

VOL. XIV.

MASON, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1890.

NO. 51

WIDE AWAKE GROCERY.

We have the Most Complete Line of Groceries and Provisions

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES!

TRY OUR TEAS! They are the Best in the City

Respectfully, W. M. PRATT.

Hurrah for the Holidays!

Right now we are ready for business with an unusual line of

Christmas Gifts!

The New, the Novel, the Beautiful are included in our splendid line.

Books, Toys and Novelties, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc.

We offer a Great Variety of Presents for the Old and Young, and any price you desire to expend.

Our Elegant Holiday Stock is a Popular stock in all respects.

Selected to meet all requirements. We are glad to welcome visitors, pleased to show goods, and ready to make close prices to all buyers, at

KIMMEL'S BOOK STORE.

In the Post Office.

Ingham County Democrat.

Published every Thursday by W. L. CLARK & CO., MASON, MICHIGAN.

Year, \$1.50; Six months, 75 cents; Three months, 40 cents.

This paper can be found on file at Geo. F. Rowell & Co.'s Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St., New York).

Business Directory.

PHYSICIANS.

R. P. COMFORT, M.D., Physician and Surgeon, Mason, Mich. Office over Clancy Bros. shoe store, 463 1/2 P.

G. D. GREEN, M.D., Homoeopathist, Office in Polar block, residence, first door east from Church.

D. OCTOB A. B. CAMPBELL, Physician, Surgeon, Office over H. M. Williams' drug store, Mason.

S. H. CULVER, M.D., Physician and Surgeon, Office over Webb's Clothing Store, Mason, Mich.

ATTORNEYS.

E. S. AVERY, EDWIN N. BROWN, S. P. STROUD & CO., Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Office over Farmers' Bank, Mason.

GEO. M. HUNTINGTON, GEO. F. DAY, HUNTINGTON & DAY, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Office over First National Bank, Mason, Mich.

UNDERTAKING.

S. P. STROUD, Undertaker, first door west of the S. D. Denton's office, Mason, Mich. Two first-class hearses and better facilities than ever before. 511 P.

VETERINARY.

D. R. GEO. C. MOODY, Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist, Graduate Ontario Veterinary College. Treats all diseases of Horses and Cattle. Will attend calls day or night. Office and residence over Ford's Bazaar, Maple street, Mason, Mich.

AUCTIONEER.

JOHN HINDELBERGER, Auctioneer, Property sold at reasonable rates. Mason, Mich. 41-89

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

MARSHALL & CASTERLIN, Loan, Collection, Insurance and Real Estate Brokers, Office over Stroud & Co.'s Furniture Store, Mason, Mich.

JOHN DUNSBACK, Real Estate and Loan Agent, Main street, south of post office, Mason.

INSURANCE.

J. A. BARNES, Notary and Conveyancer, Loan, Insurance and Collection Agent, Office over Farmers' Bank, Mason, Mich. 27

FARMERS MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY of Ingham county. Safest, cheapest, best. For information write to O. F. Miller, secretary, Mason. R. J. Bullen, president, Mason.

FINANCIAL.

J. M. DRESSER, Office at Farmers' Bank, Mason, Mich., has money to loan. Business promptly attended to.

DENTISTS.

A. P. YANDUSEN, DENTIST, Office in Darrow block, Mason, Mich.

THIS PAPER is on file in Philadelphia at the Newspaper Advertising Agency of Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce St., New York.

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

Have you paid your taxes?

No. 1 salt 85c per bbl. at Hunt & Trim's.

Cash paid for game at Hunt & Trim's.

Diaries for 1890 at Kimmel's book store.

Hunt & Trim receive Oysters direct from Baltimore.

Girl wanted to do general housework. Inquire at Ball & Sherman's store. 1*

F. A. Fay has been appointed postmaster at Eden, vice J. Q. Tripp resigned.

The Perry Sun has ceased to radiate and now twinkles as the Locke Star.

Elegant assortment of handkerchiefs just received at Mills Dry Goods Co's.

The farmers' club will meet next Saturday afternoon. See notice upon eighth page.

The fire department was out last Monday evening and filled the reservoir on corner of C and Elm streets.

Business of importance at the meeting of Custer Council, R. A., Dec. 19.

J. K. Elmer now preambulates about the streets upon crutches, the result of a fall received last week.

Grand Lodge held a meeting last Monday evening and organized a saving and building association.

Think of it. A wool flannel dress only \$2.00 at Marcus Gregor's.

C. A. Bennett has received his insurance and is clearing out the debris of his recent fire preparatory to rebuilding.

"Smokette," a new nickel cigar, is being introduced here through the agencies of W. M. Pratt and Owen & Ferguson.

Fresh Baltimore Oysters, served by the dish, at Owen & Ferguson's.

Otis Fuller, an ex-newspaper man and general good fellow, has been re-elected a director of the St. Johns state bank.

The insurance companies refuse to adjust the losses of C. H. Hall and Philip Taylor for their losses in the recent Bennett fire.

Big bargains in woolen hosiery to be found at Marcus Gregor's.

To Col. Sanford of the State Democrat: Publish the story "A Reward of Merit" next week, then it will be "three times and out."

Al. Manssaw, the crack ball player of Lansing, has joined the Indianapolis team. He played with Burlington, Iowa, last season.

Full yard wide wool dress flannels only 25 cents, at Marcus Gregor's.

Sheriff C. E. Paddock drew a solitary diamond ring, which he says is worth \$10, in the New England Tea Company's sales recently.

C. E. Norris will sell all of his household furniture at public auction upon the court house square next Saturday afternoon at one o'clock.

F. M. Vandereock of St. Louis, formerly of this city, has been elected vice-chancellor of the St. Louis lodge, Knights of Pythias for the ensuing year.

Buy your holiday goods at S. P. Stroud & Co's.

The Agricultural College is soon to have two three-inch cannons, they have been ordered transferred from the Rock Island arsenal to the college armory.

You can find the best 25 cent all wool seamless hose at Marcus Gregor's.

Mrs. Amelia Bruce, president-elect of the W. R. C., refuses to serve and the ladies are in a quandary. They have written to those high in authority for instructions.

All persons indebted to me by note or book account must positively settle before Jan. 1st, 1890, or their accounts will be placed for collection. C. F. BROWN, #2

On Friday last the officers of Custer Council No. 629 Royal Arcanum delivered to the heirs of the late A. W. Mehan \$3,000, the amount of his insurance in the above order.

Last Thursday Daniel B. L. Thorne lost a small clasp purse containing two ten dollar bills. He requests the finder to return it to him as he is very much in need of the money.

Largest and finest line of carpet sweepers. Just the thing for a Christmas present. DuBois & Earle.

Fannie, wife of Capt. A. E. Cowles of Lansing, died last Monday evening. The immediate cause of death being heart trouble. She leaves besides her husband, Miss Grace, a 19 year old daughter.

The receipts at the "lemon squeeze" last Friday night were \$9.05. The Mason city band furnished music for the young ladies. F. A. Jennings received first prize, a glass water set; and Daniel Morey last prize, a lemon squeezer.

We say that with our complete line of Garland and Round Oak stoves, we have the finest line of stoves ever placed on exhibition in the city. DuBois & Earle.

At the special session of the circuit court held at Lansing last Monday, Judge Peck modified the alimony in the divorce proceedings of Elmer Hulse against Jane Hulse, by reducing the amount from \$2 to \$1 per week from Nov. 20.

J. D. Phelps has shown us specimens of Clark's No. 1 potatoes, which were raised upon his northern farm and were nice looking "Murphies." Tim. does not brag much on size but does upon quality. He raised one weighing eighteen ounces.

Don't fail to see our 25c line of pocket knives. Also our 25c line of scissors and shears. DuBois & Earle.

Kimmel's Book Store

Will be open until ten o'clock every evening until Xmas.

The DEMOCRAT has a good sample of the efficacy of the republican postal system.

A letter directed to it, plain enough so that a blind man could almost read the direction, came back marked "Opened by mistake by Democrat, Warsaw, Ind."

