

Emmitsburg Chronicle.



C. M. MOTTER, Editor & Publisher.

Established by SAMUEL MOTTER in 1879.

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VOL. XII.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1890.

No. 28.

DIRECTORY FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

Circuit Court.
Chief Judge.—Hon. James McSherry.
Associate Judges.—Hon. John T. Vinson and Hon. John A. Lynch.
State's Attorney.—Edw. S. Eichelberger.
Clerk of the Court.—W. Irving Parsons.
Orphan's Court.
Judge.—Geo. W. Shank, Geo. Koogle, Benjamin G. Fitzhugh.
Register of Wills.—Hamilton Lindsay.
County Commissioners.—Eugene L. Derr, David Fisher, Josiah Englar, John P. Jones, Jonathan Biser.
Sheriff.—Otto J. Gaver.
Tax Collector.—Wm. P. Nunemaker.
School Commissioners.—Samuel Duntrow, Hermin L. Routhahn, David D. Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.
Assessor.—Glenn H. Worthington.
Emmitsburg District.

Notary Public.—Paul Motter.
Justices of the Peace.—Henry Stokes, Jas. Kautz, Jas. F. Hickey, Joshua Hobbs, Reister, E. S. Toney.
Constables.—W. P. Nunemaker, Abraham Hahn.
School Trustees.—O. A. Horner, S. N. McNair, Jos. A. Myers.
Burgess.—William G. Blair.
Town Commissioners.—Joseph Snouffer, Jas. O. Hopp, J. Thos. Gelwicks, P. D. Lawrence, James A. Elder, Michael Hoke.
Town Constable.—Wm. P. Nunemaker.
Tax Collector.—John F. Hopp.

CHURCHES.

Ev. Lutheran Church.
Pastor.—Rev. Luther DeYoe. Services every Sunday, morning and evening at 10 o'clock, a. m., and 7:30 o'clock, p. m., respectively. Wednesday evening lectures at 7:30 o'clock, p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 o'clock, p. m.
Reformed Church of the Incarnation.
Pastor.—Rev. U. H. Heilmann. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock and every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Wednesday evening lecture at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School, Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock.

Presbyterian Church.
Pastor.—Rev. W. Simonton, D. D. Morning services at 10:30 o'clock. Evening services at 7 o'clock. Wednesday evening Lecture and Prayer Meeting at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M.

St. Joseph's (Roman Catholic).
Pastor.—Rev. H. F. White. First Mass 7 o'clock, a. m., second mass 10 o'clock, a. m.; Vespers 3 o'clock, p. m.; Sunday School, at 2 o'clock, p. m.

Methodist Episcopal Church.
Pastor.—Rev. J. F. Gray. Services every other Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Prayer meeting every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School 1:30 o'clock, p. m. Class meeting every other Sunday at 3 o'clock, p. m.

MAILS.

Arrive.
Through from Baltimore 11:10, a. m., 8:15, p. m.; from Baltimore, 7:00, p. m., Hagerstown, 7:16, p. m., Rocky Ridge, 7:16, p. m., Motter's, 11:20, a. m., Frederick, 11:20, a. m., and 7:16, p. m., Gettysburg, 4:00, p. m.

Depart.
Baltimore, Way 8:10, a. m., Mechanics-town and Hagerstown, 8:35, p. m., Hanover, Lancaster and Harrisburg, 8:10, a. m., Rocky Ridge, 8:10, a. m., Baltimore, (closed) 2:35, p. m., Frederick, 2:35, p. m., Motter's, and Mt. St. Mary's, 2:35, p. m., Gettysburg, 8:00, a. m. Office hours from 7 o'clock, a. m., to 8:15, p. m.

SOCIETIES.

Massachusetts Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.
Killed her Concom Fire every Saturday evening. Officers: Officers: Prophet, J. W. Reigle; Sach, E. M. Klinefelter; Sen. Sag, M. P. Shuff; Jun. Sag, J. D. Caldwell; C. of R. Jno. F. A. Eichelberger; K. of W. G. L. Gillilan; J. W. Reigle, E. C. Wenschhof and Geo. T. Gelwicks, Trustees; Geo. G. Byers, Representative.

Emerald Beneficial Association.
F. A. Eichelberger, President; Vice-President, Jno. Byrne; Secretary, Geo. Seybold; Treasurer, Jno. M. Stouter. Meets the first day of each month, in F. A. Eichelberger's building, West main street.

Arthur Post, No. 41, G. A. R.
Commander, Maj. O. A. Horner; Senior Vice-Commander, S. N. McNair; Junior Vice-Commander, Harvey G. Winter; Chaplain, Jos. W. Davidson; Quartermaster, Geo. T. Gelwicks; Officer of the Day, Wm. A. Fraley; Officer of the Guard, Albert Dettner; Surgeon, John Shank; Council Administration, Samuel Gamble, Joseph Frame and John A. Baker; Delegate to State Encampment, Wm. A. Fraley; Alternate, Harvey G. Winter.

Vigilant Hose Company No. 1.
Meets 1st and 3rd Friday evening of each month at Firemen's Hall. Pres't, V. E. Rowe; Vice-President, Jeremiah Donoghue; Secretary, W. H. Troxell; Treasurer, J. H. Stokes; Capt., Geo. T. Eyster; 1st Lieut., Michael Hoke; 2nd Lieut., Wm. B. Ogde.

Furners' and Mechanics' Building and Loan Association.—President, James F. Hickey; Vice-President, J. M. Kerrigan; Secretary, T. C. Seltzer; Treasurer, Geo. T. Gelwicks; Directors, George L. Shaffer, Jos. A. Baker, F. A. Eichelberger, Jos. V. Tyson, Daniel R. Gelwicks, H. G. Beam, Jas. F. Hickey, Thos. C. Seltzer, J. M. Kerrigan, Geo. T. Gelwicks.

Citizens' Building Association.—Pres't, V. E. Rowe; Vice-Prest., M. Hoke; Sec., F. A. Adelsberger; Treas., Paul Motter; Directors, F. A. Adelsberger, Jno. T. Long, Jas. O. Hopp, M. Hoke, Paul Motter, V. E. Rowe, Jos. E. Hoke, Jas. F. Hickey.

Emmitsburg Water Company.
President, I. S. Annan; Vice-P. L. M. Motter; Secretary, E. R. Zimmerman; Treasurer, O. A. Horner; Directors, L. M. Motter, O. A. Horner, J. Thos. Gelwicks, E. R. Zimmerman, J. S. Annan, E. L. Rowe, Nicholas Baker.

Nathan Gutman, 15 & 17 W. LEXINGTON STREET, BALTIMORE.

Our display of Holiday Goods suitable for presents is now open, the assortment is varied and extensive, and includes Dolls of every description, fine Bisque Pompeian Ware, Bronzes, Manicure Sets, Lamps, Mirrors, and many rare and pretty Novelties, all marked at extremely low prices.

We have also opened the greatest collection of books ever shown by us and we sell them below all competition. Dickens' Works, 15 Vols. complete, large type, illustrated \$5.10 set. Walter Scott's Waverley Novels, complete, illustrated, 12 Vols. large type, \$4.95 set. Thackeray's Works complete, 12 Vols. \$4.90 set. 10,000 Handsome Cloth Bound Books 25 cts. a volume. 300 Popular Authors, such as, Dickens, Scott, Bulwer, Bertha Clay, Tennyson, Histories of all Nations, Fairy Tales, &c.

Our Mail Order Department will keep you supplied with samples of Dry Goods on application.

NATHAN GUTMAN, 15 & 17 W. Lexington St.

I. S. ANNAN & BRO.

GENERAL STORE.

ANDERS & WHITE,
SURGEON DENTISTS,
MECHANICSTOWN, MD.

Have formed a co-partnership in the practice of Dentistry. Office directly opposite the Post Office, where one member of the firm will be found at all times. The following appointments will be promptly kept:—
EMMITSBURG, at the Emmitt House—
On Friday of each week.
UNION BRIDGE—The First and Third Monday of each month. June 12y

Edward S. Eichelberger,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
FREDERICK CITY, MD.
OFFICE—West Church Street, opposite Mary's College.—Being the State's Attorney for the County does not interfere with my attending to civil practice. dec 9-1f.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY
FOR YOUNG LADIES,
CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.
NEAR EMMITSBURG, MD.
This Institution is pleasantly situated in a healthy and picturesque part of Frederick Co., a mile from Emmitsburg, and two miles from Mount St. Mary's College. TERMS—Board and Tuition per academic year, including bed and bedding, washing, mending and Doctor's fee, \$200. Letters of inquiry directed to the Mother Superior. mar 15-1f.

—CALL ON—
GEO. T. EYSTER,
—AND—
See his splendid stock of
GOLD & SILVER,
Key & Stem-Winding
WATCHES.

BEAUTIFUL REST.

BY MRS. MARY WARE.
Beautiful hands—folded to rest—
Folded to sleep on the calm, cold breast;
Never to labor with brain or pen;
Never to labor for loved ones again!
Calm, sweet face, so peaceful and fair—
In a shining halo of snow-white hair!
Not a shadow rests on the beautiful brow;
All sorrow and care have left it now.
The angels have smoothed the furrows of care,
And left the soft light of their presence there!
Folded to rest, without anguish or pain;
Never to worry or trouble again.
Folded away! safely folded away!
Waiting the light of eternity's day;
Waiting and watching for me and for you,
With nothing at last—nothing to do.
No more to worry with business and care;
No more to labor for loved ones left here;
No more to long for the beautiful rest,
That only is found in the home of the blest.

PLAIN WORDS ABOUT COMMON HEALTH.

From the New York Herald.
The common health is the common wealth.
Yet taxes, tariffs and trusts together cannot waste the income of our families as recklessly as public and private ignorance waste their health.

Let any one try to regain health who has lost it and he will declare it easier to make a fortune than to get back health. And the man or woman who is considered perfectly healthy does not enjoy health as the old phrase describes it. The brightness, alertness, the sensibility to pleasure in every sense does not follow.

SENSATIONS OF HEALTH.

The very sense of life in a really healthy person or in one who knows healthy moments is a pleasure not to be described. It is one of those things not lawful for tongue to utter. And why is it not enduring, our constant possession of which no man can rob us?

It takes a great deal of misfortune to overthrow the happiness of a really healthy person. Such sense of ability to repair losses, such sensitiveness to pleasures which remain, such reaction against grief, are inherent in the very nature of man unperverted. Yet it seems as if every instance of life was in combination against the security of health, from the milk that the baby drinks to the last breath he draws in infirmity and pain, a prematurely aged man. We must thank God that the general attention is sometimes forced to this subject through dread of following plague.

ONE OF LIFE'S SHADOWS.

Just now the unspoken fear of many lives is the very real fact of heart failure. This is no imaginary evil, spite of the attempts to make a jest of it, or its use to conceal ignorance of real causes of debility and death.

The heart is a very strong muscle, a force pump, with a great nerve supply of this force. But when some blight passes upon the entire nervous system, brains, stomach, sacral nerves, and their joint failure involves the nerves of the heart, it is serious bankruptcy. Too many know the symptoms of this condition to need more than brief count of them, the chief of which is the constant debility and the faintness which follows every disturbing change. Discomforts, trifling in partial health, are unbearable, producing breathlessness, slight vertigo and sinking of the pulse.

A room too warm, a walk of a few blocks in the hot sun, a chill in a cold car or fireless room, waiting a little too long for breakfast, a stunted or innutritious meal, depressing news, and, most of all, impure air, produce that loss of strength one feels from a sudden blow, the sense of the left side of the chest being empty, the laboring pulse, sleepiness, exhaustion which does not pass off for days.

SYMPTOMS OF HEART FAILURE.

Instead of the heart having a reserve of strength to meet these failures of supply to other organs every such draft tells on its own peculiar fund. In sudden emergency of fire, accident or alarm the healthy heart stimulates the whole body, throws a double supply of blood to the organs, and courage or indignation make one twice the man he was before.

In failure of the heart every affront, loss or affliction comes to prostration, neverlessness and loss of strength without insensibility. It is a cruel state to be in when the insult of a political enemy, the loss by a business rival, the strain of travel and irregular, insufficient food for a few days are enough to turn the balance for invalidism and death.

HEART WEAKNESS CURABLE.

It would be wrong to draw so gloomy a picture were it not true that this very state is curable, and far more so than is generally supposed. The sadness of it is that so many will die needlessly, with vitality quite strong enough in them to have lasted many working years more.

You can kill the strongest plant without uprooting it, by choking, starving it of air, sunshine and water, or any one of these. You see men and women who can creep round, keep up a sort of attention to their duties, with poor days every week or two, who might with care grow well and comfortable, but for want of this understanding care gradually slacken their impaired hold and drop away before the wet leaves are green. Many will do this whose only warning now is that they do not feel so strong as they used to, and a queer little breathlessness surprises them sometimes—a feeling as if the heart was taken out of the side a few minutes—nothing serious, only uncomfortable.

How quickly lung or bowel disorder takes them off before danger is suspected by friends!
Brain workers, journalists, lawyers, business men, who carry the greatest loads of all vocations, and women without settled income who must plan and strive endlessly for a little, are especially in danger of such endings, for their brains rob the heart continually.
Now, how are we to counteract this depression?
REST THE GREAT REMEDY.
The medicine for the heart, of all other organs, is rest—mental and bodily. This does not mean doing nothing at all, but not overdoing; least of all, not giving it anything in the way of physical ill being to overcome. This must be provided for at all points. Food may be delicate and plentiful, air and sunshine generously admitted, baths and massage do their utmost, and chilly sleep for want of some extra blankets, or dull days with a poor fire will so disorder the circulation that the other cares go for nothing as far as positive gain is concerned.
It takes an all round intelligence to secure the common health. Most people take the one chance of it that pours out of a medicine bottle. Others add to this care about food and baths, and half care about pure air, while they take little rest and next to no sunshine or any cheerful stimulus of pleasure. Of course, the result is unsatisfactory.
HYGIENE A PROFESSION.
There is room in the world for a new profession. If there were a class of sagacious educated men or women to go about and teach people in their own houses and on their own grounds what is essential for health, what is unwise in their daily practice and point out the risks to be avoided in the future, such wise men would be worth heavier fees than was ever yet paid a physician for cure after the evil had been done.
It would not require superhuman gifts on entering a household for a few days to discover the remedy for many ills which sap the health and fortunes of the family—for the health and money go together. The heaviest tax a man pays in these days of tax oppression is that of ill health, not only in doctors' fees, but the actual money loss of service and productive labor.
The first necessity to restore an impaired heart, or weakness of any

kind, he would say is warmth. With all worship of pure air, whose value is not to be overrated, the prime necessity for human existence is warmth. Warm clothing, warm houses, warm beds, warm offices and not last, warm railway cars and waiting rooms.

KEEP WARM THIS WINTER.

With the arrears of last winter's disease to make up the coming winter, the present autumn calls for plenty of flannel and fire. This subject demands an article for itself. So instinctive is the demand for heat that it hardly needs the discussion which must be given to pure air, which the general ill health makes at present of more than ordinary vital importance. Nothing more seriously affects a disabled heart than impurity of the atmosphere. A sleeper will often awake and remain sleepless hours, because the air in the room has become vitiated. Open the windows, air the room thoroughly and set the ventilation right, and he drops into unbroken slumber.

NEED OF PURE AIR.

In public halls and vehicles the oppression of foul air is insupportable and amounts to direct poisoning of the enfeebled organ. A heart seriously weakened, if kept in pure, warm air, fed with delicate, nourishing food and kept from fatigue and mental strain, will regain strength as naturally as we get rest from sleep. It has great recuperative powers. But a half hour in the mephitic air of a travelling car or a public hall does more to make a recovery impossible than almost any other cause mentionable. This is a matter which more than ever deserves to be pressed upon the attention of railway companies, to whom the mass of our people must trust their lives and health for a share of their days quite long enough to injure both.

The risk of accident by train is not half so great as the certainty of imbibing virulent poison from one to two hours daily in unventilated cars. A sanitary commission is needed to set the strict, unbiased facts of the matter before railway managers.

