth less than half a million apiece."
"Bob Burley, you're off your base. I can't believe it."
"Believe it or not, Tom Herick; but even you can tell what a nugget looks like after it's washed out, eh?"

Burley scooped out a handful of clean, yellow nuggets varying in size from a cucumber seed to a hazelnut from the pan in which he was testing the dirt and held them out for his chum to examine. These two had been two months on the El Dorado branch of the Klondike, having come up here from Circle City on receipt of first news of a "strike" in this region. They had built themselves a hut, stacked out a claim of 500 feet each along the creek and then set to work "burning out" the earth.

Herick and Burley had burned and drifted, drifted and burned, until at last they had an open shaft sunk quite fifteen feet and, as Bob had declared, they had at last struck "pay dirt," and had struck it big. Tom took the handful of glistening nuggets from his partner, but said not a word. "There was no doubt of the fact—at last gold had been found."

"Well, old man," said Bob, "what's the matter with you? Don't you know what those nuggets mean to us?"
"Don't I just! Bob, if the claim turns out as good as you think we can both go home, can't we, at the end of the summer?"
"Right you are, Tommy, every time. If you hear me say it, it's all right. But there's one thing I feel compelled to say and which you won't be so happy to hear, and that is we haven't got five pounds of flour nor an ounce of meat in the shack. And the denuce of it is this is the day before Christmas, and tomorrow we ought to celebrate."

"To be sure, Christmas doesn't seem like Christmas without turkey," "It doesn't, sure? Well, what did we have last Christmas a year ago?"
"Bear meat and blubber, and mightily glad to get it too. But, all the same, it didn't seem like Christmas, and I'll stick to it!"
"No, Tommy, it didn't. A Christmas dinner always should have a bird in it of some sort."

"Well, Bob, you're a better mixer than I am, but you can't beat me at hunting. The thermometer is down to twenty-six below, and the wind is howling great guns, but I don't see any other way below to take my gun and try for a rabbit or a ptarmigan."

"That's the talk, Tommy. One of us has got to attend to the fire, and you are the better hunter of the two. I don't envy you the contract, though. It may be down to fifty below before night, so get back before the sun goes down, won't you?"
"I'll try," said Tom as he slid into the cold, clad from throat to toe in furs. He carried a double barrel shotgun in the hollow of his arm and a revolver in his belt, the latter in case he should encounter anything larger than the shotgun could bring down. "So have a good pastry ready for ptarmigan pie some time early in the evening," "Goody."

"Goody, Tom, and good luck," chattered Bob as he closed the door. Tom swung sturdily along through the fine, dry snow, which came about up to his knees, and derived exhilaration from the keen air and the prospect of sport. He crossed the creek, climbed the farther bank and came upon a level plateau, where the wind had blown sweep and the cold was more intense than in the sheltered ravine.

It was a long stretch, and no object intervened to break the monotony, so he plodded along for over an hour and arrived at the summer snow line, where the ptarmigans dwell. The graceful ptarmigan, though brown of plumage in the summer when the snow is melted and the scant vegetation can protect it, was now pure white and went to distinguish from the snow itself, into which it dove and from which it darted out like flying fish on the surface of the sea.

He was a good hunter, having carried a gun ever since he had been able to lift one, first practicing at the woodchucks and squirrels on the old farm, then extending his range to the moose and deer down in the woods of Maine. So when, all of a sudden, a white, spiritlike thing broke out of the snow and made off straight to windward he threw up his gun and toppled it over in instant.

Several got away from Tom's shots, their movements were so erratic, and there was little to distinguish between snow white bird and bird white snow. At last, however, marking down where a flock entered a snowdrift, he made for it, and fired them up with his feet, and when they sailed out dropped three of them on the wing. In this manner, by pursuing the birds closely and keeping them on the move, he secured fourteen and then thought it about time to start for camp. But in all his windings and doublings while in pursuit of the ptarmigans he had so confused himself that he couldn't find the trail back to the creek. The sun had long since set, and but a faint twilight remained, while the cold air was getting colder, though the cutting wind had died away. Hours later, tired to exhaustion, tempted to yield to the intolerable drowsiness that was stealing over him, and to succumb to which he knew meant only death, he was staggering toward the bank of the creek.

"The skating on the lake next morning," "Yes, even in the palace," he said solemnly. Rising and leaning on the long stick which he had kept beside him, he thus went on:
"I began my celebration of Christmas yesterday afternoon by going to the free library and reading Dickens' 'Christmas Carol.' For years I have read it on Christmas eve—that is, to fill myself with the true Christmas spirit of charity, love, peace and good will. It always succeeds. Has any man in this great city begun more wisely?"
"Having finished my reading, I walked through the crisp, frosty air to the boulevard to enjoy the sleighing. It was very fine. Time was when I used to sit in one of those vehicles and go skimming over the snow. I lost half the sport. I could not see the cutters skimp by, the rosy cheeks of the riders, and I ran risk of a spill. I could hear no bells but those of my own team, but, ah, standing on the roadside—how different!"
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PACKING THE FOURTEEN PTARMIGANS INTO A PIE.

of the pit fire was his industrious partner packing the fourteen ptarmigans into a pie. He had a dish as big as a milk pan and twice as deep well lined with dough and garnished with all the ingredients. As he dexterously trimmed the crust and set the dish down for one last admiring look he saw that the sleeper had awakened.

"Hello, Tom, how'd you feel? Look at that! How's that for a pie, eh? Big enough to last a week, ain't it? Where'd I get the dish? Oh, Sam Burley and his mother Dave were here after you left, and they're coming over to the feed. By the way, Tom, wish you merry Christmas! Same to me? Oh, that's all right! I'm a millionaire, hey—picking ptarmigans and making a scullion of himself generally? But never mind. There's a good time a-coming by and by. Next year this time we'll have our horses and servants, sure? You're born, Tommy, my son."

Thus Bob rambled on, the while setting the great pie carefully in a corner of the pit, which had been heated red-hot with stones taken from the creek bed. And there it simmered and sizzled and in the end turned a delicious brown just as Sam and Dave came over from their cabin, farther up the creek. The pie was served from a stump which stuck up in the center of the creek. It was a pronounced success, and Dave declared that "beet turkey" heard to declare in aid, Tom said the same thing—that even if he went out with twice a hundred thousand dances next season he would contrive to locate in a section where he could have ptarmigan pie for his Christmas dinner.

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MY POOR XMAS PHILOSOPHER

By Seaton Lord.
(Copyright, 1901, by G. L. Kilmer.)

ULKILY exploring the poverty which compelled me to come to work on Christmas day, I entered the office of The Daily Dozer and went to my desk.
"Christmas enjoyment is only for the wealthy," mused I.

"Jenkins," said the city editor, "here's five dollars a lady sent us, 'bless a poor old chap up on Tenth street. You see, she wants to know it reached him, and doesn't want to register a letter, for he must not know who sends it. So run up with it and get a receipt for it that we may send her.'"

It was soon on Tenth street. The number sought was a tumble down old rookery, and the children snowballing each other in the street stopped long enough to tell me that old Mr. Jones lived on the top floor.
"Come in," piped a cheery, shrill voice as I knocked on his door. I did. Seated by the window, nightcap on head and spectacles on nose, sat a bright-eyed, gray haired, much wrinkled old fellow, clean shaven and very tall and staid. "Merry Christmas!" he piped as soon as he saw me, and grinned affably, displaying a few large teeth that were still white.

I stammered forth the conventional answer. I could do no more than say, for such a salutation in such a place, and I was all I could give until you came, but now I am under the necessity of seeking human objects for my bounty. The alms share of this is too big for the birds."

"You have?" I was impolite enough to say in my bewilderment.
"The birds," said he, pointing out the window where a few sparrows on the fire escape were pecking at a piece of his loaf.
"It is this that has made you happy today in spite of—"

"It is not, and I enjoyed it greatly. Home to rest next with a few apples. Had a full larger and that appetite I would eat to be sluggish, and then I should not go out again. But a slice of bread, an onion and a cup of black tea—no glutony in that, yet enough."

"I went out to do my Christmas shopping. Oh, I saw everything—all the riches of the earth displayed in windows. Remember that the great delight in most of them is in looking at them, and that if they are personal comforts you cannot very well see them. I went out to do my Christmas shopping. Oh, I saw everything—all the riches of the earth displayed in windows. Remember that the great delight in most of them is in looking at them, and that if they are personal comforts you cannot very well see them."