Mason lodge No. 10, K. O. T. M., elected officers for the ensuing year as follows:

R. C. C. F. Brown; C. L. J. Ford; L. C. C. DeBolt; R. K. J. N. Thorne; T. K. C. M. Rhodes; Prelate, John Hinkelberger; Physician, A. D. Campbell; Sergeant, E. Bolser; M. A. A. Herzog; 1st M. G., Geo. Witter; 2d M. G., Geo. W. Collins; Sentinel, A. D. Hoyt; Picket, H. L. Brown.

All parties indebted to Brown Bros., are requested to call and settle by cash or note before Jan. 1st, as we must have money to meet our obligations.

Mrs. Alice T. Walker, better known in this city as Allie Teel, died at her home in North Lansing last Saturday morning, being ill since Oct. 2. She leaves a husband and a two-months old child. Her funeral was held the following Monday at 1:30 o'clock.

We have numerous subscribers who are badly in arrears for this paper, if we do not hear from them between now and Jan. 1st, 1890, their names will be dropped from our list and their accounts placed for collection. We do not desire to do this, but self preservation is the first law.

D. Pratt, the car jeweler, contemplating leaving the city, desires all having work in his car to call and get the same. He will also sell his stock of clocks, watches and jewelry at cost. Call and see him. He will leave the first of January.

The board of education of the city of Lansing had to borrow money from the contingent fund of that city to pay their teachers' salaries. The common council loaned them \$2,500 to avoid paying the banks interest. It is a good thing sometimes to have a friend at court.

Clarence Davis of Lansing, has leased John W. Ferguson's store, next door north of postoffice, and will take possession Jan. 1, 1890. He will run a restaurant and keep confectionary and bakers' goods, which will be shipped from his father's bakery at Lansing fresh every morning, by the stub train.

Call and see the immense line of new handkerchiefs, for Christmas presents at M. Gregor's.

At the residence of Geo. C. Moody, on Maple street, last Thursday evening occurred the marriage of Dr. C. F. Cooke of Detroit, and Miss Ada A. Backham of Leslie. Rev. Geo. H. Lockhart tying the knot. Miss Backham is a sister of Mrs. Moody. A number of friends from Leslie and this city were present. The couple were the recipients of a large number of presents.

Grange No. 241 of White Oak, held its annual election last Saturday evening, December 7, at the hall and the following officers were elected:

Master, Geo. H. Proctor; Overseer, Philo Phelps; Lecturer, Delbert Grimes; Steward, Thomas Patrick; A. S. Elmer; Kimball Treasurer; S. N. Scoville; Sec'y, Grant Carter; Gate Keeper, Wm. Post; Chap., Sarah Phelps; L. A. S. Mrs. E. Kimball; Pomona, Miss Anna Patrick; Flora, Miss Anna Scoville; Cores, Mrs. Ella Gillam.

Don't fail to see our 25c line of pocket knives. Also our 25c line of scissors and shears. DuBois & Earle.

Santa Claus buys all of his holiday can dies, fruits and nuts where he can get them the cheapest. A large stock on hand. Remember, 3 pounds mixed candy for 25c; mixed nuts, 15c to 20c; oranges 15c to 40c a dozen; large stock of bananas.

J. CARAMELLA, #2 Next door to Huntington's shoe store.

Warren Francis has just finished a successful summer's work for David D. Hurlburt of Ingham, having worked eight months, not missing the chores but once, staying at his place of work every night, and drawing only \$8 before his time expired. Warren does not swear, use tobacco or patronize saloons, and will not taste hard cider. All in all he is a model young man.

Everything in the hardware line on hand. A new stock of seasonal goods received. Just what you need for the holidays, and at Cut Prices to be found at the Cash Hardware Store of JOHN H. SAYERS.

The M. E. Sunday school will have no exercises Christmas, but upon New Year's there will be a sleigh ride (if there is enough snow, or a boat ride if this present weather continues) after which a dinner will be served at the church. In the evening an entertainment will be given for the purpose of raising funds to build a new sidewalk in front of the church.

This office is annoyed a good deal by the officers of church and other societies bringing their notices in late. These notices are published gratuitously and we are glad to use them when brought in early. For our convenience we make the following rule, which is imperative, all such notices to be published without charge must be in before Wednesday noon, all coming in later will be charged for at regular advertising rates.

Don't fail to attend the great slaughter sale of boots and shoes. They must be closed out immediately. CLANCY BROS. #2 Successors to C. G. Huntington.

Mr. Crandall of the Agricultural College faculty, has accepted a professorship in the botanical department of the Colorado Agricultural College. Prof. Shelton of Kansas, a graduate from the M. A. C. during Dr. Miles' administration, sails from San Francisco for Australia early in January. He has been tendered and accepted the high position of adviser to the Australian government in agricultural and educational matters.—Lansing Journal.

Don't think for a moment that you can buy hardware any cheaper than we will sell. We will meet anybody's prices and in many instances can sell cheaper, as we buy for cash and discount every bill. Do not be led astray, but come and see us. DuBois & Earle.

Next Wednesday is Christmas.

Don't fail to look over the holiday goods at Ford's Bazaar.

Justice Hammond reports everything quiet in his court.

One hundred styles of diaries for 1890; at Kimmel's book store.

See Geo. H. Paddock's shoe notice in our business local column.

School closes to-morrow for a two weeks' vacation during the holidays.

You never saw such a variety of nice books and so cheap at Ford's Bazaar.

Charles Taylor—vag.—Dec. 16—Justice Rice—10 days in jail or leave city—he got.

Alfred Shults, a totally blind veteran, went to the soldiers' home at Grand Rapids last Monday.

Last Friday a uniformed division of the Knights of Pythias, with 37 swords, was instituted at Ithaca.

Ex-Prosecuting Attorney C.F. Hammond is one of the directors in the North Lansing Building and Loan Association.

Remember every \$2 purchase entitles you to one ticket in our annual drawing. E. COLVER.

We keep the largest and most complete stock of hardware in the city, and will not be undersold by anyone. DuBois & Earle.

DuBois & Earle are making everybody a Christmas present in the form of sheet music, either vocal or instrumental. Ask for them.

M. A. Randall, having fixed the rooms over his livery stable into a neat and commodious residence, is now engaged in wrestling with the stove pipe and carpets.

Fred Mills ran his bicycle into some piping in front of Beecher's hardware store last Tuesday evening and took a header into the gutter. He was not much injured.

The bargains in lamps will surprise you at Ford's Bazaar.

Mrs. James Nusbaum of Maysville, Ind., a daughter of David Sanders, died last Monday morning. Mr. Sanders, wife and two daughters attended the funeral which occurred yesterday.

Meetings at the Baptist church by the young men's league are being continued. Xmas eve, a special gospel service for the young will be held. A program of recitations and singing will be carried out.

We say that with our complete line of Garland and Round Oak stoves, we have the finest line of stoves ever placed on exhibition in the city. DuBois & Earle.

Will Barton fell from a stairway in J. P. Horton's new block, last Sunday evening, a distance of about 12 feet, and received a severe scalp wound. Dr. Root is attending him, and says he will be around all right in a few days.

After listening to the arguments pro and con for a change of venue in the Sanford-Rowley libel cases, Judge Peck, last Tuesday afternoon, granted the application for a change. The decision will undoubtedly be appealed.

The only place to buy a Garland stove is at DuBois & Earle's. Every one is warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

The K. of H. warrant for \$2,000, payable to the heirs of the late A. W. Mehan, was received last week. The insurance will be paid as soon as the receipt can be forwarded to St. Louis. Mo., signed by the proper officials and returned.

Justice Parkhurst disposed of three vagrant cases in his court since our last issue. John Murphy received five days in the calaboose; John Wilson 10 days in jail; John Pratt five days in goal. Pat Hickey, drunk and disorderly, was fined \$3, which he paid.

All notes due and accounts of six months' standing must be settled before Jan. 1, '90. DuBois & Earle.

George H. Day, at one time an efficient clerk at the Hotel Donnelly, who for some time past has been manager of the Exchange Hotel at Mt. Pleasant, last Thursday succeeded to the position as landlord. The Democrat of that village speaks well of him and wishes him success.

Mills Dry Goods Co.'s ad. in this issue is worthy your attention. They speak a good word for newspapers, which will be appreciated by members of the fraternity. In their store you will find a regular line of dry goods, besides many things which will make useful and attractive holiday gifts.

