Emmitsburg Chronicle.

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CASTORIA

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EVEN THE WORM TURNS.

There Were Limits Beyond Which No Man Could Be Patient.

He was a plain man, neatly dressed, and might have been anything from a dry goods clerk to a merchant in a small way, and there was no more evil expression in his eye than in that of a man buying a pound of butter. Yet there it was on the docket—"aggravated assault." And there was the victim with his head tied up, both eyes in mourning, and the general air of one who has gone through a sawmill.

"Yer Honor," said the policeman, "he hed th' man by the throat, an' wuz chokin' th' breath out of him. It tuk me main strength to pull him off."

"What have you to say for yourself?" said the justice sternly, while he prepared to put down "six months."

"It was this way, your Honor," said the little man, who looked scared, but spoke up pretty confidently for all that. "I only knew this man slightly, and when he met me I just nodded, but he began to talk about the war."

"Do you mean to say that he is a sympathizer with Spain?" demanded the justice, glaring at the bandaged man.

"No, it wasn't that. We both agreed that Weyler ought to be burned at the stake, and if we hadn't both had families we would go tomorrow. Then the talk drifted to our families, and he began to tell me about the smart remark made by his 8-year-old boy, who, when he heard of the sailing of the fleet, said——"

"I understand," said the judge hastily, preparing to write the magic word "discharged" on the record. "Then you hit him?"

"No," replied the prisoner, smilingly, "I have a boy of 6, and if your Honor would like to hear a little thing he got off the other day about——"

"The Court is rather pressed for time just now," replied the justice, hastily. "Come to the point, please."

"Well, after we had talked about twenty minutes on family affairs I tried to give him the shake, but he hung right on to me, until we came to the corner of my street. Then I told him that my dinner was getting cold, and he said good-bye, and I thought he was gone, but he came running back, and caught me by the coat, and asked me a question."

"Still more family affairs?"

"No, your Honor. He wanted to know my opinion as to what date the twentieth century began on. Then I beat in his face, and I think I would have done him up if the policeman hadn't appeared."

"Discharged," said the judge. "Call the next case."

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Outcast of the Road.

"In course, if you won't give me nothin'," said the hobo, "w'y, that's your priv'lege, 'an I ain't got nothin' to say. But I want to warn you per tic'ler not to give nothin' to the feller that's followin' a mile or so behind."

"Why not?" demanded the housewife.

"'Cause he's sunk too low to be wuth even a crust o' bread. That feller is clean disreputable—that's what he is."

"What has he done?" inquired the housewife.

"Done!" exclaimed the hobo, scornfully. "Done! W'y, that feller has been t'run out of the union fer ridin' a '97 model."

So saying, the hobo shifted the tomato can swung from his shoulder, mounted his wheel and continued on his way.—Chicago Post.

Holding Out.

"Don't you think it would be well for us to surrender?" inquired the Spanish officer at Havana.

"Surrender!" echoed his superior. "I wouldn't think of such a thing—not until we have gotten what there is to be made by speculation in food supplies."

Human Nature

"Yoh knows," said Miss Miami Brown as she took possession of her escort's razor, "dat you allus orter love yoh enemies."

"Da's er fack," replied Mr. Pinckley, "but somehow it's a heap easier fer love 'em aftuh I has 'em licked."

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Christmas Customs In Foreign Lands.

It is a pleasant thought at Christmas times that the celebration of the season is almost universal and that its festivities extend in one form or another among most of the nations of the earth. The tree and Santa Claus are an inheritance from pagan times, and so we find them existing among nations that have never known Christianity, but they have become so incorporated into our household life that we scarcely think of questioning their origin. It is comparatively recent, however, that the Christmas celebration has assumed its present character in the United States. The Quakers, regarding one day as holy as another, treated it with indifference, and in New England the Puritans frowned upon it, associating the Christmastide and its revelries in old England with the pagan mythologies and the ancient saturnalia and the superstitutions of the church. In the colonial period, in spite of Quaker and Puritan repression, the popular games and mummings which in England belonged to the season, continued to be more or less observed. It is related that in the middle of the last century, in Boston, maskers came into houses, and entered with a speech. The performance included a prologue, combat, cure and questions. All were in disguise, with swords, etc.