By scientific test and measurement Dr. Nichols, of Boston, found more carbonic acid gas, one of the deadliest poisons to breath, in a horse car full of passengers than there was in the better ventilated Berkeley street sewer. That this is true no person of keen senses has any manner of doubt. Though not over strong I have been compelled the last year, over and over, to ride on the platform of the elevated cars rather than encounter the air within, a few instants of which brought on dizziness and faintness unbearable.

How many persons in the cars are there whose breath you would care to take once in passing? Yet by the daily practice of car management in cool or rainy weather we are compelled to breathe over and over the emissions of foul, undecayed stomachs, of tuberculous lungs, of catarrhal membranes and whatever canker or unwholesome sore exists in the mouth and air passages. Is it any wonder that the full concentration sends the head swimming and the heart swooning with the mephitic gases? Besides the clean but deadly carbonic acid respired air contains specific animal putridity and a quality of narcotic poison which is anything but salutary.

How much good does it do a man with enfeebled heart to ride half an hour morning and afternoon in such atmosphere. Is it what a physician would recommend to strengthen the failing heartbeat? Is it not rather a daily administering of malignant poison, which can have no other effect than steady lowering of already lessened vitality with accumulating force?

The ventilation of cars should not be left to the feelings of a brakeman, whose only idea is to keep them warm enough. Neither are the ideas of a colored porter, who can sleep in a bunk with the soiled clothes next the heater in complete comfort, fit to regulate

things for the comfort of sensitive men and women.
To many, as to myself, the idea of travel is a dread, an ordeal of unhealth, disagreeable contact, an expense of life which one feels less and less able to incur. Just so there are certain large city shops where I never venture on account of the bad air and smells certain to be encountered.

POINTS FOR STOREKEEPERS.

While on unsavory subjects it may be remarked that the state of the "ladies' rooms" in too many expensive shops and showy depots is disgraceful as well as noxious from the carelessness and callousness which rule there. It is by no means the fault entirely of the owners of these stores, but of the lower class of customers who frequent them and whose personal habits leave everything to be desired. The architects are in fault also who do not bring all their invention to bear to make it impossible for ignorance and brutality to defeat conditions of good order.

A ventilation shaft in the ceiling, with a small gas jet burning under it, would draw off the foul air from a range of toilet rooms and not allow it to circulate through the salesrooms or waiting rooms adjoining. If railway managers and merchants will bear the unspoken petition of the better class of their patrons, and the most liberal one for their means, it will be, "Give us less upholstery and decoration and more decency."

Do not compel us to breathe disease germs whenever compelled to go near your premises or make use of your conveyances. It is not a question of employes fainting in close shops, but of customers, and it is not so uncommon for ladies to leave without completing purchases rather than endure the air of crowded salesrooms any longer. As to the vexed question of ventilation in cars, the cruelty and danger of long hours of travel in mixed air need no demonstration.

The opposition party, who growl at pure air because they take cold easily, have only to be reminded that it is always possible for the few who are sensitive to fresh air to make themselves perfectly comfortable by extra wraps and not force a whole company to breathe the excrement of each others' lungs, germs of diphtheria and consumption among them, to suit their own feelings.

A chilly, coughing person should always carry a travelling plaid to wrap round head and shoulders when a gasping company need a change of air. It might improve his own health to take a safe poison of it, but he has no right to poison others wholesale to suit his infirmities. The prospect of travelling next winter has an added horror in the proposed adoption of double car windows, which will make ventilation impossible. The little traps at the top of the car do just about one-quarter of the work needed when the autocratic brakeman or porter allows them open at all.

If the brains of men were not addled by foul air and impure food from infancy they would have long since solved the question of safe, efficient car heating and ventilation combined. The stupidity and failure of human intelligence on vital matters is part of the penalty the race pays for its sins of carelessness on points of hygiene already recognized.

ILL VENTILATED CHURCHES.

Next to public conveyances the churches and theatres are the worst ventilated. I have in mind one bright June morning this year, when I went to a church whose invitation to "Turn aside and rest awhile" had attracted me, on a week day. The air of the congregation, devout and orderly, was congenial, the service every way attractive; but the air of the building, drawn from the subcellar mostly, was too much for a well worked brain to endure, and a splitting headache sent me out at close of

Continued on fourth page.

FOR THE BLOOD,
Weakness, Malaria, Indigestion and
Dilapidated Tissues,
DR. HENRY'S IRON BITTERS
is the only remedy. It is sold by all druggists and
medicines. Ask the grocer.

REAL ESTATE DEPRESSION.

There seems to be a general depression in the real estate market hereabouts, and if the same continues, it will ere long be felt in every line of business.

Another Favorable Argument.

The fire alarm on Monday evening naturally brought a number of persons to the front, and gave them a good chance to mark the slow and labored movements of the department in hauling their apparatus to the scene of the fire.

A Private Matter.

"A Reader" is informed that his communication concerning the dispute over repairing a private road in this district is withheld because we can see no chance for any good to result from its publication.

Woman's Modesty.

Many women are prevented by feelings of delicacy from consulting a physician in those disorders arising from functional derangement of her peculiarly delicate organism.

THE NEW RAILROAD AND ITS EFFECT ON BUSINESS GENERALLY.

What will be the general effect of our proposed new railroad on the business community generally? is a question often asked. The following from an article in the Advocate of last week applies as well to Emmitsburg as Westminster.

Westminster needs only a north and south road to give it that importance that its natural advantages entitle it. Its healthfulness, churches, schools, proximity to the seaboard, to iron coal and lumber, make it one of the most desirable points for business and residence to be found anywhere.

From the Frederick Citizen we take this article, which shows a full appreciation of the disadvantages that have to be endured for want of better railroad facilities.

What will become of Frederick when our neighbors in Middletown have their railroad running from Brunswick to Rocky Ridge, and then on to Gettysburg and the North? We did have hopes of having some additional railroad connections with Washington and the North.

For scrofula, Salt rheum, etc., Take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mechanictown Comes Forward.

At a preliminary meeting of a number of the business men of Mechanictown on Monday afternoon last, Dr. M. E. Leatherman and Mr. Chas. E. Cassell were chosen temporary chairman and secretary and a committee of three, Messrs. S. M. Birely, L. R. Waeschel and Fred'k White, were named to draft a set of By-laws to govern an organization of the Business men of the town.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. LUCAS COUNTY, ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1890.

RAILROAD PROSPECTS INCREASING.

EDITOR CHRONICLE.—I was pleased to see by the CHRONICLE that the citizens of Emmitsburg and surrounding country convened on several occasions in your place for the purpose of further considering the project of constructing the Railroad from your place to Gettysburg, to connect at some eligible point with railroads there and making a direct and continuous Railroad from your place to any portion of the country.

The survey was made some time ago from your place to Gettysburg, you having the report, map, profile, costs, &c., which are satisfactory as far as I can learn, as the reports of your meetings indicate.

The cost of the construction of this line, if I am correctly informed is certainly a reasonable one, if I am a judge of the country intervening. As there are other roads in contemplation that would vastly benefit your road, a new era in the progress and general improvement of Frederick and Adams counties must soon be marked.

The effects of this improvement upon your town, can only be estimated by the general life and activity that will be added to your place after the completion of the road. It would not be long before a connection would be made from Fairfield with the Western Maryland road. A survey was made some years ago and found practicable.

This enterprise of yours is a great work for your section of country and deserves the active and substantial interest of all coming within the influence of its benefits, directly or indirectly.

I might say much to interest and benefit you on this subject, but for the present permit me to conclude with a toast: Maryland and Pennsylvania—Though the one represents the South and the other the North, they are nevertheless, and not the less, good neighbors.

Three prisoners escaped from the Gettysburg jail last Friday evening. They were Paul Kappes, held for burglary, Charles Long and Jacob Long, for horse stealing. They escaped into the jail yard through a window from which one of the iron bars had been saved, and scaled the wall by means of a knotted rope which had been secretly fastened at the top.

White Caps.

Mr. Peter Gearhart brought to this office on Wednesday the notice to which allusion was made last week as having been found on the old factory farm where he resides. The notice is headed "White Caps," and threatens to treat him like the reaper (which it will be resented was burned) if the trespass notices are not removed from the premises.

Jail Delivery.

Three prisoners escaped from the Gettysburg jail last Friday evening. They were Paul Kappes, held for burglary, Charles Long and Jacob Long, for horse stealing.

PERSONALS.

Miss Edith Motter is visiting in Baltimore. Mrs. C. M. Motter spent last week in Philadelphia. Maj. O. A. Horner and wife made a visit to Baltimore.

Rev. A. S. Weber of Baltimore made a visit at Mr. S. N. McNair's. Mr. Jas. T. Hospelhorn and wife have returned home from Shenandoah.

Rev. U. H. Heilman has gone to Taneytown and will preach in the Reformed Church there this evening. Mr. W. B. Willson of Westminster made a visit to his father, Mr. C. B. Willson, who is seriously ill at his residence in this place.

Cole's Cavalry Reunion.

A meeting of the surviving members of Cole's Cavalry was held Tuesday evening at the office of Colonel Vernon, 108 St. Paul street, Baltimore. It was decided to hold the annual reunion and banquet on January 9th.

THE GREAT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

The National Tribune WASHINGTON D. C.

THE FINEST ARRAY OF CONTRIBUTORS in the country, and gives MORE ORIGINAL READING MATTER, of the best quality, than any other great weekly.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GREAT EMPIRE OF THE CAESAR, by Col. Augustus Boulé.

"WAR HISTORY," by men who actually saw and did what they write about. It makes a history of the war through all its various phases to a glorious success, make the only genuine history of the war.

It makes a specialty of G. A. NEWS, W. R. C. NEWS, SONS OF VETERANS NEWS.

Notice To Trespassers. WE hereby notify all persons not to trespass on our enclosures with dog and gun, or either, or for fishing, as we are determined to enforce the law in all cases without favor.

ONLY TWO CENTS A WEEK, or \$1 a year. Send for Sample Copies.

Address, THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, Washington, D. C.

A CHARTER has been granted to the W. M. Railroad for an extension of its road from Gettysburg to a point on the Harrisburg and Potomac R. R., near Harrisburg. This latter is the road owned by the Philadelphia and Reading R. R. and the new line will afford the Philadelphia & Reading another route to Baltimore and at the same time give the Western Maryland a direct line into Harrisburg from Baltimore.—Star and Sentinel.

Weak Lungs

May be made to do good service through a long life by a judicious use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. The signs of weakness are "shortness of breath," pains in the chest and back, a persistent cough, feverishness, and raising of blood. All or either of these symptoms may indicate weak lungs, and should have immediate attention.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

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THE GREAT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

The National Tribune WASHINGTON D. C.

THE FINEST ARRAY OF CONTRIBUTORS in the country, and gives MORE ORIGINAL READING MATTER, of the best quality, than any other great weekly.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GREAT EMPIRE OF THE CAESAR, by Col. Augustus Boulé.

"WAR HISTORY," by men who actually saw and did what they write about. It makes a history of the war through all its various phases to a glorious success, make the only genuine history of the war.

It makes a specialty of G. A. NEWS, W. R. C. NEWS, SONS OF VETERANS NEWS.

Notice To Trespassers. WE hereby notify all persons not to trespass on our enclosures with dog and gun, or either, or for fishing, as we are determined to enforce the law in all cases without favor.

ONLY TWO CENTS A WEEK, or \$1 a year. Send for Sample Copies.

Address, THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, Washington, D. C.

Weak Lungs

May be made to do good service through a long life by a judicious use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. The signs of weakness are "shortness of breath," pains in the chest and back, a persistent cough, feverishness, and raising of blood.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

White Caps. Mr. Peter Gearhart brought to this office on Wednesday the notice to which allusion was made last week as having been found on the old factory farm where he resides.

Three prisoners escaped from the Gettysburg jail last Friday evening. They were Paul Kappes, held for burglary, Charles Long and Jacob Long, for horse stealing.

Rev. U. H. Heilman has gone to Taneytown and will preach in the Reformed Church there this evening. Mr. W. B. Willson of Westminster made a visit to his father, Mr. C. B. Willson, who is seriously ill at his residence in this place.

Rev. A. S. Weber of Baltimore made a visit at Mr. S. N. McNair's. Mr. Jas. T. Hospelhorn and wife have returned home from Shenandoah.

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G. W. WEAVER & SON, GETTYSBURG, PA.

RED LETTER SALE

We have gone over our coat stock and picked out about two hundred garments, mostly Cloth Jackets and Newmarkets, on which we have made a new price IN RED (when you come look for it) which will be a saving of from one to five dollars on every garment.

THE NEW PRICES ARE:

Table with 5 columns of prices: 2.98, 3.98, 4.95, 6.98, 8.98. Includes sub-headers WERE and ARE.

BONA-FIDA REDUCTIONS.

THE HEALTH of the human race depends on the care taken of our children. Thousands of worries avoided by using TROTTING SYRUP for all slight ailments and troubles of children.

Dr. D. FAIRBANK & SON, HAGERSTOWN, Md. Trial bottle sent by mail for 10 cents.

KNABE

Grand, Square and Upright PIANO FORTES.

These instruments have been before the public for nearly fifty years, and up on their excellence alone have attained an

UNPURCHASED PRE-EMINENCE Which establishes them as unequalled in TONE, TOUCH, WORKMANSHIP & DURABILITY.

Every Piano Fully Warranted for 5 years.

SECOND HAND PIANOS.

A large stock at all prices, constantly on hand, comprising some of our own make but slightly used. Sole agents for the celebrated

SMITH AMERICAN ORGANS AND OTHER LEADING MAKES. Prices and terms to suit all purchasers. W.M. KNABE & CO., 22 & 24 E. Baltimore Street, Baltimore, July 17.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

WE hereby notify all persons not to trespass on our enclosures with dog and gun, or either, as we are determined to enforce the law in all cases without favor.

DAVID AND JOSEPH OHLER, JOHN T. OHLER, WM. P. GARDNER, J. J. HOCKENSMITH, L. CLAY MYERS, CHAS. B. HARRINGTON, WILLIAM MORTON, EDWARD G. MORRISON, GEO. M. MORRISON, GEORGE W. NINE, JOHN H. OHLER, JOSEPH A. HOBBS, G. AMENUS OHLER, JACOB OHLER, JACOB OHLER (Kris farm) GEORGE R. WILHDE, A. H. MAXELL, JOHN DONOHUE, WM. J. GILSON, D. S. GILLEAN, ROBERT E. HOCKENSMITH, J. P. KESCHNER, HENRY H. LANGO, JACOB I. TOPPER, J. ROWE OHLER, ROBERT G. SHUMAKER.

Address, JAMES GORDON BENNETT, NEW YORK HERALD, New York City.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

THE LATEST NEWS FROM EVERY SECTION OF THE GLOBE.

NEW CONFECTIONERY.

HAVING opened a Confectionery Store in the room recently occupied by Jos. K. Hays, with an entirely new stock of goods.

I respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage. My stock is just fresh from the factory and consists of all kinds of

CANDIES, FRUITS, NUTS, TOYS, Etc.

Have the largest and most complete Stock of Confectionery

every shown in Emmitsburg and am prepared to furnish

Schools, Parties, Private families etc., at shortest notice. Have also a large stock of

CANNED GOODS and sell

WM. H. BIGGS & BRO'S CELEBRATED FLOUR.

M. E. ADELSBERGER, Dec. 14-1890.

Victor Flour, Rocky Ridge Flour, Corn Meal, Buckwheat Meal, Hominy.

All Warranted to be Superior Articles. Ask for Prices. FOR SALE BY M. E. Adelsberger & Son, Emmitsburg; Mrs. F. B. Weber, Hamilton Valley; W. C. Rodgers, Fallfield; Dr. J. G. Troxell, Mt. St. Mary's, P. O.; J. C. Rosenfelt, Motter's Station; Samuel J. Maxwell, Maxwell's Mill.

Each Box of Norton's Catarrh Remedy Guaranteed Money Will be Refunded. Sold by Druggists Everywhere, 50 CENTS.

Catarrh

Is a constitutional and not a local disease, and therefore it cannot be cured by local applications. It requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which working through the blood, eradicates the impurity which causes and promotes the disease, and effects a permanent cure.

