

House County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Proprietor. NEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY. VOLUME IX. COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1882. NUMBER 11.

A WEEK'S NEWS.

Cleaned by Telegraph and Mail

PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS.

In the Senate the 11th, a large number of pension petitions were presented. At the close of the morning hour the Senate took up the Bankruptcy bill, the question being on Mr. Brewster's amendment, which proposed to amend the bill. A debate ensued, and at 2:30 the Senate refused by a vote of 28 to 21 to postpone indefinitely, and by a vote of 31 yeas to 20 nays adopted the Lowell bill, introduced by Mr. Lowell, which was discussed and disposed of by a vote of 44 yeas to 21 nays. The bill was then referred to the committee on Judiciary. The Senate then by a vote of 44 yeas to 21 nays adopted the Civil Service bill, which was discussed and disposed of by a vote of 44 yeas to 21 nays. In the House Mr. Townsend, of Illinois, offered a resolution directing that the records of certain existing railroad lines of transportation have entered into a combination for the purpose of preventing the construction of competing lines into the Territories and through the States, thereby establishing monopolies in transportation, and directing the committee on Commerce to report without delay, prohibiting and punishing such combinations. A number of amendments were offered, and the bill was taken up for discussion. A large number of amendments were offered. Mr. Plumb introduced a bill authorizing the Secretary of War to establish a home for indigent soldiers and sailors in Kansas. The Senate then went into executive session. In the House the Postoffice, Military Academy and Agricultural Appropriation bills were reported and referred to the committee on Appropriations. The House then proceeded to the consideration of the Pendleton Civil Service Reform bill. The bill was discussed at length and amendments were offered. The bill was then passed. In the Senate the 12th, the President submitted a memorial of the Chicago Board of Trade in favor of the Lowell Bankruptcy bill. A debate ensued, and at 2:30 the Senate adopted the resolution, which was agreed to, instructing the committee on Territories to inquire and report what legislation is necessary to protect public property and enforce laws in the Yellowstone Park and preserve the game there. Also whether the amount of the Park should be increased, and if so, to what extent. Mr. Pendleton's Civil Service bill was taken up for discussion. A large number of amendments were offered. Mr. Plumb introduced a bill authorizing the Secretary of War to establish a home for indigent soldiers and sailors in Kansas. The Senate then went into executive session. In the House the Postoffice, Military Academy and Agricultural Appropriation bills were reported and referred to the committee on Appropriations. 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Land Office, with the approval of Secretary Teller, has issued a circular letter to Registers and Receivers of the United States land offices with regard to declaratory statements of homestead applicants.

It is understood that Postmaster General Howe, in anticipation of the adoption of the bill proposing a reduction on letter postage for two cents, has taken preliminary steps for the manufacture of two-cent stamps. Through contract will be made in January for star mail service, 344,000 miles of route, principally West and South, for which not more than one hundred bids have been received. The Department thinks the cause of the few bids is owing to the fact, there is not so much money in the business as formerly.

The War Department is informed that two Sergeants of the cavalry and two Indians crossed a camp of half breeds and Creos on Milk River, Montana. The party fled with their horses, leaving behind fifty-eight carts and harness, twenty hides, 1600 pounds of meat and other property. Many petitions from the West and South are being presented to Congress, asking for the immediate action of that body on the tobacco tax. It is claimed that the agitation relative to modification is proving of serious detriment to trade in general, and pending consideration of the subject, business is becoming demoralized.

The National Board of Health has appealed to the different Boards throughout the country for authority to signa petition to Congress asking the reinstatement of the Board in quarantine matters and for additional appropriations.

THE EAST.
The extensive depot and wharf, together with sixty cars and ten locomotives of the Manhattan Beach Railroad, at Bayridge, N. Y., were destroyed by fire the other day. Loss, \$300,000. Fully insured.
There were thirteen vessels and 115 men lost in the Gloucester, Mass., fisheries the present year.
George Hildreth of Philadelphia, has entered suit for breach of promise against Mrs. Thos. E. Cahill, widow of the President of the Knickerbocker Ice company, who left a fortune of over \$500,000.
A New York dispatch to the Associated Press says: James Brennan, a laborer, choked to death in a dining saloon in Brooklyn today (Friday). He had just said he was a good Catholic, but had a Protestant stomach, and would eat meat. But the piece lodged in his throat and strangled him.
A terrible accident happened near Altoona, Pa., the other night, by which four persons were killed. The parties were J. Parks, Wm. Cameron and two young ladies named Flora and Alice Erwin. They were returning from prayer meeting, and while walking on the railroad track were run down by an engine. Three of the party were killed instantly, and the other died in a few minutes.

At a late conference of railroad officials in New York, to adjust the difficulties that brought about the recent war in Northwest, Presidents Keep, Porter, Mitchell and Riddle signed a contract to maintain railroad rates for one year from date.
While a number of persons were skating on Abbot's Dam, at the falls of the Skating rink, near Philadelphia, the other evening, the ice gave way and Annie Casey, John Snowden, Thomas Kinde and Violet Baker, children, were drowned. It is feared that others met a similar fate.

THE WEST.
Manager Merrill, of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, telegraphed from New York to Freight and Passenger Agents of his road to restore at once the old rates.
Burglars recently entered the store of J. G. Morrow at Winthrop, Mo. A hole was drilled in the safe which was blown open, and the explosion was of such force that the front of the store was blown out. The thieves succeeded in getting about \$100 in money and left for Kansas. They were tracked across the bridge by having dropped papers. The damage to the store from the explosion amounted to \$200.
The difficulty between the students and Faculty of Adelbert College at Cleveland, Ohio, growing out of the expulsion of the Junior Class has been settled by the reinstating of the Juniors.
A thief walked into Miles' jewelry store at Cleveland, Ohio, lately, and handed the attendant a cheap watch to be repaired. While the proprietor's attention was turned, the thief succeeded in getting off with diamonds to the value of \$10,000.
Two Toledo, Ohio, men, while recent speeling their blooded animals in a gutter, collided and both horses were so badly injured that they had to be killed. They were valued at \$5,000 each.
The Hall Block, Toledo, O., was totally destroyed by fire on the morning of the 15th. It was one of the finest business blocks in the city. Losses aggregate \$650,000, largely covered by insurance.
At Greenville, Minn., John Callaghan, having been on a long spree, was being taken home by his son, aged twelve, when Marshal Noonan tried to arrest Callaghan. A man named Morris interfered, and the father and son drove away. During the row that followed they were pursued and four shots fired at them. The father was killed instantly, and two shots penetrated the body of the boy, causing fatal injuries. The boy, in giving a supposed dying statement, said he believed Noonan did the shooting, but would not swear to it.
While a freight train of twenty cars belonging to the Iron Mountain Railroad, hauled by two locomotives, was lately being taken up the Poplar street grade in St. Louis, it broke in two, and the rear part, consisting of fourteen cars, dashed down the grade toward the river. On the way down it collided with a wagon of the Transfer Company, killing the driver and smashing the wagon. This threw several cars off the track, which ran into and demolished several buildings and contents. Damage \$15,000.
The Senatorial fight in Michigan is becoming very bitter. Senator Ferry and Congressman Habbell are the contestants.
M. A. Chapman, who stranded various parties at Rankin, Ill., in amounts aggregating over \$16,000, was lately captured at Hardy, Neb., and will be taken to Illinois for trial.
One morning lately the eight-year old boy of Mike Leonard, of Sedalia, Mo., found a bottle

of whisky on the railroad switch near his father's house. He took it to his father, who took a drink, and then gave a portion to his wife and three children, the youngest two and a half years old. The whole family soon became deathly sick, and almost went into spasms until they vomited freely. The youngest child soon died in convulsions. It is supposed the liquor had been poisoned.
Cholera is reported to be raging with such terrible fatality near Chapas, Mexico, that in some places owners of and laborers on plantations all died, and it was not possible to bury them. The bodies had to be burned. Sixty deaths occurred in Tonula. A terrible panic ensued.

THE SOUTH.
The Mayor of Decatur, Texas, was attacked by a negro recently. The Mayor struck the negro with an iron, breaking his neck.
Governor Stephens, of Georgia, has pardoned Capt. Edward Cox, sentenced to life imprisonment for the murder of Col. Robert A. Alston in 1870.

The committee examining the books of the City Tax Collector and Assessor of Louisville, Ky., for 1878, report 222 cases in which the city has been defrauded of sums ranging from \$2 to \$500. All the cases occur in the second assessment district of the city, and false entries made between July 1 and December 31, 1879.
The other night the house of Singleton James, on a plantation near Atlanta, Ga., was destroyed by fire. Thomas Knight and two children were burned to death. Knight was lying drunk in the house when the fire occurred.
A youth named Burke, aged eighteen, fatally shot his brother-in-law, Gus McCurdy, at Montgomery, Ala. The first shot was with a pistol, the second shot a gun.
A San Antonio special states that on the 15th the false work of the bridge across the Great Dry Canyon, four miles west of the Pecos River, near the end of the Mexican Pacific track, fell in a solid mass, precipitating nineteen hands a distance of seventy-five feet on the rocks below. Eleven men were killed and several seriously injured. The disaster will delay the completion of the bridge perhaps sixty days.
The steamer Kate Kinney was destroyed by fire at Shipwreck Pt., on the 15th. The boat was valued at \$20,000, and the cargo, principally of cotton, at \$100,000.
John C. Rudd, mail agent, was sentenced at Little Rock, Ark., to three years' imprisonment for opening registered letters.

GENERAL.
Ceylon is the place of exile selected for the Egyptian rebel plotters.
The German bark Argonaut, Captain Brewster, from Bremen for New York, was reported ashore on the 1st and of Torsching, and will probably be a total wreck. The captain and ten of the crew were drowned. Four of the crew were saved.
The City of Kingston, the capital of Jamaica, was recently the scene of a terrible conflagration. The loss is estimated at \$50,000. Only one house has the town suffered so severely from fire, and that was in February, 1882.
Gladstone has resigned the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, and Right Hon. Hugh C. Childers, Secretary of War, has been appointed to succeed him. A number of changes in the English Ministry will become necessary by this arrangement.

THE LATEST.
The Civil Service bill was further considered in the Senate on the 16th, and Mr. Ingalls spoke against its adoption. He characterized the bill as an effort on the part of the Democrats to thwart the Republicans, and in both parties would be victimized. Mr. Hawley characterized Mr. Ingalls' remark as "petulant and offensive." Mr. Dawes introduced a bill appropriating \$200,000 to settle the indebtedness of the Kansas Indians, as represented by Kaw scrip, with the proviso that the United States Indian lands.
Congress has been asked to pass a bill granting the right-of-way through the Chickasaw and Choctaw lands in the Indian Territory to the Mississippi, Albuquerque and Inter-Oceanic Railway. Ex-Gen. Geo. Stover, of Kansas, who now resides at Albuquerque, is President of this railway organization.

The Postoffice Department has placed upon its black list about 240 Southern matrimonial and fraternal associations, and postmasters have been instructed to return senders any money orders addressed to the associations. The Michigan Mutual Association is the only affair not in the South mentioned in the list.
It is generally understood at Washington, that Gen. Sherman will give up the active command of the army next fall. After making his annual report and closing up his affairs he will retire, to leave things in good shape for Gen. Sheridan.
The President has accepted 300 miles in Arizona and fifty miles in the Indian Territory of the new road of the Atlantic and Pacific.
Hon. Goddole S. Orth, of Indiana, died at his home in Lafayette, on the 16th, of blood-poisoning superinduced by cancer. He was in his 66th year.
At San Francisco, Cal., Charles Pope shot and killed his wife, and then committed suicide. The couple had separated after a quarrel.
A terrible boiler explosion occurred at the agricultural implement works of Farley & Orendorf, at Canton, Ill., on the 16th, by which the engine house was completely demolished and six men instantly killed, namely: Tom McCarney, engineer; Louis Haggart, fireman; W. C. Henderson, Josiah O'Brien, A. Nickerson, Robert McGrath, William Hiram Palmer.