At this time Christmas was not kept. Probably every city in America had some such usage. Thus in Philadelphia, the Lord of Misrule, with his merry crowd, went from house to house in fantastic garb, singing rhymes and asking for "dole." The old English masque of St. George and the Dragon seems to have been pressed into service during the Revolutionary period, and some of its characters, much modified, doubtless long existed among the annual mummers who survive as our "New Year Shooters." Our Christmas mince pie is an inheritance from English Christmas cookery, but the tree is German, and it is to the Pennsylvania Germans that we are indebted for it and the stockings hung in front of the fireplace. In precisely the same manner the Germans introduced the Christmas tree into England, where its translation is attributed to Prince Albert, who always retained his German tastes and gratified them at the court.

In Northern Germany, children receive their presents by a special messenger called Knecht Rupert, a legendary personage dressed in buskins, a white robe, a mask and a flowing flax wig. He goes his round on Weinachtsabend, Christmas eve. If he finds the children have been good he gives them toys, but if bad, he leaves a birch rod for their parents to chastise them. In other parts Knecht Rupert is replaced by Nicolaus the patron saint of boys, on whose eve, the 6th of December, gilded nuts and sweet meats are distributed to children. We get the name Kriss Kingle, as we commonly call St. Nicholas, from the Dutch, as also Santa Klaus, which is only another form of Nicholas, Knecht Rupert, or Clobes, is an old heathen personage, while St. Nicholas represents his Christian substitute. Kriss Krinkle, "Christ Child," is, of course, a misnomer for the saint that brings him. The main difference between the celebration of Christmas in Protestant and Catholic countries is that in the latter it is a purely religious festival, while in Protestant lands it is mainly social.

Spanish children hide their shoes or slippers in the bushes on Christmas eve and find them filled with fruit and sugar plumbs on Christmas morning. For weeks before the festival the windows of the confectioners' and pastry cooks are bright with comfits appropriate to the occasion. In Madrid the old Plaza Mayos is filled with small booths for some days before Christmas. They are licensed to sell Christmas toys, which they display in great variety and of a kind peculiar to the country. This fair is indeed a gay spectacle, rivaling that held earlier in the autumn in the Prado. The chief wares are small terra cotta toys, painted with taste and skill, representing not only the Holy Family and scenes in the life of Jesus, but all the advocations of Spanish life, executed with spirit in painted clay. There are small churches, too, of plaster, with colored windows behind which lights are placed, and a variety of noise producing toys, chief of which is an instrument called a zambomba, made of a tin can covered with gay colored paper and having a straw fastened to a parchment of paper stretched across one end. When the rozined hand is drown along the straw a noise is produced that is simply astounding. The shrieks of the zambomba are mingled with the cries of the venders, who shout "Barato! Barato!" Cheap! Cheap! at the top of their lungs, or ring bells to attract attention.

Spanish children have no Christmas trees, but instead all those who can afford it, are provided with a Nacimiento, or representation of the Nativity. The main feature of this toy, if such it can be called, is the little child Jesus in the cradle, with his father and mother, the animals of the stable and the Magi, or the angles, perhaps, made of painted clay. These are usually embowered in a kind of greenery—sometimes made in the form of a mount, and to them are sometimes added the animals of Noah's Ark and a wealth of the clay toys that adorn the Christmas fair. The Nacimiento is kept from year to year, receiving additions as time goes by. The University Museum possesses a curious example from Peru. It is nearly, if not more, than two centuries old, enclosed in a great box, the lid of which, when uplifted, discloses heaven, with angels playing upon musical instruments of antique fashion. The interior, as usual, represents the manger at Bethlehem, but the front of the box, which can be let down, is intended to suggest the garden of Eden. It is filled with curious anachronisms. Cacti grow from the rocks and the scene of the temptation is in close proximity to a field of Indian corn. The nochebuena, or Christmas eve, is celebrated in Spanish homes by a family party, and a table set with wine and sweetmeats, while officers and young men assemble in their clubs and cafes.