Catarrh

"I will say I have been troubled for several years with that terribly disagreeable disease, catarrh. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla with the very best results. It cured me of that continual dropping in my throat, and stuffed up feeling. It has also helped my mother, who has taken it for run down state of health and kidney trouble." Mrs. S. D. HEATH, Putnam, Conn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

BUSINESS LOCALS.

For a clean shave and good hair cut go to Chas. C. Kretzer's new Hair Dressing Saloon, one door below the square, Emmitsburg. Fine Haircuts, Cosmetics, Bay Rum and Tonics for sale. A clean towel for each customer a specialty. sept 5-3m.

For Welly and Rock Forge strictly unadulterated Whiskies, Choice Rum, Wines, etc., go to F. A. Duffield's, Emmitsburg. Also Old Kentucky Whiskey and Speer's celebrated wines.

Get your house painting done by John F. Adelsberger, who will furnish estimates upon application, work done on short notice and satisfaction guaranteed.

A FULL stock of fine and coarse city made Boots and Shoes; also Gun shoes and boots. New home-made work and mending of all kinds, done with neatness and dispatch, by Jas. A. Rowe & Son.

Have your Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired by Geo. T. Eyster, who warrants the same, and has always on hand a large stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware. feb 8-4f.

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MISS ADELAIDE L. CLOSE, WILLIS E. FISHER, JOHN CLOSE, W. H. MOTTER, NILES M. WILHDE, SAMUEL J. MAXWELL, JOHN T. CRETEN, oct 10-6f

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J. HENRY ROWE.

DY GOODS, GROCERIES, NOTIONS, CARPETS, QUEENSWARE, HARDWARE, BOOTS AND SHOES.

SHOES FROM \$1 TO \$5 A PAIR.

Sole agent for Evitt & Bro's Celebrated Shoes. My stock is new and prices the lowest. may 2-f. J. HARRY ROWE.

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Emmitsburg Chronicle.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Emmitsburg Postoffice.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1890.

Emmitsburg Rail Road.

TIME TABLE.

On and after Nov. 9, 1890, trains on this road will run as follows:

TRAINS SOUTH. Leave Emmitsburg at 8.20 a. m. and 2.52 and 5.50 p. m., arriving at Rocky Ridge at 8.50 a. m. and 3.22 and 6.20 p. m.

TRAINS NORTH. Leave Rocky Ridge at 10.40 a. m. and 2.33 and 6.35 p. m., arriving at Emmitsburg at 11.10 a. m. and 4.03 and 7.05 p. m.

JAS. A. ELDER, Pres't.

We are always pleased to receive communications from our friends, containing an account of the news of their localities.

SALES. Dec. 29—James Boyle will sell the old Henry Wagner property near Mt. St. Mary's College.

McNair & Patterson offer at private sale, a house and 10-acre lot situated just beyond the Middle Creek bridge on the Gettysburg road.

Established 1837. Welty's all rye whiskey. It has no rival for superiority, is absolutely pure, and has a reputation of the highest standard for excellence and purity.

Mr. D. T. Hoff shot six horned owls on Tuesday.

A MARRIAGE license has been issued to Edward J. Riffle and Emma E. Linn, of this place.

MR. FREDERICK BROWN has sold his lot in Freedom township to B. F. Baker, Esq., Consideration \$450.00.

MR. PUS FELIX had on hand yesterday 80 rabbits and 2 opossums. He shipped them to Baltimore.

ARTICLES of incorporation of the Brunswick Water Company have been filed in the Clerk's office at Frederick.

The new adv. of G. W. Weaver & Son, Gettysburg, shows that they are offering extraordinary bargains in ladies coats.

The New York World issued a beautiful souvenir supplement on Wednesday, illustrating the Pulitzer Building, its new home.

Don't neglect your cough! Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will cure it, and prevent consumption. Write J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, for evidence.

THE Westminster Advertiser says a silver bearing quartz in which a trace of gold also appears, was picked up on the farm of Mr. Jesse Long, near Carrollton, recently.

JACOB SETTLER was 70 years old on Monday, and celebrated the event by donning his tall G. A. R. regalia. Jake is never happier than when he has his uniform on.

THE Frederick Weekly News entered upon its 8th volume last week. Notwithstanding its youthfulness the News stands at the head of Frederick county journalism. May continued success be its reward.

REPORTS from different sections show that sleighing has been enjoyed all around us. The snow fall here was only about an inch and a half, all of which has melted. Present indications are for mild weather.

CHAS. M. MITTEN, aged ten years, of Westminster, accidentally shot himself in the foot with a cat rifle last week. The rifle was loaded with an explosive shell, which burst after entering his foot, inflicting a severe wound.

THE reason why Africa & Oil Liniment is so popular with the ladies is because it not only is very healing and soothing but its odor is not at all offensive. For sale by James A. Elder, Emmitsburg and A. C. Musselman, Fairfield, Pa.

THE people of Melrose, near Westminster, are very much excited about certain mysterious noises heard about the house of Edward Shaffer, the village merchant. The noises are described as resembling the rolling of thunder, the bursting of a shell, and the hammering of a smith upon the anvil.

Jack and Jill each took a pill, Old-fashioned kind—full grown; Jack's went down—but with a frown—Jill died from "cause unknown."

Smiles will supersede many frowns, and many discomforts will be unknown when Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets enterily operate, as they bid fair to do, the large and less efficient pill of our forefathers. Every day they gain new laurels! Most popular when most ill abound.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE NEWS.

Parcell Lyceum—The Coming Mock Trial—Toasts—The Forthcoming Play.

Resolved that Columbus deserves Greater Honor than Washington" was the question debated last Thursday evening in the Purcell Lyceum.

Prof. Cow. A cow belonging to Mr. F. E. Welty, dropped three calves one night last week. Two of the calves are living and doing well, but the third one was frozen when found.

Large Hogs. Mr. John H. Mentzer killed three hogs on Monday, the weights of which were 393, 373 and 342 lbs.

No other remedy is so reliable, in cases of sudden colds, or coughs, or for any and all derangements of the throat and lungs, as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

ARTICLES of incorporation of the Western Maryland Land and Investment Company of Frederick county were filed in the Clerk's office last Saturday.

Children Enjoy The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative and if the father or mother be costive or bilious the most gratifying results follow its use.

Map of Frederick. The Frederick Manufacturing and Development Company has issued a handsomely executed map of the city, showing the holdings of the company in detail and pointing out the many advantages of this city for manufacturing.

One may have an hour or two of unalloyed pleasure in reading the Double Christmas Number of "The Youth's Companion."

The number of pupils enrolled in the public schools of the county this year is 10,353 of whom 1,294 are colored.

Cold Waves. Are predicted with reliable accuracy, and people liable to the pains and aches of rheumatism dread every change to damp or stormy weather.

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THE Washington (secret) Marriage Bureau. Incorporated under the laws of the State of Washington.

THE objects of the incorporation are to aid and assist in every honorable manner those persons desiring to marry in securing a desirable husband or wife and to aid, assist and encourage social intercourse and correspondence between parties who may have objects of matrimony in view.

THE Washington (secret) Marriage Bureau, Tacoma, Wash. NOV 21-11

RAILROAD BUILDING—ON PAPER AND OTHERWISE.

EDITOR CHRONICLE.—Under the above heading an article appeared in the Clarion of the 11th inst., and as the views expressed therein, differ so widely from my own, I feel constrained to state the other side of the question.

There are three distinct railroad projects now being earnestly considered by the people of this county, two of which have the appearance of being in accord, with the third utterly ignored by both, and yet the third covers the section of country lying between these two.

This it does not, for the reason that as it is proposed, this third line will run at angles with the first and second lines. The third line is not "utterly ignored" in the arrangements between the projectors of the first and second, but has been unnoticed simply because it is out of the course and its interests and intentions are supposed to cover a different field.

There will be a play presented here about Dec. 18th, prior to the students departure for home. The play which will be presented is "A Race For A Dinner," a Drama in one act, by Thos. C. Rodwell.

For Bishop Watterson's speech before the Columbus Club at Pittsburgh, see fourth page.

"Whom the gods love die young," says Byron: but why die when you can cure the cold or cough, which neglected, means death, which Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the old reliable!

A sensible woman will not fail to keep a bottle of Salvation Oil on hand for men's cuts and bruises.

Will It Act as a Fertilizer? The Harney correspondent of the Westminster Sentinel says: "We have had real winter weather the past few days; the ground is covered with snow since last Monday. We notice some farmers plowing the snow under."

Hon. LEWIS H. DOLL, Mayor of Frederick City, died Friday evening at his residence on Church street. He became ill on the street during the morning and died within a few hours.

A Day of Hope For all who are held by the chains of scrofula or other diseases of the blood comes from Hood's Sarsaparilla, which by imparting the elements of good health and strength to the vital fluid dissolves the bonds of disease and sets the captive free.

THE Frederick Development Company has located eight new industries at that place thus far. They are: Spoke factory, to employ 100 men; pottery, large number of hands; ice factory, 20 men; cannery to cover 8 acres; shoe factory, 100 men; steam brick works, 40 acres; grain elevator, capacity 100,000 bushels; foundry and plow works, 75 men.

PROF. BARNET of St. Lawrence county, N. Y., speaking of pulmonary diseases, says: "not one death occurs now where twenty died before Down's Elixir was known. Over fifty years of constant success places Down's Elixir at the head of the long list of cough remedies."

THE following transfers of real estate have taken place in this county, as recorded in the Clerk's office during the past week:

Solomon J. Zimmerman and David J. Shellman et al to Mrs. Elizabeth C. Colbent, 160 acres and 10 square perches of land \$10,000. Charles Hooper and wife to Chas. W. Johnson, 23 acres more or less, \$300. John M. Kolb to Laura V. Krantz, undivided estate in lot, &c., in Frederick, \$5 and premises.

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THE Washington (secret) Marriage Bureau, Tacoma, Wash. NOV 21-11

DEATH OF MR. HENRY WIRT.

Mr. Henry Wirt died at his residence in Hanover, Pa., on Tuesday night. Mr. Wirt was an Elder in Emanuel's Reformed Church, Hanover, and for a number of years has been treasurer of the Potomac Synod, which position he held at the time of his death.

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PROF. BARNET of St. Lawrence county, N. Y., speaking of pulmonary diseases, says: "not one death occurs now where twenty died before Down's Elixir was known. Over fifty years of constant success places Down's Elixir at the head of the long list of cough remedies."

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Solomon J. Zimmerman and David J. Shellman et al to Mrs. Elizabeth C. Colbent, 160 acres and 10 square perches of land \$10,000. Charles Hooper and wife to Chas. W. Johnson, 23 acres more or less, \$300. John M. Kolb to Laura V. Krantz, undivided estate in lot, &c., in Frederick, \$5 and premises.

THE Westminster Advertiser says a silver bearing quartz in which a trace of gold also appears, was picked up on the farm of Mr. Jesse Long, near Carrollton, recently.

THE Frederick Weekly News entered upon its 8th volume last week. Notwithstanding its youthfulness the News stands at the head of Frederick county journalism.

REPORTS from different sections show that sleighing has been enjoyed all around us. The snow fall here was only about an inch and a half, all of which has melted.

CHAS. M. MITTEN, aged ten years, of Westminster, accidentally shot himself in the foot with a cat rifle last week. The rifle was loaded with an explosive shell, which burst after entering his foot, inflicting a severe wound.

THE reason why Africa & Oil Liniment is so popular with the ladies is because it not only is very healing and soothing but its odor is not at all offensive.

THE people of Melrose, near Westminster, are very much excited about certain mysterious noises heard about the house of Edward Shaffer, the village merchant.

Jack and Jill each took a pill, Old-fashioned kind—full grown; Jack's went down—but with a frown—Jill died from "cause unknown."

Smiles will supersede many frowns, and many discomforts will be unknown when Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets enterily operate, as they bid fair to do, the large and less efficient pill of our forefathers.

THE Washington (secret) Marriage Bureau. Incorporated under the laws of the State of Washington.

THE objects of the incorporation are to aid and assist in every honorable manner those persons desiring to marry in securing a desirable husband or wife and to aid, assist and encourage social intercourse and correspondence between parties who may have objects of matrimony in view.

THE Washington (secret) Marriage Bureau, Tacoma, Wash. NOV 21-11

THEY DIDN'T SELL.

Messrs. Wm. P. Maulsby and John C. Mottor, trustees offered the W. G. Horner property in this place at public sale last Saturday. The property was withdrawn at a bid of \$3,325.

Mr. James T. Hays, administrator of mortgaged, also offered the property of Isaac Tressler at public sale on the same day, and withdrew it at a bid of \$400.

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THE entertainment by the public school children last Friday evening consisted of singing, dialogues, recitations, etc., and was thoroughly enjoyed by a fairly large audience.

THE Ladiesburg Union Sunday School will hold a grand Christmas entertainment in the Chapel at that place, on Christmas eve, if the weather is favorable, if not, it will be held the first fair evening thereafter.

THE alarm of fire on Monday evening was caused by a kettle of lard catching fire at Patterson & Smith's butcher shop. Although the firemen responded as promptly as possible, the fire was extinguished with but little damage before they arrived.

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DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP.

Don't suffer with indigestion, use Baxter's Mandrake Bitters. For sale by James A. Elder, Emmitsburg, and A. C. Musselman, Fairfield, Pa.

We regret to learn that our venerable friend, Mr. Jos. S. Gitt, of New Oxford, Pa., had a bad fall on an icy pavement last week.

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ONE ENJOYS.

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers and cures habitual constipation.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

PRIVATE SALE.

THE undersigned offer at private sale the House and Lot occupied by Fred'k Brown situated in Freedom township along the Emmitsburg and Gettysburg road, about 3 miles from the former place. The Lot contains about

Continue from first page. Lessons. A walk in the fresh air relieved it, and I turned into a Fifth avenue church, hoping to get the benefit of the last half of a sermon. It is a church of great respectability and wealth, which prints its musical programme weekly, as for a Chickering Hall concert. But whether the aroma which filled its aisles this Sunday was dead rat or dead Christian in its vaults, it was anything but the odor of sanctity. I did want to hear the closing numbers of its music, but I went out in a state of ocean passenger three hours out.

The obtuseness of the senses in excellent, stall-fed, broadclothed pew owners with genuine old family ancestral tendencies is something to marvel at. Churches ought to be open daily, if only to get the musty smell out—the odor a little toy described as "a prayer meeting smell," considering it peculiar to the place.

OFFENCES OF THEATRES. As for theatres and lecture rooms, the less said the better. They mostly have ventilating fans, but use them intermittently, and unless one does not mind breathing sewer air through the acts they are good places to stay away from. I can read Shakespeare at home and write lectures no much duller than the average, and I had rather live like Thoreau by Walden Pond with pure literature on the shelves and pure air by the fireplace than sit, as I did at the best theatre in New York the last time, wondering whether I could last out the act without falling, off the seat in the pathetic vapor which dimmed the sight. The fresh air draught was set going between the acts, but why couldn't it be kept in moderate play not to allow bad air to accumulate enough to make the gas.

This will serve for a specimen of what I suffer for want of good air. When it comes to the question of what we take into our mouths and digestions the risks are more apparent. Our grandmothers gave up using britanna teapots and German silver spoons as antimicrobial colics were too frequent from their use. More than one case of suspected poisoning which came to trial and conviction was due to the use of a britanna teapot which had stood unused long enough to contract a coating of arsenical compound inherent in its alloy.

DEAR IN CAN AND POT. But we are running twice the risk in the tin cans which furnish half the family living. The trouble is not more from acid fruit and tomatoes than from the lead coating of inferior tin, such as furnishes the cheap kitchenware not sold by the five cent shops entirely. Housekeepers may know it by its dulness after short use, which no polishing will banish for more than a few days.

The old fashioned brightness of tin, which was the pride of the kitchen, was a safe thing for health. All darkening of metal is oxidation, which leaves traces in food plainly to be tasted.

It is no mere oblation to pride which ordains the perpetual polishing of silver, cutlery and cooking utensils. It is a precaution for health. Bright spoons, shining steel knives and saucepans are essential to safety of food. It is no imagination that rejects the taste of fish eaten with a steel knife, the action of fish juices on steel being instant and unqualified. Nor is it imagination that finds the taste of fresh water from a cup of impure tin unpleasant.