Michael Rathbun of Leslie, claims to have drawn over \$900 in money from a bank in this city last Tuesday, and going to the Gate House in Lansing having the same extracted from his overcoat. At least this is what he claims to an anxious creditor from Leslie who followed him to that city.

Last Friday Earnest Converse, of whom mention was made last week, pleaded guilty to the charge and was fined \$50 or 90 days in the Detroit house of correction by Justice Rice. The fine was paid by George Kirby, his step-father, who secured himself by taking a chattel mortgage upon some young horses, road cart and other personal property.

You are invited to the every day immense sales at the Cash Hardware Store. The Pioneer System has vanished and a new style of business inaugurated. It pays the best and will give you better satisfaction. We keep a full line of general hardware and offer you the advantage of our new system. Call in at the Cash Hardware store. J. H. SAYERS.

Business Locals.

Will Close Out My Stock Of Beaver Hats at \$2.50 each. MARY HARRINGTON.

A Bargain in Soap at HUNT & TRIM'S.

For a Big Bargain in Fine Table Syrup go to

HUNT & TRIM.

Geo. H. Paddock.

Has his shoe shop on Ash street completed, and is now ready to do all kinds repairing.

Ingham County People

Are always welcome at the Clark House when in Mason. Best \$1.00 per day house in the city. Excellent feed barn attached.

WM. H. CLARK & SON, Prop.

A Beautiful Line

Of new shades in Arsenae and Chinelle. Call and see them. MISS HARRINGTON.

Singer Sewing Machines

For sale cheap, on easy terms. Machines repaired and attachments furnished.

JAY MOORE, Agent.

Office at J. N. Smith's, Mason. 50th

A choice lot of Carving Knives and Forks for Christmas. at BEECHER'S.

A Christmas Present—"Burnt Out"

A beautifully illustrated poem by Rev. Edward B. Moody. For sale at Longyear Bros.' Star Drug Store. A few copies at the reduced price of 35 cents. 50w2p

Are you looking for a fine Coaster for the little ones? Beecher has them. 1w

1890.

Settle up for the New Year. All notes and accounts due must be paid by Jan. 1, 1890.

L. C. WEBB, The Clothier.

Hand Sleds.

We have the finest made hand sled in the market, do not buy until you see them.

S. P. STROUD & CO.

\$10,000 Auction Sale.

J. C. Kimmel's entire stock of Clothing and Notions, for sale at your own price. 50w3 JOHN HINDELBERGER, Auctioneer.

Rope Silk 45c Per Dozen.

Waste embroidery silk 35c per ounce, at Miss Harrington's.

White Oak Taxpayers.

I will be at Millville, Dec. 19 and 26; at Wilson's store, Dec. 21; at the residence of Oscar Johnson, Dec. 23; at Town Hall, Dec. 30; and at home every Friday to receive taxes. T. McCARTY.

50w2 Treasurer.

Aurelius Taxpayers.

I will be at the store of Powers & Waggoner, Aurelius Center, Dec. 16 and 30; at the store in North Aurelius Dec. 12 and 26, and at home every Friday.

49w3p HENRY SPAULDING Treasurer.

For the Celebrated Seaside Oysters go to HUNT & TRIM.

Bargains in Millinery.

Everything at cost during the next Ten days. I want nothing left.

MISS MARY HARRINGTON.

I have a good swell-body Cutter that I wish to exchange for wood. A. B. ROSE.

All notes and accounts due must be paid by January 1, 1890, as I must have the money. L. C. WEBB, The Clothier.

Ladies' and gents' solid gold and gold filled watches of best make and material at wholesale prices. Every one guaranteed. E. COLVER.

All merchants have to pay cash for their goods, or shut up shop. So do not be caught by that cry, but take a look around and see where you can buy the cheapest. 1w S. H. BEECHER.

Domestic Sewing Machines

For sale. Also machines repaired. S. P. STROUD & CO.

House and Lot for Exchange

For a 40-acre farm within a few miles of Mason. If H. J. DONNELLY.

I carry the Champion, Atkins and Symons Cross-cut Saws, and warrant them in every particular. 1w BEECHER.

Jackson Stone Drain Tile

And Sewer Pipe of all sizes on hand and for sale by J. W. CHARIN, Eden, Mich.

For Sale or Exchange.

Improved farms and city property. MARSHALL & CASTERLIN.

Money to Loan

THE WIDE WORLD.

A Catalogue of the Week's Important Occurrences Concisely Summarized.

Intelligence by Electric Wire from Every Quarter of the Civilized World.

THE VERY LATEST BY TELEGRAM.

Johnstown's Latest Alarm. A special from Johnstown, dated the 15th inst., says: The heavy rains of the last twenty-four hours raised the river to an alarming height. At 3:45 the bridge across the Conemaugh at Woodvale was washed away.

Battled with Robbers. Amory (Miss.) special: A desperate encounter took place here, in which Detective Jackson, of the Southern Express Company, and three assistants captured a couple of Rube Burrows' gang.

The Son at the White House. In regard to the effect that Mrs. Harrison's bereavement will have upon the official courtesies at the White House, it may be said that the usual program for the winter will be very little changed.

Portugal Getting Herself Disturbed. London special: The conduct of Portugal is practically a *casus belli*. While negotiations were proceeding concerning the territory in dispute in East Africa she stuck to herself in a singularly treacherous manner.

Congressman Brown's Failing Health. Representative Thomas M. Brown, of the Sixth Indiana district, after serving in seven Congresses with distinction, is in failing health.

Four Men Killed by a Train. The Pennsylvania Railroad Congressional Limited Express, from New York for Washington, while passing Benning's Station, four miles north of Washington, ran into a wagon containing five men, instantly killing four and badly wounding the fifth.

Not Guilty of Prize Fighting. The jury in the Kilrain case at Purvis, Miss., has returned a verdict not guilty of prize-fighting, but guilty of assault and battery, and Kilrain was sentenced to pay a fine of \$200 and imprisoned in the county jail two months.

Two Robbers Lynched by Farmers. Half a dozen farmers who were returning to their homes from Dallas, Tex., after selling their cotton was robbed by highwaymen on the road near White Rock.

Girl Burglars Sentenced. Hattie Sang and Minnie Snyder, aged 16 years, were sentenced at Wooster, O., to two years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

Emu Pasha Improving. Berlin special: Dr. Parke telegraphed that Emin Pasha improves slowly, [that] the bad symptoms are disappearing, though the cough is still severe, and that he can now move his limbs more freely and with less pain.

A Cave-In. A cave-in occurred at Bundy's coal mine near Butler, Pa., killing an unknown miner and fatally injuring Frank Hanf, also a miner.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

EASTERN OCCURRENCES.

BUTLER, Pa., was shaken from center to circumference a few mornings ago by a nitro-glycerine explosion at the Butler Torpedo Company's magazine, two miles south of town. The explosion occurred when cans were being put into the wagon at the factory.

A NEW YORK dispatch says: At a meeting of the Brotherhood base-ball clubs the following officers were elected: Cornelius Van Cott, postmaster, of this city, President; E. B. Talcott, Vice President; F. B. Robinson, Secretary and Treasurer; and Cornelius Van Cott, E. A. McAlpine, William E. Ewing, E. B. Talcott, F. B. Robinson; and Timothy J. Keefer, directors.

H. W. MALL, of New York, has been elected President, and Leland Stanford, of California, First Vice President of the National Association of Trotting Horse Breeders.

AT NEW YORK Mrs. Helen R. Salsus has brought suit for absolute divorce from her husband, Edgar E. Salsus, the novelist. Infidelity is charged.

THE Rev. J. R. Kendrick, formerly President of Vassar College, was found dead in bed the other morning in his home at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

THE report that Gen. Daniel Sickles' daughter had eloped at Whitehall, N. Y., with a bartender named Thomas Denham turns out to be a mistake.

AT A meeting of the Sabbath Union at New York a resolution was adopted commending the National Base-Ball League for omitting Sunday games.

MR. E. N. DRICKSON, the great patent lawyer, and lately the leading counsel for the Bell Telephone Company, has died at his residence in New York.

THE Rev. Elmanth Elisla Higbee, D. D., L. L. D., the State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Pennsylvania, died at the residence of his son-in-law, Prof. G. W. Wall, Lancaster, Pa., March 27, 1830, and leaves a widow, one son, and three daughters.