John Wright, who keeps a grocery store on the Hernando road, five miles from Memphis, Tenn., went to town on the 20th, leaving his wife in charge of the store. An unknown negro man entered the store, and finding Wright gone demanded the money that was in the drawer. Mrs. Wright refused the demand, whereupon the negro, who was armed with a shot-gun, fired at Mrs. Wright, killing her instantly. The murderer then robbed the store of \$100 in cash and two pistols. Mrs. Wright's little girl, who witnessed her mother's murder, could give but a vague description of the assassin.

KANSAS STATE NEWS.

A number of members of the Legislature met at Abilene last week in convention to discuss and unite upon some plan of action in regard to legislation this winter regulating railroad charges. There were present Representatives J. W. Dunsmore, of Neosho County; Max Buek and C. Sweeney, of Osage; A. C. Merritt, of Polk; W. W. Martin, of Davis; W. W. Scott, of Lyon; W. H. Carter, of Chase; J. W. Butterfield, of Marion; J. R. Burton and C. B. Hoffman, of Dickinson; W. W. Walton, of Clay; T. W. Sturgis, of Cloud; E. N. Stearns and A. P. Collins, of Saline; J. M. Simpson, of McPherson; L. Hirsig, of Edwards; J. J. A. Dixon, of Russell; F. Charlesworth and J. H. Kyle, of Mitchell; J. B. Orange, of Osborn; M. F. Knappenberg, of Jewell; J. D. Snoddy, of Linn, and Senators Greene and Anderson. J. J. A. Dixon, of Russell County, was chosen moderator, and upon motion of Mr. Martin it was agreed that what is known as the Ware Railroad bill should be considered first. The bill was read. Mr. Snoddy thought that section three ought to be so amended as to make railroads common carriers. Mr. Knappenberg said that he would object to Railroad Commissioners being appointed by the Governor; he preferred that the Legislature or the people should elect them. Mr. Walton wanted to know why these Commissioners should be elected by the Executive Council. Mr. Burton thought the Commissioners ought to be appointed by the Governor, by and with the consent of the Senate. Political conventions for the nomination of candidates for Commissioners would be more likely to be controlled by the railroads than would the Governor and forty State Senators. The Governor and the Senate could be held responsible, but the Conventions of political parties could not. If the people cannot trust the Governor and the Senate in their oaths they cannot trust political Conventions. Mr. Snoddy thought the people were capable of taking care of their interests, and he believed it would be safe to elect the Commissioners. Mr. Sweeney was opposed to the Commission system and thought that the power to enforce the law should be placed in the hands of the Attorney General and County Attorneys. Mr. Hoffman said that owing to the fact that the railroad business is so complex the best method of enforcing the law was by the Commission system. Such he believed to be the experience of several States. Mr. Carter said that railroads ought to be governed by their charters. Mr. Sweeney wanted to know whether a railroad bill was to be adopted for the benefit of the railroads or the people. Mr. Sweeney was asked to pay the salaries of Commissioners. Who would pay the people a portion of the expense? He thought a law should be enacted that will be to the mutual interests of the people and the railroads. Mr. Walton was in favor of choosing Commissioners by a special election by the people. Mr. Collins favored electing them by the Legislature. Mr. Dunsmore thought that the law in relation to corporations should not be enforced by special agents, but by the officers and tribunals of the State. He believed the people should have the right to go into the courts for a redress of grievances committed by railroad corporations. He believed that rates should be proportioned to the net earnings of the roads. Mr. Burton believed that the Commissioners ought to be empowered to fix rates, redress wrongs, and enforce the law, and he thought the railroads ought to pay the expenses, because their own acts required such a law. At the evening session the consideration of the Ware bill was resumed. Mr. Martin thought the Commissioners ought to be confirmed by the Senate, not by the Executive Council, and \$5,000 salary to each was enough. Mr. Burton thought \$5,000 a fair compensation for the labor required. Mr. Hoffman said that the section three was too loose. The Board should classify and fix the rates. Mr. Martin said a railroad man told him that the railroads were conducted as steals, not on fair principles. Mr. Burton said the clause requiring companies to furnish cars when in their power, should be stricken out and insert "shall furnish cars." Mr. Walton thought the Board should decide whether the road could furnish cars. Mr. Snoddy said the roads should do so—no could about it. A committee of five was appointed on business, and the convention adjourned for the day. Upon assembling next morning, after discussion, the general expression was in favor of the Ware bill, or a similar one. The Business Committee presented a report, recommending that a committee of nineteen members be appointed to gather data and proofs of extortionate charges and discriminations on the part of railroads, and also recommended that a committee of one be appointed to correspond with members in regard to railroad legislation. The report was adopted, and Messrs. Turner, Herzog, Hoffman, Greene, Charlesworth, Ryan, Walton, Knappenberg, Reeves, Butterworth, Ware, Watson, Edgar, Crane, Mitchell, Sweeney, Bush and Russell appointed. Mr. Burton was appointed the committee on correspondences. A committee to prepare an address to the people of Kansas was appointed, and the Convention adjourned to meet in Topeka January 5th, 1883.

Wm. A. Baker, who was tried for forgery, raising a check from \$12 to \$120, was found guilty in the United States Court, at Topeka last week, and sentenced to hard labor in the penitentiary at Chester, Ill., for two years.

A lawyer named Sprowls, who was once County Attorney of Kingman County, but who had been arrested upon the charge of swindling and released on bail, disappeared, and it was thought had jumped his bond. Later developments, however, lead to the belief that he was murdered by others of the gang implicated with him in the land swindles for fear that he would turn State's evidence. Detectives are working the case up.

There is a rumor current at Topeka, that Judge Motion, of the Shawnee district, intends to resign his judgeship in February next, and that Hon. John Martin, of Topeka, is to be his successor.

The Senate last week confirmed the following Kansas Postmasters: Wm. Reinhard, Abilene; John L. Brown, Wanageo; John L. Harris, Pleasanton; Charles H. Kurtz, Augusta; Mrs. Clara L. Nichols, Fort Leavenworth.

The Importance of Union and Harmony.

The recent revolution in the politics of this country demonstrates the importance of union and harmony in the Democratic party. Of all the lessons taught by the result of the election, none is of more significance than this fact: There have been many painful experiences from the effects of division within the past few years. In the Presidential election of 1880 the division in New York defeated the Democratic candidate. This year the Democrats were harmonized on all questions, and the result was a Democratic victory such as has never before been known. In speaking of the politics in New York the *Star* has this to say: "Every defeat in this city since the reorganization of the Democracy in 1872 has been caused by Democratic opposition to the majority. The disaster of 1880 was the crowning consequence of a policy it was sheer madness to inaugurate and ruin to carry out. It is needless to dwell on that historic humiliation and the causes that led to it. But it teaches what all our recent defeats have emphatically demonstrated. And that lesson should be learned and acted upon. They should be determined to make an end of division and harmonize the party at whatever cost. They should do this well. They took the representation of all branches of the white vote into account. They adopted a platform on which every true Democrat could stand, and they stood on it. They made a state ticket which commended itself to all Democrats and good citizens. And the benefits of this city completed and growing work begun at Syracuse by former union tickets, with candidates acceptable to each of these organizations, so that for the first time in years we had a thoroughly united Democracy. And this union inspired confidence and produced thousands of votes. The result is seen in the election returns."

These facts carry their own moral weight and teach a lesson that is just as important to the Democracy throughout the Union as to New York. By Democratic union and harmony the Republicans were overthrown in many States whose best was expected. This was the result of throwing into a common grave and burying far out of sight the antagonisms, the bitter personalities and faction feuds of a disastrous past. The interest of the people and the general welfare of the country, the great principles upon which our free institutions rest, required every Democrat to subordinate personal feelings and preferences and ambitions to the public danger and public good. The result has been a great tidal wave, and from one hundred and fifty-four Republicans, one hundred thirty-two Democrats and five Readjusters and Independents in the Forty-seventh Congress, the Forty-eighth Congress will have a majority of sixty-eight Democrats in the House, with a tie in the Senate and favorable to the Democrats in a party vote.

It is perfectly plain that the interests and duty of the Democrats require a continuation of this conciliatory policy. In this connection the *Star* presents a solid truth, when it states that "the revived party exists for the good of the people, not for the enrichment of the peace-hunters. This magnificent public end is of itself enough to lead every Democrat to smother personal preferences and resentments and ambitions, and co-operate with every other Democrat in supporting a policy which if carried out will create a new era in our history. Before the election it was proper enough to insist on union for the sake of victory. Now, the victory has been won through the union, we ought to insist on harmony as the old motto for the sake of the great interests the Democracy is the only party that represents and champions. Wherever it is possible for one organization to fill the field and do the work of the party well, the spirit of conciliation should prompt our people to union. Wherever leading Democrats have stood apart distrustful each other, believing the worst accusations against each other, growing continually further alienated, there should be reconciliation for the common cause. Principles, not men, was the old motto. Principles, and the men who advocate them, should be the motto of the victorious Democracy now—principles, and the men who sacrifice their preferences and ambitions and resentments, their time and talents, for the principles. This policy of conciliation and harmony, for the sake of the interests, and ideas which the party exists to further, will make the victories of this year prelude the way to still greater triumphs."

The Democratic Responsibility.
It is perhaps a wise provision that each Congress is elected a considerable time in advance of its first session. This gives its members an opportunity to study the questions upon which they will be called to act without cringing and ought to equip them with a good understanding, in theory at least, of the important problems with which they will be expected to grapple. The victory which the Democratic party achieved in the recent election, almost unprecedented when we consider that most of the fresh triumphs were scored in the North, places upon it a responsibility that is little less than tremendous. But even with that responsibility and the evidences of confidence in the Democratic party which the cheering returns afford, the party is not yet in a position to more than take the initiative in public measures. The Senate and the Executive can negative the best work that the House may do, and under such circumstances, no matter how sagacious and progressive the popular branch may be, it will receive but partial credit for its good intentions, and will still be unable to see its principles carried out for the good of the country. But if on account of this condition of things, its labors are less fruiting, its responsibility is none the less great. It must so act as to justify by its evident temper the confidence that has been so unreservedly given it. Let this be remembered, especially in the matter of contested election cases, to come before the next House. That is no place in which to take advantage of power. The

House will be placed in a semi-judicial position, and it should act with judicial candor and impartiality, judging all claims strictly according to law and evidence. In an article upon this general theme, the *Albany Argus*, an excellent Democratic authority, says: "The party should at once and for all dismiss any idea that it comes into power to weak revenges or reprisals, or to fortify itself against political changes in the future by present devices, or by such an abuse of public trusts as Stalwartism practiced. Reforms and not retaliations are the avenue to public confidence. A record which will command reward, when gauged by the reason, the virtue and the intelligent self-interest of the voters, will give a party stronger and longer held than any reconstructionsist partisan advantage, merely because the physical power to take it exists." That applies as well to this party in State and municipal affairs as it does in Federal. Only by satisfying that test can the party justify its name and its professions. Only by living up to that standard can the party acquire power that it can keep, for the people resent anything that seems like an assertion of a perpetual lien upon their suffrages. The Democracy must remember that it is expected to use its power for the benefit of the whole people. — *Boston Post.*

The Republican Overthrow Final.
There seems a singular concurrence of opinion among party leaders that this overthrow of the present Republican party is final. For some years, at least since the "bloody shirt" was furled, Republicanism has existed and governed without an idea, a theory, or a purpose. Its collision and life consisted solely in "the spoils." These were virtually wrung from it by recent elections, and disintegration necessarily supervened. Old men long identified with the party and having immutable prejudices may adhere to its generated forms and revive its memories, but without a peculiar theory, or any well-defined purpose or scheme of public policy young men will surely abandon it. Nothing can be gained and everything lost by obstinate veneration of an empty name, and the selfish and ambitious will desert the ship so ruthlessly dismantled, plundered, scuttled and sunk by Jay Hubbell.