A German savant lately discussed at length in scientific journals the question of the best drinking cup for beer, and measured by infinitesimal the fraction of lead dissolved in a tall schoppen of beer of ordinary cheap tin. Comparing its effect with that of other materials, he concluded the best drinking cups were silver, gilt lined; next to this glass and then pure tin, which is less soluble in its contents than lead tin. The trace of any metal which leaves a taste in the mouth is certainly one which must have its effect on the system. This is apparent in the tin tea kettles with copper base and the tin coffee boilers poorly tinned inside. The taste of the copper is plainly discernible in the water and is far from improving the tea made of it, while all housekeepers know that it is impossible to make good coffee in a pot with the tin worn off. If

they drank either the tea or the coffee from these boilers long they would find the lining of their stomachs in a most unsatisfactory state.

It is difficult to find a good pure tin lining and no copper visible. The old iron teakettle is vastly safer than one with a copper bottom, and the agate or white enamelled ware is far better than inferior tin. Fire-proof stoneware is better for most cooking than metal of any kind.

SOLID SILVER FOR CASTER TIPS. It was a safe sanitary measure, unknown as such, that led families a generation past to insist on solid silver for good housekeeping. The cheap, worn plate seen on most tables is no less dangerous than the bad tin front can, while the plated caster bottle menaces life. I learned this in taking off the screw top of one of those pretty plated caster stands which abound in fancy stores. It had been filled with salt for some weeks, in daily use, and the inside of the top was a collection of green salt covered with verdigris from the metal. No wonder persons using it had been troubled with symptoms of gastritis.

Whatever you go without in the way of art furnishings, as you value health have at least solid silver teapots to go round, pure silver caster tops, whether you can afford a stand or not, and silver salt spoons and butter knife. Don't trust plated ware a day after the plate is worn. It is not safe to use for sensitive stomachs, and those which are not sensitive to begin will become so by its use. SHIRLEY DARE.

A New Granite Composition. A new composition is now made from finely crushed granite, and which when formed into shapes by moulding, and afterward burned and hardened, is to all appearances as hard and strong and durable as the solid stone itself, which it closely resembles. It is claimed by those who have brought forward this process that all kinds of ornaments for architectural purposes, such as window caps or sills, cornices, friezes and all other articles of this nature, can be moulded to accurate shapes and forms, and manufactured by this process at one-tenth the cost of butting the same out of solid rock. They can also be vitrified so that they take on a permanent gloss as fine as polished granite, and at a mere fraction of its cost. The composition follows closely the color and texture of the stone from which it is made, Roxbury granite making a light-colored block, Quincy granite a darker one, and so on. The composition can be produced from waste stone, of course, as well as any, but the process is applicable to other stones as well as granite, the stone of whatever description, being first crushed in a stone crusher, and afterwards more finely powdered by passing between iron rollers.

The "Profits" at Harvard. An amusing bit of a story comes from Harvard and is vouched for as genuine. A Western business man who had all his life heard of the university, and now that he had won money and leisure, wished to see it for himself, recently went to Cambridge to visit it. He found one of the faculty who was willing to show him about and together they "did" the institution with considerable thoroughness. The visitor was much interested in what he saw and asked a good many questions about the number of students, the terms of admission, and especially about the expenses. When he had seen all that there was time to show him and all his other questions had been answered, he put the query, which, from his air, it was evident he considered of great importance, and which showed how impossible it was for him to conceive of any great enterprise otherwise than as a scheme for making money.

"I am greatly obliged to you, professor," he said, "and there's just one thing more I'd like to ask you. Who gets the profits of this concern?"—From the Book Buyer.

Neufchâtel Cheese. Heat, not boil, 2 quarts sour milk, until the curd separates; then pour into a thin cotton cloth bag, and drain. When the whey stops dripping, remove the curd, mix with half a cupful of milk or cream, salt and pepper to taste, and serve. Though an easily digested relish, this cheese will not tempt the sufferer from sick headache. Ayer's Pills cure headache and all ailments originating in a disordered condition of the stomach, liver, or bowels.

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The Papacy and Society

Social Order Has Ever Found the Popes Its staunchest Champions. Bishop Watterson's Able Lecture.

How the Roman Pontiffs Preserved the Sanctity of Home. LEO XIII'S POSITION A BRIGHT EXAMPLE.

The following article appeared in the Pittsburgh Post in its issue of Dec. 5, 1890, and will be read with interest by our patrons, nearly all of whom personally knew the Bishop while at the Mountain:

"The Papacy" was the subject of a lecture by the Rt. Rev. John A. Watterson, bishop of Columbus, at Lafayette hall last night under the auspices of the Columbus club. A representative and appreciative audience listened to a thoughtful discourse whose trend was to show that the popes have since the beginning been the ablest and most successful defenders of society from the attacks of error and irreligion; and that they have done more than any body else to promote social and intellectual progress. Bishop Watterson was introduced by Ambrose Reed of the Columbus club, and was surrounded on the stage by Rt. Rev. Bishop Phelan, Very Rev. John T. Murphy, president of Holy Ghost College; Rev. Fathers M. M. Sheedy, J. A. Cosgrave and J. C. Foran of Tyrone, and A. V. D. Watterson, Esq., brother of the speaker.

Bishop Watterson is of medium height and build. His features are stamped with the clearness and firmness characteristic of the man of deep thought and convictions. In speaking he uses few gestures, and his manner is earnest and persuasive, which, united with a sonorous voice and a fluency and beauty of expression, make Bishop Watterson a speaker most pleasing and attractive. In beginning his lecture he said:

WHERE THE WORLD LOOKS. "For nearly 1900 years one man has had the strange privilege of having all the world turn its eyes on him. His name has inspired devotion the most sublime and opposition the most formidable. Around his person the contest of good and evil has been going on for all those 1900 years, and will go on to the end of time. He is the chosen depository of divine truth on earth, and under his guidance truth has spread throughout the universe. What was the condition of the world before the papacy? The rule of might might not right prevailed, and all were governed by a yoke of iron. Grecian philosophy stood baffled in its endeavor to lighten the burden on mankind, and then Christ came to assign truth and goodness to a throne of honor. He left his teachings with a society, a corporate moral body, for whose head he chose Peter, whose successors, the popes, shall last as long as the world and shall teach the same doctrines as Christ taught Peter. But it is the papacy from a social point of view that I most wish to speak of. The papacy is a social necessity, because to preserve order the voice raised against the attacks of force must be superior to that of man.

"In the first centuries the pope was presented and banished from pagan society. He did not turn to the higher class, but took the poor and lowly and talked to him of liberty, and kissing him on the forehead saluted him as a brother. The poor slave, full of joy, gratefully blessed the hand that gave him back his place among humanity and raised him to the supernatural position of Christian. In the service of Christ he faithfully served and one glorious day shed his blood in that holy cause of Christ. Now the world honors him who was then a poor slave. Gregory the Great is an illustration of this papal soliloquy in ages gone, and Leo XIII. in his efforts to alienate the terrible condition of the races in Asia and to destroy the infamous slave traffic in Africa is a bright example of our own time. The papacy, too, has inspired man with interest in the cause of humanity. It was the voice of the pope that called forth the monk and the nun and the noble order of chivalry which in ages past did so much for Europe. It teaches the humblest laborer as the father of a family to understand the dignity of his position. The popes have always upheld the sanctity of the marriage tie with the greatest vigor. To them men and women were the perfection of home, and if there were no other reasons this alone should place them at the head of the benefactors to the human race. To provide elect citizens for the church on earth and heaven Christ said the husband is to have one wife, and spoke of the indissolubility of the marriage tie. No human power or whate'er could sever this tie. His words were absolute and unlimited. What God hath joined let no man put asunder.

THE CHARGE OF THE CHURCH. "He gave His church charge of this commandment, leaving the State to look after the material effects of matrimony. The papacy has always carried out this divine economy of marriage, and it was the papacy that raised woman from the degradation in which the pagan world placed her. In raising woman from that degradation the papacy raised the home and family, and in turn society."

Many Persons Are broken down from overwork or household cares. Brown's Iron Bitters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, cures excess of bile, and cures indigestion. Get the genuine.

Underlying all other public questions, pressing, persistent, commanding, is the subject of education. Important in every civilized nation, it is in America of paramount interest. In America we have 12,000,000 children enrolled in the public schools alone; how to increase this attendance, how to lower absenteeism, how to waste no money, no energy, no time but to make every effort tell; what methods are best; what studies are essential; what influences are to be stimulated; how to reach the hearts, the minds, the consciences of these children; what ideals to put before them—these are matters of most profound concern.

Our public schools require 347,292 teachers and cost annually \$122,455,252—or did two years ago. These figures simply show the magnitude of the system, and are staggering even to the imagination, but it is to be remembered that the United States pension list calls for more money than the schools receive. The future of the Republic is committed to these 12,000,000 children, and to the hundred of thousands in private and sectarian schools, to these and not to one or the other of the political parties, to these and not to any church, not to any organization whatever.—Louisville Courier Journal.

how the popes were always so solicitous for the educational and moral welfare of the young, knowing that on them depended the welfare of the State, to find proof of which one need only turn to the decrees of the councils of the eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth centuries, which ordered the establishment of free schools. He also showed that the popes incultured patriotism, citing Pope Leo XIII's last encyclical on the duties of citizens. He then mentioned the recent encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII. on the various social problems as instances of the solicitude of the pope. He also said that Leo XIII. would receive again from the people the temporal sovereignty stripped from him, and that he needed it just as much as our national government needed the District of Columbia. In conclusion he said: "If I should cry for three cheers for our holy father, the pope, three cheers for our church, three cheers for our noble government, for our glorious flag and three cheers that we are citizens of this land." And the end was lost amid tremendous applause.

The Columbus Club, under whose auspices the Bishop lectured, is the Catholic Social Club of Pittsburgh and is a splendid organization with nearly 200 members, of which A. V. D. Watterson, Esq., of the class of 1875 is President.

Cost of Educating a Nation. Underlying all other public questions, pressing, persistent, commanding, is the subject of education. Important in every civilized nation, it is in America of paramount interest. In America we have 12,000,000 children enrolled in the public schools alone; how to increase this attendance, how to lower absenteeism, how to waste no money, no energy, no time but to make every effort tell; what methods are best; what studies are essential; what influences are to be stimulated; how to reach the hearts, the minds, the consciences of these children; what ideals to put before them—these are matters of most profound concern.

Our public schools require 347,292 teachers and cost annually \$122,455,252—or did two years ago. These figures simply show the magnitude of the system, and are staggering even to the imagination, but it is to be remembered that the United States pension list calls for more money than the schools receive. The future of the Republic is committed to these 12,000,000 children, and to the hundred of thousands in private and sectarian schools, to these and not to one or the other of the political parties, to these and not to any church, not to any organization whatever.—Louisville Courier Journal.

The Troubles of an Editor. We must really request our friends who are delivering us new potatoes in payment of their delinquent subscriptions to select smaller varieties, if possible. They forget the only kettle that we have to cook them in is the same old tin dipper, suspended gypsy fashion to a tripod on the tide flat under our composing room. It will not hold anything over nine inches in diameter, and this season these Willapa Valley potatoes so far delivered are seldom under ten inches. This matter has caused us considerable anxiety. We don't want to refuse the potatoes just on the rugged edge of a hard winter, but we do want some discrimination made as to size, as we have no method of preparing the giant varieties.—South Bend (Oregon) Journal.

No Relation at All. Incidents of self-assurance of the rising generation are not infrequent. They are not confined to the Caucasian race, however, as a Seattle man found out the other day. The gentleman who is rather paternal in his manner, was riding the other day in an elevator which is manned by a colored youth. Addressing the youngster he said:

"Well, son; do you have to work pretty hard?" Like a flash the answer came: "Hub! I ain't no son of yours. I ain't eben no relation. You white trash is gettin' to be too blame impertent to us colored gentlemen, anyhow. You get out right here." And our paternal friend got—Seattle Press.

I'm afraid women won't be successes as doctors. "I can't see why." "Because they can't be made to understand the important but quiet part the tongue plays in medical science."

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Table with columns: Read Downward, STATIONS, Read Upward. Lists stations from Hagerstown to Baltimore and back.

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"Behold I Bring You Tidings of Great Joy."

OUR * HOLIDAY * SUPPLEMENT.

'TIS CHRISTMAS IN DE CABIN.

'Tis Christmas in de cabin,
Tho' I am far away;
'Tis Christmas in de cabin,
I kno' de blessed day!

An' dar de mock-birds singin'
Mak' glad de happy spot,
An' all de flow'rs an' bloomin'
Around my little cot.

De flow'rs my Liza plantin—
De golden gelseumine,
De pink azalea blossoms
An' honeysuckle vine.

Her po' ole ha'r am folded,
Her weary we'k all done,
But yit de blossoms liftin'
Smile up to greet de sun.

'Tis Christmas in de cabin,
De chim'es sweep thro' de do'—
Whar need to be dar footsteps,
My chillun cum no more!

De fir'-place hol's no embers,
De do' is open wide;
De winder's dim an' dusky
Whar moonlight po'd its tide!

'Tis Christmas in de cabin,
An' de ribber murmurs deep,
'De banjo strings an' broken,
'Tis time to go to sleep!

De pleasant ribber singin'
By de Bend so fah away,
Whar I used to fiddle, honey,
De live-long Christmas Day—

Is singin' now—jus' listen!
Wid Liza by my side,
I clim' de stary stairway
Ob bressed Christmas tide.

—Frank Leslie's.

Mr. James proved to Jessie Jackson that nothing was so easy as the polka. And Polly Peace declared that she never before heard music that made one dance whether one would or not. Polly was a young English girl who had come to America with her father, who had now returned to bring back the rest of his family, and had left his daughter to board with some people in the village until his return. She was well-connected, pretty, accomplished, and something of a coquette.

To Mrs. Bradford's fancy, the evening passed delightfully; and when the last guest had departed, she returned to her parlor with a pleased smile, to find one of her boys—Roy—sitting sulkily by the fire. Erwin had seen Polly Peace home, and Roy was justly indignant over the fact, she could plainly see; but what it was, he would not tell her. Vexed at the manner in which he answered her, Mrs. Bradford left the room, to put away her silver, and was busily occupied in the dining-room, when she heard angry voices in the parlor, and hurrying thither, found the brothers engaged in their first quarrel. They had never had the slightest disagreement before.

"You knew I intended to go home with her!" cried Roy.

"What if I did?" said Erwin.

"You had no right to sneak into my place in such a cowardly manner," said Roy.

"Your place?" said Erwin. "How did it come to be your place? I tell you, Polly was very well pleased that it should be as it was."

"You lie!" said Roy.

"Boys! boys!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradford, "this is dreadful!" But, even as she spoke,

regretted it. And, when three years had rolled by, Erwin, who was young, and a man, and found it easier to regain cheerfulness than his mother, married a sister of Polly Peace—a pretty girl, who came to his home to make it brighter—while Polly kept house for her father. Polly declared she would never marry, and seemed to be in earnest.

It was ten years since Roy had left his home; Mrs. Bradford's hair was quite gray; Erwin was a man of 31 and his wife quite a matronly person with three children about her; Polly was 28 and declared herself an old maid. As each Christmas Day came, she remembered that night when she had been so light-hearted. She knew that she had done all the mischief—though, heaven knows, not intentionally. Yes, ten years were gone and still his mother and the girl he had loved remembered Roy as fondly as ever.

"It's a shame!" said little Mrs. Erwin Bradford, on the 24th of December of that year. "It's a shame and a pity, Erwin, that we should never keep up Christmas in the good old-fashioned way! Here are the children growing large enough to understand, and they'll remember us as heathen, I'm afraid! Why not have a little Christmas party for once?"

"You know what sad memories we connect with Christmas, Susie," said Erwin.

"Yes, my dear," answered his wife; "and, were it any other day, I'd say nothing. But, it's not only ourselves we think of in our Christmas-keeping. It's a day one should keep. I'm sure your mother will agree with me."