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HOW TO CARVE A TURKEY.

The Art Made Plain For the Pressed of the Feast.

USTOM has made it usual hereabouts to eat turkey for one Christmas dinner, and accordingly the festive bird will grace many a table. But it is not everybody who knows how to carve a turkey, and the hints given here may mean himself the actual may not disgrace him in the eyes of the wife of his bosom, as well as of those guests who may be present at his board.

Have the turkey resting upon his back. Put the two third fork in about an inch in front of the peak of the breastbone, where it will sink into a hollow formed by the peculiar conformation of the breastbone. The bird is then held firmly while the carving is being done.

The first thing to do is to take off the legs at the second joint. Cut down alongside the leg and bear outward a little, with the knife set well in.

The knife is inserted above the leg, and after making an incision it is pressed outward. The second joint then parts easily from the body. After both legs are removed in this manner the wings should be cut off, the knife being used on practically the same principle as that employed in removing the legs.

The next point for the skillful carver is to separate the "wishbone," or first joint, from the rest of the leg. This is done by fixing the fork in the second joint of the turkey. Then an incision is made at the joint, and the end of the leg is then pressed down with the knife.

The breast of white meat is now attacked. The fork is again placed over the breastbone in the original position, and slices are removed from the breast. The slicing should commence near the peak of the breastbone, the cuts being taken thinly, the knife held horizontally and the cuts extending downward toward the wings. After the meat has been taken from both sides of the turkey's breast in this fashion the knife is inserted transversely behind the rib projection on the breast between the peak and the neck. This is formed by the "wishbone," or "mercy thigh." The knife slips easily between the breastbone, so that the "wishbone" is easily removed, carrying with it a liberal portion of white meat. The removal of the "wishbone" makes a convenient opening into the interior of the turkey, through which a spoon may be inserted for the removal of the tasty dressing.

Nothing now remains but the carcass of the turkey, and the only task is to disjoint it. This is done by first removing the breastbone. By means of the fork the peak of the bone is caught and swung over toward the neck, disjoining it near the base of the latter. The neck, if desired, can be removed, leaving only one more portion of the bird to be dealt with. This is the backbone.

The backbone is broken about three inches above the tail, and there you are. The dismemberment of your turkey is now complete.

MAIL FOR SANTA CLAUS.

Some Strange Letters at Christmas Time.

"HERE is an address I never noticed until this year," said a postoffice clerk, sorting out some half dozen letters with "Mr. Santa Claus, Joyland," on the envelopes. Variations were, "Mr. Santa Claus, Joyland Co., N. Y.," "Mr. Happiness Ave.," and "Mr. Santa Claus, Toy and Candy Palace, Christ-nassville, Joyland."

Another child, perhaps of Tibetan ancestry, had addressed his petition to the saint's residence in "Fairland, Ireland." One young writer, with a somewhat hazy knowledge of geographical names, had sent his letter to "Mr. Saint Nickels, to the North Pole, Mexico." Another, with a belief in the power and influence of "nurse," had addressed his missive to "Nurse Bedford Ave., Kaar Menry," which, being deciphered, is found to mean "Care of Mary."

"I am sorry I cannot allow you to open any of the letters. It's as much a criminal offense to tamper with them as with any other letters," said the clerk to a reporter of The Commercial Advertiser. There were, however, two postal cards and one open letter, which were fair specimens. The latter was a modest request for the relief of the more pressing wants of the writer. It read:

Dear Santa Claus—You say that good boys get the best presents. I have tried very hard to be good. Will you please bring me a few pairs of socks, a nice box, a game, box of tools and a lot of salt, candy, oranges and nuts. Goody, dear old Santa Claus. We will expect you Christmas eve.
DURLEY.

A few letters were evidently written under the direction of seniors of the family and dropped in the postoffice to please the children. Most of the letters were eventually

Old Beelzebub

A Christmas Bear Story By... ED MOTT

If you are ever at this time of year up on the Old Passadanky sit down at the Buckhorn tavern, select any one of the grizzled woodsmen you will find already sitting there, exchange a dime at not too frequent intervals for a certain tittle that is popular with the natives and is called run and tansy, and refer inquiringly to Old Beelzebub, the remarkable bear of Spook Run gully and the amazing Christmas present he made to one Paley Simco.

As the story goes, the oldest settlement in all that part of the original wildwood was at Passadanky. The deep gully and the creek that roared through it were there when the first settlers came. Neither had any name, and it was not until folks began to see ghosts along the creek and in the gully that appropriate nomenclature for them was suggested. Silas Grubb, so



HE MADE THE WILD PLUNGE.

they will tell you, shot a deer one day. It fell, and he stepped up to it to cut its throat. As he was standing astride the deer he supposed was dead it rose suddenly and went bounding down the creek, with Silas on its back, clapping its neck and waving its paws. The help would be welcome. Job Fenk, who was hunting along the creek, saw the deer in its wild flight and emptied the contents of his rifle into it. He not only killed the deer, but bored Silas Grubb with his rifle ball as well.

Not long after that a specter deer, bestrode by a specter rider, appeared at intervals in the woods, dashing wildly down the creek until it reached the spot where Fenk's rifle had done its fatal work, and there always vanished. Then folks took to calling the creek Spook Run and the gully Spook Run gully, and by and by a lumber company put a big dam across the creek and a log shoot three miles long through the deep, dark, crooked, ghostly gully, down which the logs were sent from the woods to the mill dam as swift as the wind and down this shoot came dashing, astride a log, daredevil Bill Topson, having drunk more than generously of log driver rum and wagged that he would make the fearful ride. He made it, including the wild plunge from the mouth of the gully to the pond, fifty feet below. When he was taken from the pond, after his awful ride and plunge, his hair, which had been black when he started, was as white as snow.

"And it'd a' been queer if it hadn't turned white," any of the Passadanky narrators will tell you. "He rid that log them three miles in less than four minutes."

But the reason this feat of Bill Topson's has particular place of honor in the chronicles of Old Passadanky is because it was the culmination of the career of Old Beelzebub as a wonder working bear. When that bear was less than a year old, Jephtha Wiggins, the pelt gatherer, killed its father and mother and chased the orphan cub for days, with the hope of adding its pelt to the other two, but failed in his purpose. After awhile that orphaned bear returned to the vicinity of its old home, and, as everybody will tell you there, it came back with a grudge against Jephtha Wiggins.

"That b'ar came back," they will say, "and if he hadn't a' come, there'd been more sheep and pigs along the Old Passadanky than there was for the next three or four years. And he was so overpowered full of Satan that folks give him the name of Old Beelzebub. And Jephtha Wiggins had good reason to be sorry he ever pelted that bear's father and mother, for what happened to him when he begun to get the orders for black sheep pelts?—orders that came in thick and fast, although nobody never knewed what in the world made setch a call for black sheep pelts. What happened then? Why, black sheep pelts got scarce. I should say they did! And what made 'em git scarce? That b'ar with a grudge ag'in Jephtha Wiggins! That vengeful b'ar jest lugged off all the black sheep there was in the district. Not a smell of a white sheep did he tech."

"But that makin' of a black sheep-skin famine in the district wasn't a circumstance to what that schemin' b'ar done in layin' out his plan of vengeance ag'in, although it was included in it. He wouldn't a' let go as he felt he did, though, if he hadn't happened to see Bill Topson shoot through Spook Run gully on the log that day. He see Bill shoot the gully and come plungin' out of that hole in the rocks down into the pond, and he didn't fergit it. He remembered it, and it give him the chance to give Jephtha Wiggins what he thought would be the worst wipe yet."

It seems that Jephtha Wiggins was the greatest pelt gatherer in the Old Passadanky country, and he had a daughter named Prudence. Paley Simco, a likely young woodsman, was in love with Prudence, and the feeling was reciprocal.

"Now," as the Passadanky narrator will tell you, "mebbe you mowt wonder what under the canopy Old Beelzebub had to do with that. Nothin', mebbe. 'Tain't likely that he cared a snap whether Paley Simco loved Prudence Wiggins. But Jephtha Wiggins cared. He had other ideas for his daughter, and well that amazin' bear knowed it. Jephtha wanted the Squire Blumber possessions in his family, and he could git 'em by marryin' Prudence to the squire's son Jorum. Jorum didn't want to git married, and Prudence didn't want to marry Jorum, but Jorum and Prudence didn't have any say in it. The squire and Jephtha fixed it to suit themselves. The wedding night come, but no Jorum. Along in the forenoon of the next day in come Jorum to Wiggins'.