WARREN LELAND, JR., the well-known hotel proprietor of Long Branch, N. J., has made an assignment of all his property, including the Ocean Hotel, Ocean Theater, Ocean Club House, and his private residence on Chelsea avenue, to Joseph McDermott, of Freehold, N. J., for the benefit of creditors.

THE funeral of the late Oliver Johnson, the famous abolitionist and journalist, took place at the Church of the Messiah in New York. The services were remarkable for their simplicity.

ON petition of the Central Trust Company of New York, Edward Parrott is to be appointed receiver for the Cameron Iron and Coal Company of Pennsylvania, the concern having defaulted interest on its \$1,000,000 mortgage.

WESTERN HAPPENINGS.

AN Abilene (Kas.) dispatch says: The First National Bank, supposed to be the strongest in the city, closed its doors. The bank had been doing a good business up to Oct. 28, when the failure of the Abilene Bank caused creditors to grow uneasy.

A ST. LOUIS, Mo., dispatch says: The Burlington route is making a desperate effort to get into the city, and the Terminal Company is equally determined that if the tracks are laid they must not infringe on its prior rights.

THE great Sisseton Reservation in South Dakota, containing nearly 1,000,000 acres of land, is to be thrown open to settlement. The Indians in special council, amid much excitement, voted 147 to 111 to sell their lands at \$5 per acre.

THE Kansas Railroad Commissioners are receiving scores of complaints almost every day from grain shippers who are unable to obtain freight cars.

HOG CHOLERA is proving in several districts in Kansas. In Greenwood County alone the last week thousands of hogs have died from the scourge.

AT Conneaut, Ohio, the Herald office and the Conneaut River Paper Company's building have been destroyed by fire. Loss, \$40,000; insurance, \$15,000.

patrolling the border, searching incoming steamers, only a few smugglers have been captured, and they were generally stool-pigeons for the leaders of the gang. Now the most important capture of the kind ever made on the coast has been effected here.

AN accident occurred on the Wabash Railway near the town of Graham, fourteen miles west of St. Louis, in which thirteen men were killed and four badly injured. The dead are: Charles Deffenbaugh, conductor, Sandusky, Ohio; James Esterbrook, brakeman, St. Charles, Mo.; Ed Kennedy, engineer, Ferguson, Mo.

AN Auburn (Cal.) dispatch says: The Forest Hill stage was stopped by a masked highwayman near here. He opened the express box, but found no coin. Then he opened the mail bags. It is not known how much he secured.

SPURIOUS Mexican bonds, aggregating a large amount, are said to have been floated in Missouri and Kansas, more especially in the latter State. It is also stated that many banks have been caught, and that one concern at Kansas City holds a bundle of the fraudulent securities as collateral.

STATE'S ATTORNEY LONGENECKER made the closing address to the jury in the Cronin case. Judge McConnell delivered his address, and they retired to make up their verdict.

THE condition of Mrs. James E. Campbell, wife of the Governor-elect of Ohio, is much improved. It is thought that she is now out of danger.

SOUTHERN INCIDENTS.

A KOSCIUSKO (Miss.) special reports the robbery of the safe of J. W. Carter and J. D. Lee. The sum taken by the burglars was between \$22,000 and \$24,000. No clue.

A CHATTANOOGA dispatch says: Sixteen theological students of Grant University, of Athens, struck on account of a dispute administered by the chairman of the Faculty, Prof. McLean. The trustees made a change in the chairmanship and the students returned.

ALL the cut-nail manufacturers of the United States west of Pittsburg met at Wheeling, W. Va., and raised the selling price of nails from \$2.25 to \$2.35 on a 12-penny size, 2 per cent. off on car-load lots.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

A WASHINGTON dispatch of the 10th says: Mrs. Scott-Lord, the sister of Mrs. Harrison, is dead. Nobody outside of the family in the house where she was stopping was present when Mrs. Lord died.

THE Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has agreed to report favorably the nominations of J. R. G. Pitkin, Minister to the Argentine Republic; Thomas H. Anderson, Minister to Bolivia; Fred Douglass, Minister to Haiti; A. L. Snowden, Minister to Greece; Thomas H. Sherman, Consul at Liverpool; and a number of Consuls and Consuls-General.

POLITICAL PORRIDGE.

AT Boston, after one of the quietest elections ever held there, Mayor Hart was re-elected by a majority of 5,245 over Galvin, his Democratic opponent.

A HELENA (Mont.) dispatch says: A crisis in the Legislative deadlock is at hand. Under the Territorial laws still in effect the members of either branch of the Legislature are required to qualify within thirty days of the date fixed for the meeting of the body of which they are members.

THE President has sent the following nominations to the Senate: Cyrus J. Fry of South Dakota, to be Marshal of the United States for the District of South Dakota; also a large number of resignations among them the following: Joel B. Edwards of New York, to be Collector of Customs for the District of New York; David W. McCung of Ohio, to be Collector of Internal Revenue for the First District of Ohio; John D. Sloane of Minnesota, to be Supervising Inspector of Steam Vessels for the Fifth District.

ACROSS THE OCEAN.

AUTHENTIC information from Maranh, a city located 400 miles from Para, Brazil, shows that the place is in a repressed state of excitement. There was fighting between the Imperialists and Republicans after the dethronement of Dom Pedro, and on Nov. 18 the excitement grew so great that the military fired on the people, twenty of whom were killed.

THE attempt to create revolt was undoubtedly the work of the Imperialists and the Portuguese. Maranh is naturally inclined to royalism. It is the fourth city of the empire, and the capital of the rich and important province of the same name.

THE ex-Emperor of Brazil has received a telegram from Rio de Janeiro informing that all her jewels have been stolen, and that the police are investigating the case. The collection embraced the finest Brazilian diamonds in the world, and its loss will be a heavy blow to the imperial family, as they looked upon it as their chief immediate resource.

THE steamship Alena has arrived at New York from Haytian ports. The commander reports that there were no decided evidences of a second outbreak among the people. There was, however, an ill-concealed feeling of dissatisfaction with the rule of Hyppolyte manifested upon his visits to the northern ports.

There is a general printers' strike throughout Germany and Switzerland. Three journals in Berne have failed to appear. HENRY SARGE, the champion single sculler, has died at Adelaide, Australia, of typhoid fever. THERE is a great snowstorm through all Central Germany. All the Thuringian railways, as well as all those in the Rhine provinces, are so obstructed that travel is for the time at an end.

AT London, England, two men named Turner and Clark have been arrested on the charge of forging and uttering Chilean and Alabama bonds. The arrests were made in connection with the theft of £22,000 from Baring Bros. & Co. in 1885. The prisoners were arraigned before a police magistrate and remanded.

THE present session of the New South Wales Parliament was called especially to provide for the Government service, and the elaboration of the budget has been the main point of interest. An important minority is not satisfied with the Government's financial scheme, and desired to associate its objection to the budget with a definite vote of censure.

A LONDON cable says: Edward Bradley, more commonly known as Outthorpe Bede, is dead. He was a contributor to nearly all the English periodicals. DESPITE the amnesty declared in Crete, twenty Christians were recently brought before the authorities there in chains and beaten with canes.

ACCORDING to a Zanzibar cable Emin Pasha had a restless night, disturbed by frequent and severe procyms of coughing. He is unable to swallow solid food. His bruises continue severely painful. Otherwise his condition is unchanged.

INFORMATION is received at Berlin that an artillery officer and a sailor have been arrested in St. Petersburg for complicity with an attempt on the life of the Czar.

An explosion occurred in a colliery pit at Belmez, Spain. The number of killed and injured is unknown, but two dead bodies and fifteen wounded men have already been brought to the pit mouth.

FRESH AND NEWSY.

CAPT. BINGHAM, who has for four years been Secretary of the Missouri River Commission, has been ordered to proceed to Berlin, where he will act as military attaché to the United States Legation.

THE 82d birthday of the poet Whitman is near, and he has published a request that he be permitted to pass it, quietly, as his health is so delicate that he could not respond.

THE output of flour at Minneapolis last week was 140,000 barrels, against 137,500 barrels the preceding week. The market is dull and prices are not satisfactory.