In France, the Christmas tree was quite unknown, but it is now being introduced with other customs, possibly by way of England. Christmas, called Noel, from Neuvelles, tidings, is much less made of than the New Year. For three or four days before, the boulevards in Paris are lined with little wooden booths, which belong to the municipality, and in which all sorts of cheap toys are sold. Large quantities of song birds are exposed for sale together with little paroquets. As in Spain, a family reunion is customary on La Veille, Christmas eve, and of young men at restaurants. Many go to the midnight Mass at the churches, the music at the Madeleine being particulary fine. Presents are on the breakfast table on Christmas morning. In the Catholic Churches, as everywhere through Christendom, there is a shrine with a cradle and the infant and the Holy Family.

In Spanish America the old customs are held tenaciously. In Lima bands of children go about on Christmas eye, from house to house, where there is a Nacimiento, singing carols in the old familar way. Where the Germans predominate, as in Argentine, the Christmas tree is as common as with us.

In Italy the ceppo, as the Christmas tree is called, exists in many scarcely recognizable forms. In Florence we find it as a kind of basket made of straw, to hold the gifts. The plaster toys of the Nativity are here curiously medieval. The Three Kings are accompanied by servants wearing Phrygian caps, and the tints of the robes of Joseph and Mary are those we see in the old pictures. Here, as in merry England, the Yule log survives, with magical virtues that come down from the remote heathen times. In Perugia the writer was told that in a village nearby long deliberations were held whether to put a lightning rod on the church steeple or a band from last year's Yule log. The log was finally decided on—and could until recently have been seen in place on the steeple.

Farmers go around their orchards with the brands, which are not only a protection against lightning, but also keep away caterpillars.

A more or less intimate connection seems to exist between the Yule log and the Christmas tree. The latter, with its lights, is analogous to bonfires made by the Scandinavians in honor of Thor at the winter solstice. Both refer to the revival of the run, to the renewed light which the new sun brings into the world. In Iceland we read that the service tree is found adorned with burning lights during Christmas night, which lights cannot be extinguished, even by the strongest storms.

But it is in ancient China we find the first records of what has become our Christmas tree. In the records of the Tsin dynasty, which ended 247 B. C., and from which our name of China is derived, we read that a tree with a hundred lamps and flowers was placed at the entrance to the audience hall. Again, it is recorded of the celebrated Princess Yang, the all-powerful favorite of the Emperor Ming Hwang, A. D. 713-755, that she caused a "hundred lamp tree," 80 feet high, to be erected upon a high mountain. It was lighted upon New Year's night and its shine was seen for hundreds of miles, eclipsing the light of the moon.

Dr. Gustav Schlegel tells how the Christmas tree is no longer lighted in China, being replaced with enormous quantities of lanterns, which are lighted every where. Of course, one must not look for the analogous celebrations to our own Christmas at precisely the same season. Like most of our Christmas customs, they belong properly to the New Year. Thus in Japan, two evergreen trees are placed without the house, just opposite the door. They are tied at the top with a straw rope, and various symbolic objects, lobsterr and oranges, are fastened to their branches.