"Old Beelzebub kidnaped me as I was on my way over here through the

woods yesterday," said Jorum. "He run me straight and fast to Gornley's b'ar pen, way back at the head of the big swamp, and kep' me there all night."

Jephtha Wiggins swore that he would hunt down that vengeful and vindictive bear and strip off his pelt if it took him all the rest of his days.

"It was gittin' along to'rds Christmas time when Paley plucked up courage to ask Jephtha ag'in for Prudence. Jephtha turned on him, grinnin' the aggravatinkind, and blurted out: "Yes, you kin have her—that is, if you fetch me two black sheepskins for a Christmas present! If you don't, you can't never have her!"

"Now, of course, that was just as good as tellin' Paley that there wasn't any use. He never knowed to his dyin' day what it could a' been that sent him roamin' and roamin' that day, but he went a-roamin', and the first thing he knowed he found himself on the edge of a scrubby lookin' clearing in the Sour Medder district, and he seen a man clubbin' what he s'posed was a tame b'ar. That riled him more'n ever, and he shouted to the man:

"What are you poundin' that poor b'ar for?"

"It's my b'ar," the man shouted back, "and if you don't like what I'm doin' come here and I'll pound you awhile and give the b'ar a rest!"

"And what did Paley do but go over there, and s'pose that when he got through with the citizen of the Sour Medder district the citizen was a leetle the worst whipped man ever seen in them parts."

"There!" said Paley. "When you run ag'in me, you haven't got no b'ar to fool with!"

"And then Paley see that it was Bart Sproat he had been lickin' and that the b'ar was Old Beelzebub. Paley hadn't gone more than a hundred yards on his way when, lookin' over into Bart's field, he see two of the biggest and blackest sheep that ever cropped sorrel."

"The only two black sheep in the hull blame country!" Paley groaned, "and here I've gone and 'most hammered the life out of the man that owns 'em!" Tossed Prudence away jest to take the part of a rambunctious old sheep stealin' b'ar!"

"Paley actually battled himself ag'in his head with his fist and lifted up his voice and wept. After awhile he cooled down a leetle and got an idee.

"I'll go back and apologize to Bart," said he, "and offer him twenty dollars for those sheep! That's as much as his hull clearin' would fetch."

"So Paley went back. The b'ar laid on the ground lickin' himself, and Bart

"HERE HE COMES AG'IN!"

was settin' on a rock by the door. His head was swelled, and one eye was shed, and his wife was doin' of him up

"Pizen henbane!" he yelled as good as he could. "Here he comes ag'in! Git the gun, Sairy, and load him full of lead!"

"Hold on, Bart!" Paley shouted. "I've come back to apologize and offer you twenty dollars for them two black sheep," and Paley was soft enough to tell Bart what he wanted 'em for.

"Say," yelled Bart, "when you see a white b'ar comin' to'rds you carryin' them sheep pelts, and it makes you a Christmas present of 'em, you kin have 'em, and not before! I'll take 'em down and sell 'em to Jephtha Wiggins. Sairy, git the gun!"

"Sairy, she started as if she was goin' to git the gun, and Paley didn't wait to argue with Bart any longer. He give one awful glare at Old Beelzebub, who laid there with one eye peeled up at him, and wished that he had a gun himself to load the pesky b'ar with lead. But it was a mighty good thing for Paley that he didn't have none."

It seems that Paley resumed his roaming, and Bart Sproat and his boys killed the two black sheep, took their skins off and hung them in the shed.

"I'll take 'em down to Jephtha Wiggins tomorrow," said Bart, "git a good, stiff price for 'em and cook that consarned Paley's goose at the same time!"

Bart went out to get the pelts next morning. They were gone! So was Old Beelzebub. The amazing bear had stolen the sheep pelts and had made tracks for the woods. Bart and his boys started to find the trail.

The Passadanky story is that Paley Simco found himself at Spook Run mill pond the morning after he had taken the best thing he could do would be to throw himself into it when he heard a great noise up in the gully.

"He looked up," the Passadanky narrator will tell you, "and there he see a light that made him turn cold. Somethin' was whizzin' down the log shoot and so fast Paley couldn't make out what it was till it shot from the mouth of the shoot and came climbin' up the bank, right where Paley stood. Then the somethin' give itself a shake. Two big, thick sheepskins tumbled off of it, and there was Old Beelzebub, but he was white all over! He jest give one look at Paley and tore away into the woods and was never seen no more. As Paley turned to look after him, there he see Bart Sproat standin', and Bart was most as white as the b'ar, for he had seen the hull thing and knowed what it meant!"

"That ride down the log shoot had scared Old Beelzebub's hair white. What did he do it for, then? So as a white b'ar could carry them sheep pelts to Paley and make him a Christmas present of 'em! By doin' that Old Beelzebub got even with Bart Sproat, and by Paley Simco havin' the pelts to make Jephtha Wiggins a Christmas present of 'em, and so forcin' Jephtha to give Paley his daughter Prudence. Old Jephtha, and he went off a-feelin' good.

"Well, all there was to it after that was that Paley got down to Wiggins' Christmas eve and knocked Jephtha speechless by handin' over the Christmas present. And Jephtha had to hand Prudence over to Paley, and they was married that very next Christmas day.

The way it turned out, though, Jephtha was never sorry that Old Beelzebub had brought things to setch a pass, and if the vengeful b'ar had ever knowed that, it's more than likely that he'd a' come back and tried his plans ag'in Jephtha some more."—New York Mail and Express.

CHRISTMAS HUMOR.

A Bunch of Short, Crisp Yuletide Mirth by the Funny Fellows.

Mrs. Cobwigger—Oh, my! I feel dead dead than alive. There is altogether too much asked of me. I was never used to housework, and it's killing me inch by inch. The first thing you know I'll be down with nervous prostration.

Cobwigger—Shall I call in the doctor, my dear?

Mrs. Cobwigger—What use would that be? He would only advise what I've been telling you I needed all along—complete rest.

Cobwigger—By the way, did you sew on that button?

Mrs. Cobwigger—Oh, Henry, how can you be so brutal! Any one told you could see that I am completely used up.

Cobwigger—So you're too tired to take a couple of stitches?

Mrs. Cobwigger—Yes; I can hardly raise my head.

Cobwigger—If it's really as bad as that, my dear, something has got to be done for you at once. Take this twenty dollars and go out and do some Christmas shopping.—New York World.

The best way to tell whether a present is a cheap one is to observe whether the price has been rubbed off.

The Party—Quite a rush of the matrimonially inclined, isn't there?

Preacher—Always at this time of year. It's cheaper to marry than buy Christmas presents, you know.—New York Journal.

Bessie—Do you really believe there is any Santa Claus, Tommy?

Tommy—Course not, but don't tell ma I said so, or she'll think I'm getting too old to have candy and toys and things.

Just because your wife tells you to buy her something useful, don't think she will be satisfied if you send her home a barrel of flour.

First Chick—How did Mr. Turkey make out in the race, yesterday?

Second Chick—Oh, he completely lost his head.

"Mrs. Small never minces matters," said the star boarder to the new acquisition.

"Not even when she is preparing the pies for the Christmas dinner?" asked the latter.

Askins—What makes you look so cheerful, Lanks?

Lanks (who boards)—Why, three of my fellow boarders were taken suddenly ill while eating their Christmas dinners—one with a stroke of paralysis, another with heart disease and the third with a fit.

"Great Scott! What cause for rejoicing is there in that?"

"Why, don't you see? I ate their shares of the dinner, along with my own, and so managed to fully satisfy my appetite."

CHRISTMAS GREEN.

CHRISTMAS green in hearts we keep. Heedless of the scowling weather, Heedless of the gusts that sweep O'er the woodlands and the heather, Masses in the night we sing By the side of doral manger, While the wickets widely swing For the pilgrim and the stranger.

Cedars with the roses twine Round the chancel's inner railing, While the winds and waves combine Coronach and dirges wailing; While the crown of drifted snow Clusters o'er the marble's whiteness, Then, mescems, the arctic floe Glimmers with a summer brightness.

Faces of the loved and lost Through the courts where we assemble; Rubbons of years are crossed As in Yule's sweet walks we ramble. Oh, the dear, the ever mourned! Ye, in more than golden beauty, Are like aureoled saints returned, Shaders in this holy duty.