Polly did not guess at his proximity. She walked toward the lattice end of the porch, leaned her head against it, and brushed back the tears. In a moment more, a hand rested on her shoulder and someone said:

"My dear, what is the matter?" It was Susie, who had come in search of her. "But I suppose I need not ask," she added. "I find my Christmas party a failure. There is dear mother, shedding tears in her room upstairs, and you in such a state. Did you really care so much as to cry about him for ten long years?"

"Susie," said Polly, "I shall cry about him all my life. I did love him dearly, and the thing Mr. Offenheimer is playing seems as though it were written for me. I did trifle with my love, and now he is dead and gone, and I am weeping. Don't think me foolish. You have your love; you are married to Erwin. You can't tell how terrible it is to think, think, year after year, of one you will never see again. I have been punished for the wrong I did that night. I shall never be happy again."

"Mamma!" cried a voice at the door.

"Where are you? Isn't supper ready?"

"Go in, Susie," said Polly; "I will come in in a minute. I don't want the children now."

"I declare, I'm quite upset," said Susie. "I wish this were over and everyone at home." And she went into the house, closing the door after her.

"No—never, never again," sighed Polly. "Roy, darling, why did I use you so?" She uttered the words aloud, and then started violently as a tall figure crossed the path and

It was midnight when the guests returned home, and when Polly departed, Roy offered her his arm. They walked slowly, and let the rest leave them behind in the still village street.

"Polly," he said, "do you know that I only meant to peep in at the windows of my old home and go away again? I never meant to come in."

"That was cruel to your mother," said she.

"Yes," he said, "I know how wrong it was now; but I was thinking of myself. They told me, down in the village, that Erwin had married a Miss Peace. I thought, of course, it was you, and I hated him, and felt that no one would care to see me; but I wanted a glimpse of my mother's face and yours, so I came to get it. Then, thank God! I hear what you said to your sister."

A CHRISTMAS CURE.

SANTA CLAUS sat by the fire in his own home looking very much troubled. Santa Claus sat there thinking—thinking. It was just before Christmas. What was the matter with the good jolly old Santa? Had his sleigh broken down? Had any of his reindeer got loose?

But no—it was none of these things. Couldn't he find toys enough to go round? Bless your dear little anxious heart, don't you be afraid of that! Santa Claus had toys enough. That wasn't the trouble!

One stocking there was for which Santa Claus had not yet planned a single thing; and that was why poor dear old Santa Claus was in such a state of worry and anxiety. This stocking belonged to a little boy whose good parents had long before Christmas sent in his name to Santa Claus. But although there had been plenty of time, and Santa Claus had put plenty of thought upon the matter, he had not been able to decide upon one thing for that little boy's stocking.

Perhaps it seems strange to you that Santa should be puzzled about such a thing as that, when filling stockings is his regular profession, but the little boy to whom that stocking belonged was a very strange and unusual child. Whatever was given to him he would either break to pieces very soon or do some naughty mischief with.

Yet kind old Santa could not bear to leave even this stocking empty. So he had been puzzling his brains to find something with which the little boy could not hurt people, and something he could not break; and although he had been thinking over all his lists of toys and presents, nothing had he found yet!

"Chirp! Chirp!" sounded a sharp little voice. "You may as well give it up. He doesn't deserve anything, the little scamp!"

"Oh! Is that you, Cricket?" said Santa, "Come up here," and as he held out his fat forefinger a tiny black cricket reached it with a sudden jump.

"You may as well give it up!" creaked the cricket. "You can't think of anything, I know."

"I know, I know," said Santa. "No! I can't give him the donkey!—nor any other of those fine little animals that we have this year. I had thought of a nice little hammer and box of nails, and some blocks of wood for him to hammer the nails into! Hey, now! what do you think of that?"

"What do I think?" said the cricket. "I think, Saint Nicholas, that you have forgotten how the little boy beat his brother with his drumsticks; how he snipped his sister's fingers with the scissors; how he threw his harmonicon at the nurse; how he—"

"Dear, dear, dear!" groaned Santa, "so he did, so he did!"

"And if you keep giving him things when he uses them so wrongly," continued the cricket, "how will he ever learn better? To be sure, his mama and papa and all his kind friends are trying to teach him, but it is necessary that everybody should help to train such a boy as—"

"I know," interrupted Santa, "I know. You're a wise little counselor, and not as hard-hearted as you seem. And if you think it will cure the poor little fellow, I suppose we must give him the sawdust this year."

"Yes," said the cricket solemnly, "sawdust it must be."

Christmas morning came. The little boy whose name Santa Claus did not wish mentioned, saw all the other children pull out one treasure after another from their long, well-stuffed stockings, while in his own, which he had hung up with so much hope the night before, there was nothing but sawdust!

If I should use all the sad words in the English language I could never tell you how sad that little boy was as he poured the sawdust out of his stocking, and found that Santa Claus had really sent him nothing else.

Poor little chap!

It was almost a year later, just before Christmas, when Santa Claus again sat by his fire—thinking.

But this time he was in no trouble; no indeed, not he! He was rounder and rosier and jollier than ever before; and how he was smiling and chucking to himself! His eyes twinkled so, and were so very bright, that you could almost have lit a candle at them. He and the cricket had been planning all sorts of ecstatic surprises for the stocking of the boy to whom they had given sawdust the year before; for, if you can believe it, the little boy had been trying all the year to be careful and gentle, and he was really quite changed!

"Sawdust is a grand thing," chirped the cricket, leaping about in delight.

"Yes, but I am glad we do not need to use it this year," replied Santa. "Let me see the list again. Don't you suppose we could cram in one or two more things? Have you put down the—"

"This is the end of the story; or, at least, all that could be told before Christmas; for if I should write more and a certain little boy should read it, he would know just what would be in his stocking and that would never do in the world.—St. Nicholas.

Poor Pay.

"Was that old Flint I saw just going out?" asked a man of his clerk.

"Yes," was the reply. "He said he had just dropped in to pay —"

"That bill he has owed for over two years?" interrupted the man of business.

"No," returned the clerk. "He dropped in to pay the compliments of the season."

MRS. BRADFORD'S CHRISTMAS.

BEING Christmas night, every house in Oakdale held festival. In some houses, the "old folks" gathered their children about them, in some, newly-married couples received their friends; elsewhere, there were juvenile parties.

Mrs. Bradford had no little children, neither were there any old people in the family. She was a plump, rosy widow, and her household consisted of two sons, 23 and 21 years of age. The mother might easily have passed

for the sister of these young men, and there was not a happier home than theirs in Oakdale. On this night it was perhaps the brightest in the place. Evergreen adorned the walls; flowers bloomed in the windows; all the furniture shown as if it were new, and, in the dining-room, fine damask, silver and china set forth a table laden with every good thing procurable in Oakdale or possible of manufacture in Mrs. Bradford's kitchen, in expectation of coming guests.

"We have no relations, but we must have a Christmas party," Mrs. Bradford had said. And then mother and sons had put their heads together to make out a list of people who probably had no invitations for the night. There was little Jessie Jackson, who lived with the doctor and his wife as useful friend. The family were going to spend the holidays with relatives, and Jessie was keeping house alone.

"Let's ask her," said Mrs. Bradford; "she won't say anything and she'll blush a great deal, but it will be better for her than moping at home. And there is old Mrs. Merryfield, who keeps house with her cat in the two-roomed cottage, which looks like a baby-house. We'll have her; she's a perfect gentlewoman, and good company, too. And the old librarian—no one ever asks him anywhere; so kind as he is, hunting up books for people. We'll ask him, and the young telegraph operator you like so much, and the German music teacher and his wife. That's one, two, three, four, five, six, one more, and our little table will be quite full. Who shall it be?"

"Polly Peace!" cried both boys, in one voice. "Little Polly Peace, mother."

"You want one pretty girl, don't you?" said Mrs. Bradford, with a laugh. "I wonder I did not think of Polly Peace before. But, you see, I was getting up a feast, not exactly for the lame, the halt, and the blind, but for people who are not likely to be remembered by anyone else—and, doubtless, Miss Polly will be. However, you may risk her. She will find it a dull party though."

So the invitations were written and sent, and Jessie Jackson sent word that she would be so glad to come, for she had never been alone on Christmas evening before, and, if ever the ghost should come up the cellar stairs, she felt sure it would be then. And old Mrs. Merryfield sent her compliments, and said she was charmed. And old Mr. Yellum was "highly honored." And the young operator, Mr. James, felt it consistent with his dignity to state that he would "postpone all other engagements for so charming a one"—which it was wonderfully easy for him to do, to tell the truth. And the old music teacher and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Offenheimer, composed a note in the English language which it was quite impossible to interpret save as an acceptance. And, last of all, Miss Polly Peace sent "Thanks; I was wondering what I should do with myself on Christmas night."

So they were all coming—indeed, they had all come, and the German played everything they had ever heard of them, and the old lady had brought her knitting, and was talking with Mrs. Merryfield, who had travelled in Europe with her husband and was delighted to meet someone with whom she could chat intelligently of all she had seen there.

Young Mr. James had coaxed little Jessie Jackson to talk, and Mr. Yellum had found some rare books in which he had buried himself; and Miss Polly Peace was the object of the adoring attention of both young men; while Mrs. Bradford fitted about, doing her best to make all her guests comfortable. Supper was a success; Mr. Offenheimer played, and there was dancing. Even the librarian joined in the quadrille, although he invariably made a mistake in every figure, and old Mrs. Merryfield did the steps as she had been taught in dancing-school in her youth.



PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS.

Erwin had lifted his hand and struck Roy a blow across the face. He turned deadly pale, looked at his brother for one moment, then said slowly:

"This part is forever, Erwin." And, seizing his hat and coat, he walked out of the house.

He did not return. It was the strangest, most horrible thing to Mrs. Bradford and to Erwin after his passion had cooled down. They did all they could to discover what he had done and whether he had betaken himself; but they never received any news.

After awhile, Mrs. Bradford decided that her son was dead; that he had committed suicide during his anger, and because of what Erwin had said about the feelings of Polly Peace. In her anguish she told the girl all, and learned that Roy had visited her much more frequently than Erwin, and that he had good reason to think she liked him. After this the two women were fast friends. But, Mrs. Bradford's home was a sad one now; the little party which had its origin in pleasant feeling had brought her great trouble, to two or three others much happiness.

Jessie Jackson had won a lover by it, and was soon married to Mr. James. Old Mr. Yellum had called on Mrs. Merryfield, and, though neither would see 55 again, they had concluded to end their lives together. The old Germans found a little circle of admiring friends, to all of whom they were introduced, on that Christmas Day with which we open our story. Only poor Mrs. Bradford and her

So Susie had her way. Mrs. Bradford was too sensible not to yield; and, for the first time since the disappearance of Roy Bradford, there was a Christmas merry-making in the Bradford mansion. Susie did not mean it so; but she had had no particular account of the guests of that evening. And they all were: Mr. and Mrs. Yellum; Mr. James, his wife and two children; the good Germans; and, necessarily, Polly Peace, Mr. Peace, the father of the family, a younger daughter and son, and one or two other neighbors.

The table was set in the dining-room, and the guests were about to be summoned to tea. Meanwhile, the old music-teacher played on the piano—first a gay tune for the children, then a dance; then he wandered away into the sentimental music he loved best, and the notes of that beautiful song "The Long, Long Weary Day" fell upon the ears of his listeners.

Polly Peace knew the words well. As she mentally followed them, tears rose to her eyes. She could bear no more; she stole softly out of the room, and opening the front door, stood on the porch in the moonlight. Everything was as bright as day. But for the lattice-work that crossed the end of the porch, she must have seen a man who stood there. A moment before he had been upon the porch, looking through the window blinds into the parlor. Now he had stolen around toward the dining-room, possibly with an eye to the spoons. Certainly, it was suspicious. He was a desperate-looking fellow, too—with a long black beard, a foreign-looking cloak, and a large hat slouched over his eyes. Whatever he was,

stepped upon the porch. It was no one whom she knew, and she retreated toward the door; but, before she could lay her hand upon it, the man had placed himself so that she could not reach it without pushing him aside.

"This is Miss Polly Peace?" he said.

She answered: "Yes."

"I have a message for you from someone who has been abroad a long while," he said.

Then he took off his hat, and the moonlight fell over his face, and in a moment it was all over; the thing she had thought impossible had happened—the one overwhelming joy that could come into her life had come then. Roy Bradford had returned. He stood before her, alive and well; and it was so strange and sudden, that, instead of crying out of joy, she took it as calmly as we take strange things in dreams. She held out her hand to him and let him kiss her on the forehead:

"I know my mother is alive," he said. "I saw her through the window, an hour ago. I have been watching you all this while. Will you go and tell her that her runaway boy has come home?"

She said nothing, but let him kiss her again, and left him. When she returned, both mother and brother were with her.

Oh, what a Christmas supper was that! How little Mrs. James laughed with joy until she cried! How the old Yellums declared they always said so—always! how many welcomes the German played on the piano! and how Mrs. Offenheimer kissed Roy on both cheeks! The children were joyous over their new uncle, and the mother thanked heaven.

Holiday Greeting.

"Behold I Bring You Tidings of Great Joy."

HOLIDAY SUPPLEMENT

RING out the Bells.

SEE to it that the house rings with the laughter of the children.

THE children want a Christmas-tree, and they should have it. The cost is small, the pleasure is great.

HE who would be cross and sullen on Christmas Day, ought to shut himself in from the world. Let no one appear that cannot display a smile on their countenance.

ABOVE ALL the Christmas must be merry. It has been merry since it first began, and a Christmas wish without the introductory word to that effect would be the Christmas pudding without its plums. Christmas is for the boys and girls, and on that day we older persons shed our years and become as children are. No wrinkles now. No business cares. No thought of anything that doesn't belong to Christmas. A round face, with dimples at cheek and chin; a pair of happy eyes that look as if there had never been a tear in them; a roar of gratified expectation, with some intermediate notes bespeaking gentler happiness—these things from attic to ground floor, and these from dawn to darkness. Then the Christmas night, the Christmas story, and the Christmas joke. Then the blazing fire and the blazing lights, to make the more impressive the outer frost, the drifted snow, the bristling icicle, the glittering Christmas stars. Then the bells of Christmas, which have new meaning on that night, and send it merrily out from every steeple and every horse's neck. Then the social gathering, with its select parties of two in secluded corners, propriety being insured as to sex, and other select parties of larger number, the which are given to the reminiscent Christmas smoke and talk. Then and there and everywhere we send greeting of peace and good-will, to our readers.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL.

Old and young, poor as well as rich, we wish a Merry Christmas.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," therefore as we receive let us not forget to give good things—spiritual and material—more freely than ever before.

Christmas is the chief holiday of the year, because it is the anniversary of a day that marked a new era in our world.

We should celebrate with joy a day that marked the beginning of the one perfect life, and the one perfect example which appeared on earth, to bring to mortals the "Tidings of great joy."

Resist all tendencies to a gloomy or solemn Christmas, and let us hail the day with gladness.

If you would be happy Christmas Day, see to it that you make some one else happy and your heart will overflow with joy.

Go to some poor family and assist them to enjoy a joyous day; remember the father and motherless children, make one day in their lives happy, and the joy that will come to you, will be remembered far into the new year.

MAKE THE CHILDREN HAPPY.

If there is one day above another upon which children should be happy, it is Christmas Day, the day being specially their own. Whether in the midst of plenty or in the depths of poverty, every effort should be made to make the day one of sunshine and happiness for them.

Fond mothers who cast longing eyes on the expensive toys that are displayed, and that are far beyond the reach of their means, can procure easily other things that will equally delight her children, they realizing that the gift comes from a loving heart.

We should bear in mind that the child that receives a tin horse is as jubilant as the one that receives an expensive toy. Therefore, if happiness is so easily purchased for children, it should not be withheld? There are not many who can purchase French dolls with their expensive outfit of dresses, but what mother cannot purchase a cheap doll; one that costs but a few cents, and dress it with odds and ends. What little darling of four or five years would know the difference between calico, and silk and satin? Not one! If it is bright and attractive the little eyes will gaze at the sight without regard to cost.