LAWRENCE BARRETT has, it is said, canceled some, if not all, of his dates for the remainder of the season, owing to the affliction of his neck which has troubled him of late. He is suffering from gonorrhea, and has gone to Boston to consult with a specialist.

TWO LITTLE boys, sons of Joseph Malotte, and a son of E. D. Mitchell, of Port Hope, Ont., broke through the ice while skating and were drowned.

MARKET REPORTS.

Table with columns for CATTLE, HOGS, SHEEP, WHEAT, OATS, and other commodities, listing prices in Chicago, St. Louis, and other locations.

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MICHIGAN HAPPENINGS.

EVENTS AND INCIDENTS THAT HAVE LATELY OCCURRED.

An Interesting Summary of the More Important Doings of Our Neighbors—Wardings and Deaths—Crimes, Casualties, and General News Notes.

The following Michigan positions have been granted: Original Inland—Francis M. West, Atties; John Jones, Eaton Rapids; Almon W. Eck, Wolverine; Dolos Huelclins, Sonoma; Peter Follows, Lake Odessa; Edward L. Becker, Clare; Wm. H. Ogden, Goshawville; James Starbuck, Delta; Wm. Fone, East Saginaw; Sam Hinnun, White Rock; Black Cantarini, Detroit; Joe. Letz, Romulus; Wm. Lathrop, Hillsdale; Brian S. Marshall, Three Rivers.

Fire in the Finney House at Detroit destroyed the building. E. R. Johnson, a clerk, narrowly escaped with his life.

A man by the name of Fred Softon, a hunter, was found shot through the head in the woods near Cheboygan. His dog had also been shot dead and was found near the dead man. Whether he shot his dog and then committed suicide or was murdered is not known.

It is believed that the rail shipments of lumber from Saginaw the present year will approximate 375,000,000 feet, against 27,000,000 feet in 1888. This is a wonderful increase, and indicates the change in the method of hauling lumber. Nearly one-half of the product of the river is now handled by rail. The yard trade is active, although there is much complaint on account of the lack of cars.

A suit has been instituted in the Wayne Circuit Court for \$1,000,000 damages. The plaintiffs are Cofredo & Saylor, proprietors of the Philadelphia Bridge and Iron Works, and the defendants are Brown, Howard & Co., of New York City, railway contractors. The defendants entered into a contract for the construction of the Duluth, South Shore and Pacific Railroad, in the Northern Peninsula. The plaintiffs, Cofredo & Saylor, were sub-contractors for building the road, and the suit is brought to recover a balance which they claim to be due them from the New York contractors.

The Michigan monthly crop report for December shows the improvement in the condition of wheat to be general, amounting to 9 per cent. in the southern, 6 in the central, and 4 in the northern counties. The present condition, as compared with average years, is: In the southern counties 67, central 71, and northern 89 per cent. The number of bushels of wheat marketed in November was 833,950, an excess of 224,000 bushels over the same month of 1888. Total amount from August to Dec. 1, 5,298,920 bushels. The average yield of clover seed in the State for 1889 was 1.76 bushels per acre. The condition of stock is: Horses, 96; cattle, 92; sheep, 95; swine, 98 per cent. Hog cholera prevails to a limited extent in Berrien, Cass, St. Joseph, Van Buren, Kent, Ottawa and Calhoun counties.

The masons employed on the new \$10,000 Methodist Episcopal Church on Capitol Square, Lansing, have struck for back wages due them and all work is at a standstill, says a Lansing paper. The trouble is between the masons and plasterers and the sub-contractors, who agreed to do the masonry and plastering. They took the job at too low a figure and consequently owe the men several hundred dollars.

St. Clair County has 118 saloons, of which sixty-six are in Port Huron.

Gov. Luce has appointed E. O. Grosvenor, of Jonesville, ex-State Treasurer, as a member of the Managing Board of the Flint School for the Deaf and Dumb, in place of Congressman Charles E. Belknap, of Grand Rapids, resigned.

Gov. Luce has accepted the resignation of James Murtagh, of Detroit, member of the lower branch of the Legislature of 1889-90.

Judge T. M. Cooley, Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, has gone to Washington to resume his work on the commission. He has recovered his health partially, but is not as strong as he was before the recent attack.

It has taken the Government seventeen years to decide whether it would give Wm. Doty, of Kawkawlin, a pension or not. The men who handle the pension business down at Washington finally decided that he ought to have one, and ought to have had it years ago.

The Times says that a chewing gum agent undertook to distribute samples of his wares to the children of the Third Ward School in Port Huron. As the kids became exceedingly clamorous the agent got angry. That settled it. The youngsters went for him like a mob. He was pelted with snow balls, tripped to the ground, assailed on every side, and finally beat a masterly retreat into the school-house. The teacher turned him out of that place, and, throwing the rest of his stock among the children, to attract their attention for a moment, he fled, taking with him an opinion that a crowd of angry school children is a mob, and a mob is a beast.

Detroit Journal: There is to be a big ball at Lansing soon, and the question of swallow-tailed coats or no swallow-tails is agitating the minds of the young men. Lansing ceased wearing moccasins at balls and receptions some time ago, and the friends of the swallow-tail in the capital city have no fears that it will not eventually prevail.

M. D. Hamilton, for many years editor of the Monroe Commercial, has secured a place in the Government printing office at Washington.

During his California trip Gov. Luce accomplished the feat of making seven addresses in ten consecutive days. Notwithstanding this the Governor says that he never enjoyed a vacation so much in his life, and has returned home the picture of animation and good health.

Recently charges of misconduct in office were filed at the Governor's office against Theobald Dreiss, Judge of Probate of Ontonagon County. An official investigation was ordered, and Dreiss has sent his resignation to the Governor.

John O. Bechtel, of Bay City, was arrested on a charge of keeping a disorderly house, and gave \$500 bail to appear for trial. He didn't appear, and his bondsman, Peter Tierney, must ante up the sum nominating in the bond.

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THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

BY JEFFREY FORBUSH-MANFORD.

I gave him back his letters. The lock, his picture, and ring. You quarrel, and this is the ending. So I kept not a single thing. Oh yes, I did not keep the ring. You're mistaken, indeed, I don't care. It wasn't my fault that you quarrelled. I wouldn't have been such a bear.

THE JEWELLED HAIRPIN.

The Strange Tragedy of the Grand Hotel.

BY ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

CHAPTER I.

A TERRIFIED CHAMBERMAID.

I had just finished dressing, one Sunday morning, in my bedroom upon the first floor of the Grand Hotel, Bythosen, when I was startled by a loud scream in the passage. It was followed by another and another. I found on going to my door, that they proceeded from an frightened chambermaid, who was shrieking as she ran wildly down the corridor.

Sounds so unusual and so disturbing caused, not strangely, a great commotion of the rooms on the same floor came out, ladies with the rest, in various phases of dressing, some in complete deshabille. I could not help remarking to one girl in particular, a dark brunette, whom I had noticed for some time past and generally admired. Her pale, olive-tinted cheeks, suffused with a fine color, her large brown eyes wide open with terror, her magnificent raven hair hanging loose over a pale blue peignoir, which betrayed, rather than concealed, her tall but exquisitely modelled figure, presented a vision of such rare and ravishing beauty that for a moment I paused spell-bound.

But the noise and commotion now increased, and I pushed forward to learn its cause, just as a second female face, older, but with a strong family resemblance, appeared behind that already described, and I heard the words, "What is it, Clara? Tell me—quick!" as I passed on.

By this time the disturbance had become general. A crowd—visitors like myself, porters, waiters, other chambermaids surrounding the one who had been shrieking, and who seemed on the verge of hysterics, and all were asking her what it meant.

Her only answer was to point to the end of the corridor, and to utter hysterically at intervals, "No, 99, No, 99!"

Thither every one rushed in a body. The door of the bedroom, No. 99, stood open. We crowded in, and soon saw the cause of the chambermaid's screams.

The body of a man lay there motionless on the floor. He was on his back, in his clothes, and fully dressed, with feet heavily shaven, and great, staring, wide-open eyes.

"Is he dead?" asked someone, breathlessly. "Send for a doctor, quick!" cried another.

"I am a medical man," said a third, pushing forward through the crowd of bystanders. "Allow me."