Children with their banners, see, In the chapel alcoves gather; Happy they with him to be Children of a common Father. Hear the organ's prelude rise With the welcome to the morning, While the festal censers swing And the altar lights are burning.

Lovely Yule, though shadows steal Unawares o'er all the brightness, Though you naked boughs reveal Marble mounds of snowy whiteness, Yet the wreath of Christmas day, Green and fragrant ever liveth, For the hand that took away Is the hand that once more giveth. —William B. Chisholm.

The Christmas Tree.

Of all the Christmas greens the tree is the aristocratic monarch. Used not so much as an actual decoration itself as a background for decoration, it figures as the central ornament in the Christmas festivities. Its trimming is a matter of mystery, its burden of lights, tinsel and finery the rarest spectacle that juvenile eyes ever look upon, and its brief but triumphant career an epoch in home life to be long remembered.—Philadelphia Times.

The Dinner Table.

The Christmas dinner table should be appropriately and prettily decorated with evergreens, holly, a bunch of mistletoe hanging below the chandelier and sprays of wintergreen everywhere they can be tucked. Roses and chrysanthemums seem to be the favorite flowers. Wherever ribbons are used let them be of a rich, bright red, for that is a warm, glowing color, and especially fashionable this season. Branches of holly placed tastefully among the draperies of an apartment add much to its cheerful feast day appearance.

YULETIDE CUSTOMS.

How the Day Is Observed in Many Countries.

In England in the early Anglo-Saxon days Christmas was celebrated with almost saturnalian revelries, the lords of misrule holding full sway, but the first breath of Puritanism scorched the zeal of the revelers, and it became a heinous offense to so rejoice and be merry. The year 1643 saw the abolishment of all saints' days, and those who observed the "three grand festivals of Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide, were heavily fined." With the restoration a sad countenance was not at a premium, but rather a merry one, and all the observances of these festival days were revived.

In old Seville and the other beautiful cities of Spain Christmas is largely an out of door celebration. The Anglo-Saxon idea of hearth and home is foreign to the Latin temperament, and the gracious climate lends itself to al fresco merrymaking. All is movement, color, tumult, dance and song. The great plazas are kaleidoscopes of human movement. The cathedrals and churches are thronged. Piety and gaiety mingle.

Inspired by the ancient poetical thought of cheering the Virgin during the pangs of maternity, young men and maidens throng on Christmas eve before her shrines in Italy and play upon their guitars and mandolins, singing songs of praise. It is their part, too, to decorate the beautiful old churches most profusely, a loving service at which they spend the greater part of the night, refreshed by a collation after midnight mass.

Germany is the land of Santa Claus, the home of the beautiful legend of Kris Kringle, which is a corruption of Christ Kindeln, or Christ Child. While the good child finds its little stocking laden with Kris Kringle's gifts, the naughty child finds nothing but a birch rod placed there by the avenging Pelschick (St. Nicholas with the fur). Such an experience makes the small victim intensely miserable.

In Australia Christmas comes during the midsummer season. The mercury may register 100 degrees or more. Famishes, instead of being united, are divided, for this is the time of the long vacation. Still, English traditions are preserved. Plum pudding is the dessert, and the decoration. Moreover, the Australians have a decoration of their own—a crimson flowering shrub which they call Christmas bush and which blooms only in December.

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THIS IS SANTA CLAUS' HEADQUARTERS!

Our Toy and Holiday Goods Display

THE FINEST IN WESTERN MARYLAND!

While Santa Claus was resting from his labors of last Christmas our ambassadors were exploring Toy Land. They have succeeded so admirably that our stores during the holiday season resemble Fairy Land. Won't the little children delight in the preparations we have made for them? Well, they will if the children of to-day are like the children of old, and we guess they are, for childhood is always the same. We like to please the little folks. They'll grow up and be our customers some day. We like to please their fathers and mothers, too. They are our customers now. Fathers and mothers bring your children to our Fairy Land this holiday season? The freedom of our big establishment is extended to you all. The toys that are here are the best and prettiest you ever saw. Come and see them! But, Toys are only an incident of our great business. We are showing a most remarkable collection of

Beautiful, Useful and Ornamental Christmas Gifts.

We give our energy, our money, our time, our ingenuity to make this store of ours the greatest all around, most universal providing establishment in Western Maryland, where almost every human want can be gratified.

AVOID A WORRY WHEN YOU CAN—the worry of indecision sometimes mars your Christmas. Why not avoid it this year? Surely it is better to shop now than among the later crowds. We believe our Holiday Creations are a little in advance of anything yet seen.

A REAL LIVE SANTA CLAUS

Will be at our stores from THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19th., till CHRISTMAS EVE, and he wants all his friends, young and old, to come to see him.

(AS IS OUR CUSTOM.) On Tuesday afternoon, December 24th., at 4 o'clock, Old Santa Claus will give all our little boy and girl friends a Christmas present. Owing to the immense crowds we have had in former years, and likely to be greater this year, we would ask all our little friends to line up single file on *The Pavement*, and when Old Santa Claus drives up, at 4 o'clock, to march in slowly and *KEEP TO THE RIGHT*. Watch for Old Santa's arrival. He will first drive over town.

MILLER BROS'

POPULAR CASH STORES,

Telephone No. 56.

WESTMINSTER, MD.

The Carroll Record.

INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS.
Published every Saturday, at Taneytown,
Md., by The Carroll Record Printing
and Publishing Company.

P. B. ENGLAR, Editor and Manager.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.
Dr. G. T. MOTTER, Pres. G. A. ARNOLD,
F. H. SEISS, Sec. & Treas. Dr. C. H. BIRNIE,
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JOHN S. BOWEN.

TERMS. One Dollar per annum in advance
Six months, 50c. Trial subscriptions, Three
months, 25c. Subscriptions will be continued
as a rule, after the time for which the paper
has been paid, has expired, unless notice is
given to discontinue. No paper will be discon-
tinued until all arrears have been paid, except
at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISING. The rate for an insertion on ap-
plication, after the character of the business
has been definitely stated, together with in-
formation as to space, position and length of
contract. The publisher reserves the right of
refusing or declining all offers for space.

ENTERED AT TANEYTOWN POSTOFFICE AS SECOND
CLASS MATTER.

SATURDAY, DEC. 21st., 1901.

The Season's Greetings.

Once again, the Christmas season is
with us—the season of good cheer—
"Peace on Earth, good will to men."
To our readers and patrons, one and
all, we extend our best wishes for
their happiness and prosperity, and
that they may be able to carry with
them, throughout the year, a fair
share of the joyousness of the Christ-
mas tide. Let dull care be banished,
for the time—and for all time, in so
far as it may be possible. All of us
should try to have Christmas all the
year, instead of once a year.

Workhouses for Tramps.

The Carroll Record is advocating action
by the coming legislature to provide a re-
medy for the tramp nuisance. The sugges-
tion is made that workhouses be erected in every
county, in which to confine and detain
after due process of law and where he shall
be required to work for a specified time as a
penalty for his intrusion upon the State.

It is not explained how or at what Mr.
Hobo should be made to work, nor is it sug-
gested what penalty shall attach in case he
declines to work; it is not made clear just
what rights to liberty he may have sacrificed
beyond that attached to being a "tramp," and
what means of support for both of which
provision has been made in the law.

We are under the impression that the
workhouse remedy has been applied by some
States, but with indifferent success, having
been confronted with the condition best ex-
plained by the old aphorism, "one may lead
a horse to water but one cannot make him
drink," and it remains to be explained how
a refractory inmate of the proposed work-
house shall be dealt with: what penalty it
would be possible to attach to a refusal to
work, when no more serious crime than
"tramping" would be charged against him.
We are not the Hobo's apologist, but that he
has certain rights that may not be infringed,
we are certain, and we are of the opinion that
among those rights will be found one that
will render it very difficult to coerce him in-
to work. He is probably aware of this and
his horror of work having long since been
wrought into proverb, it is probable that
any such legislation as that proposed by the
Carroll Record would from the beginning be
a dead letter and the workhouses erected be-
fore, a public dead investment.

The Carroll Record should approach the
problem from another direction; among the
rights that Mr. Hobo does not possess is that
of requiring upon demand, a free meal; let
the Record educate its constituency up to the
point of demanding a *quid pro quo* for the
workhouse, picking stones, grubbing, or other
odd jobs and it will be essaying something
wholly within the rights of all concerned,
but we fear the workhouse proposition lacks
promise of results.