Mr. Blaine evidently thinks the catastrophe final and irremediable. He has just said, and for the first time, that he is not, and never again will be, a candidate for any position. Hon. S. E. Barr, Republican member of Congress, has stated that "there is no future for the Republican party."

Its strength and cohesiveness of recent years has consisted solely in its supposed invincibility, ascribed to its power to dispense public patronage. It has used offices to buy voters, and Jay Hubbell's philosophy of Republicanism consisted simply in this theory: The people have slowly comprehended the facts, and have utterly discarded this Republican party.

It is still asserted by Republican organs subsisting upon public plunder, one of these receiving, it is stated, \$1,000 per month during the late campaign from Jay Hubbell, that "the grand old party will be rehabilitated." Its unworthy members will be cast out, its bases dismantled, its shelves emptied, and its traitors put to death. Nothing can be more impossible, since nothing of this Republicanism after these processes were practiced, would survive.

It is most probable, if we may deduce conclusions from statements made by Republican newspapers and party leaders, that instead of the reproduction of the Republican party the disintegration of Democracy is hoped for. Wrecked Republicanism then proposes to attach itself to one or more fragments of the Jeffersonian organization. There can hardly be a combination under any circumstances of any fragment of Democracy with any "old-time" of this false Republicanism. As a distinct original party it will hardly enter another Presidential campaign. It was surely *extremis* when Mr. Blaine declared that he was undone, and would never more be a candidate, and when almost every intelligent Republican confesses his party's mission accomplished and that its end, like that of the old Whig party that gave it birth, has come.

With the return of peace and settlement of questions growing out of the inter-State conflict, the great purpose of this Republican party was believed. Thereafter it has existed only to hold offices and enrich its favorites. Its existence was based, as Mr. Hubbell confessed by his acts, upon official patronage, and its life was drawn from official authority. As stated by that apostle of Congressmen, Mr. Carlisle, of Kentucky, "there has been nothing since 1876 when a full and fair vote of the people would not have shown a Democratic majority of half a million." These latest elections show that improper influences will be hereafter resisted by the masses even when exerted by the President himself, and if this be true the Republican party is doomed. It will be defeated, even if it exist, in 1884, and disappear forever as a National political organization. Other questions, economy in government, reform in the Civil Service, local freedom, Federal non-interference in affairs of the States, and many others may be discussed by the press and party leaders, but the end is scarcely inevitable just now that the next President will be a Democrat, and the whole country with a degree of satisfaction never before illustrated confesses the fact and the supreme necessity. — *American Register.*

Fifteen hundred Erie Canal horses are left in West Troy annually at the close of the season. They are distributed among the farmers of the adjoining towns, who receive one dollar a week for the care of each horse.

Our Holiday Supplement.

"ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN."

THE JOLLY YOUNG KING.

There's a young fellow, so blithe and merry,
Who goes by the name of "January."
He keeps out of sight
Till a certain night,
When old Father December
Lies low on his bier,
And his crown, you remember,
Awaits the New Year.

This little new king, as he steps to his throne,
Shakes many a princeling that he will alone
For the faults of old year, or many or few,
And no doubt the gay fellow does mean to be
true.

To each and to all,
But the best of us fall;
And so it turns out
That the New Year, you see,
Though he daily grows older,
No wiser grows he.

And so, laden with many a sorrow and tear,
He, too, leaves his throne, and there reigns a
New Year.

But here's to the health of the merry new
King!
To his true, loyal subjects new joys may he
bring!
May the months be so glad
That no heart may be sad!
May peace and prosperity walk hand in hand,
And doubt and perplexity flee from the land.
For "A Happy New Year"
Cries young January,
"I'm coming! I'm here!"
Let all hearts be merry.

Mary D. Brine.

Light From the Christmas Tree.

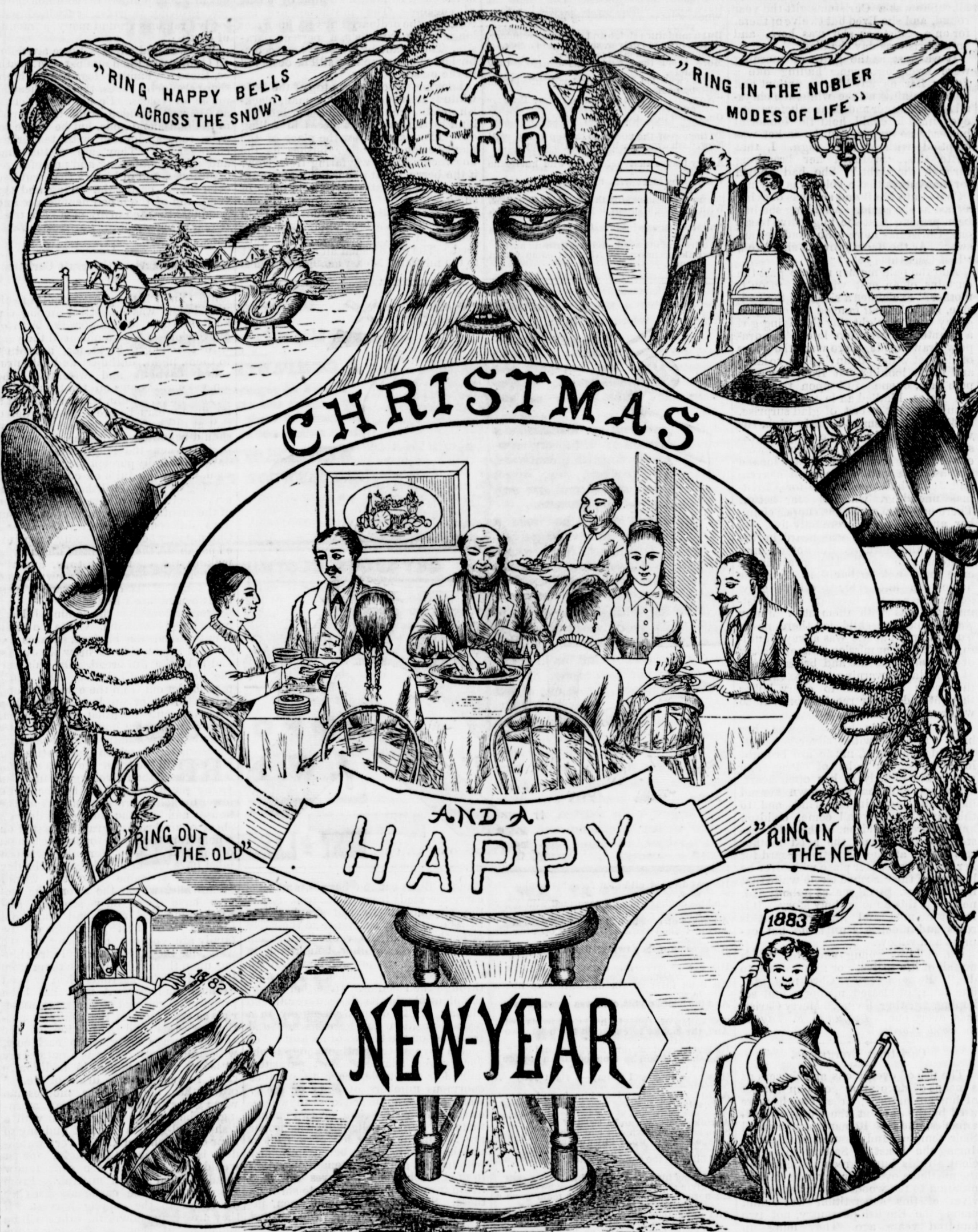
The Glastonbury thorn which bloomed at Christmas tide was only the popular symbol of that mid-winter blossoming of the fir and the pine which stands in our homes in these happy days loaded with unwonted fruit, and ringed by circles of shouting children. Loving thoughts have planned during busy weeks for this hour, when the light of the tapers is reflecting back from shining faces; loving hands have bent every twig and bough into the service of affection; and when at last the candles are burned out, and the branches are bare, the mystical tree has dropped its fruit into every life, and sent the glow of its circling lights into every heart.

The little child who counts his years by the lighted trees which have lighted his short path, if he learns the secret of the Christmas tree, will find the highway of life overshadowed by the fruitage of God's love. The ministry of heaven to earth, by which through shower and shine the forests are clothed, and the flowers are strewn far and wide in endless blossoming, is but more pervasive and continuous than God's tender affection for the men and women whom He fashioned in His own image. In every life that is opened up to the Divine purpose God sows the seeds of infinite joy and fruitfulness. If care and sorrow make deep furrows the seed falls into richer soil and the harvest is the more abundant. God's gifts come under strange disguises, but that is because they are sent to the very highest that is in us, and we must grow into their use before they reveal themselves. That which seems to hold us back from peace and joy is the very thing that makes it possible to attain these precious possessions. The bird would find his wings useless were there no resisting atmosphere to bear him in his heavenward flight, and the soul that had never known the throb of sorrow, the agony of conflict, the weariness of disappointment, would find its aspirations powerless to lift it upward. It is not strength of wing alone, but strength of wing and resistance of air that make possible the skyward flight.—*Christian Union.*

What to Buy.

These are the days when one hears complaints on every hand regarding the purchase of Christmas presents. The ladies are almost in despair as to what they can buy for their gentlemen friends, and the men don't know what the ladies want. We take it upon ourselves to make some suggestions, first to the lady. Suppose you buy him a boot-jack. They all have 'em? Oh, no they don't, and they are as useful as they are useful. Of course, a wooden boot-jack is not a very ornamental thing, but you can decorate it with roses and bugs and such things, and make it look quite antique and striking. We just know he would like it, and if he does not use it to draw off his boots he can shy it at the festive cat from the second-story window. If you will not give him that, how would some cigars and a case of champagne answer? He don't drink? Is that so? Well, then suppose you give him the slippers you have been working for the minister? He has a pair? Lucky man. Then go buy him a pair of gloves, two sizes too large, a stove-pipe hat, a rat-and-tan, boxing-gloves, or an easy chair that will fall to pieces in a week. Now, if among all those articles you cannot find one that will answer, it is because every thing we have mentioned is too expensive. If you want to make your husband a present of something more valuable than anything else, and at the same time something that will not cost you a single cent, we will tell you what it is. Make him a solemn promise not to give him a certain lecture in a whole year, and he will think himself the happiest man in the land. To the gentlemen fewer words will be necessary. Buy her an unusually large opera hat, two dollars worth of mixed candy, a poodle, a white crow, (don't leave out the "r," oh! gentle composer), a sewing-machine that runs by electricity, a patent mop that wrings itself, a new kind of dish-water, or any similar thing equally aesthetical. If you don't think she would be suited with any of these things, suppose you insure your life for one hundred thousand dollars and sink yourself in the canal. How do you think that sort of thing would suit her for a Christmas present?—*Rochester Express.*

—This is the season of the year when all dear, good wives go down town and buy a handsome Christmas present for their husbands. The gift is hidden away and reaches "hubby" a day or two before the bill of it does.—*Detroit Chaff.*



Looking Toward Christmas.