In Southern China, from where our Chinese laborers come, an equivalent for the tree is erected everywhere at the New Year season. A special altar is built, with curious bunches of artificial flowers and paper toys in vases placed on either side. These objects, called golden flowers, are the tree. There is a patron genii of the occasion, too, an old man with a very long egg-shaped head, popularly known as Shau Sing-Kung, or the Starry Longevity Sage. He is represented holding a peach, the emblem of long life, and little boys swarm around him. He is the Phototype of our own jolly saint and is the especial friend and patron of children. We cannot always connect the similar customs and traditions of separated people and weave them into a smooth historical narrative, but these world wide identities which we find in customs and traditions serve to emphasize the sentiment of the Christmas season, "Peace on earth, good will to men." *Phila. Times.*

LATE to bed and early to rise, prepares a man for his home in the skies. But early to bed and a Little Early Riser, the pill that makes life longer and better and wiser. T. E. Zimmerman & Co.

A DOMESTIC TRUST.

"Your mother agrees with me exactly, Johny," said his father, proceeding to trim the twigs from a tough switch. "She thinks, with me, that you need a good trouncing, and you are going to get it, my son."

"Yes," bitterly exclaimed Johnny. "You, and maw always agrees when it comes to lickin' me. You and maw's the whole thing. I don't never have no show. This family's run by a trust!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

WHEN MEN WORE SHAWLS.

In the days when men wore shawls, some forty-odd years ago, the sight of an ordinary up-to-date overcoat would have excited surprise. Nowadays if any wellknown man in Baltimore would wrap a shawl about his shoulders, fasten the edges across his chest with a pin and walk down Baltimore street all eyes would be turned toward him. Yet forty or fifty years ago men with shaws about their shoulders in the winter season were numerous on the streets of Baltimore.

Rev. Dr. John Lanahan, the well-known Methodist Episcopal minister, is one of those who calls to mind the days of shawls and the men who wore them. Speaking of this custom, he said:

"I remember well the old shawl days. Shawl-wrapped men were ordinary every day sights in Baltimore and Washington in those times. The shawls were worn by everybody and the most prominent men of the day at one time could be seen going about with their shawls pinned across their breasts. Ladies wore shawls, too, but they were of a different kind from those worn by the men. The ladies' shawls were of the fancy variety, made of many different materials, and were richly ornamented with fringe and fine pins with which to fasten them. The shawl of the men, however, was a simple old gray shawl, of very thick wool, much heavier than the material used by ladies. These shawls had no ornamentation upon them, although upon many different kinds of fringe was worn. A plain, old pin was used in fastening the shawls across the breast, and there was no very great awkwardness in getting your arms out in shaking hands.

"Previous to the shawl days men wore capes. These capes were often very richly made and handsomely ornamented. They were large and were especially popular in Washington. Henry Clay wore one of them, fur-lined and fur-tipped, which was considered unusually handsome at that period. The color and taste in wearing the shawls seldom varied. Gray was the prevailing shade. The shawls did not look odd or out of place to us then, as they would now, and a man wearing one attracted no more attention than anybody else."

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THE WORLD'S SHIPPING.

The Bureau Veritas has just authorized the publication of figures indicating the shipping of the world. It shows that the number of sailing vessels of 50 tons and over now in existence is 28,885 of an aggregate tonnage of 8,893,769 tons. This is a reduction of 430 vessels and 963 tons, as compared with the figures for last year. Of steamships of 100 tons and over, the number is given as 11,881, with a gross measurement of 18,887,132 tons, an increase of 305 vessels, and of nearly 1,000,000 tons. England is by far the leading maritime nation, with Germany second, France third, America fourth, and Norway fifth in steam tonnage. Great Britain also leads in sail tonnage, followed by the United States, with Norway third and Germany fourth. Denmark owns less than than it did a year ago; Sweden, Turkey, Greece, Spain and Holland being in the same rating.

FATHER (irritably)—I won't have it! The idea of suspending a sprig of mistletoe from the chandelier!

Daughter—Right in the glare of all the light! It is foolish, isn't it, papa?—*Truth.*

SOOTHING, healing, cleansing. De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve is the implacable enemy of sores, burns, and wounds. It never fails to cure Piles. You may rely upon it. T. E. Zimmerman & Co.

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