The *Clarion* man evidently had not the
article from the Record before him when he
wrote the above. We did not suggest that
"workhouses be erected in every county," but
at "convenient points"—probably six for the
entire State, would do. We did not pro-
pose a course of treatment for "those who
decline to work," assuming that those who
know how to run workhouses, also know how
to *persuade* refractory cases to be good. Ses-
sup's Cut rules would no doubt fill the
bill, and "declining to work," under this
dispensation, would possibly open to his
lordship—the Hobo—a decidedly new, and
not altogether luxurious, experience.

Of course, Mr. Hobo has "rights." He
has a right not to work, providing he can
live that way, though begging and stealing;
but, we the people also have rights, and
among these is one to say to Mr. Hobo—"Emi-
grate, we don't want you in Maryland!"

Mr. Hobo's "rights" end at the point
where protection to our families and prop-
erty begins. He is a floating menace to every-
thing a decent citizen holds dear, and so far
as we are concerned, we favor any remedy
which shall lead him to enjoy his rights to
the fullest extent in some other jurisdiction.

The work-house was proposed, for the
reason that it would, if operated properly,
scare the gentry out of the state more effec-
tively than the devil, cholera or the small-pox.

We are seriously of the opinion
that such a course, on the part of the
state, would be nearer right than
wrong, if not wholly right, especially
with reference to sectarian schools
and institutions.

At least, there ought to be a vast
scaling down of the appropriations,
which represent mere raids on the
treasury. The principle involved, of
giving to some educational concerns,
and not to all, is both wrong and un-
fair, and this is especially true from
the denominational standpoint. Cer-
tainly, it cannot be successfully
argued, that, for instance, Baptists
and Lutherans should pay their taxes
to the state for the benefit of Metho-
dist and Reformed, schools, and see
their own go unrewarded.

Indeed, there is no sound argument
against building up private educa-
tional institutions, and letting the
public school system languish and
struggle along with meagre support
and imperfect equipment. Further-
more, we are of the opinion that
scholarships are largely misapplied,
and mere screens for a most iniqui-
tous system.

We expect to watch this feature of
legislation, closely, this winter, and
hope to see our law-makers elect
stand firmly against the continuation
of the system of appropriations which
has made the treasury of the state a
veritable "grab-bag." There should be
the greater inclination to do this,
now, in order to save money to pay
for the "Extra session" and its census
and election laws which were such
urgent necessities (!) that the regular
session could not be waited for, to en-
act them.

The Same Plan in Carroll.

The Garrett *Journal* (Ind. Dem.) of
Oakland, is educating the tax-payers
of the county along the line of ex-
travagant prices paid for county
printing, and uses some hard-hitting
and unanswerable logic, of which, the
following editorial in its last issue is
a specimen. Some reforms move slowly,
but, unless we are greatly mistaken,
the continued agitation of this one
subject will eventually put a stop
to the payment of exorbitant rates for
public printing and publishing.

"Because no defense nor reply can
be made by the *Combine* nor Board of
Election Supervisors to our charges
made two weeks ago of wilful extra-
vagance in the matter of election print-
ing and publishing, none has been
made and the *JOURNAL* is thus sus-
tained and its statement confirmed
that such charges are an outrage up-
on the people of this county."

The *JOURNAL* believes that the
public business should be conducted
with the same view to economy as
that of the private individual, and is
there a shadow of a doubt that if
these Election Supervisors should
have this work performed for them-
selves that they would not seek the
lowest possible price consistent with
satisfactory results? There are many
inconsistencies in the charges made
by the *Combine*, in their bills filed.
For instance the *Democrat* charges
\$238.30 for publishing ballot two
times, while the *Republican* performs
an exact duty and charges the county
the outrageous sum of \$236.20 or \$27.30
more than his pal.

The cost of printing 9500 ballots in
Garrett county costs \$55.50 while in
other counties of the state they cost
\$2.25 per thousand. These and many
other outrageous charges are made
by the *Combine* and sanctioned by the
Board of Election Supervisors and
people of this county must stand
by and see themselves robbed in this
manner simply because the official
organs of the parties must be fed from
the public crib regardless of the inter-
ests of the tax payers of our county."

Defects in Warrants.
The prosecutions growing out of
the detection of an error in the bal-
lots used in Washington county at
the late election have come to a rather
inglorious end. The indictment
against the printer, who was also the
clerk to the board of supervisors, was
declared invalid, and the charges
against the election supervisors, which
came before the court on appeal from
a magistrate, were dismissed because
a demurrer to the validity of the war-
rant was sustained. The warrants
failed because they did not contain
the phrases, "against the peace, gov-
ernment and dignity of the state" or
"contrary to the form of the act of
Assembly."

The frequency with which criminal
appeal cases go by the board in the
defective character of the warrants
drawn up by the magistrates has long
been a source of provocation, and has
led to suggestions for remedy on the
part of various bar associations, the
simplest proposition being to give
state's attorneys the power to correct
the errors in the warrants, and to
supply the all-important verbiage
which magistrates continually forget
to incorporate in these documents.

great political parties in the last na-
tional campaign.
In a nutshell, the central and con-
trolling motive and object of the na-
tional irrigation movement is to create
millions of happy and prosperous
American homes in parts of our terri-
tory now utterly desolate and unin-
habitable, and to do this in a way
that will, beyond all question, benefit
every class of our people and every
section of our country. If we are to
accomplish this, the public lands must
be reserved for actual settlers and
home builders. Its further absorption
into large holdings by speculators
must be stopped. The necessity for
this is clearly shown in a series of able
articles by Mr. J. D. Whippley, now
being published in Harper's Weekly,
entitled "The Nation as a Land-
owner."

Every objection which has been
raised in the past to the national ir-
rigation policy is clearly shown to be
untenable in Mr. Walsh's article or in
the President's Message or the Report
of the Secretary of the Interior, and
the movement is gaining strength
with remarkable rapidity as its ob-
jects are coming to be generally un-
derstood throughout the country.
Should you desire any further data
or information as to any phase of the
subject at any time I would be more
than pleased to hear from you."

1707 Fisher Building, Chicago.

Blame and Praise for Schley.

Washington, Dec. 13.—Blame and
praise. This is the verdict of the
Schley Court of Inquiry.

It is more blame than praise, be-
cause while Admiral Dewey, president
of the court, gives him all the credit
and glory for the destruction of Cer-
vera's fleet as senior in command at
the battle, and the court finds that
his conduct was that of a man of
courage in the action, the unanimous
finding is made that Schley's conduct
in the Santiago campaign prior to his
supercession by Rear-Admiral Sam-
pson was "characterized by vacilla-
tion, dilatoriness and lack of enter-
prise."

The investigation, unique in naval
annals and of great historic impor-
tance, was intended to end a contro-
versy which has not only disrupted
the navy, but which has rent the en-
tire country. Instead, further bitter-
ness has probably been added to the
controversy, for while Admiral Dewey
gives it as his personal and individ-
ual opinion that to Rear-Admiral
Schley belongs the credit of the vic-
tory at Santiago, Rear-Admiral Ben-
ham and Ramsay, the two junior
members of the court, decline to ap-
pend their signatures to such an ex-
pression. In his opinion, Admiral
Dewey agrees with that of the major-
ity of the people of the United States
in their views. Rear-Admirals Ben-
ham and Ramsay voice the belief of
some officers of the navy.

Furthermore, Admiral Dewey differs
from his colleagues in the blockade
maintained by Rear-Admiral Schley
at Cienfuegos and Santiago, which
he, contrary to their view, finds was
effective. He also holds to opinion
to their opinion that the Flying
Squadron proceeded with all dispatch
from Cienfuegos to Santiago, and that
Commodore Schley in permitting the
steamer *Adula* to enter the harbor
expected to get information from her
when she came out.

The Court unites in commending
Schley's bravery in battle.

A Good Cough Medicine.

[From the *Gazette*, *Toowoomba, Aust.*]
I find Chamberlain's Cough Remedy
is an excellent medicine. I have
been suffering from a severe cough
for the last two months, and it has
been a cure. I have great pleasure
in recommending it.—W. C. WOCK-
NER. This is the opinion of one of our
oldest and most respected residents,
and has been voluntarily given in
good faith that others may try the
remedy and be benefited, as was Mr.
Wockner. This remedy is sold by R.
S. McKinney, Druggist, Taneytown, Md.

ONLY A WORD!

"A word to the wise is sufficient."

"If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it."

BUT LISTEN!