The thought which goes into a Christmas present wrought by the giver's own hands adds a value to the gift which cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents. Every one realizes this. It is not possible to work for people without bearing them in mind; and we do not willingly keep those in mind whose presence there is not agreeable. Happily, so many ingenious minds and fingers have been at work in the last few years, that there is no end to the simple, pretty and artistic things that have been produced—things which every woman with the average degree



Happy Anticipations.

of skill can reproduce as souvenirs for her friends. If one of these friends is the mistress of a household given to hospitality, there is nothing which she will appreciate more than a set of "dinner favors." For these there are numbers of pretty novelties easy to make, and pleasant to receive. An appropriate favor is a cracker which proves also to be a scent-sachet and a pin-cushion. Square and round pieces of pasteboard are cut the size of soda-crackers. Then have on each side a thin layer of buttering, on which the perfumed powder

is laid. The covers are of pale silk as nearly the shade as can be procured of the cracker. These are neatly over-stitched. Then, with a silk thread, the same shade as the silk, stitches are taken through and tightly drawn, simulating the pricking of the cracker. These are not too regularly taken, but with that appearance of a careless effort at regularity which the hasty baker gives. But the cracker is not yet done; the last artistic touch is to be given with a little deeper shade of brown water color paint, which imitates to perfection—shading off into the tint of the silk—the inequalities of the oven which give here and there a deeper tinge to the baking. A plate full of these mixed crackers is so deceptive that astonishment and surprise will break up the icest formality of a dinner party, for which again your hostess will thank you over and over.

Painted menu cards have been so often described that there is but little further to say than that usually, when amateurs undertake anything of the kind, they make the mistake of undertaking too much. The most desirable menu card does not require to be a thing of beauty, but of mind and humor—*esprit*, as the French say. Whatman's water-color paper with a good grain, cut into the necessary shape, is material enough for beginning. If one can draw or design, the deed is three-fourths done. If not, don't disdain tracing-paper in the service of your friend. Fortunately, in one way or another the country is flooded with suitable designs. Some are prettier than those which are usually Kate Greenaway figures, but which embrace figures from "Patience" as well as "Finafore," and sketches full of humor and spirit from a hundred other services.

Let these be neatly transferred to the cards and colored in delicate flat tints, which a little practice will teach you to lay on smoothly. Then school yourself in the lettering, for a pungent legend will help to pass off your possibly unskillful drawing. At the dinner-table

people are not usually critical, and will accept your intention for your performance. Guests will compare cards, enjoy a lucky chance hit, and thus everything goes off merrily; your cards become souvenirs of a happy evening, and have not only given pleasure to one, but have put it out, as it were, at compound interest.

Nothing finds a place here which is not at once feasible and inexpensive, because these Christmas presents are to burden no one either with money or labor. Thus, for a young lady's room a cabinet may be made. By this is to be understood a box fastened on to a frame which, by projecting above and below with irregular ends, becomes ornamental. The box may be of any plain polished wood. A good piece of well pine serves as well as a more costly wood. To this is fitted a door which is made like a frame to the inner panel. This panel is covered with straw matting, such as comes on tea-chests. The matting is either left in its natural state, or covered with liquid gold. The decoration is a piece of broad painting in oil—some heavy petaled pink and crimson roses, or your friend's favorite flower. If desired, the matting may be embroidered instead of painted.

In the same way a most convenient wall-pocket can be made. An oblong slab makes the back; the material, if it be stiff enough, is of no consequence. This is covered with matting and framed. For this purpose the grooved ash and oak molding is suitable. A second shorter piece is prepared in the same way, and decorated as has been described above for the cabinet. Holes are bored in the corners, and the two are fastened together and hung on the wall with no more expensive a hanging than twisted wrapping cord.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—As Christmas approaches, so many large and handsome dolls are displayed in the store windows that real cross-eyed babies excite but little attention.—*Brooklyn Argus.*

Christmas in 1862.

On Christmas Day, 1862, when Confederate money had begun to depreciate, turkeys in Virginia were worth \$11 apiece, salt thirty-three cents a pound, while "the yule log" was \$15 a cord; fire-crackers were \$5 a pack. In 1863 turkeys had risen to \$50 apiece; whisky and rum for egg-nog cost \$75 a gallon; sugar was from \$5 to \$10 a pound; flour \$125 a barrel. Gold was at a premium of \$2,800, and a plain Christmas dinner cost about \$300. In 1864 flour was \$600 a barrel; butter \$40 a pound, and sugar \$2 an ounce. At a Christmas dinner at a country



Pleasant Realizations.

house near Richmond, they had for dinner a \$300 ham, and the last turkey on the plantation, value, \$175, with \$100 worth of cabbage, potatoes and hominy. Corn bread was served made of meal at \$80 a bushel, and salt at \$1 a pound. The desert was black molasses at \$60 a gallon, and after one cup of tea—real tea, worth \$100 a pound, treasured for the occasion as a surprise, and not sassafras—there was coffee a *discretion*, made from sweet potatoes cut into little squares, toasted and ground.

CHRISTMAS CHATTER.

—Pity the person who takes no stock in Christmas.
—Santa Claus is of commanding presents.—*N. Y. News.*
—A leg-end of Christmas—the turkey's.—*Yonkers Gazette.*
—"The poor ye have always with you" on Christmas Day.
—"Know all men by these presents" that Christmas is coming.
—Present time and pastime are pleasantly joined at Christmas time.
—Darn the stocking that catches no Christmas presents.—*N. O. Picayune.*
—Christmas trees are looking spruce. Children pine for them.—*Boston Transcript.*
—Man wants but little here below; but he appears to want that little on Christmas day.
—There should be no holes in Christmas stockings if they are worth a darn.—*N. O. Picayune.*
—Big feet may be laughed at all the rest of the year, but their stockings hold most at Christmas.
—Boston girls never hang up their stockings; an exchange says they "suspend their hosiery."
—"Christmas comes but once a year," and if it came a week later it wouldn't be in the year at all.
—A well-fed hog roused up in his sty, and copped a regretful tear—"he said, "And slaying will soon be here."
—A man who don't buy a Christmas present for his wife now and hide it will miss much of the romance connected with the legendary day.
—It is stated that "stuffed birds are a very toney Christmas present," but we should suppose a live bird would be more toney.—*Boston Post.*
—It is the whole-souled people who make holidays worth remembering. The half-souled man is too thin for Christmas.—*N. O. Picayune.*
—On Christmas day everybody living will have a Christmas present.—*Boston Transcript.* And likewise a Christmas past-time—unless he was born this year.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*
—Embroidering "Remember me" on a pair of presentation suspenders will not hit the mark. Omitting to properly fasten the suspender buttons will ever keep your memory green in the mind of your husband.—*New Haven Register.*
—The morning dawns, and the household is awakened by the sound of drum and fife. But it is not war. It is not the summons to go out and slaughter the Zulus. Nay, brethren, it is Christmas, and don't you forget it.—*Yonkers Gazette.*
—The young men converse: "What are you going to give your girl this Christmas, George? Don't you find it rather hard to select anything appropriate?" "Oh, no; that don't trouble me. I shall give a few things my last girl sent back to me."—*Lowell Citizen.*
—The Parisian says: "According to a French superstition, a young girl who wishes to know the name of her future husband must, on coming from midnight mass on Christmas Eve, give an alms to the first male beggar that she meets and ask him his Christian name. Her future husband will bear the same name."
—A jewelry firm in New York has just received a diamond valued at \$30,000. The name of the journalist for whom it was ordered as a Christmas present for his girl is withheld.—*Norris-ton Herald.* Yes, we didn't want anything said about it then, but if necessary you might mention it now, though please print our initials correctly.—*Derrick.*
—Why, Jennie, you foolish girl, come into the house. What are you out in the snow for without wraps?" "Oh, nothing much, ma. You see Augustus has just called, and here are his foot-prints in the snow. I'm measuring to get the right size for those slippers, and do you know I don't believe I've got half enough cloth for them."
—The editor's stocking.
A stocking hung from the mantel-piece:
"Twas decidedly poor and holey;
But bad as it was, it belonged to a man—
An editor meek and lowly.
It hung all night till the light of morn
Came dancing through the shades;
But alas, for the hole, and alas, for the man—
'Twas filled to the top with ashes!
Ashes of many a hope deferred,
And dust of prostration;
Ashes of benefits conferred,
And ashes of desolation.
Woe to the man with the shattered sock—
Oh, darn it all, 'tis shocking!
And woe to the fellow who filled it up—
Alas for the editor's stocking!
—*Hudson's Republic.*
—Among the superstitions connected with Christmas Eve are the following. The bees sing in their hives; the oxen may be found on their knees in adoration of the new-born Savior; bread baked on Christmas Eve never grows moldy. They are all from English folk-lore. Farmers in the north of England firmly believe that the oxen in the stalls kneel down on the eve of Christmas, old style. It seems to be a general popular tradition that an ox and ass were in the stable of Bethlehem when Christ was born, and that they warmed him with their breath.
—Who will venture to say that the women of the West are not economical? A young married lady of Madison, Wis., who is very fond of her husband, has concluded that a box of cigars will be a very nice Christmas present for him, and, accordingly, has purchased the gift and concealed it from view in a bottom drawer of the "spare bureau." But she cannot help intimating to her lady friends what a shrewd bargain she has made. "Why James always pays ten dollars a box for them, and I got these for one dollar and fifty cents." Unhappy James! he little knows what Christmas has in store for him.—*Exchange.*

Chase County Courant

W. E. TIMMONS, Publisher. COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.



"Here We Are Again."

THE CHRISTMAS TREE. Where grows the Christmas tree? The green, dark-frosted Christmas tree? By what brave toil, in what rich soil, Can spring the blooming Christmas tree?

THE HOUSEHOLD CHRISTMAS TREE.

More than five solid years of Christmas days since the Star of Bethlehem began to shine! What a radiant cluster of throne-white gems in the circle of Christian ages they would make!

"Wish yer a merry Christmas! Gimme a cent!" That is what I heard, all in a breath, on a clear Christmas morning, when the silver steel air was full of the tinkle of frost and the tinkle of bells.



Turkey's Christmas Nightmare.

the amount of stock in his supreme content that he asked for, and he went down the street on the bound, like a snow-bird, shouting: "Now Jenny can have the jumpy-jack she cried for, and lots of!"

I thought of another Jenny that died so many years ago. The little mound above her has subsided, and a hollow in the sod marks the place, as if Earth smiled and showed a dimple every time she thought what a treasure she had there, and that was all the time.

And the pale mother rose to part the curtains of an east window. "Don't, mother!" exclaimed a sister by the bedside, as if she half fancied the curtain's gauzy barrier might stay the dying girl a minute.

That mother's hair crowns her brow to-day with silver bands; "the daughters of music are brought low," but her girl of long ago yet makes melody in her open heart.

Christmas Evergreens.

The use of evergreens and flowers as a means of decoration seems an instinct of human nature. Green boughs were used by the Jews at the Feast of Tabernacles, and the Romans ornamented their temples and houses with them, during the Feast of Saturn.

Through excommunicated from the church the mistletoe was the popular plant for decorating English homes. When Druidism was the religion of the Britons, the mistletoe was held in great veneration.

In modern times the mistletoe has a tendency to attract men towards witches of a fairer face and a more amiable nature. A branch of the mystic plant is at Christmas hung from the ceiling. If any man or boy can by coaxing or cunning induce a fair girl to come under the spray, he is entitled to kiss her.

"Here comes holly that is no cent, To please all men in his intent. Allelujah!" The ivy is praised in these lines: "Ivy is soft and meek of speech. Against all walls she is bias, Well is he that may her reach."