The doctor placed his hand upon the heart, turned down an eyelid and looked into the face of the prostrate man.

"He is dead, quite dead, stone cold, in fact. Life must have been extinct for many hours."

"Who is he?" the same question rose to many lips.

"No, 99, the gentleman who had this room," answered one of the porters.

"But what is his name? Didn't you know anything about him?" I asked.

"No, sir; he only came in yesterday. They will know his name in the office, of course. But up here he's only No. 99."

I was too well acquainted with the modern hotel custom of sacrificing individuality to numerical convenience to press my inquiry, and already another bystander had carried the discussion a stage further by asking the doctor:

"What was the cause of death?" It was a question that had presented itself to most of us.

But the doctor did not answer. He was examining the corpse closely. There was blood upon the carpet, dabs of blood, clotted gore, that had oozed out from under the body on the left side.

"Strange," he muttered, "most strange. Death must have been very sudden, instantaneous in fact; and"—he paused—"I fear, violent."

"But there is money, loose gold and silver, lying near it. A thief would never have left the cash had robbery alone been the motive of the crime."

The manager again interposed. "Who is the poor gentleman?" he went on, addressing himself first to the porters and servants who stood near.

To them, as I had already ascertained, he was only "No. 99."

"One of you run to the pipe and whistle down to the bureau for his name," said the manager. "But perhaps some of you gentlemen know him?" now speaking to the whole room—a dozen of us at least.

There was a dead silence. We looked at each other blankly and interrogatively; but no one had, or would acknowledge, any acquaintance with the deceased.

Then the servant returned to say that the dead man was entered in the books as Joseph Cooch. He had arrived on the day previous alone; apparently he had no friends or belongings in the hotel.

The corpse was that of a stalwart, seemingly athletic man, in the prime of life, with a dark, very dark, handsome face. The clothes were of ordinary cut and appearance, but with something that suggested the confining man.

"His portmanteau—I see he had a small one—his papers, and his things generally, must be taken care of," I said. "Some one will, no doubt, turn up to claim them."

"Of course, of course," said the manager. "The police will see to that. A most unfortunate affair," he repeated, recurring to his first and chief trouble, "to have happened now, just on my very busiest time. I only trust it will not enrage the hotel."

He was paid a percentage on the business done, and was thus intimately concerned in the return of the season.

"No one will much like to remain," began one of the visitors.

"I don't say that, Mr. Sarsfield. You must not desert us at such a moment as this."

"I must remain on this floor. Our room is close here, and my wife will be terribly put out when she hears what has happened. Both she and her sister are inclined to be rather nervous, you know."

"I will change your room at once, Mr. Sarsfield, if you wish," said the manager eagerly.

"I think, perhaps, it would be just as well not to tell the ladies the whole truth; at least, not just as yet," said a new speaker, an intimate friend, as I know, of the Sarsfields. I had seen him continually with them.

"You are right, Fawcett, quite right," replied Mr. Sarsfield, gratefully; "they must not know."

I was looking at him as he spoke, and fancied I saw his face darken and grow somewhat somber. It was a face habitually grave, almost stern, with rather sad, pale eyes, preoccupied and thoughtful in expression. His thin lips were drawn down at the ends, and the lines on his forehead indicated that he must have known anxiety—great trouble, perhaps—in his time. A man already past the middle age, with his hair turning to silver, but still upright in carriage and of vigorous frame.

His friend whom he addressed as Fawcett was a man still in the prime of life, but looking probably much younger than his real age. He was slightly built and had a well-preserved figure, a good-looking face, with which time had dealt lightly, and the fair auburn hair that seldom turns gray until late in life. With his smiling lips and elaborately polite manner, he seemed anxious to please—no doubt especially, as with this idea, no ladies, pale and anxious attention to his personal appearance, from the perfectly fitting boots to the large points of his carefully waxed moustaches.

Upon me, I must confess, the impression he had made had been far from favorable. I did not like the look in his eyes, which, indeed, prejudiced me the more against him, besides they were of different colors—one hazel, the other violet-blue. I thought their expression false and the man altogether unpleasant. But then I was half jealous of the fellow. He was far too well established in the good graces of the young lady in the blue peignoir whom I have already mentioned, with the frank confession that I admired her, although I scarcely knew her.

It was of the young lady, Miss Clara Bertram, and her sister, Mrs. Sarsfield, that they were speaking.

"Perhaps I ought to go and reassure them," continued Mr. Sarsfield.

"Shall I go with you? As far as the door, I mean. I could escort them down stairs away from all this," suggested Captain Fawcett.

"No, no; I had better go alone. My wife might suspect something." And saying this Mr. Sarsfield pushed his way out.

I was near the entrance to No. 99 myself, and I saw that as he reached the passage he was barely in time to prevent the ladies from joining the rest of us in the death chamber.

They were at the door. One, Mrs. Sarsfield, dressed for the morning; a fine, handsome woman, with deep, dark eyes and a grand figure. The other, my beauty, still in her blue peignoir, but she had hastily twisted up the rich coils of her lustrous hair into a great loose knot, from which hung a black lace mantilla down to her shoulders.

"You here, Anna?" he cried, in a voice in which there was more of vexation than surprise, "and your sister? This is no place for you."

"We came to see for ourselves. There was so much excitement; the screams, the noise of the passage—" began Mrs. Sarsfield.

"What has happened?" interrupted her sister, with almost wild eagerness. Her magnificent eyes were still dilated, no doubt with nervous hysterical fear.

"A gentleman has been found dead in his room," said Mr. Sarsfield, with as much nonchalance as it was possible to employ in conveying the painful fact.

"Dead! In which room?" asked Clara, quickly.

"No. 99."

passage, while her husband followed, half leading, half supporting his nearly unconscious sister-in-law.

I returned to No. 99, where the manager was the center of a group of people, still busily and excitedly discussing the curious catastrophe.

"There is nothing to be afraid of," he was saying, in answer, no doubt, to alarms more or less openly expressed by others than the Sarsfields.

"You say that very coolly, yet we may all be murdered in our beds to-night. Like this poor fellow," protested one of the visitors.

"At any rate he was not in his bed," replied the manager. "You will observe he had not undressed. He had not even laid down on the bed. See, it is quite smooth and tidy. No one has touched it, far less slept in it."

"He must have been attacked directly he came upstairs," I said, following out a line of thought of my own. "Quite early in the night, I mean."

"How do you know that, Mr. Leslie?" asked the manager, turning on me rather brusquely. "There is nothing to indicate that such was the case."

"It is more than probable, nevertheless," interposed the doctor. "Death must have occurred nine or ten hours ago; of that I have never had the smallest doubt."

"That would take us back to 11 or 12 o'clock last night," said the manager, shortly; and with visible impatience he went on—"when numbers of people were still up and about. The idea of a murderer allying himself to such a time and without the slightest notice or warning, just on my very busiest time. I only trust it will not enrage the hotel."

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POLITICS AT A FEAST.

A TRIBUTE OF FRIENDS.

GREAT WORK COMPLETE.

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND ON BALLOT REFORM.

He Tells the Merchants of Boston that the Tariff Begets Frauds at the Ballot-Box, and Henry W. Grady Discusses the Negro Problem.

Three hundred and fifty million dollars is about the aggregate wealth of the men who sat around the table at the annual dinner of the Boston Merchants' Association, says a Boston dispatch. President James introduced ex-President Cleveland, who among other things said:

"When I see about me this gathering of business men and merchants, I find it impossible to think of the progress that our country has made in the progress of a people, which constitutes the character of every nation, and which gives to a country the privilege of recognized membership in the conference of nations. It is not the progress of a political organization that gives it the right to justice as stipulations of the compact all have entered into with each other as American citizens, but the progress of a people, which constitutes the character of every nation, and which gives to a country the privilege of recognized membership in the conference of nations. 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Last Monday morning at Van Wert, Ohio, occurred a brutal fight between a bull dog and a gorilla, both owned in Indiana, for a purse of \$5,000.

From a recent issue of the Ann Arbor Register, published by Kittredge, formerly editor of the News of this city, we clip the following:

The case of the Cronin conspirators was given to the jury last Friday afternoon. After deliberating until the following Monday afternoon at two o'clock, they rendered a verdict as follows:

Washington Letter.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 14, 1889.