Since "Feathers make the bird,"
it is possible for all—even the
most homely of women—to sur-
pass the average. If they buy
their wearing apparel—

Dresses, Waists, Shoes, etc.,

—AT—

Reindollar, Hess & Co's.

Our Dress Goods Department (from
Calico to Silk) is complete in every
particular. Prices to suit the people.

UNDERWEAR.

We make Underwear a specialty—
carry it shoddy.

BLANKETS!

Hats—Boots—Shoes!

Carpets and Oilcloth!

Good and Cheap!

Gloves and Mitts,

at all prices, and to fit any hands!

GROCERIES.

Cheap and Pure! Choice Butcher's
Pepper. Don't fail to call and in-
spect our entire line, before
purchasing elsewhere.

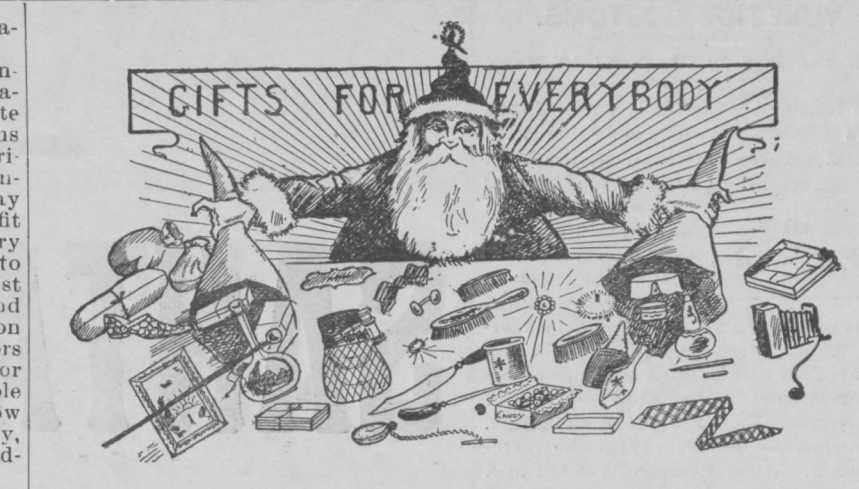
Very Respectfully,

Reindollar, Hess & Co.,

TANEYTOWN, MD.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll
county, December term, 1901.



Toys, Fancy Goods, and Useful Holiday Gifts, AT YOUNT'S.

150 Christmas Suggestions.

GIFTS FOR MEN!

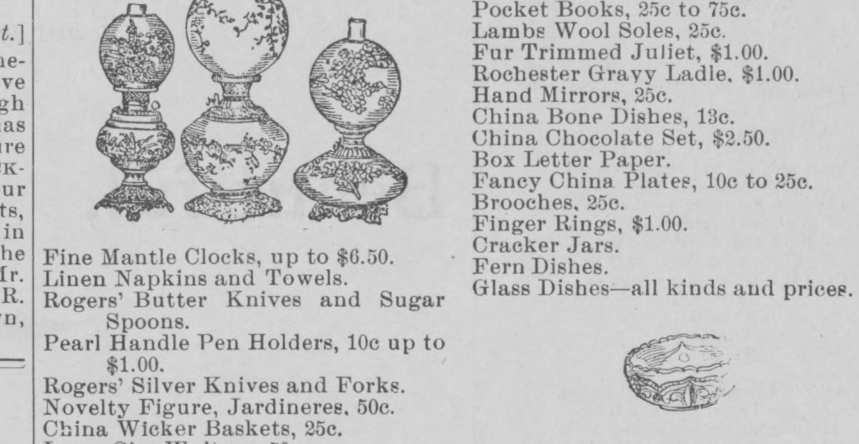
Neck-tie Boxes, 35c to \$1.00.
Shaving Sets, up to \$2.50.
Fountain Pens, \$1.00.
Knives, 25c and 50c.
Bill Books, 25c and 50c.
Cuff Buttons, 25c up.
Golf Gloves, 50c.
Whisks and Holders.
Clothes Brushes, 25c up.
Hair Brushes, 25c up.
Shaving Mirrors, Shaving Brushes.
Combs, 25c to \$1.00.
Shaving Mugs, 15c up.
Purses, 25c to \$1.00.
Handkerchief, 25c to 50c.
Tobacco Jars, 50c.
Neck-ties, 25c to 50c.
Mustache Cups and Saucers, 25c up.
Cyclometers, \$1.00.
Bicycle Bells, 50c.



James Mean's \$2.50 shoe. Umbrellas, 80c to \$3.50.

GIFTS FOR WOMEN!

Work Baskets, 25c.
7-Button Over-garments, 25c.
"Beaute" \$2.00 Shoe.
Silver Thimbles.
10-piece Toilet Sets, up to \$5.00.
100 piece Dinner Set, \$10.00.
Silver Plated Cake Basket, \$1.25 up.
Silver Trimmed Glass Pitchers.
Gold Band Water Set, \$1.25.
Rogers' Tea Spoons.
Fancy Case, Comb and Brush set,
\$1.00 up.
Fine Lamps, \$1.00 to \$5.00.



Teacher's Bibles, \$1.00, \$1.50.
Pocket Bibles, 25c to 75c.
Lamb's Wool Socks, 25c.
Fur Trimmed Juliet, \$1.00.
Rochester Gravy Ladle, \$1.00.
Hand Mirrors, 25c.
China Bone Dishes, 13c.
China Chocolate Set, \$2.50.
Box Letter Paper.
Fancy China Plates, 10c to 25c.
Brooches, 25c.
Finger Rings, \$1.00.
Cracker Jars.
Fern Dishes.
Glass Dishes—all kinds and prices.

Smyma Rugs.
Carpet Sweepers.
After Dinner Cups and Saucers.

GIFTS FOR GIRLS!

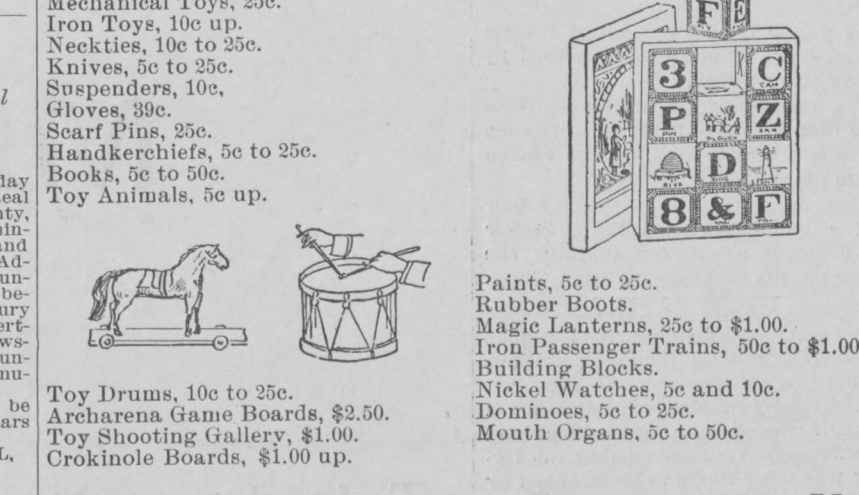
Toy Washer, \$1.00.
Water Colors, 5c to 25c.
Toy Ice Cream Freezer, \$1.50.
Silver Watches, \$3.00 up.
Game Old Maids, Authors, 5c to 10c.
Alphabet Blocks, 5c to 25c.
Pencil Boxes, 5c to 10c.
Toy Coffee Mills, 10c to 25c.
Toy Dust Pan, 5c.
Toy Sprinkler, 5c.
Doll-Go-Carts, 50c to \$1.00.



Dressed Dolls, 25c up.
Doll Baby Nursing Set, 5c.
Horse Shoe Magnet, 1c.
Trick Mirror, 5c.
Rooster Whistles, 1c.
Tin Animals on platform, 10c.
Sets Pewter Dishes, 10c to 25c.

GIFTS FOR BOYS!

School Bags, 10c to 25c.
Pencil Boxes, 5c to 10c.
Tool Chests, 50c to \$1.00.
Rubber Balls, 5c to 25c.
Mechanical Toys, 25c.
Iron Toys, 10c up.
Neckties, 10c to 25c.
Knives, 5c to 25c.
Suspenders, 10c.
Gloves, 35c.
Scarf Pins, 25c.
Handkerchiefs, 5c to 25c.
Books, 5c to 50c.
Toy Animals, 5c up.