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse; The stockings were hung by the chimney with care.



ST. NICHOLAS AT HIS OLD TRICKS.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot, And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.

Mistletoe.

Apart from its real or mythical connection with the Druids, and its practical use in modern Christmas festivities, the mistletoe is undoubtedly a very curious and interesting plant. It is a naturally uncanny-looking thing; and, no doubt, the uncanniness of its appearance and mode of growth has had much to do with the place it fills in popular superstitions and folk-lore.

Scientifically speaking, the mistletoe has afforded an open battle-field for numerous able and able systematists. The question whether four little leaflets in the flower were to be called petals or calyx pieces—in itself about as important as the question, who was Hebe's grandmother—has often cruelly divided the botanical world.

which have berries much like those of mistletoe, together with the little clinging cleavers and bed straw of our hedgerows, which are somewhat more remotely connected with the original ancestor.



Mistletoe.

stand. Birds eat the berries, and thus carry the seeds from tree to tree. Sometimes, no doubt, the fruit simply clings by its own sticky substance to their feet or feathers and gets rubbed off when they alight on another bough; but in other cases it is probably swallowed, and the seed then passes, undigested, through their bodies.

Christmas as We Grow Older.

As we grow older, let us be more thankful that the circle of our Christmas associations and of the lessons that they bring expands! Let us welcome every one of them and summon them to take their places by the Christmas hearth.

Before this boy there's a retches out a future higher than we ever looked on in our rromantic time, but bright with honor and with truth. Around this lit head, on which the sunny curls lie heaped, the graces sport as prettily, as airily as when there was no sylvan within the reach of Time to shear away the curls of our first love.

blaze, an enemy's face! By Christmas day, we do forgive him! If the injury has done us any harm, let him come here and take his place. If otherwise, unhappily, let him go hence, assured that we will never injure or accuse him.

The winter sun goes down over town and village; on the sea it makes a fresh path, as if the sacred tread were fresh upon the water. A few more moments and it sinks and night comes on, and light begins to sparkle in the prospect.

How Scandinavians Celebrate Christmas Day.

Jul (Yule) is the great Swedish festival, but it was a festival among the Scandinavians long before the birth of our Saviour. They commenced the year with the longest night, for, according to them, night, darkness and cold preceded daylight and warmth.

Preparations for the coming Jul are made long beforehand. While the grain is unthreshed the choicest sheaves are selected from which to brew the Jul ale and bake the Jul bread.

Meanwhile, within the doors, the women have been busy scolding and brightening the room and household utensils. The best garments of the family are got out and hung on the walls, for they think the Jul fire shining upon them will preserve them from the moth.

When night is fallen, the great room is lighted up with pitch-pine torches and candles. Supper comes off at ten or eleven o'clock. A pig's head, or at least some part of a swine—and a large loaf of bread, called Jul-bread, is always placed on the table.

The supper concludes with a psalm, in which all the company join. A tankard of ale is left on the table for the delectation of celestial visitants, this is called "Angla ol," angel's ale.

Edmund Yates says that "the American Christmas is purely due to Charles Dickens. When he invented or rather revived Christmas, the Americans took up the matter warmly.

New Year's Calls.

Nobody can doubt that the original idea of New Year calling is a very pleasant one. In this country men who are past their first youth generally have little time and less inclination for much visiting.



"We've Only a Few More Calls to Make."

confront. On New Year's day alone is this state of things changed. Most men are on that day less occupied with business than at other times, and find it possible to call at the houses of their friends with little trouble or ceremony.

New Year's Day is also a time when a stranger may properly extend his acquaintance among ladies. But no man should dare to go to a house where he is not known unless he is taken by a friend who would be just as competent to introduce him any other day in the year as then.

We have not the least criticism to make of the fashionable New Year's reception. If a dozen or two young ladies wish to meet at the house of one of them, and then in full dress, in gaslit parlors, receive their guests with flowers and band music, they will probably enjoy it very much and certainly present a very pretty picture.

Practical philanthropy.—"I wish you a happy New Year," said Pingrey. "Oh, that's easy enough to say," replied Fenderson; "but what will you do towards making my new year a happy one?" "Anything I can," said Pingrey. "Do you mean it?" cried Fenderson, dramatically. "Do you mean it? Well, well, good-by, farewell." "What's the matter with you?" asked the mystified



Enlarging Her Christmas Stocking.

Pingrey. "Why, you are going away forever, aren't you? You said you would do anything you could to make me happy. Farewell, old boy, farewell." And Fenderson walked briskly around the corner, while the perplexed Pingrey stood as if rooted to the spot for the space of five minutes.—Boston Transcript.

THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS.

The following is an amusing parody upon Clement Moore's unequalled "Night Before Christmas":

'Twas the night after Christmas, when all through the house Every soul was a-bed, and still as a mouse; Those stockings, so lately St. Nicholas care, Were emptied of all that was eatable there; The darlings had been duly tucked in their beds, With very full stomachs and pains in their heads.

I was dozing away in my new cotton cap, And Nancy rather far gone in a nap. When out in the nursery arose such a clatter, I sprang from my sleep, crying: "What is the matter?" I flew to each bedside—still half in a doze, Tore open the curtains and threw off the clothes, While the light of the taper served clearly to show

The pitiless sight of those objects below; For what to the fond father's eyes should appear But the little pale face of each sick little dear, For each pot that had crammed itself full as a tick, I knew in a moment now felt like old Nick.



Their pulses were rapid, their breathings the same; What their stomachs rejected I'll mention by name— Now turkey, now stuffing, plum puddings, of course, And custards, and crullers, and cranberry sauce, Before outraged nature, went to the wall, Ye—holy-yop, popoedie, dinner and all, Like pellets which urdine from popo-stans let fly. Went his, nuts and raisins, jilly and pie, 'Till each error of diet was brought to my view. To the shame of mamma and Santa Claus, too.



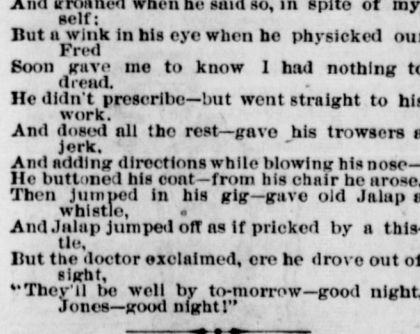
I turned on the light, to my bed-room stepped back, And brought out a phial marked "Pulv. Ipecac." When my Nancy exclaimed—for their sufferings shocked her—"Don't you think you had better, love, run for the doctor?"

And, and was scarcely back under my roof, When I heard the sharp clatter of old Jalap's hoof. I might say that I hardly had turned myself round, When the doctor came into the room with a bound; He was covered with mud from his head to his foot, And the suit he had on was the very worst suit; And he hardly had time to put that on his back, And he looked like a Falstaff half-fuddled with sack; His eyes how they twinkled! Had the doctor got merr'y?

His cheeks looked like port and his breath smelt of sherry; He hadn't been shaved for a fortnight or so, And the beard on his chin wasn't white as the snow. But inspecting their tongues, in despite of And drawing his watch from his waistcoat beneath— He felt of each pulse, saying: "Each little belly Must get rid'—here he laughed—"of the rest of that jelly."



I gazed on each chubby, plump, sick little elf, And groaned when he said so, in spite of my self; But a wink in his eye when he physicked our Fred. Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread. He didn't prescribe—but went straight to his work, And dosed all the rest—gave his trowsers a jerk. And adding directions while blowing his nose— He buttoned his coat—from his chair he arose, Then jumped in his gig—gave old Jalap a whistle, And Jalap jumped off as if pricked by a thistle. But the doctor exclaimed, ere he drove out of sight, "They'll be well by to-morrow—good night, Jones—good night!"



HOW NED AND TINA WENT CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

A Story for the Children. "Now, Tina, I have to take an early train to Southdown this morning; Aunt Katie is very sick and grandma has sent me," said Mrs. Earle to her little daughter one morning in December, some years ago.

"Oh, mamma, that is too bad. You know you promised to take me shopping with you," said Tina, bursting into a flood of tears.

"But you would not want me to let dear grandma and auntie suffer for the sake of giving you pleasure," said Mrs. Earle, drawing Tina to her side.

"No-o," said Tina, rather doubtfully; "but what shall I do all alone this long day?"



said to the Skye-terrier, which had been looking into her face most sympathetically, for he shared all her griefs and joys.

"Oh, goodie! goodie! won't we have a grand time," sang Tina, whirling around, while Snip barked as loud as he could.

"Well, only be a good girl and mind Maggie," said Mrs. Earle, hurrying off to get ready.

"Yes, mamma, I will; come, Snip, let us go over and ask Ned."

Tina, with Snip at her heels, was soon flying across the street. Ned saw her from an upper window and rushed down to open the door.

"O, Ned," began Tina, before she was inside the door, "you are to spend the day with me, and we are to have queen's pudding for dinner, and eat it all alone in the dining-room, instead of in the kitchen with Maggie. Won't that be elegant?" gasped Tina, quite out of breath.

"Oh, it will be perfectly magnificent," answered Ned, who was one year younger than Tina, who had just passed her sixth birthday. Frantically and down the hall, Ned gave vent to his feelings of delight.

"Run up-stairs and ask your mamma if you can come," said Tina.

"Oh, she has been away for two days, but I will ask Susan; she will be glad 'nuff to let me go, she says I bover her so."

A willing consent was given by Susan for "Master Ned" to spend the day with "Miss Tina," and the happy children scampered away. Mrs. Earle bade the children good-bye, charging them "to be good and play happily," "I will come back to-night, Tina, if possible," she said, as she hurried down the steps. The children rushed up to the warm nursery, and were soon deep in a game of hide, in which Snip was the seeker. After this came blind man's buff, in which Snip, with a handkerchief tied over his eyes, made the most frantic efforts to catch the children.

Just as Tina was going to give him a good chance to seize her dress, he ran against the sharp edge of the door and bumped his nose, which made him lie down in disgust, and refuse to play any more.

"Never mind, Snip, we will play doctor now, and you shall be my horse. You must have all the children sick this time, Tina, for papa says there is a great eekadenick about, and every one has got some of it," said Ned.

Snip was soon harnessed to the dolls' carriage, while the dolls were hastily undressed and put to bed, all but Algenon—he was saved out to run for the doctor. It was thought best, however, to tie a piece of flannel around his neck, as he seemed hoarse, and was "subject to quitar in winter," Tina said. I suppose she meant catarrh.

"I guess they had better have other 'eases from each other," said Ned. "so I shall have a great many medicines to give them." "I shall give them awful doses," he continued, "for I am an alapaty doctor, you know."

"How shall we make the medicines?" said Tina. "Oh, I know; we will mix different colored paints with water, and I will get some of mamma's homiypatty bottles to put it in." The medicines were soon mixed, green, yellow and red.

"There," said Ned, "they look 'zactly like some of papa's that he has on the shelf in his office. Now I must have some 'either.' I will fill this biggest bottle with water for that. I always take it with me, but I don't use it 'cept in dreadful things."

"Oh, my, she has got the group. Put her in the basin and turn the hot water on to her quick. [Scald her with all your might. She is china and it won't hurt her, you know, Tina.] While Bess was being scalded, Dr. Ned felt of Augustus' pulse.

"I think he has the scarlet fever; he is all covered with a rash, you see; I think he will die, so we won't stop for him," said Ned, moving on to the bed where Eveline and Blanche were lying.