Childhood doesn't trouble itself about such things. If even the poorest of mothers would exercise a little thoughtfulness, their little ones would have no reason to envy the children of wealth on Christmas Day. What an immense amount of enjoyment they could take out of a few candies, a few very cheap toys, a few home-made cookies, or a few little home-made garments or play-things that a mother's forethought had provided? Such things should be thought of in time. On Christmas eve little can be done except to buy what comes handiest, but in poor homes money is needed for many a thing, and most likely the little ones would have to go without. Let it be seen to in time, then, that the children are provided for. The realities of life, with its sorrows and disappointments, its trials and cares, will come to them time enough. They, like others before them, may live to see the Christmas season darkened by death or troubles almost as hard to bear. Then let the Christmas Days of their youth at least be full of joy and merriment. If you are wealthy and can make their little hearts glad by the bewildering things they see in the shop windows—all right. If not, a little loving forethought will go a great ways, and out of very little money you can get any amount of pleasure for them, and make their Christmas a merry Christmas indeed.

CHRISTMAS IN MANY LANDS.

THE English Christmas is, perhaps, the richest of all in that hearty hospitality and merriment and that profusion of substantial good cheer which our people, like their British cousins, so closely associate with the occasion. The old English Christmas, as it was celebrated centuries ago in the great halls of the feudal barons, may be best known from the pages of Sir Walter Scott, who frequently describes it and who in his poem of "Marmion" admirably sums it up in a few words when he says: "England was merry England when Old Christmas brought his sports again, 'Twas Christmas brouched the mightiest ale, 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale. A Christmas gambol oft would cheer A poor man's heart through half the year."

The "December liberties," as the wild gambols, pranks and masquerades of Christmas time were called, the famous Christmas dinner of the barons with its dishes of boar's head borne upon a massive silver platter in great state the whole length of the immense banquet hall by the major domo of the household, attended by a large number of servants and vassals, the "mumming" or masquerading, the singing of Christmas carols, the playing of snap dragon, hot coxles and all the other Christmas sports and games, presided over by a specially appointed officer of the household called the lord of misrule or the abbot of unreason—all these and countless other features of the old English Christmas, Scott, that wonderful "wizard of the north," has described as only he could do it.

The modern English Christmas found its apostle in Dickens, who, in his vivid word pictures, has most clearly and accurately portrayed its very light and shadow. The wild abandon of its predecessor of centuries ago has been somewhat restrained, but within the limit of becoming mirth there is still no merrier Christmas. It is a strange fact, however, that in England the day after Christmas, or "boxing day," as it is called, is an occasion of even greater festivity among the working classes than Christmas Day itself. It derives its name from the "Christmas boxes" or donations of Christmas spending money which are collected on that day by letter carriers, milk men, butchers' boys and other equally useful members of society.

A SPANISH CHRISTMAS.

The Spanish Christmas is largely an outdoor celebration as I found while residing in the city of Seville some years ago. The Spaniards, like the French, are much in the streets at all times and even more than usual during the Christmas season. For more than three weeks before Christmas the magnificent cathedral of Santa Maria de la Sede, as well as the noble churches of San Juan de la Palma, Santa Catalina and Santa Maria de la Blanca, are crowded to repletion with devout worshippers every morning at the mass, which is sung daily throughout the year.

As boxing day is to the English so is noche buena to the Spaniards. The words literally mean "the good night," but they are also used in Spain to designate Christmas Eve, which is even more joyously celebrated than Christmas Day itself. Then the whole city seems to have turned out en masse into the thoroughfares and the great public squares of the plaza del Triunfo, the plaza Nueva, the plaza del Duque and the plaza de la Constitution.

Even the most untidy pedestrians in all that great throng—he who has lost a loosely fitting hat or has had his pocket picked (Spanish pickpockets are the most expert of all artists in their line), or whose ribs have been bruised or his corns trodden upon—even he must find some alleviation of his misfortunes and misery in contemplating the scene that meets his gaze on Christmas Eve in any of the plazas named. Numerous flaming torches throw a rich crimson glare upon the winning brilliancy of jellies, artfully heightened by a light placed behind them to display their transparency, red festoons of chorios (sausages), jamones (hams), both salt and sweet, a thousand dainty combinations of hog, fruit and sugar, luckless capons, reflecting upon past misfortunes, and fatted turkeys lying in fetters among aromatic heaps of apples, figs, oranges, lemons and countless other delicious fruits displayed by hundreds of vendors who have converted the plazas into temporary fair grounds. There is the kaleidoscopic mingling and changing of sex, nationality, costume and language, the angry remonstrances of buyers against the exactions of vendors, the joyous shouts of children, the music of street bands and your own ejaculations of pain as some big fellow plants himself on your favorite toe form the obligate accompaniment to the brilliant scene presented by a Spanish Christmas Eve.

The Italian Christmas presents many features identical with the Spanish and the scenes enacted in the streets of Florence during the Christmas season closely resemble those of Seville. Italy pays great attention to the Christmas decoration of her churches and I have found it more elaborate than that of any other country. On Christmas Eve young men and women assemble at the churches and aid in their decoration, a collation being served to them after midnight mass. The devout Italians have a poetic idea that, to cheer and encourage the Virgin through the pangs of maternity, they must play upon instruments and sing before her shrines on Christmas Eve.

KRIS KINGLE'S LAND.

The German Christmas has supplied us with two of our best-known Christmas customs—hanging up stockings and attaching gifts to sprigs of pine, called Christmas trees. From the Germans Christmas also come Santa Claus and Kris Kingle. The latter is a corruption of Christ Kindlin or Christ Child, of whom they have the beautiful fable that with His own hands He places Christmas toys and sweet-meats in the stockings of good children, while those of bad ones receive nothing but small birch rods placed in them by one Pels-nichol—literally "Nicholas with the fur," that is, St. Nicholas dressed in fur. It is a rare sight in a German household on Christmas morning to see the expression of alighted misery on the face of some poor little right who, having been disobedient or otherwise naughty on Christmas Eve, finds only a birch rod in his stocking instead of bonbons and play-things. The dread of getting the rod from old Pelsnichol on Christmas keeps many a German child in order all the year.

CHRISTMAS IN MEXICO.

There is no country in the world where Christmas is better observed than in Mexico, as I found during my long residence in the Mexican capital. There, as in Spain, the Noche Buena or Christmas Eve is an occasion scarcely secondary to the Nos Navidad (Christmas) itself. The streets and plazas are thronged. Of all the shop windows so gay and brilliant in their holiday attire none is so bright as the confectioner's. Nowhere is the confectioner's art carried to greater perfection. The window of every large confectionery in Mexico is a revelation, crowded as it is with cakes of such an elaborate character as are never seen in our own country, many of them consisting of numerous alternate layers of the richest creams of various colors and flavors, sugared and glazed fruits, &c. If we look beyond the rich display such a window contains, this Christmas Eve, we shall see within troops of bewitching señoritas realy complying with the invitations of their debonaire escorts and reveling in elaborately constructed cakes, caramels, chocolates and custards.

At midnight of the Noche Buena all Mexico forsakes its pleasures and repairs to the Misa del Gallo or mass of the cock, a high mass of

the most imposing character which, in every one of the magnificent temples reared by the Catholic Church in the City of Mexico, is celebrated exactly at midnight on Christmas Eve or morning to commemorate the Saviour's birth. All the churches have an augmented choir and a large orchestra specially engaged for the occasion. The mass is celebrated with every concomitant that can heighten its effect and grandeur. The magnificent old cathedral on the plaza Mayor displays a complete representation of the nativity in wax figures of life size, con mucha propiedad (very like the original), and at midnight the signal for the mass to begin is given by the crowing of a real cock, hence its name of Misa del Gallo or mass of the cock.

Christmas in the West Indies is perhaps the most novel experience that a citizen of the United States can enjoy in connection with Christmas. To wander about among palm trees or orange groves and fields of sugar cane on Christmas Day with the thermometer at ninety degrees in the shade certainly has the zest of newness. If you are in the British West Indies—in Kingston, Jamaica, for example, as I was on Christmas Day, 1885—your attention will be most attracted in all the Christmas gatherings, of which you form a part, whether in the streets, the home of the church, by the close associations of whites and blacks, and you will find that intermarriage between the two races is so common as to excite no remark.

The Swedish Christmas has many quaint superstitions. In Sweden, for centuries past, there has been handed down from generation to generation a popular belief that all cattle fall upon their knees at midnight on Christmas Eve, as the ox and the ass of Bethlehem are said to have done when Jesus was born in the manger beside them. G. W. C.

THAT CHRISTMAS TREE.

THE foliage of a Christmas tree may be brushed here and there with macilage, then sprinkle common salt upon it, and a very pleasing result is attained. A very pretty drape for the tree is made by cutting long strips, about four inches wide, of tissue paper, then cutting it closely, partly, but not entirely, across the width, making fringes; if the strips then be dampened and held over a hot stove, the edges will curl and make it quite ornamental. Strings of cranberries and of pop-corn are also much and effectively used for this purpose, as well as chains of gold and silver paper, tinsel and chains made of little intertwined rings of different bright-colored paper. Pine cones varnished and sprinkled with salt, or bronzed, are very ornamental; while nuts wrapped in tinfoil or gold paper, and empty egg-shells adorned with decalcomania pictures, tiny balloons, bird-cages, coaches, stars, etc., may be made of stiff paper and covered with some that is gilt, silver or bright-colored, and have a highly decorative effect.

Little socks, or hangers, or other fancy receptacles can be made of mosquito netting and filled with candy, to the delight of all little people, and bright cards, books or pictures are really pretty additions.

Mottos may be made of white cotton wool; he letters being first cut out of card-board, to which the wool is glued. By pulling up the wool a little after it is dry a puffy, or snowy appearance is obtained. They should then be fastened upon a dark background. Letters decorated with rice resemble carved ivory, or, if they be dipped in red sealing wax dissolved in alcohol, coral. To make these a thick coating of paste or glue is put on the card board letters, and while it is yet warm the grains of rice are draped into it. Letters resembling frosted silver may be obtained by covering the card-board foundation letters with crumbled tinfoil.

An artistic taste can fashion a landscape scene at the bottom of the tree, with tiny picket fences, rustic bridges, an old mill, etc.—using moss for meadow, red sand for road way, white or silver sand for paths, twigs of cedar for trees, a piece of looking-glass fringed with moss for lakelet, etc."

THE ART OF GIVING WISELY.

THE secret of success in gift-giving is not in the expending of large sums, but in loving thought upon each gift provided. Everything is usually successful in proportion to the amount of thought that has been put into it, whether it be a banquet, a costume, a book, or the making of a simple gift. If you are cramped for money, do not think you need to spend much for Christmas gifts. The thought shown in a loving Christmas letter, a simple verse, or a pen-and-ink sketch, may give as genuine pleasure as a present of pearls. Reflect well upon the peculiarities and needs of the friend whom you wish to please. Then choose your gift carefully. Finally, after it is chosen and delivered, do not refer to it again in the way of self-congratulation upon your cleverness.

This was a peculiarity of a certain old lady who was not ungenerous. She had an invariable habit of contemplating the gifts which she had presented with great and undisguised satisfaction.

"How glad I am," she would exclaim, "that I found just that chair for you! How much comfort you must take in it, and how nicely it suits your room!"

Or again: "I enjoy looking at that picture every time that I come here. It is a great pleasure to me to think that I made such a good selection."

The recipients of her favors naturally feel rather overwhelmed by them. The high value placed upon them is embarrassing. One thinks, "How can I ever do anything for her which will seem to her half a return?" It is a good plan when a gift is bestowed to let the matter, as far as you are concerned, drop out of mind.—Harper's Bazar.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

PLENTY of material for Christmas decoration of the home and church can be found in most parts of the country, says Eben E. Raxford in the Ladies' Home Journal. Autumn leaves can be used with good effect in the construction of wreaths, festoons and crosses. If these are used in combination with ivy leaves or some of the lighter evergreens, a contrast will be secured which will bring out the bright colors of them vividly. Dried ferns can be colored and combined with them finely. A very pretty and artistic cross can be made of ivy leaves mixed with berries of the mountain ash, dogwood or Euonymus. Ears of wheat or oats can be worked in with good results, especially if they are first dipped into a solution of a gum, strong enough to leave a deposit of crystals on them. One of the most charming crosses I ever saw used in Christmas decorations was made of ivy leaves with a wreath of crystallized wheat and red berries thrown over its arms.

In most localities in the country, ground pine can be found. This is rich green in color, and works up well in most any design. Running pine can be gathered in long strings, and is very useful for light work where a simple tracery of green is required. Bitter sweet berries combine with it charmingly. The everlasting flowers, such as Helichrysum, Xeranthemum and Gomphrena can be bought very cheaply in natural colors if desired for use in that condition, or they can be had in most bright colors, and in pure white, but they are really no prettier than berries, though valuable for the sake of variety.

A CHRISTMAS LETTER.

All the folks that live out here
Wish you Merry Christmas, dear!
Fanny, furry little hares,
After dark, when no one cares,
Come to dance upon the snow,
Glad it's Christmas time, you know.

And the little chickadees,
You would think their feet would freeze,
They sit chirping, gay enough,
With their feathers in a fluff,
"Merry Christmas, when it comes,
Gives us all a lot of crumbs!"

And your dear old friend, the crow,
He and all his brothers go,
Teetering across the snow,
Two-and-twenty in a row;
Every crow with one keen eye
For the changes in the sky,
And another for the ground
And whatever's to be found.
Oh! the crows look sly and queer
Just about this time of year!
If they'd only tell in sleep
All the secrets that they keep!
Don't you s'pose they know it's right
To hang a stocking up at night?
Don't you s'pose they know this minute
Everything there will be in it?

People used to half-believe
Stows could talk on Christmas Eve,
Crawling patient in the stall,
When the night began to fall;
That they talked of that strange sight
In the stable, Christmas night.
Don't you wonder if they do?
Don't you wish that it was true?
Stars at Christmas, don't you think,
Have a sort of knowing wink?
And the flowers underground
Asleep when Christmas comes around—
Don't you think it really seems
As if they must have Christmas dreams?

Happy dreams be yours, my dear,
Christmas night, and all the year!
—St. Nicholas.

THE BIRD'S CHRISTMAS.

In the distant land of Denmark
At the holy Christmas time,
There's a custom so poetic
That it's worthy better rhyme.
'Mong the peasants poor and humble,
Who our dear Lord's birthday keep
As a day of thankful gladness,
With a joy that lieth deep;
While the grass and tender herbage
Hidden are beneath the snow,
And the rusted bits of winter
With sharp, icy coldness blow,
Brightly deck they little gift-trees,
Glittering with their gilded fruit—
Tapers, nuts and waxen angels
Pendant from each dark-green shoot;
And while thus they show each other,
By these tokens of their love,
How they value beyond praising
The greatest gift of God above;
They forget not humbler creatures,
Who their gladness cannot share,
E'en the little birds of Heaven
Lying in the wintry air;
High against a wall are mounted
Undrushed their festoons upon them,
Ever this their Christmas dote,
And I think the little snow-birds
Must repay them by their mirth—
Singing sweeter song of Spring-time,
Making glad the barren earth.
—Helen Hays.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

A Merry Christmas! May your cares
In golden floods of joy be drownded;
Forget awhile your worldly wars,
And send the brimming love-cups round.
The feast is set. Come, young and old,
And laugh awhile at changeless fate;
Secure within the Christmas fold,
Where watchful Love maintains the gate.

Strong Love, that lives in spite of care,
And laughs at time. The load of years,
Our bitter strife, and cold despair,
Our vain regrets, and idle tears,
Are lost amid Love's cloudless light—
All fare alike beneath Love's sway,
And all are welcome—none may slight
The wayward sheep that seek to stay.

All fare alike—the old and young,
The rich and poor, the man and great,
From every land, of every tongue,
For careful Love makes wide the gate;
And led by Love's far-reaching light
They come—a vast unnumbered throng,
Whose hearts are tuned, this Christmas night,
To sing the endless Christmas song.—R. M.

A BACHELOR'S REVERY.

BY M. H. M.