Mr. Harrison and Mr. Morton are no longer on friendly terms. As much has been suspected for some time, but it was not until the trip to Chicago from which both of them returned Wednesday morning, that the suspicion became a certainty.

Senator Call has created a mild sort of a sensation by introducing a bill authorizing the president to open negotiation with Spain for the purchase of Cuba.

Poor Mrs. Harrison! Everybody is sorry for her. She has been worrying herself to death because she could not live in the white house as she did at Indianapolis, and now to add to the good little woman's trouble her sister, Mrs. Scott-Lord, has died.

No man ever spoke to an audience which more nearly represented the entire civilized world than was the one which gathered in the hall of the house of representatives, Wednesday afternoon, to hear Chief Justice Fuller deliver an address on the inauguration of Washington.

Speaker Reed has already proven that the republican managers knew what they were about when they slated him for speaker. Never before has any speaker announced any of the committees of the house until they were all completely made up, but so anxious are the republicans to out some of the democratic members and give their seats to the republican contestants, that precedent was set aside and five committees announced last Monday.

The citizens of Dakota are deeply interested in the matter of the admission of their territory into the union, but that they do not neglect their health is shown by the following letter from A. B. Robinson of Gladstone, Dakota.

A Lady's Perfect Companion.

Our new book by Dr. John H. Dye, one of New York's most skillful physicians, shows that pain is not necessary in childbirth, but results from causes easily understood and overcome.

Common Council Proceedings.

MASON, MICH., DEC. 16, 1889. Council met and was called to order by Mayor Murray.

REPORT OF COMMITTEES.

The finance committee reported back the following claims, recommending their allowance as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes D. Southwick 14 nights on street, Philip Nico delivering 3 tons of wood for fire, Robert Fellows' weeks house rent occupied by Mrs. Walle, J. A. Kelley 1/2 days on street and cleaning, G. Kelley 2 1/2 days on street, Wm. Siffert 2 days 1/2 hours on street and reservoir, Harry Taylor 1/2 days on reservoir, Philip Taylor 1/2 days on reservoir.

On motion the report was accepted and adopted as follows: Yeas, Ald. Everts, Millbury, Brown and Whitman.

On motion council adjourned two weeks. J. S. C. KIMMEL, JR., City Clerk.

School Report.

The following is the average standing of the pupils in the Swan school district No. 5, Ingham, except the first grade, for month ending Dec. 6, 1889:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Alva Bravender 88, Leonard Robinson 90, Leda Robinson 74, Maggie Schaeffer 87, Mauda Swan 85, Holy Swan 85, Harry Benson 85, Mrs. Rosenthal 88, Villa Davidson 86, Fred VanVoorst 88.

WALTER B. FROST, Teacher.

Fined for Violating Rules.

The board of appeals of the American Trotting Association, held at Chicago the fore part of this month, took action upon two cases which will be of interest to local horsemen as follows:

226-The American Trotting Association vs. F. E. Andrew, Williamston, Mich., by buying George Spencer. For entering and performing out of class at Fowlerville, Mich., 1889. The gelding George Spencer was entered in the 215 class at Fowlerville, Mich., on the grounds of the member at Fowlerville, Mich., and won second money in both classes. It was shown that the horse obtained a record of 2:32 at Angola, Ind., in 1888, and it is ordered that the \$25 retained in the 250 class, be redistributed under the rules; that the gelding George Spencer be required to refund the \$25, won in the 215 class, and be fined \$50, and is hereby suspended until said fine is paid and unlawful winnings returned to this association.

278-The American Trotting Association vs. Charles E. Ball, Mason, Mich., and bay horse Jubilee. For entering out of class at Fowlerville, Mich., 1889. Said Ball entered the bay horse Jubilee in the 230 class October 10, 1889, the horse obtaining a bar of 2:29 at Stockbridge, Mich., October 4, 1887, while the property of the Detroit Trotting Association. The American Trotting Association protested the horse starting in the 230 class, and after appearing upon the track and being awarded a position for the start the protest was presented, and said Ball refusing to make the required affidavit in answer thereto the horse was not permitted to start. Ordered, that Charles E. Ball, Mason, Mich., and the bay horse Jubilee, be and are hereby suspended from the tracks of all members of the American Trotting Association until a fine of \$100 be paid to said American Trotting Association.

Roll of Honor.

The following is the roll of honor in district No. 2, Alabedon, for the month ending Dec. 6th. Those marked with a star have been neither absent or tardy. The others not tardy.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Address. Includes Jessie Dean, Jennie Dean, Aggie Follows, Ella Lambert, Everett Elliot, Clara Moore, Silvia Dean, Minnie Sovereance, CORA PRICE, Teacher.

Advertiser List.

MASON, DEC. 16, 1889.

List of letters remaining uncalled for at the above named office:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Address. Includes Coop, M. D., C. F. Fuller, Mrs. Leora Hillway, Mr. Wm. Kaiser, Peter Spuener, Frank Wright, Mr. Charles M. Wright, H. O. OALL, P. M.

A Safe Investment.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of Throat, Lungs or Chest, such as Consumption, Inflammation of Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, etc., etc.

Favors From the West.

The citizens of Dakota are deeply interested in the matter of the admission of their territory into the union, but that they do not neglect their health is shown by the following letter from A. B. Robinson of Gladstone, Dakota. "I have just sold my last bottle of Van Wert's Cough Balsam. I want one gross more. I think it a fine thing, the best I know of in the proprietary line for coughs, throat and lung troubles. Trial size free. For sale by Longway Bros., Mason."

5/8 HORSE BLANKETS ARE THE STRONGEST. NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THE MALL LABEL. Awarded the highest medal at Centennial Exposition, 1876. Gives mild or strong current of electricity which stimulates and restores weak organs to health and vigor.

Great Slaughter Sale!

THREE DAYS ONLY.

Friday, Saturday, AND Monday, Dec. 20, 21, 23.

We are Overstocked on HORSE BLANKETS, ROBES, WHIPS, GLOVES AND MITTENS.

And in order to reduce this stock at once we will give you prices that will both astonish and please you. Those failing to take advantage of this reduction sale will have cause for regret, as you will not have another opportunity to buy this line of goods at from 25 to 75 per cent. below regular prices. Everybody invited.

C. F. BROWN, Mason.

SAY! I Want to Buy Something.

XMAS IS COMING!

Now, the best place to Buy what you want is at

Howard & Son's

Where you can find over 100 Lamps to select from.

PIANO LAMPS, VASE LAMPS, HANGING LAMPS, NIGHT LAMPS, Lamps of all kinds, from 20c to \$25.

Decorated Dinner Sets, Chamber Sets, all kinds, China Tea Sets, Japanese Rose Jars, Oriental Perfume Flowers, Bread and Milk Sets, Oat Meal Sets.

China Cups and Saucers, the most you have ever seen, from \$1.50 down.

The Celebrated Belgium Glass Tumblers. Water Sets, lots of them and very cheap; and last, a very large stock of Fancy Crockery, Lamps and Glassware to select Useful and Ornamental Presents from. Come early and take your choice while the stock is full.

Respectfully Yours, HOWARD & SON.

SAY! Where Can I Get the Choicest MEATS?

Why, at the People's Market.

NEW FIRM, FRESH STOCK, PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

J. C. GUNN, 56 W. Ash Street, Mason.

The Great English Prescription Cures Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Emissions, Impotency and all Diseases caused by self-abuse or in discretion. One package \$1, six \$5. (Specially) By mail. Write for Samples. Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich. For Sale by H. N. WILLIAMS.

Dr. Owen's Electric Belt. FOR MAN AND WOMAN. The only practical electric belt made. Cures Rheumatism, Bright Disease, Neuralgia, Headache, Lacerated Debility, Female Weakness, Torpid Digestion, Kidney Complaint, Spinal Exhaustion, General Debility, Stiff Joints, Impotency, Paralysis, Neuralgia, etc. Price \$2.50. Solely by H. N. WILLIAMS.

Electric Insoles. Awarded the highest medal at Centennial Exposition, 1876. Gives mild or strong current of electricity which stimulates and restores weak organs to health and vigor.

To the Traveling Public!