After a careful examination they were declared "very sick with brain fever, caused by eating too much." Meanwhile the doctor's horse had been amusing himself by shaking Algenon between his teeth. With a wild shriek Tina rushed to his rescue. "Bring me the ether," said the doctor, calmly; "his head must be sewed up." While Algenon was being sewed and banded the dinner bell rang, and shouting queen's pudding, the children rushed down stairs, followed by the doctor's horse and carriage. When the bottom of the second flight was reached there was not much carriage left; but Ned comforted Tina by telling her that "papa's buggy got smashed the other day, and he guessed all doctors' old sometimes."

Maggie had a nice dinner for the children, and was going to stay and attend to them, but Tina declared that her mamma had said they were to dine alone. Maggie laughed at the two small specimens at the large table, and after fastening their napkins for them, went out of the room, saying: "You can ring for me if you want me."

"Oh, ain't this jolly," said Tina. "Here, Snip, take a chair; but don't stare at the food, it isn't good manners."

"Oh, dear, Ned, we have forgotten the children," said Tina, with a look of dismay.

"But they are too sick to come down stairs; let the butler take up their dinner," said Ned, very gravely.

Tina ordered an imaginary butler to take up a little of everything to the children, and to tell Algenon to open his mouth carefully, so his head would not come apart. The children began to eat their dinner. They met with a few mishaps, such as spilling the salt, using the pepper too freely, and burning their fingers with the very hot roasted potatoes; but on the whole, behaved with propriety. Snip was treated to a morsel, occasionally, which he seemed to enjoy greatly.

When pudding time came, Tina ordered it in with such an amount of dignity that Maggie laughed outright. The children ate it until they could eat no more. After dinner Tina said: "Now we will go into the library and talk awhile, as papa and mamma do on Sundays." They walked arm-in-arm to the library, and each taking a large easy chair, were soon busily engaged in a lively conversation about the approaching Christmas.

"I should feel dreadfully about my doll carriage if I did not think some one would give me a new one," said Tina. "How much money have you got, Ned, for Christmas?"

"I don't know, 'zactly, but I have got it at home in a box. How much have you got?"

"I have got three dollars. I was going to go shopping to-day, if mamma had not gone away. How I wish I could do it all my own way, don't you?"

"Let us go together this afternoon," said Ned.

"So we will," said Tina, springing out of her chair. "I know where Marshal's big store is, and they have every thing there; you run home and get your best coat and hat, 'cause we must look 'spectable, if we go down town—and be sure you bring all your money. I will put on my best things, too."

Away scampered Ned, his blue eyes dancing, and his yellow curls bobbing brightly up and down. No one heard him enter the house, run up-stairs, and get the necessary articles for his expedition.

"Now, Ned, I must wash your face and hands a little with my sponge, for they are dreadful dirty," said Tina. "I can't brush your hair; but your cap will cover it—besides, it is all a snarl of curls, anyway. My bangs look pretty well, I guess."

Tina was soon arrayed in her long, fur-trimmed coat, and big hat with plumes. Ned's coat was long, too, and covered his every-day suit.

"You must put on your gloves, Ned—here they are in your pocket. I will take mamma's muff; there it is on the bed. She forgot it, I guess."

Poor Snip stood mournfully looking at the children. He evidently felt that he was going to lose his playmates.

"Oh, let us take him, Tina. Want to go, Snip? Well, beg, then." Up got Snip on his hind legs, and putting one paw across his nose, "plead with great pathos to be taken."

"Now, Ned, we must not let Maggie know that we are going, for she would stop us."



Watching the Old Year Out and the New Year In.

"Quiet, Snip," said Ned, holding up his finger. The three ran lightly down stairs, but came near betraying themselves by shutting Snip's tail in the door in the haste to get out. Tina caught him up in her arms and smothered his yelling.

Maggie, who had at intervals listened at the stairs to see if the children were all right, concluded, as they had been so all the morning, that they would be so all the afternoon, and so kept busily at work. As Susan ran over to see her for a while, and had a long story to tell her, it was not so very strange that the children were not missed at once.

"You had better let me take your money for you, Ned. I will take care of it better," said Tina, when they had safely turned the corner.

"Guess a boy can take care of his money as well as a girl, Tina Earle," said Ned, indignantly, and holding tightly his box.

"Well," said Tina, sweetly, "all right." She was afraid Ned might get mad and go home.

In a few minutes they reached a hack stand, at which one hack stood.

"O, Ned," said Tina, her eyes sparkling, "let us take a hack. Mamma often does when she has a good deal of shopping."

"Oh, yes, let's. How nice it will be," "Mr. Man," said Tina to the driver, who was leaning against the lamp-post, looking very lazy and good-natured. "we want to go to Marshal's big store."

"Oh, do you? Well, that is right down on B street," pointing with his thumb. "Yes, you know that," said Tina, with great dignity; "but we want a carriage."

"Got any money? 'Cause you know my horses won't go without money." "What a story!" said Ned, firing up. "People never pay until they get to the place, and of course we have got money," he continued, holding out his box and rattling it.

"Oh, by George!" said the driver, "if this isn't as good as the story told by Boots, of the Holly Tree Inn, that fell red about at the hall 'othernight."

"But, you see," said the driver to Tina, "I am afraid you will spend all your money, and then I sha'n't have any."

"Well," said Tina, "what do you charge?" "Well, I guess as you're pretty light weight, I'll take you down for fifty cents."

"But you must wait for us," said Tina, "to bring us back."

"Oh, then I'll have to charge you a dollar; fifty cents apiece. The children got out their money and handed it to him.

"I say, Atoms, does your mamma know where you are? You must tell me your names and where you live."

"I am Miss Tina Earle, and live at No. 6 Freeland street, and his name is Ned Benton, and he lives at No. 5," answered Tina.

"Well, get in; I'll take you." Ned sprang into the carriage and Tina followed.

"Well, I think you are very unpolite, Ned Benton, to get in first. Mamma says gentlemen always let the ladies precede them," said Tina, pointing her rosy lips.

pointing to a lovely vase. "I guess mamma would like that." "That is four dollars."

"Oh, dear, I can't have that, for I have only got two dollars and a half."

"Well, I guess I can show you some o'her things you would like, and they don't cost so much. Here are some very pretty things," said the clerk, much amused with his bright little customer.

Tina decided on a pretty little postage stamp box for mamma's desk. For grandma a pretty scent bag, and for papa a paper weight.

Ned was not so wise in his choice. He preferred to go down stairs where the toys were. He bought a Jumping Jack, two shrill whistles, a pop-gun and a whip.

"You know, Tina, if the people don't like their presents, they can give them to me," he said, with great complacency.

When the children had spent their money they left the store, hugging their parcels and looking well contented with their success.

"O, Ned, we haven't got any candy for the children," exclaimed Tina, as they entered the carriage. We must have some."

"We will have to eat it, you know, because the children are too sick," said Ned.

"But we have spent all our money. What shall we do?" "Let's ask the driver to lend us some," said Ned. "He looks real pleasant."

"So we might; and we can pay him some time," said Tina, joyfully.

"Driver," called Tina from the carriage window.

Ben good-naturedly reined in his horses and asked what the lady and gentleman would like.

"Drive to a candy store," said Tina. "Yes, marm," said Ben, chuckling with laughter.

When they reached the store Tina got out, and looking up at the big fellow on the box, asked in a very sweet voice if he would please lend her ten cents.

"Why, you ain't spent all your money, have you?" "Yes we have; but you see we must have some candy for the children," said Ned, very much in earnest.

"O you shall," said Ben, putting his hand into his pocket and bringing out ten cents.

The children disappeared, while Ben cracked his whip in glee. "If that aint the cutest pair I ever did see. Good as a play. I'll tell my little Jim all about it when I get home," he said.

The children decided that ten different sticks of candy would make the greatest show, so they invested the ten cents in that way.

"Now home," said Tina to Ben, with such an air that he nearly choked with smothered laughter.

"Shall I take you to No. 6, or leave you at the stand?" he managed to ask.

"To No. 6, I guess. We are greatly



The Demand for Our Holiday Issue.

The Return of the Mule. You could see that she was innocent and confiding by the way she held that big brown toy-mule under her arm as she jogged along Woodward avenue, and no old woman's face ever wore a more satisfied look than hers did when she finally entered a store and placed that mule on the counter, and said: "La! sakes, but I'm nearly tuckered out! This is the place where I bought this mule three days before Christmas."

"Yes, that toy came from our store," replied the clerk.

"I gin a dollar for it; bought it for my grandson. He's such a boy for horses and mules and wagons and whips, and so on, that I thought it would tickle him 'most to death."

"Yes."

"But it didn't. He's the disappointed child you ever saw. Like to cry himself to death Sunday."

"What is wrong with the mule?" "Everything. In the first place my grandson wants a mule which opens his mouth and can be stuffed full of hay. This mule's jaws are sot."

"Yes, but—"

"And he wants a mule which will roll his eyes and drop his ears."

"But we haven't any such mules."

"No, I suppose not; but the boy wants one just the same. This mule don't even kick."

"Of course not."

"And he hasn't got any harness on."

"No."

"Then what's the good of him? If he won't eat, nor bite, nor kick, nor roll his eyes, what's the boy going to do? Haven't you got a toy horse which runs away and smashes things?"

"No."

"Nor a lion which paws and roars?" "No, ma'am."

"Nor a cow which bellers when you squeeze on her?"

"Sorry to say we haven't."

"Well, I've got to trade this mule for sunthin' or other to amuse that boy. If you had a tiger which frothed at the mouth—"



I'll Give Callers a Warm Reception.

Christmas Observance. In our country at present Christmas is generally observed wisely and well by Christians. Our churches are open for prayer and praise on that day, and of old customs, we continue to follow only those that are symbolic, innocent or beautiful—such as gift-giving, the Christmas tree, decking our homes with evergreens and holly and the like. We preserve, also, the time-honored custom of serving up an abundant and rich dinner on that day, which is well and commendable, so long as we remember that this is only a part, and by no means a very important part, of our Christmas rejoicing.

Let us eat heartily and give God thanks for the excellent food and the good appetite and digestion that enables us to enjoy it; but let us not eat so much as to hurt our health or our temper—so may our thanks be sincere and heartfelt. It may be that the sight of our own abundance will move us to call in to share our meal some neighbor whom God has blessed much less bountifully than us in material things—that would be a part, and a very good part, of giving thanks. The proper observance of Christmas should be a part of our Christian duty as well as anything else.—Church and Home.

Enjoying Our Holiday Reading. The largest Christmas pie ever known was told of in the Newcastle Chronicle for the 6th of January, 1770. It was shipped to Sir Henry Gray, baronet, London. Mrs. Dorothy Patterson, housekeeper at Howick, was its maker. Into the composition of this great pie entered two bushels of flour; twenty pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, four wild ducks, two woodcocks, six snipes, four partridges, two meats' tongues, two curlews, seven blackbirds and six pigeons. It weighed twelve stone and was nine feet in circumference at the bottom. It was furnished with a case on wheels for convenience in passing it round to the guests.

Ready for Tackling His Christmas Goose. way to a circular counter on which was a great variety of fancy articles.

"Shall I show you anything, miss?" said a clerk.

"No, I thank you, I can see very well, I am pretty tall."

"But what would you like to buy?" "Oh, I want something for papa, and mamma, and grandpa, and grandma, and Aunt Katie, and lots of other people."

"So do I, too," echoed Ned.

"Well, you can look and see what you would like."

"How much is that?" said Tina,

pointing to a lovely vase. "I guess mamma would like that."

"That is four dollars."

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THE CITY HUNTER AND THE FARMER'S DUCK.

It was a city hunter bold,
His dog a pointer true,
Who thought he would on Christmas dine
Upon a bird or two.

Dog-gone the man who never tries
To hunt or fish for exercise.