'Tis Christmas Eve. Five years ago,
I kissed her 'neath the mistletoe,
Her frock was white, and her hair was yellow,
I thought myself a lucky fellow.

We pledged our truth and vowed to be,
Models of love and constancy,
But within six months she married another,
And said henceforth I should be her brother.

'Tis Christmas Eve. The fire burns low;
Within its coals sweet visions glow;
But of all the faces therein I see,
The dearest is that tickle she
Whose frock was white, and whose hair was
Yellow,
And who jilted me for another fellow.
—Life.

BENEATH THE MISTLETOE.

(A TRAGEDY.)

Atrocious villain he and wretched sneak;
He was unmannerly, disgusting, mean,
Whilst she was fair, and gentle, soft and meek,
Her cheek was nicely puffed with velvetine;
He pressed his lips upon her floury cheek,
And left a pattern there—oh, hear her shriek!

Her hair in softest rings did curl and twist,
Above each penciled eyebrow fair and round,
In struggling, colors mixed as in a mist,
And dress improvers sprung with fatal bound.

He was a horrid brute, a bear, a hound,
For see—her headless hair lies on the ground.
—Kate Burton.

THE TIME OF JOY.

I hear my children shout in glee,
With sparkling eyes and floating hair
Bringing a Christmas-wreath for me.
Their joy, like sunshine deep and broad,
Falls on my heart, and makes me glad;
I think the face of our dear Lord
Looks down on them, and seems not sad.
—T. B. Aldrich.

The Great Festival.

Come merry season for thy cheer we sigh,
Thy joyous feasts—thy turkey and mince pie.
—Anon.

CHRISTMAS HUMOR.

The tramp gets snow in his stocking.
To the wild bells—Now begin to ring.
Christmas fills up many a lean stocking.
Good will to all men and most of the women.
Pride and the price of turkey must have a fall.

Santa Claus doesn't forget even the bad boy.

Do not forget the poor young widow over the way.

One log that the mariner does not keep—A yule log.

An old cotton stocking will hold as much as a silk one.

Where there's a Christmas will there's a Christmas way.

The bad boy can become very good around Christmas time.

The timid chicken is the wisest—it isn't afraid to squawk.

Best presents of all—The full stomach and the contented mind.

Pity the small boy who gets only the usual hole in his stocking.

On Christmas day punish no child. Beat nothing but the drum.

Turkeys will now be out low in the neck and gored at both sides.

On Christmas morning every child has a right to rise at 3 o'clock.

It is only the man who can make his mark who ought to keep Xmas.

Now the skeleton in the Christmas closet is that of the Christmas bird.

It is only natural for the little red-headed girl to want a white hobby horse.

The innocent mistletoe gets blamed for a good deal of human perverseness.

Poverty is not bad. The bird that is too poor to kill will live another year.

The brightest things soon fade in this world. There are no roots to the Christmas tree.

The Christmas dinner needs many plates. Send out into the high-ways and by-ways.

Many a goose will be seen at the Christmas dinner-table, and unfortunately he won't be on the platter either.

This is about the time of year when nearly everybody seems to think it is more blessed to receive than to give.

The 25th of December is the one day of the year when papers headed "Know All Men By These Presents" ought to be re-circulated.

RAISINS.

The naughty boy gets his Christmas box on the ear.

The pie the small boy steals often makes him sick.

Santa Claus sometimes ties a knot in the big stocking.

The man with the gout is rather heavily handicapped.

The best thing in the stocking is always down in the toe.

The small boy soon gets the hang of the Christmas stocking.

We never know what a mince pie is made of until the next day.

The lonesome stocking—The one that has no chubby foot to go in it.

Diamonds as Christmas presents have seen their day—and come again.

If a girl eats enough mince pie, she will dream of her future husband.

You can't tell how good a boy is by the number of things in his stocking.

We wanted to remember Queen Victoria, but she said she wanted the world.

The bright boy can't see what he is going to get by sleeping with one eye open.

Christmas is to the pocket as a hole is to a water-pitcher. There is a terrible upper pressure and a fearful nonentity beneath.

Christmas is to a hundred dollar bill as the metatarsus is to the end of a tack. There is a tender union and a most violent parting.

PASTOR—"I trust your family enjoyed the Christmas-tree festivities, Mrs. Kaggs?"

MRS. KAGGS—"All 'cept my youngest brother Simmons. He's got St. Vitus's dance, an' some blamed fool went an' gin him a jumpin'-jack. He ain't been well since."

He Was No Horse.

FIRST SMALL BOY (while Santa Claus is distributing presents to the Sunday-school)—
"Don't look at Santa Claus so hard, Jimmy."
SECOND SMALL BOY—"Why not?"
FIRST SMALL BOY—"Because Pa said to you ought not to look a gift horse in the mouth."
SECOND SMALL BOY—"Humph! Santa Claus is no horse!"

She Would Consult an Authority.

EUGENIA DE GARM—"Ma, don't you think we might have the house trimmed up with a lot of mistletoe this year?"
OLD MRS. DE GARM—"I'll see about it, Eugenia; the chiropodist will be here this afternoon."



She Knew All about It.

FOND DAUGHTER—"Pa, the presents I want to give this year will cost five hundred dollars."
FOND FATHER—"Get out! I would dearly like to grant your request, but the elephant has stepped on my pocket-book!"
FOND DAUGHTER—"It is as I supposed. Father, you have been seeing that animal too much of late."

THREE CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

BY CONSTANCE E. BROOKS.

I.

Hearken! how the Christmas chime
Sings on earth its song sublime!
"See those twain with weary feet
Wander through the village street—
Doors are closed against the stranger.
See the Child, the meek and lowly,
Christ, the mighty, the all-holy,
Sleeping cradled in a manger."

Sing your joy, O Christmas chime!
Let us keep the Christmas-time.
Be the loaf of plenty doled,
Be the poor man's heart consoled.
Thus we keep the Christmas-time.

II.

Hearken! still the Christmas chime
Sings on earth its song sublime!
"Wandering shepherds see the night—
Flooded with celestial light—
Wondering hear the angel message,
Come, and let us kneel before him,
Let us find him and adore him.
Peace on earth this Child doth presage."

Sing your joy, O Christmas chime!
Let us keep the Christmas-time.
Let all strife and hatred cease.
Kindness live, good-will and peace.
Thus we keep the Christmas-time.

III.

Hearken! still the Christmas chime
Sings on earth its song sublime!
"Eagerly the Magi sped,
By the wondrous star-beam led,
Gold and myrrh, and incense offer,
He brings most, yes, he the highest
Draweth unto God the Highest,
Who a heart of love doth proffer."

Sing your joy, O Christmas chime!
Let us keep the Christmas-time.
Love shall be the law to bind
In one band all humankind.
Thus we keep the Christmas-time.

—The Century.

ONE CHRISTMAS DAY.



TILLIE MORRIS'S "bosom friend," Alicia Dayton, was to be married at Christmas, and, naturally enough, Tillie was to be one of the bridesmaids. There was to be a grand combination of Christmas and wedding festivities at the Daytons' elegant country home on the Hudson. Alicia liked to do things in her own way and it was usually different from everybody else's.

The two girls had been educated at the same fashionable school, and had there formed an intimacy which lasted even after Mr. Morris lost his money and went with his family to live in a stupid country town. Tillie's only glimpses of gaiety since that time had been her visits to Alicia, who was devoted to her. The luckiest winter of Tillie's life, according to her mother, had been one spent in New York with the Daytons. Here she had met the Honorable George Pemberton Dudley, a wealthy Englishman, who immediately fell in love with her.

He followed her to her own home in Briardale, where he proposed and was accepted. At 22, life seemed to have nothing better to offer Tillie, and to reject him would have broken her mother's heart. Alicia Dayton was a little indignant. Deeply in love with her own betrothed, she was horrified at her friend's coolness. Not that Alicia could find any objection to the Honorable George. He was an unexceptionable parti—a great catch, people said, for a poor girl; but he was 40, and Tillie did not love him—two trifles which Mrs. Morris considered beneath notice, and she had her way.

Mr. Pemberton had arrived in Briardale to make a short visit when Miss Dayton's invitation came. He had come to try and persuade his betrothed to fix a date for the marriage. He had been in America nearly a year, and was rather anxious to get home.

He was in the parlor—it was hardly large enough to be dignified by the name of drawing room, Tillie declared—receiving Mrs. Morris's sympathy. She had just been promising him her assistance when her daughter entered with Alicia's letter.

"She is to be married on Christmas Eve and go away the following night, but the rest of us are to stay the week out and hold high carnival to amuse the disconsolate family—it's one of Alicia's fancies, of course—she is a law unto herself," and Tillie laughed.

Mr. Dudley gave a little cough, which with him always expressed disappointment. He disapproved of young women who were a law unto themselves. He admired her betrothed for her elegance and correctness of manner—in spite of her poverty, she was much better calculated to adorn a high position than Miss Dayton. Neither he nor Mrs. Morris was particularly delighted with the idea of Tillie's going to "Misrule Hall," as Alicia had named her castle.

Miss Morris did not take the seat which her lover had brought for her, but stood with her hand on the back of her mother's chair.

"We bridesmaids are to be there a week before the wedding," she was saying, eagerly, quite unconscious of her hearers' lack of sympathy.

The Honorable George was stirred by a feeling of jealousy—he had never seen his betrothed so eager and enthusiastic. He was angry to think that Miss Dayton possessed a power he lacked, but he dared not show his feeling except in a little unconscious stiffness which bored Tillie.

Later on, however, the young women's elders thawed somewhat—they were invited to join the wedding party too, although of course they were not to go until the day before Christmas.

"Miss Dayton was quite capable of not asking me at all," Mrs. Morris complained to Mr. Dudley. "I am agreeably disappointed." In due time, Tillie started. She was to go with her mother to the place where her friends would meet her. It was a delightful week. She experienced an undisturbed and joyful sense of freedom, and soothed her conscience by not allowing Alicia to abuse the Honorable George.

"Understand me, I only object to him in the character of your lover; he is charming otherwise," cried the bride-elect, but her friend would not listen.

Just about dusk, on the evening of the 24th Alicia came into Tillie's room very excitedly.

"The most curious thing has happened," she cried, eagerly. "My aunt, who has lived in California for years and never been East, has accepted my invitation and arrived just now, and an old friend of Harry's—Harry was the intended groom—who has been in Australia, has telegraphed from New York, inviting himself to the wedding."

Tillie agreed with the speaker that it was strange, and would have asked more questions, but Alicia was called away.

morning wedding, declaring she did not like the fashion, even though it was English. At last, the bridal party was ready and started. Everything went off satisfactorily, and when the ceremony was over, they returned to the house.

The long drawing rooms were brilliant with lights and flowers, and the bride and groom took their places under a gorgeous floral canopy to receive congratulations. Tillie stood close by the happy couple, watching Mr. Dudley, her mother on his arm, making his way through the crowd. Suddenly Alicia touched her lightly.

"Tillie," she said, "I want to introduce you to my aunt, Miss Hargrave."

A very handsome woman, looking scarcely 30, cordially grasped Tillie's hand in response to the introduction and made some pretty speech. At this moment the groom spoke:

"Here is some one else I want you to know, Miss Morris—may I present my old friend, Mr. Vernon?"

Tillie Morris did not faint—she was perfectly conscious of everything around her—but she must have grown very pale, for Harry Windrim said hastily:

"Why, Tillie, you look ill—the heat is too much for you—please take her into the other room, Vernon, it's cooler," and, before she could speak, she found herself walking mechanically into the adjoining apartment on the arm of Mr. Vernon.

The cool atmosphere revived her a little, and her companion led her to a distant sofa, where he placed himself by her side.

"Haven't you a word to say, Tillie? Aren't you the least bit glad to see me?" asked the young man, tenderly, as he saw the color returning to her pale cheeks. But Tillie was still too dazed to answer—she lifted her eyes to his with a look which spoke more plainly than words. "Dear," whispered he, "can you ever forgive me? Surely I must have been mad, in those old days, to let such a little thing separate us."

"We were both mad," whispered Tillie,

a little fever-spot burning in each cheek and enhancing her beauty. It was not necessary to have much to say to anyone, for immediately after the meal, the party separated to get ready for church. Tillie, of course, walked with her mother and Mr. Dudley. She saw Jack, but would not glance at him, since her brief morning greeting. Evidently he did not guess the reason for her avoidance, for she saw, without looking, that he watched her with a troubled expression of countenance.

"Poor Jack!" she thought while responding to Mr. Dudley's unusually dull platitudes. Tillie was too self-absorbed to notice that her betrothed was not in his ordinary spirits, but Mrs. Morris observed it.

When the party returned from church, luncheon was served, and they all retired to their rooms. When she came down to dinner, in her rich evening dress, Tillie looked radiantly lovely. Determination to play her part well lent an unwonted sparkle to her usual stately calm. The only person who alluded to her in brilliancy was Alicia's aunt, who was certainly a magnificent woman. Tillie looked across the table at her with wonder and admiration. Mr. Dudley watched her, too, his fiancée noticed, though whether with the same feelings she could not tell. "Well, at any rate, the day is nearly over," thought that sorely-tried damsel, while she laughed and chatted.

When the interminable dinner was at an end Tillie slipped away from the others into a little room adjoining the library. It was a sort of sanctum for Alicia—her desk stood there, her banjo, of which she had tired, lay carelessly on the floor. Only intimate friends knew of this retreat so, feeling tolerably secure from intrusion, Tillie threw herself into a chair and took up a book as a shield in case anyone should come in. But she did not read. She was trying to think what she could do. It would be no use to confide in her mother; she had disapproved of her engagement to Jack in the past—she would disap-

capture of them. "Jack," she went on, "I am a cruel girl—I am engaged to be married. It is the man you walked to church with?" She bent her head in reply.

It seemed hours to the wretched woman before Vernon spoke again.

"Do you love him, Tillie?" he asked, with what seemed to his hearer a sort of quiet curiosity.

Again she bent her head. That seemed the easiest and best way to answer his question. "I do not believe it, Tillie."

A sudden wild joy woke in the girl's heart. Her deception was useless, and she could not be sorry.

Jack stood quite close to her now, leaning against the mantel and looking gloomily down.

"You simply mean to sacrifice yourself and me both. Do you suppose that man loves you as I do, Tillie? Why, he has probably had a dozen fiancées before now. I have never cared for anyone but you, dear."

"You are very good, Jack." There was a sob in her voice.

"And you will break your engagement with a man you do not love?" he went on, eagerly.

"I cannot."

"You mean you will not?"

He no longer leaned against the mantel, but stood erect, his voice sounding almost angry.

"Hush," said Tillie, and, in the silence that followed, they heard the door of the adjoining room open. Then, through the portiere which Tillie had half pushed back, came the sound of voices. Surely those were Mr. Dudley's tones—those were the other? Tillie did not recognize them. But what was that Mr. Dudley was saying?

"Alicia," and surely the tone was a tenderer one than she had ever heard from him, "I have never really loved any woman except yourself"—almost the same words that Jack had just said to her—was she going mad?

"But I am engaged to be married." The very

consent, transferred the shining circlet to the finger of Miss Hargrave.

"We had our little misunderstanding fifteen years ago," said Mr. Dudley, his grave face transfigured, "but love can bridge over even that time."

And the newly-made bride, coming with Mrs. Morris in quest of the trunks, found four happy people whom her wedding had brought together, and who will never, while life lasts, forget that ONE CHRISTMAS DAY.

MAKE A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

Do you want to make a happy Christmas for yourself and for other people? Then give, and give royally. Royal giving means generous bestowing of the best that you have to those least used to possessing.

Your royal gift may be but a loving message, but be sure if it is given in the name of that little Child it will bring happiness wherever it goes, and, like the water of the fountain, it will return to you with its virtues a thousand times greater, and you will be made better and younger by it. In your joy remember the children, not just your own—they have you to look after them—but think of the little ones whose homes are bare, where life is like a tossing sea.