Paints, 5c to 25c.
Archery, 5c to 25c.
Magic Lanterns, 25c to \$1.00.
Iron Passenger Trains, 50c to \$1.00.
Building Blocks.
Nickel Watches, 5c and 10c.
Dominoes, 5c to 25c.
Mouth Organs, 5c to 50c.

F. M. YOUNT, - Taneytown, Md.

THE BIRNIE TRUST CO. —TANEYTOWN, MD.— (Successors to GEO. H. BIRNIE & CO.)

TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

We receive Deposits subject to Check. Have Safety Deposit Vault for Valu-
able.
Pay Interest on Time Deposits. Legal Depository for Trust Funds.
Give Special Rates to Weekly and Monthly Depositors. Legally authorized to Accept
Discount Business Notes. TRUSTS of every description, as RE-
Make Loans on Approved Security. CEIVER, TRUSTEE, ADMINISTRATOR,
Collections Promptly Attended to. EXECUTOR, ASSIGNOR or GUARDIAN.

THIS BANK has been a Successful and Growing
Institution. Its DEPOSITS and LOANS
show its Progress.

Total Deposits.	Total Loans.
Feb. 9, 1897, \$114,048.97	Feb. 9, 1897, \$117,066.14
Feb. 9, 1898, 138,798.45	Feb. 9, 1898, 127,760.73
Feb. 9, 1899, 178,396.85	Feb. 9, 1899, 164,463.88
Feb. 9, 1900, 202,297.09	Feb. 9, 1900, 200,373.43
Feb. 9, 1901, 242,330.46	Feb. 9, 1901, 225,693.30

— DIRECTORS —
EDW. E. REINDOLLAR, Pres't. J. J. WEAVER, Jr., Vice-Pres't.
GEO. H. BIRNIE, Cashier. G. WALTER WILT, Ass't Cashier
MARTIN D. HESS. EDWIN H. SHARETTTS. HARVEY E. WEANT.

An Xmas Suggestion!

If you desire to give something useful and practical
for a Christmas Gift, why not buy—

Shoes, Hats, Caps, Gloves, Hosiery,

Suspenders, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, Fur
Gloves, Fur Collars, Way's Mufflers, Um-
brellas, Trucks, Dress Suit Cases, etc.

Our selection of Neckwear is the finest we have ever shown.
For 25c we can give you all the latest shapes in Puffs, Tecks,
Four-in-hand and String Ties; also the same shapes in the 50c
grades. We have an immense assortment of Men's and Boys'
Leather, Felt, and Gum Boots, Cloth, Leather and Cord Caps,
Women's warm lined Shoes, etc., the Newest, Best and Cheap-
est in this city. Give us a call and get one of our Calendars
for 1902.

WM. C. DEVILBISS,
22 W. Main St., Westminster, Md.

Potatoes, = = Onions,

Poultry.

These are specialties just now, and you will do
well to send us your consignments.

ELLIS & BONSACK,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
305 S. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.,

STONER'S NURSERIES,

GEORGE E. STONER, Proprietor,
West Main St., Westminster, Md.

Western Md. Telephone.
Long Distance "Phone 20-4.

All stock has been inspected by State Entomologist, who certified to their
freedom from disease.
The advantage in buying from Stoner's Nurseries, besides the certainty
of getting healthy stock, is that the stock cultivated in this climate is more
certain of growing and being true to name than stock bought at a distance,
North, South or West.
All varieties of Fruit, Ornamental and Shade Trees; Berries and other
Small Fruits; Roses and Flowers, Plants and Bulbs of all varieties.
Prices on Application. Satisfaction guaranteed.

AGENTS WANTED.

DAVID B. SHAM,

Butcher.

Dealer in Fresh and Cured Meats.
Highest Cash Price always paid for
Fat Cattle, Hogs, Lambs, Calves,
Beef Hides and Furs of all kinds.
Proprietor of
Taneytown Meat Market.

Regular wagon service throughout
the adjoining country.
2-16-1-17

THE TANEYTOWN

SAVINGS BANK

Does a General Banking Business,
Loans money on Real or Personal Se-
curity. Discounts Notes, Collections
and Remittances promptly made.
Interest paid on Time Deposits.

HENRY GALT, Treasurer

JAS. C. GALT, President

DIRECTORS.

SAMUEL STONER, LEONARD ZILE,
JOSHUA KOUTZ, JOHN S. BOWEN,
JAMES C. GALT, JOHN J. CRAPSTER,
C. W. WEAVER, CALVIN T. FRINGER
W. W. CRAPSTER, HENRY GALT.

Littlestown Carriage Works.

Repairing of all kinds.
Old Gold and Silver Bought.
Talking Machines,
from \$5.00 up; also Records
and Repairs.

Spectacles or Eye Glasses.

When in need of these, remember
that you can be served as well by
your home people, as by strangers.
Eyes Examined Free, by Dr. F. H. Seiss.
Hull's Cash Jewelry Store,
TANEYTOWN, - - - MD

Dr. J. W. Helm,

New Windsor, Md.,

Surgeon Dentist.

Crown and Bridge Work, Plate Work, Filling
Teeth and Teeth extracted without pain.
I will be in TANEYTOWN, Md., Wednesday of
each month. Engagements can be made
with me by mail and at my office in New
Windsor, at all other times except the 3rd,
Saturday, and Thursday and Friday, im-
mediately preceding that day. Nitrous Oxide
Gas administered.
J. W. HELM, D. S., Graduate of Mary-
land University Baltimore. 5-12

WM. A. MCKELLIP

Attorney at Law and Solicitor
in Chancery.

Office in ALBAUGH BUILDING,
COURT ST. - WESTMINSTER, MD

For Holiday Photographs
GO TO
Mitchell's Art Gallery!

It will pay you, as I am prepared
to give you any size Picture—
From a Locket to a Life-size,
at Reasonable Prices.
Sittings made in cloudy or fair
weather.
JAMES D. MITCHELL, Prop'r,
60 E. Main St., South Side,
adjoining Firemen's Bld'g,
Westminster, Md.

THE HAMMOND

has all these requirements to a higher
degree than any known machine.
It is sold for cash, or on time, to suit
the buyer.

SEE IT BEFORE BUYING—
H. B. MILLER, Local Ag't,
TANEYTOWN, MD.

FOR

Cold Weather!

Salves, Lotions,

and other applications for

Chapped Hands and Lips.

Fine Soaps,

to keep the skin soft.



Individuality.

"Nature arms each man with such faculties as enable him to do some feat impossible to any other," says Emerson.

There is an individuality about this store, its methods, and its manner of doing business that is marked; and will always be known whenever seen. We believe we should preserve our individuality as we would our character, for it is essentially a part of us.

Derr & Lamberd

Head to Foot Outfitters

Originality.

To be original is our constant aim; it's a duty we owe to you. As we strive to secure the best merchandise, so we study and plan to introduce original features in our business. We would not be mere echoes, or miniature copies of others, as the copy is always inferior to the subject. Hence, original methods are best—therefore we use them.

HASSOCKS

For Christmas Presents.

Moquette and Velvet Hassocks, well made, excellent styles, and good value. Just the thing for a nice present.

At 50c each.

RUGS

For Christmas Presents.

Smyrna and Moquette Rugs, size 30x60; very best styles, and positively worth \$2.25 and \$2.50. Will make an acceptable present.

Only \$1.98 each.

CUSHION TOPS

For Christmas Presents.

All the rage, Tapestry cushion tops, with painted scenes of football game, cake walk, "coon" dances, Indian heads, etc.

At 50c each.

GARTERS

For Christmas Presents.

Ready made, come in fancy boxes, have pretty bows and buckles on them. In the following colors: pink, blue, yellow and red.

At 50c Pair.

ONLY THREE DAYS--THEN CHRISTMAS!

Are you ready? The gladdest day of all the year is almost here. We are still showing a very good assortment of fine Christmas giving things, while our regular departments are overflowing with everything that is good, at the very lowest prices. This has been a very busy time, and the last days are likely to be busiest of all. Try to come early in the morning, if possible.

WE WISH YOU ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

FOR CHRISTMAS
PRESENTS.

Another lot of these splendid Golf Capes—have just come in time for Christmas—they are good as anybody ever sold for \$5.00; our special holiday price is only

\$3.48 Each.

Golf Capes, \$3.48.

A Word About That Mail Box.