He hid him forth in quest of game
A farmer's house near by,
And chanced upon a duck so tame
The bird could scarcely fly.



He banged away; the frightened fowl
Alighted near the honest granger;
The latter, with a dreadful howl,
Indicative of vengeful anger.



The bird's neck wrung and took it to
Our friend, now trembling in his shoe,
And taxed him dollars sev'n or nine
For the duck and four for the fun.

Dog-gone the man who will not pay
For fun like this on Christmas-Day.

The Christmas Trees.

All over this extensive country these trees are planted—not only in private homes, but also in Sunday-schools and day schools; and it would seem as if hardly any child could live so poorly that would not be the recipient of some longed for toy or sweetmeat. In the cities one can purchase these trees already planted in a bit of plank, and partly decorated or entirely filled with toys, and ready to be brilliantly lighted at any moment. Yet in the country, where one must contrive and save, and make many of the gifts of the tree, and bake many cakes which are covered with frosting and sugar plums, and drive out into the woods and select a tree, and cut it down and bring it home, there is quite as much fun in the preparation, and quite as much real satisfaction, as in the city. Several days before Christmas it is well to bring home the tree, lest a deep snow should fall, and it might not be easily obtained, and all the children must help carry it home. Select one that has a regular cone from base to summit, and is of the proper height for your parlor, and lop off any branches that may interfere with its beauty; and while selecting the tree you can also gather quantities of running pine, coral pine, and Prince's pine wherewith to make garlands and crowns, and wreaths for adorning the halls, parlors and dining-room. Also bring home large branches of laurels and clusters of swamp elderberries and boughs of bitter-sweet berries. Plant your tree in a small wash-tub, filled with brick-bats or a hodful of hard coal, or anything that is heavy and will keep it in place—fatirons will do if there is nothing else at hand—and cover over the tub with a gaily striped Afghan, or a fur robe, or a flag, and upon this base many of the larger articles, such as books, desks, etc., can be arranged.

Those of our readers who are the fortunate possessors of a long purse can purchase at the fancy stores every imaginable device for decorating most artistically and beautifully—such as silver doves or studded doves, colored glass balls, flags of every kind, gilded stars, tiny looking glasses that, if suspended behind the candles, will reflect their light and make it twice as bright, bells, woolly lambs, and bonbons of every description; while in the toy shops are the whole regiments of dolls, from the most elegant Parisian belles to the knitted sailor boy for the little baby, and vast caravans of animals, and Noah's arks, and toys that surpass description. But in thousands of villages homes these articles are not obtainable, yet the children can manufacture many beautiful decorations for the Christmas tree, in which they will take quite as much pleasure as if they were from the fancy shops of the city. With a few sheets of gilt, blue, scarlet, and silver paper cut into tiny strips four inches in length and half an inch in width, you can make long chains to entwine from bough to bough of the tree. With a bottle of moulage paste the two ends of the strips together until half of them are made into rings; then make up some more by slipping one end through two rings and joining them together. Let the three rings become dry, and join them into long garlands. Suspend around the outer branches of the tree from top to bottom. Twenty yards will be needed to trim a large tree, twelve for a small one. These paper chains when once made can be kept for years if carefully handled. Parch a large pan of popcorn, and string them into chains

with a needle and coarse thread. Entwine them also about the branches, and after the presents are distributed break up the chains into necklaces and throw around the necks of all the guests. If you possess a broken looking-glass, carry it to a glazier and have it cut into bits three inches by two. Paste a bit of brown paper over the back of the glass, and bind the edges with strips of gilt or scarlet and blue papers, and paste a bit of ribbon or paper at the top to suspend them from the boughs. You can not have too many tiny mirrors. Purchase a pound or two of English walnuts and cut them into halves and take out the meats. Save them to put into the middle of each small frosted cake. Purchase also a pound of sugared carraways, and fill half of one of the nut-shells with them, and paste on the other half. Use common glue, or gum-tragacanth for paste. Insert a bit of narrow ribbon in any color at the top of the nut. Cut a small round of gilt paper and cover it with paste, and wrap it carefully about the nut, letting the folds of it lie evenly about the bit of ribbon. Make as many as you can of these, for they are the prettiest of rattle-boxes, and everybody likes to possess such a trophy. Little lace bags made of bobinet lace or wash illusion, by running them together with scarlet, blue and gold colored worsteds, and using a bit of it for a string to draw them together, are also very pretty and desirable when filled with nuts, raisins, and sugar plums for the children. Small apples closely stuck with cloves are also nice to perfume burlap drawers, and a dozen or more will not come amiss upon this most wonderful tree. A Christ child or angel, made by dressing a doll in lace and silvered wings, is very decorative when fastened to the topmost bough of the tree. Small candles can have a bit of wire thrust through the lower end by heating it, and then fasten it securely to the boughs of the tree. Apples and oranges can also be suspended with thread wire. Cut rings of card-board and slip over the candles, and they will catch their drippings.—Ladies' Floral Cabinet.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

By Charles Dickens.

There seems a magic in the very name of Christmas.

A Christmas family party! We know nothing in nature more delightful.

How many old recollections, and how many dormant sympathies, does Christmas time awaken.

This is the season of hospitality, merriment and open-heartedness, and many are the hearts that are gladdened by its coming.

The most minute and trivial circumstances connected with those happy meetings crowd upon our mind at each recurrence of that season.

Who can be insensible to the outpourings of good feeling, and the honest interchange of affectionate attachment, which abound at this season of the year.

Would that Christmas lasted the whole year through (as it ought), and that the prejudices and passions which deform our better natures were never called into action among those to whom they should ever be strangers.

Christmas time! That man must be a misanthrope, indeed, in whose breast something like a jovial feeling is not roused—in whose mind some pleasant association is not awakened by the recurrence of Christmas.

The Christmas tree casts no glowing shadow. But, as it sinks into the ground, I hear a whispering going through the leaves:—"This, in commemoration of the law of love and kindness, mercy and compassion. This in remembrance of Me."

On this day reflect upon your present blessings—of which every man has many—not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some. Smile again with a merry face and contented heart, then your Christmas shall be merry and your New Year a happy one.

This is a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys.

Happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days; that can recall to the old man the pleasure of his youth; that can transport the sailor and the traveler thousands of miles away, back to his own friends and his quiet home.

A Characteristic Story of Dickens and "The Christmas Carol."

Toole was acting in "The Christmas Carol," playing "Bob Cratchett." A little delicate girl, one of the children of the dresser at the theater, whose pale face and interesting manner fitted her well for the part, played "Tiny Tim."

The sickly little girl was a favorite in the theater, and especially so with Mr. Toole. During the performance of the piece the artists sat down to a regular supper of roasted goose and plum pudding, which was, in the present instance, genuine material. Toole was in the habit of chopping the vizards up and giving them to the children performing, and they, when they had eaten the first helping, returned like "Oliver," for more. "Tiny Tim," like "Benjamin," appeared to eat seven times as much as her brethren. She was first to return her plate for more and always made away with more than an ordinary adult could eat of goose, supplementing this colossal repast with plum pudding enough for half a dozen. Toole gradually felt an aversion growing in him for the child. Her pallor and sickness seemed to him suspiciously allied with indigestion, the first fruits of gluttony. He struggled against this feeling for a time, but it mastered him, and he could not think kindly of the little one.

One day in a fit of disgust he sawed off a piece of meat and bone from the savory bird, and flung it into her plate, with a piece of plum pudding, which left little for the others, hoping that for once the child would be satisfied. But she wasn't. With a punctuality worthy of a landlady, she returned for more. Toole was shocked.

"My dear," said he, "you will make yourself sick if you eat so much. I gave you enough for three or four big boys.

You could not have eaten it in this time. Where are the bones?" he added, looking at the empty plate.

The poor child hung her head. Toole spoke again, rather sharply.

"Please sir," sobbed Tiny Tim, "my little sister ate it."

And following the direction of her eyes toward the wings, there he saw a hungry little horde of ragamuffins pitching into the Christmas cheer with an energy that indicated how much they needed it. A light was lit in upon him. Little Tiny had been filling the stomachs of her hungry little brothers and sisters and not her own. She never took another grudging morsel from the table. Toole told the story to Dickens, who listened attentively, and at its conclusion, with a burst of warm enthusiasm, cried:—"Give her all the goose and half the plum-pudding next time;" and if the actor did not follow the warm-hearted novelist's instructions to the letter he acted up to the spirit of them, and Tiny's family never lacked a square meal during the run of the piece.

A Christmas Legend.

It was Christmas Eve. The night was very dark and the snow falling fast as Hermann, charcoal burner, drew his cloak tighter around him, and the wind whistled fiercely through the trees of the Black forest. He had been to carry a load to a castle near, and was now hastening back to his little hut.

Although he worked very hard he was poor, gaining barely enough for the wants of his wife and four little children. He was thinking of them when he heard a faint wailing. Guided by the sound, he groped about and found a little child, scantily clothed, shivering and sobbing by itself in the snow.

"Why, little one, have you left thee here alone to face this cruel blast?"

The child answered nothing, but looked piteously up in the charcoal-burner's face.

"Well, I cannot leave thee here. Thou wouldest be frozen morning."

So saying, Hermann raised it in his arms, wrapped it in his cloak, and warmed

its cold hands in his bosom. When he arrived at his hut he put down the child and rapped at the door, which was thrown open, and the children rushed to meet him.

"Here, wife, is a guest to our Christmas Eve supper," said he, leading in the little one, who held timidly to his finger with his tiny hand.

"And welcome he is," said the wife. "Now let him come and warm himself by the fire."

The children all pressed round to welcome and gaze at the little new-comer. They showed him their pretty fir-tree, decorated with bright colored lamps, in honor of Christmas Eve, which the good mother had endeavored to make a fete for the children.

Then they sat down to supper, each child contributing of its portion for the guest, looking with admiration at its clear, blue eyes, and golden hair, which shone so as to shed a brighter light in the little room; and as they gazed it grew into a sort of halo around the head, and his eyes beamed with a heavenly luster. Soon two white wings appeared at his shoulder, and he seemed to grow larger and larger, and then the beautiful vision vanished, spreading out his hands as in benediction over them.

Hermann and his wife fell on their knees, exclaiming, in awe-struck voices:—"The holy Christ child!" and then embraced their wondering children in joy and thankfulness that they had entertained the Heavenly Guest.

The next morning, as Hermann passed by the place where he had found the fair child, he saw a cluster of lovely white flowers, with dark green leaves, looking as though the snow itself had blossomed. Hermann plucked some and carried them reverently home to his wife and children, who treasured the fair blossoms and tended them carefully in remembrance of that wonderful Christmas Eve, calling them chrysanthemums; and every year, as the time came around, they put aside a portion of their feast and gave it to some poor little child, according to the words of Christ:—"Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

They Out-Voted Him.

"You make this affidavit against the Snowball fellow, do you?" asked the Justice, of Sam Johnsing, holding up the document.

"Yes, sah, I does. Dey puts on a heap 'o' style and puss, but dey am de ordinaryest family in de whole city of Austen. Dey ain't ten dollars in the whole family. I know, because I has been dar."

"You must not use such language," remonstrated the Justice, "but please state your case."

"Well, sah, I was engaged to be married in de spring-time to dat ar piece of calico on de mourner's bench; and on de day befoah New Year's I made up my mind to tap my future fodder-in-law for a ten dollar bill. What

am de use of a future fodder-in-law ef you can't tax him for a ten?"

"Did he give you the ten dollars?" asked the Justice.

Sam Johnsing then went on to state that when he asked his future father-in-law, old man Snowball, for a ten, the latter snorted like a cow pony when he hears a brass band for the first time, but finally cooled down and said as soon as he cushed off a little check he would hand over the X.