Remember the sick child. Think of the joy a beautiful toy, a great, round orange, a big bag of candies only to be looked at, will bring to the little ones whose limbs are tied down forever. Think of the great picture-book over which the eyes will open wide—eyes, my friend, that may soon be closed forever in death; and of the great and intense delight of a wonderful tree is recognized, or a bird's name is known to the little boy whose life has been spent in the close streets. These are gifts that you will never regret. Give of them—give of your plenty and from your heart, and be sure that to each little one of your own will come special happiness because you have remembered the sufferers among the babies. When that Divine Baby slept so quietly in the stable, the great kings of the earth thought it worth while to bring presents to Him, and surely as you consider the least among these, He will remember you. Let the bells ring out, then, on Christmas morning and let your heart beat in unison as you know that you have brought joy unto His little ones. Children are God's own angels sent by Him to brighten our world, and what we do for these messengers from the sky, especially at this time of the year which belongs to them, will come back to us threefold, like unto bread cast upon the waters.

Remember, the first Christmas gifts were laid at the feet of a child—a poor child of humble parents. Give your gifts, then, to the humble, to the poor, to the helpless, and thus will your own Christmas be a happy one.

CHRISTMAS HINTS.

The Christmas stocking is a grab-bag where we all get a prize.

It is better to have your stocking filled than to have to fill one.

Like all the good things in this world, Christmas comes very seldom.

The colored man works hard for his turkey, but it doesn't cost him much.

The vain girl doesn't want her stocking stuffed with saw-dust on Christmas.

The bald-headed man is flattered when his little son presents him with a hair-brush.

The man who pays a quarter to throw dice for a turkey soon realizes that it is cheaper to buy one.

When the man who is troubled with indigestion gets invited to a Christmas dinner he forgets all about his dyspepsia.

Santa Claus is a gay old Romeo. He has fixed it so that while the men receive only thanks the girls get all the presents.

PLUMS.

One little boy often gives another the measles.

Some people make presents in the hope of getting something more valuable in return.

The old maid never gets under the mistle toe by mistake—she gets there intentionally.

The fond parent who is overjoyed when his son comes home to spend the holidays, is generally glad when school begins again.

Christmas is to the human heart as barber's lather is to a man's neck. There is the tender approach, the dry dalliance, and the final spread-over of affection and universal fluidity.

CHRISTMAS TRUTHS.

Santa Claus never get his presents mixed.

The shrewd boy hangs up his biggest stocking on Christmas eve.

When a girl's stocking gets big enough to hold a good deal she stops hanging it up.

The rich man cannot appreciate his turkey half so much as the tramp who manages to get elbow room at the free-lunch counter.

The girl with the toothache never appreciates her lover's kindness when he neglects to include a box of candy among his Christmas gifts.

The impecunious young man who has to give his best girl a present derives no consolation from the fact that Christmas comes but once a year.

The small boy who has his heart set on getting a sled, is always careful to put his mother's mammoth clothes-basket in the most conspicuous part of the chimney corner.

A Lucky Birth.

"Whatever are you doing, hanging up both your stockings?" asked a mother of her little girl. "One is enough; besides, you shouldn't be so greedy, my dear."

"I ain't greedy," was the philosophical reply. "You must remember, ma, that I'm a twin."

Scared Away.

"I declare! I believe the present generation of men are losing all chivalry and sentiment," exclaimed a maiden of forty summers at the Christmas ball.

"Why do you say that, Miss Quant?" asked a fresh society bud.

"Because I've been standing under the mistletoe for the last hour, and not a single man came near me."

Looking After His Own Interests.

Harry (to his best girl)—Are you going to give your pa a Christmas present?

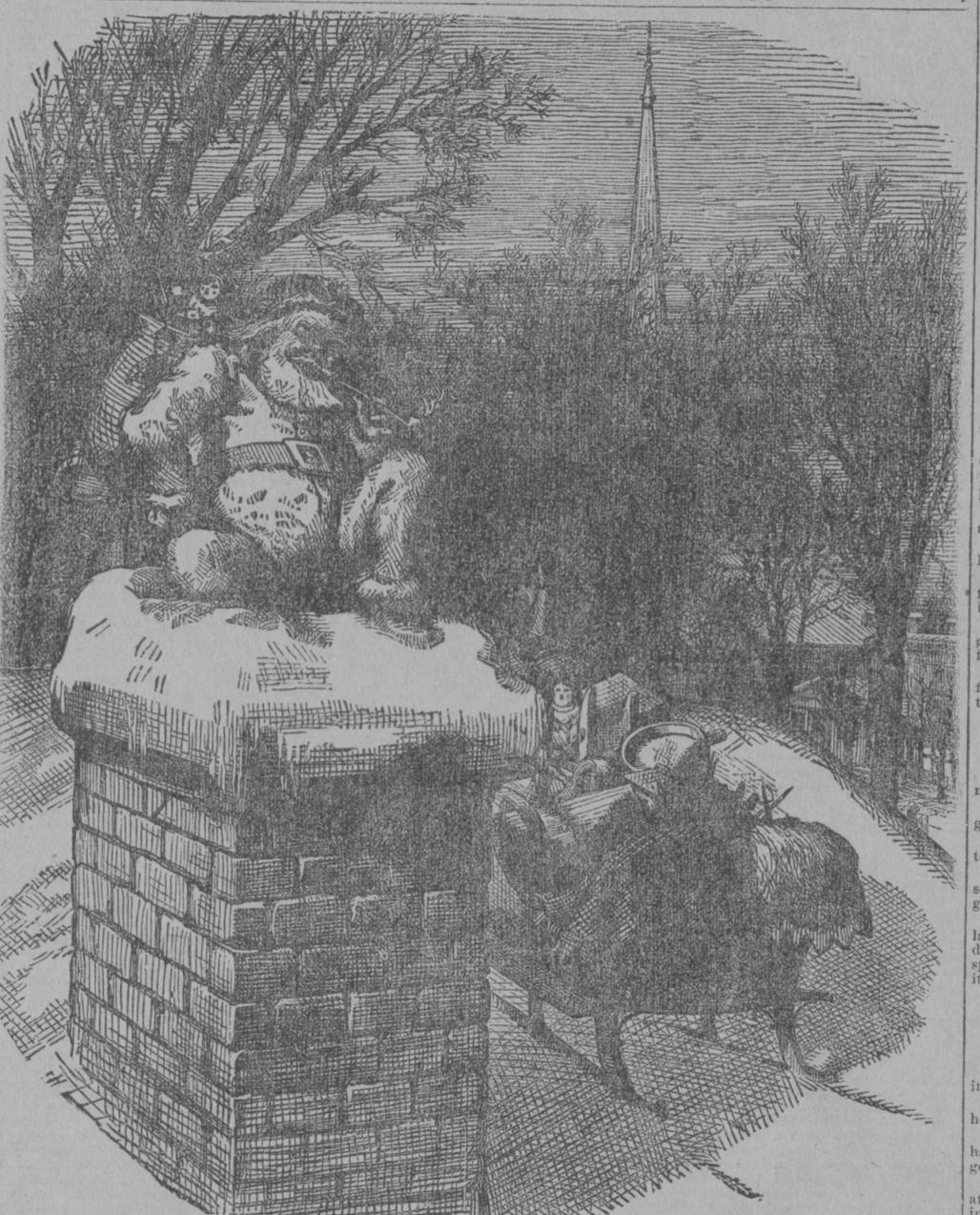
Mattie—Yes, but it's awfully hard to pick out a suitable one.

Harry—Give him a pair of slippers, dear. I noticed he always wears his boots during the evening.

How He Popped.

Tommy entered the parlor where his sister Mamie was entertaining her best young man. "I would like to have your sister for a Christmas present, Tommy. Will you give her to me?"

"Can't," said Tommy. "When I caught Fitz Dudeigh kissing her the other night, she said, 'Now, Tommy, don't give me away,' and I said I wouldn't."



"and our punishment has overtaken us—there are other people coming here, Jack," and the young man assumed a more conventional attitude, saying softly:

"Another time, dear, we will explain everything."

Tillie longed to say it could do no good now, but the words died on her lips, and then some persons came into the room, and presently she heard that Alicia wanted her, so they went back to the wedding party.

Would the evening never end? Tillie could not help wondering. She laughed and talked with the bride and groom, entertained her betrothed, and conversed with her mother. The long tiresome supper was gotten through with—exactly how, she never knew—and at last the festivities ended and the party separated to leave until the following evening. Alicia insisted on going once more to the little church and eating her Christmas dinner with the family. As they parted for the night, she whispered to Tillie:

"My dear, you look tired to death. How will you stand your own wedding, if mine so upsets you?" The listener tried to laugh at this jest, but she only shivered, which roused, Alicia's concern. "You have taken cold," she said, anxiously; and unhappy Tillie was obliged to submit to being dosed.

In spite of her misery, the grim humor of the situation appealed to her, but she was grateful when she was at last alone. Poor Tillie! In the silence of her night-watch she discovered that life had some thing better to offer than wealth and position. The impossible had come to pass—her boy lover had returned, and she now she had never ceased to care for him. A mere trifle easy of explanation it both had not been so young and headstrong, had separated them, and Jack had gone to the far West. And now he had come home just in time to make her wretched for life!

The dawn of Christmas morning ended her vigil, and Tillie is thankful that a late breakfast deferred her meeting with the rest of the guests. She went down at the last moment,

prove more strongly now. She dared not tell Alicia—she knew what her friend would say. Footsteps sounded outside. How tiresome—somebody was coming that way! She did not want to see anyone, so she passed into the library through the curtained doorway. The room was empty, and the lights burned low. With a sigh of relief, Tillie threw herself on the sofa. Nobody would disturb her here unless someone should miss her and come to search. Probably Alicia would soon do that—then she would be obliged to go back; but not yet—she must rest awhile in the cool stillness.

The mantel clock had just chimed the half hour, and Tillie was trying to summon up courage to return to the drawing-room when the door opened, and the one person she most dreaded yet longed to see—Jack Vernon—entered.

He came directly toward her—there was something horribly masterful about his manner. Tillie knew her day of reckoning—the moment of explanation—had come. So much the better than it, it would soon be over! Nerving herself for the blow she must deal, the girl rose and seated herself bolt-upright in a chair, which happened to be the seat nearest the sofa. Unfortunately the lamp stood close by, and Jack deliberately turned it up full, and gazed searchingly into her white face.

"What is the matter, Tillie?" he asked, in a stern tone. "The time for misunderstandings is past. We are older and wiser now than three years ago. Last night, you seemed glad to see me, unless I read your eyes wrong; today, you have scarcely looked at me. You must speak, Tillie. For heaven's sake, put me out of my misery."

"I wish I could!"—the words were just audible, and the despair on the calm high-red face would have startled her acquaintances, could they have seen the change.

"What do you mean?" Jack's voice was not loud, but it sounded terribly distinct. "You will drive me mad in a moment." "You will drive me mad in a moment,"—and now she spoke, she fancied in her usual clear tones; though they were really only a horrible cari-

words she had spoken to Jack a moment since—what did it all mean? "I am an honorable man," Mr. Dudley's voice was saying, "and she is a poor girl. I do not think she really loves me, but—here he hesitated—"you understand."

"I understand." The answer was very gentle.

"Jack, Jack, do you hear?" whispered Tillie, leaning toward him, a mad joy in her face.

But Jack did not hear, or rather he did not comprehend. The voices of the speakers were strange to him; he had caught only a word or two, for he had not been listening, but looking at Tillie's changing face.

"I am glad you have told me this—glad that you have forgiven me for wronging you. I shall be better all my life for knowing you were true to me—kinder to the woman I have promised to marry," Mr. Dudley went on.

But Tillie waited to hear no more. She sprang up, and, laying her head on Jack's shoulder, cried softly.

That utterly bewildered young man, not knowing what else to do, put his arms about her and kissed her tears away, and she did not repulse him. He was about to open his lips to ask for explanations when Tillie gently released herself and drew him toward the adjoining room. A moment later, she was pushing aside the portiere.

"It isn't very polite, but it's the only thing to be done," she whispered, and then stopped for there, in the little music-room, stood the Hon. George Pemberton Dudley, holding the hand of a young lady—and that lady was Miss Hargrave, Alicia's aunt.

"Can you ever forgive me, my dear Mr. Dudley?" Tillie addressed her astonished fiancée. "But I have been listening—I have heard every word you said. My old sweetheart has come back, too—we had a misunderstanding three years ago—and he still wants to marry me. May I put my ring on this lady's finger?"

As she spoke, she slipped the magnificent diamond off her hand, and, taking silence for

TWO CHRISTMAS WISHES.

Little looked betwixt smile and frown, Her bright hair clouding her eyes. I would like a ring and a Paris gown, Or, better than all, I'd prize.

NITA'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

BEAUTIFUL were the chords as the last long notes of Handel's Largo from Xerxes, died away in trembling silence, and Nita Muller drew her bow from her violin reluctantly, and tossed the short, dark curls from her forehead with an impatient movement. She did not want to see the approbation, the passionate admiration and love in the glance of the great maestro, who had been playing her accompaniment. Already the lesson seemed to have occupied an interminable period. Ever and the window curtain, and although every note had fallen with precision, it had been with an evident effort.

"It would make it plaguely uncomfortable for us, and no end worse for Nita. He will be along presently."

Then put on your hat, Nita, and come with me a little way. Carl, will you come? We will all go," cried the brothers, cheerfully, and in less time than it takes to tell, all were once more ready to plunge forth into the blustering, snowy afternoon. Nita clung to Perry's arm, and the rear guard of devoted brothers walked at a respectful distance.

Then she slipped her hand timidly through the courtier's arm. He was evidently afraid of self-betrayal, and to Nita's infinite relief stalked through the rooms in silence. Knights, plum pudding, and old Christmas maids of honor, clowns, and three lords of mis-rule trooped past them. Ladies and peasants, alike glittering with diamonds and precious stones. The rooms, richly furnished, were adorned with the most brilliant flowers. Without it was bitter Berkshire winter, within blossoming summer.

Yes, a rare little baggage it is, too. But the father did better than he knew. I do not mean, you shall get beyond my ken again. Nita, if I have to bribe every magistrate in Lennox, Oh, this is glorious! I shall never curse my luck again.

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Good gracious! her companion was going to speak. He had absolutely twisted his neck in the high stiff ruffe, when an excited clown tore Nita from his side, and skipped nimbly to one corner with her.

SING A SONG OF CHRISTMAS.

Sing a song of Christmas, Stockings full of toys! Just the thing to please us Little girls and boys. Now they are all emptied; Lots for me and you. Wasn't that a pretty thing For Santa Claus to do?

CHRISTMAS WREATHS.

WE want a little more of sentimentality in this world and a little less realism. The Christmas wreath, the star of Bethlehem hung in your window and mine, tells the outsiders that we believe that the Christ has come, and that we wish good-will to men.

CHRISTMAS CONUNDRUMS.

Why does a pawnbroker make a poor Santa Claus? Because he gives very little to the person who hangs up his stockings. Why is a kind father with a houseful of children like a bad boy? Because they are both apt to get strapped.

CHRISTMAS CONFIDENCES.

"Be sure and put the best things on the top," said the grocer to his wife, as she was filling the stockings. "They say one is apt to dream of her future husband at Christmas," remarked a widow to herself. "I hope I won't dream of my last one."

A Costly Christmas Gift.

When a woman forms a habit it is all a waste of time for her husband to try to break her of it. Well knowing his wife's disposition to make him a present regularly at Christmas, a man who likewise realized the fact that economy was an absolute necessity in his household, said to his wife:

Christmas Propriety.

When the wooden-legged man got a pair of skates he was mad; but what was his anger in comparison with that of the man without arms who got a pair of gloves?

Growing Wise.

"What does a girl do when she gets too old to hang up her stockings?" asked Merritt. "I should say," replied Miss Snyder, smiling archly, "that she then begins to hang up the mistletoe."

The Poor Bachelor.

"And what did you find in your stocking, Mr. Lonely?" asked a lively young lady of an old bachelor. "A hole," was the crabbed reply.

He took the Hint.

"How nice and quiet it is out here," she said, as she led him from the crowded parlor and sat on the stairs. "Yes," he replied. "This would be a fine place to hang the mistletoe."

Christmas Comes But Once a Year.

Mamma—No, Tommy you can't have any more pudding; it will make you sick. Tommy—(sulkily)—Well, haven't I got a whole year to get over it?