We desire to replace that old one that you now have, with a new one made of heavy galvanized iron, fitted with a signal, and absolutely rain proof. In fact it is the best Mail Box we could find; no other would suit our purpose. And you may have one at our expense. Your neighbor has one—they are being put up all over the county. You had better get one—free with every purchase of \$10 or more.

FOR CHRISTMAS
PRESENTS.

As a very special Christmas offer, we will give you about 25 handsome seal plush Capes, trimmed with Thibet Fur. Our regular \$7.00 grade—holiday price only

\$4.95 Each.

Plush Capes, \$4.95.

Flannelette Dress Patterns,

For Presents, 75c.

10 yards of pretty Flannelette, neatly folded and tied with pretty ribbon—just the thing for a useful gift; and only costs you 75c.

Soap and Perfumery,

For Presents, 25c.

A box of nice Soap, with fine odor; or a pretty bottle of Perfume in a fancy box, will make a very acceptable give for a lady—it is here at 25c.

On Tuesday, Santa Claus will give every boy and girl a present. Come.

Calico Dress Patterns,

For Presents, 50c.

A nice calico dress makes a nice present; these are pretty stylish; put up in 10 yard pieces, and tied with ribbons—you can buy a pattern for 50c.

New Satine Skirts,

For Presents, \$1.25.

These are fine Mercerized Satine skirts, with deep ruffle. We have many other better quality skirts up to \$3.00 each. All are splendid for gift giving—look at the ones for \$1.25.

For Christmas
Presents.

Handkerchiefs.

If you don't know what to give for Christmas, come to our Handkerchief counter—here you can get a burden off your mind quickly.

Ladies' fine Lawn Hemstitched handkerchiefs, with initial in the corner, put up 6 in a pretty box, for only 59c box.

Pure Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, fine and sheer, 1/2 dozen in a dainty little box, special price, 12c each.

Hundreds of lovely embroidered and lace trimmed Handkerchiefs in fine lawn and linen, at 15c and 25c.

Finer grades and exquisite designs, in all linen, up to \$1.00.

Men's Pure linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, two style hems—all, unusual values, only 15c, 20c, 25c and 35c.

Silk Handkerchiefs and Mufflers, every style and price.

China and Toilet Goods

For Christmas Gifts.

Dainty pieces of china and articles for my lady's toilet, are always a most acceptable gift. Why not get something from this elegant assortment. The prices are remarkably little for such splendid gifts.

Lovely Comb and Brush sets in pretty boxes, from 59c up to \$3.50.

Art Pictures and Medallions' very beautiful, at 25c up to \$3.00.

Oriental Busts and Heads, now so desirable, 69c to \$3.98.

Hand and Toilet Mirrors, every style and price, 50c to \$3.50.

Fancy Dishes for Salads, or Bon Bons, priced 75c to \$2.50.

Mancure Sets, Military Brushes, Pretty Vases, Hat Brushes, Ornaments, Tea Sets, etc., all at special prices.

Umbrellas For Presents.

\$3.00 Qualities for \$1.98.

A rather surprising sale—ever so many people give Umbrellas at Christmas time—this is a splendid chance to give a finer one than expected, without any more cost to you. There is only 50 in the lot. They are for both Men and Women, all at \$1.98 instead of \$3.

Many other splendid and Handsome Umbrellas at higher prices, but equally good bargains. They run from \$3.00 up to \$5.00; styles for Men and Women.

For Christmas
Presents.

Things for Men.

Give him some ties, suspenders, gloves and things of that sort; half the men would never be properly supplied if they had to look out for themselves.

Nice assortment of neckties, at 25c and 50c.

Fine silk suspenders, in pretty box at 50c.

Real Mocha Dress Gloves in Grey and Brown \$1.00.

New and pretty styles of half hose, only 25c.

Fine Laundered Shirts, White and Colored, at \$1.00.

Men's handsome Blanket Bath Robes. Every gentleman should have one, here they are \$3.98 and \$5.00.

Queen Quality Shoes---Winter Styles, \$3.00.

Any lady who has ever worn Queen Quality Shoes will not have any other kind.

They are without any question the best and most stylish shoes ever sold for \$3.00 pair.

We are now showing 25 new winter styles in every size and width; they are the equals of any \$5.00 shoe ever made—you can buy these here for \$3.00 pair.

Women's Stylish Coats---Greatly Reduced,

\$15 AND \$16. COATS FOR \$10--\$10. COATS FOR \$7.50.

Just in time for Christmas, comes this grand reduction on these new and ultra fashionable coats. These garments are in Black, Castor and Tan, made in the very newest shape and of the finest materials. All are Silk or Satin lined.

The price concessions are the greatest ever made on such stylish coats. \$7.50, regular price \$10; and \$10, regular prices \$15 and \$16.

Carpet Sweepers,
For Christmas.

Genuine Bissell's Carpet Sweepers, made with all the latest improvements and sold the world over for \$2.50, may be had here for only \$1.69 each.

Don't you think you ought to have one when they are so very cheap, besides they make a splendid gift—remember, \$1.69 each.

Women's Wrappers,
Special Value \$1.00.

Elegant made Wrappers of fine Flannelette, with deep flounce around the skirt and waist lined with percaleine. All made in the very neatest and prettiest styles.

The colors are dark including Black, Grey and Blue.

Very special price \$1.00 each.

Fur Collars,
\$2.50 Kind, \$1.39.

About half price for a nice Fur Collar, and won't it make a splendid Christmas present?

The fur is brown cone and they are made nice and full, with two long tails—they will go very quick at \$1.39 each.

Fine Kid Gloves,
at \$1, For Presents.

Our Model," is the very best Kid Glove made for Ladies' at the price.

They come in every wanted shade. Also Black and White, either 2 clasp or Hooks—if you want gloves, come try the "Model;" they will please, at only \$1.00 pair.

New Sofa Pillows,
For Christmas.

Get a nice sofa pillow; here is a fine assortment, they are 22 inches square, and filled with nice soft wool, covered with pretty Japanese silk or crepe. Every color you will like.

The price! Oh we nearly forgot; they are only \$1.49 each.

Fine Pocket Books,
As Presents.

A fine assortment of new shapes and sizes in ladies pocket books and purses. Every correct style is here, including some very attractive values, less than the usual price.

35c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00 will buy most any style you wish; all good for gifts.

Among the Books,
Some Bargains.

Right now, on the eve of Christmas, we will give some splendid book bargains.

Almost the entire stock may be had at the publisher's prices, thereby saving you all the profit. 25c for 35c books, 39c for 50c books, 18c for 25c books, 10c for 15c books.

Bed Comforts,
For Gifts.

Fine Satine and Silkoline Comforts filled with pure white cotton, and made in full double bed size; all lovely light designs. Comforts worth fully \$2.50—some of them were \$3.00 goods; while they last you may pick at \$1.98 each.

A Store Full of Wonderful Toys.

All the Toys Reduced in Price.

This has been the biggest toy season we have ever had, but our stock was by far the best and largest we ever displayed. There is still a fine selection to pick from, including some wonderful bargains in Dolls and Toys. Among the lot are these

Dressed Dolls,
Kid Dolls,
Jointed Dolls,
Cook Stoves,
Wash Sets,
Banks,
Balls,
Trunks,
Horses,

Choice, 25c.

Tool Chest,
Large Piano,
Train of Cars,
Magic Lanterns,
Steam Engines,
China Dishes,
Doll Furniture,
Music Instruments,
Drums,

Choice, 48c.

Big Dressed Doll,
Fine Piano,
Kettle Drum,
Magic Lantern
Doll Furniture,
Fire Engines,
Horse & Wagon,
Street Piano,
Fine Games,

Choice, 98c.

Fine Line of Christmas Furniture,

All For Less Than Usual Price.

You are looking for Furniture; here is a splendid variety of all that is newest and best. No difference what you want or what part of the house it is for, you can find it here, if it is good, at the very lowest prices.

Special: One lot Romanesque chairs, imitation Mahogany and nicely upholstered—regular \$2.50 value for only \$1.50 each.

Fine Rockers \$1.69 to \$12.00.
Fancy Chairs \$5.00 to \$12.00.
Morris Chairs \$6 to \$14.00.
Fine Couches \$6 to \$20.00.
China Cases \$15 to \$25.00.

Parlor Cabinets \$25 and \$30.
Parlor Suits \$28.00 to \$69.00.
Side Boards \$20 to \$60.00.
Ladies Desks \$5.00 to \$14.00.
Piano Stools \$2 to \$4.50.