"I said 'all right,' and went off," said Sam, "but seems dat after I was gone old man Snowball asked his darter, Matildy, to let him hab de funds, but nebber tole her it was for me. She said she couldn't find her portmanias, and asked her brudder, Bob, who am sitting on the bench dar, wid his head tied up, fur de ten dollars. He said he would get it as soon as de bank opened, as he didn't hab no small change; and he hunted me up and down on Austin avenue and asked me ter loan him ten dollars, and I said I would next day, but I nebber meant to do no such foolishness, no-how. You see, Judge, none of 'em tole de udder dat hit was me what fast started de business."

"Well, what has all this to do with the assault?" asked the Justice.

"Next day, New Year's Day, I called at de Snowball mansion on Austin avenue, Dey was all dar. I axed de old man if he had de ten dollars he promised me. He said sartly, and went ober to Matildy and axed her for de money she had promised him, and she said sartly, too, and goes ober to Bob fer de money he had promised. Bob said 'ob course,' and I hope I may be struck dead in my tracks ef dat fool niggah didn't come up ter me and say: 'Brudder-in-law what's gwine ter be, has yer got de ten dollars yer promised me?'"

"What followed?"

"I jess ris up, and putting my stove-pipe on de side of my head, I said: 'I tenders my resignation as a future son-in-law, de same ter go inter effect from right now. If yer suspects dat Sam Johnsing am sich a sucker as ter play matrimony in a family dat hain't got

ten dollars on New Year's Day, you am whistling ter wrong pup, dat's all,' and I made for de door."

"What next?"

"What next! Come here, Judge, and run your hand ober my wool and feel dat bump like an egg plant. Dat's a New Year's gift from Matildy. Does you see this gouged eye? Dat's what I got from de ole man ter remember him by; and I see got enudder New Year's gift on my pisson whar Bob took out a mouf-full wid his teef. Dat's why I walks wid a cane. I tried mighty hard to return de compliments ob de season, but when de ole woman poured hill'n' water down my back, I drew out as an independent candidate. Dey out-voted me, Judge."

In consideration of it being the holiday season, and about the Justice's time for dinner, the cases were dismissed.—Galveston News.

The True Christmas.

Every year the church-bells are more beautiful, but the gorgeous fruitage of the trees that grow in their vestries is for the children who would have no Christmas else. Every year the shops are more splendid, and wealth and love give costlier gifts to their own, but every year, also, more men and women save something from the sum to be spent on kin and friend for those who can claim only the human tie for remembrance. Every year more ragged school-children, and news-boys, and boot-blacks, and sutlers in hospitals, and patient folk in almshouses, and long hopeless inmates of asylums and prisons, are remembered in kindness. Every year more hard-worked men and women get the brief holiday for their homely uses. Every year there is more friendliness in the air.

So it seems that the true Christmas, like the Kingdom of Heaven, of which, indeed, it is a part, is within us. It is the hour of charitable thought and active service. It is our season of vision, when eyes are anointed to see how beautiful a thing is Happiness, and how easy it is to bestow it. To most of us, indeed, an underlying sadness must deepen a little by contrast with the external joy. We think of those past Christmas-oes of our youth, each of which in turn was to have seen us great, or rich, or famous, or noble, or happy, with the fulfillment of some desire which was never to be satisfied. We think of the friends whose greeting was the best of Christmas to us, and whose voices we shall no more hear. Filling the children's stockings, we long unutterably for the child who was to grow up in the life to come. But these aspirations, ambitions, loves, are not dead. Let us not try to forget, but give them all a place at our Christmas fire, rich, very rich, in what we have, richer in what we fancy we have lost.—Harper's Bazar.

Jeremy Taylor said that the first Christmas carol was the song of the angels on the birth of the Savior.



TELLING THE STORY OF SANTA CLAUS.

The New Year.

All Christendom—Russia alone excepted—starts out upon a New Year on the first day of January. In Russia, New Year's Day is the 25th of March. This date was also the beginning of the year in England, up to about one hundred and thirty years ago. In 1751, the famous Lord Chesterfield secured the passage of a measure in the English Parliament which set the New Year on the first of January. Thus the legal year was made to correspond with the solar year.

The first of January first became New Year's Day in Europe three centuries ago. In 1582, it was so ordained by Pope Gregory XIII., and was adopted by all Europe except England, Russia and Sweden.

Another change, besides altering the date of the first of January, was made by Lord Chesterfield's reform of 1751. Up to that time, in England, the calendar was eleven days behind that of the rest of Europe. That is, when it was the first of March, or April, or July, in England, it was the twelfth of the month in continental Europe. By Lord Chesterfield's act the English calendar was advanced eleven days.

This was brought about in our mother country by the change from what was called the "Old Style" to the "New Style." Russia still adheres, alone among European nations, to the Old Style; and when it is the twelfth of the month with us, it is only the first of the month in Russia.

As America was, in 1751, subject to the mother country, our calendar, as well as that of England, was altered in that year in the manner described.

We have become so accustomed to the first of January as the date of the New Year, that it seems very strange to think of its ever having been at so awkward a date as the 25th of March. But this only serves to emphasize the fact that these divisions of time are artificial, and, in a sense, merely the creation of man's ingenuity. Still, we are now guided by the movements of the sun and moon in our calculation of time; so that it has been brought into harmony and fitness with the physical scheme of the universe.

There are, happily, few human beings to whom the coming of the New Year does not bring, to a greater or less degree, the "pleasures of hope." On setting out upon another year, just as on setting out on a long journey or voyage, or beginning a new enterprise in business, or building a new house, the faces of men and women are turned towards the future.

Memory of what has been seems most natural and most fitting for reflection in the latter days of the dying year. The threshold passed into another, every one is impelled to cast his glances forward, to wonder what is coming, to enter with fresh zeal and fresh plans into the schemes of life.

And corresponding with this feeling is the kind of moral impulse to build anew, on the foundations of the new year, a better and higher life. It is a good thing to make a large number of good resolutions, even if it turns out that they are not all kept. There is something highly beneficial in the economy of time and men's affairs, in the regular recurrence, once in every twelvemonth, of a date when mankind, instinctively, as well as by custom, takes a long glance over an extended period, and turns its thoughts seriously to moral self-improvement as well as material advancement.—Youth's Companion.

New Year's.

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die!"

—Keats.

Hark! the death-knell of the year is tolling. Hush! 'tis a solemn moment; step softly, listen! That old, old year brought many sorrows, many joys, to this strange world of ours. Into the heart of youth it poured love's golden treasure; it parted friends whose hearts were linked in bonds of true affection; it kissed, perhaps, with kiss of silver the dark, rich tresses upon some pensive brow.

In that short space of time many a weary pilgrim laid down his burden and went to his reward; many a youthful knight, with spotless shield, entered the lists of life's great tournament. Old friends have left us and new ones filled their places; we have all changed for better or for worse—and if the old year has been kind to us, we lament his fate; if harsh, we bend in worship to the king who claims the vacant throne. Hush! the bells are tolling faintly; it is almost over; the end is near.

"His face is growing sharp and thin,
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse, and let him in,
That standeth there alone,
And watch at the door."

There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend—
A new face at the door.

Let us cherish the last words of the old, dead year:

"I am fading from you,
But one draweth near,
Called the angel guardian
Of the coming year."

"May you hold this angel
Dearer than the last;
So I bless his Futures,
While he crown's my Past."

Standing on the shining threshold of the coming days, while old joys and sorrows fade slowly in the distance, we may repeat the solemn wish of the poet:

"Let the dead past bury its dead."
The old year with its sufferings has purified our strength; its misfortunes have given us experience; and we go onward down the pathway of the coming years with bright hopes for the future, and no vain wishes for the past.—Youth's Companion.

—Conjugal conversation. Time—every evening during the holidays. Scene—the domestic hearth. "And oh! Charles, I've seen such lovely things!" "Huh!" "And they are so cheap!" "Huh!" "And I want to buy a—, and a—, and a—, and a—, for dear mother and the girls." "Huh!" "And something for the children." "Huh!" "And there are some bargains in house-keeping things." "Huh!" "And I want to buy a little gift for you, Charles." "Well, how much money do you want?"—Boston Transcript.

—In England Christmas is at once a religious, domestic and merry-making festival that is observed by persons of all ages and ranks.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

The air was still of Bethlehem's plain,
As if the great night held its breath,
When life eternal came to reign
Over a world of death.

All nature felt a thrill divine
When burst that mother on the night,
Which, pointing to the Savior's shrine,
Proclaimed the new-born light.

Light to the shepherds! and the star
Gilded their silent midnight fold;
Light to the wise men from afar,
Bearing their gifts of gold.

Light to a realm of sin and grief;
Light to a world in all its needs,
The light of life—a new belief
Rising o'er fallen creeds.

Light on a tangled path of thorns,
Though leading to a martyr's throne;
A light to guide till Christ returns
In glory to His own.

There still it shines, while far abroad
The Christmas choir sings now, and then
"Glorious, glory unto God!"
Peace and good-will to men."
—J. Buchanan Reed.



This man so happy, and so full of fun,
Crams well the Christmas stockings, and,
Laughs loud and long, and winks his eye,
Because his boys are "fooled" 'bout Santa Claus.

Christmas Day.

Holidays with a religious sanction are, so far as we can know, as old as the human race. At any rate, the earliest records we have of such observances present the religious feature. It is essential to their very purpose, the evoking of the "wonderful kindness," which, growing out of fellow-feeling, confesses a common dependence upon a divine power. This going out of the human heart to something higher, holier and more beneficent than man, is more universal than a cursory glance would lead us to think. There are many who are moved unconsciously to themselves by it, even as without thought or effort they breathe the breath of their natural bodies. Prejudice, bigotry, selfishness and narrow ignorance may impede, or may mar the mystery of sympathy. But the reach of the true holiday, in the boundless Christian spirit of charity, includes in its bosom all the children of the All-Father, of whatever nation, or class, or creed, or kindred. National holidays and neighborhood commemorations have their limits of theme and topic and purpose. Religious holidays are nothing if not tolerant, and do not fill the true significance unless they rise above mere toleration, and embrace in kindly thought all the children of the Father of all.

Upon these essential verities, spiritual and intellectual, hang, as tinsel and ornament, the innocent sensual enjoyments of the season, as the fringe adorned the official garments of the priest in the Hebrew Temple. The senses are the necessary ministers to the mind and heart, the body is the servant of the soul. And we are to take heed that the servant does not dominate the master. The family circle is to-day the center of satisfaction and the scene of the purest happiness in the hope of those who would keep holiday. May all to whom these words shall come heartily enjoy it, and realize that the sympathy which makes the whole world kin, causes all in a house to be of one happy mind.

The hurried mails, the loaded trains and the busy messengers have been over-taxed discharging their trust. The absent are brought near by kindly tokens; the needy are not forgotten, and there are reunions everywhere in spirit as well as in personal presence. The thought of the poet that the moon looks down on many brooks, but the same moon is reflected in them all, is pertinent in a higher sense to-day. In a higher and in a more poetical sense as well; for truth is the essence of poetry. Many are the nations, many the men, many the temperaments and conditions, but Christmas lightens the faces of them all, if they will but reflect from their own hearts the brightening beams of the Star of the Nativity.—Philadelphia Ledger.



Making Resolutions for the New Year.

—Before we greet our readers again, most of them will be bankrupt, while we, who have repudiated Christmas with all its hereditaments and appurtenances, will keep right on socking one thousand dollars a week, into bank and doubling our commission with the undertakers for whom we furnish custom.—N. Y. Dispatch.