The Mail Route from

DANSVILLE TO MASON. Having been discontinued, the subscriber will hereafter run a vehicle over the road daily (Sunday and Fourth of July excepted) for the convenience of passengers, express and freight, at reasonable rates, leaving Dansville at eight o'clock a. m., and arriving at Mason at or before 10 a. m., and returning at such times as shall best promote the convenience of the public. GEO. P. GLYNN, Dansville, Mich., Oct. 17, 1888.

Palace Meat Market. HERMAN FRAZEL.

He always keeps the Very Choicest of All Kinds of FRESH MEATS, POULTRY AND GAME.

Cash for Hides and Pelts! Let Her Slide!

Here We are with A Hustler, A 35-Inch Clipper Coaster

With Each Pound Can of FOREST CITY BAKING POWDER.

Price 50 Cents. LET HER ROLL!

EXPRESS WAGON. With Each Pound Can of Forest City Baking Powder

Price 50 Cents, at WILCOX & CO'S.

Probate Order. ESTATE OF HARRIET STANTON, DECEASED. State of Michigan, county of Ingham, ss. Probate court for said county.

Probate Order. ESTATE OF DAVID WEBB, DECEASED. State of Michigan, county of Ingham, ss. Probate court for said county.

Commissioner's Notice. The undersigned, having been notified by the probate court of the county of Ingham, commissioner on the estate of Charles J. Jennings, to settle and adjust all claims against said estate, do hereby give notice that they will meet for that purpose at the house of J. J. Slaughter, in the township of Aurelius, on Friday, the 24th day of January, 1890, and the 10th day of June, 1890, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said days. Six months from the 10th day of December, 1889, is the time limited for the presentation of claims. J. W. FURMAN, O. M. ROBERTSON, Administrators.

Order of Publication. State of Michigan. The circuit court for the county of Ingham.

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Holiday Gifts! GIVEN AWAY!

With every purchase of \$2 or over for cash a ticket will be given.

On Feb. 1st we will Give the Following Prizes to our Customers:

- 1. One Life Size Portrait and Frame. 2. One Life Size Portrait and Frame. 3. One 11x14 Portrait and Frame. 4. One 8x10 Portrait and Frame. 5. One Fine Plush Album. 6. One 8x10 Frame for Cab. Photo. 7. One 8x10 Frame for Cab. Photo. 8. One 8x10 Frame for Cab. Photo. 9. One 8x10 Frame for Cab. Photo. 10. One Doz. Cabinet Photos. 11. One Doz. Cabinet Photos. 12. One Doz. Card Photos.

And 12 other prizes, consisting of card and Cabinet Frames.

Until Jan. 1, 1890, we will make Life Size Portraits for \$5.00, framed. C. W. VAN SLYKE.

Probate Order. ESTATE OF MAY COBURN, DECEASED. State of Michigan, county of Ingham, ss. At a session of the probate court for said county, held at the probate office, in the city of Mason, on the 3rd day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

Probate Order. ESTATE OF ANDREW W. MEEHAN, DECEASED. State of Michigan, county of Ingham, ss. At a session of the probate court for said county, held at the probate office, in the city of Mason, on the 15th day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

Probate Order. ESTATE OF LYDIA A. WORDEN, DECEASED. State of Michigan, county of Ingham, ss. At a session of the probate court for said county, held at the probate office, in the city of Mason, on the 15th day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

Order of Publication. State of Michigan. The circuit court for the county of Ingham.

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PENNYROYAL WAFERS. The remedy by a physician having 30 years' special and private experience in treating female diseases. Is used monthly by the million. Success over 10,000 ladies. Guaranteed safe, always effective. Write for particulars. H. N. WILLIAMS, Sole Agent, Detroit, Mich.

HOLIDAY BARGAINS.

Cloaks!

Our immense stock at Special Prices for the Holidays.

The Grandest Opportunity

Ever offered the people of Mason and vicinity to purchase Ladies', Misses' and Children's Garments at less than manufacturers' prices.

Fine Alaska Seal Plush [Genuine London Dye] Sacks, Jackets and 3/4 Length Coats at

\$10, \$12, \$15, \$18 and Up.

Ladies' Cloth Newmarkets and English Walking Jackets, well-made stylish garments,

\$4, \$5, \$6, \$8, \$10 and \$12.

Handsome Silks, Dress Goods, Broadcloths, Black and Colored Silk Warp Henriettes, China and Jap Silk Handkerchiefs, Fine Embroidered Handkerchiefs, Kid Gloves, Silk Mittens, all at

Special Prices,

For a Grand Holiday Rush.

100 Russia Leather Purses to be closed out at 25c.

Burnham & Co.,

LANSING, MICH.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"The Niagara Falls Route."

SOUTHWARD.			
Station	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Mason	8:20	10:24	5:49
Jackson	9:10	11:20	6:40
Chicago	8:10	6:40	A. M.
Detroit	11:50	9:10	10:45
St. Thomas	3:25	11:05	2:00
Niagara Falls	7:23	2:21	5:25
NORTHWARD.			
Station	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Mason	7:59	11:25	5:49
Lansing	8:25	12:00	6:09
Owosso	9:32	12:55	7:33
Bay City	1:25	Owosso	9:50
Mackinac	9:05	A. M.	6:30

Mason Markets.

GRAIN.	
WHEAT, Red, No. 2, per bushel	\$1.74
WHEAT, White, No. 1, per bushel	\$1.72
WHEAT, White, No. 2, per bushel	\$1.65
WHEAT, Rye-jetted	\$1.50
OATS, per bushel	\$1.20
COBBLIN, in the ear, per bushel	\$1.10
GLORY SEED, per bushel	\$1.25
TIMOTHY SEED, per bushel	\$1.75
CONDENSED AND PRESERVED.	
SALT, Soft, per barrel	\$1.00
BEANS, Unpicked, per bushel	\$1.40
POTATOES, per bushel	\$1.25
FLOUR, per 100 pounds	\$4.00
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, per 100 pounds	\$3.00
EGGS, Fresh, per dozen	\$1.20
BUTTER, per pound	\$1.10
LARD, per pound	\$1.00
APPLES, Dried, per pound	\$1.00
PEACHES, Dried, per pound	\$1.10
LIVE STOCK AND MEAT.	
CATTLE, per 100 pounds	\$2.00
BEEF, Dressed, per 100 pounds	\$3.00
PORK, Dressed, per 100 pounds	\$4.00
HAMS, per pound	\$1.00
SHOULDER, per pound	\$1.00
CHICKENS, Dressed, per pound	\$1.00
CHICKENS, Live, per pound	\$1.00
TURKEYS, Live, per pound	\$1.00
TURKEYS, Dressed, per pound	\$1.00
BUILDING MATERIAL.	
WATER LIME, per barrel	\$1.50
CALCINED PLASTER, per barrel	\$1.50
PLASTERING HAIR, per bushel	\$1.50
SHINGLES, per thousand	\$3.00
LIME, Good, per barrel	\$1.50
LATH, per M. feet	\$1.00

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

Baptism at the Baptist church next Sunday evening.

Rev. Geo. H. Lockhart will preach at the Alameda Central school house next Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

Services will be held by Wm. E. Leverett next Sunday, Dec. 22, at the Cook school house, in Canaan.

The Y. M. C. L. of Mason, conducted by A. J. Hall, will hold services at the DuBois school house next Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

Attorneys are "noticing" cases for trial and getting ready for the January term of the circuit court in this city, which begins on the 6th.

Ich mango, and scratches on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by H. M. Williams, Druggist, Mason. 47m6

We have taken the agency and are now selling the genuine Round Oak stoves, made at Dowagiac, and are selling them cheaper than ever offered in the city.

Dr. Armstrong, a nephew of Mrs. J. E. Coy, of Ogden, Utah, visited here last Saturday. The doctor is acquainted with Judge and Mrs. H. P. Henderson and made a call upon their father, P. Henderson.

Your Folks and Our Folks.

Mrs. H. O. Call is visiting at Lansing. Capt. Geo. A. Minar returned last Monday evening.

Postmaster H. O. Call was in Lansing last Monday.

Ex-Postmaster H. D. Pugh of Lansing, was in this city last Friday.

State Senator John Holbrook of Lansing, was in this city last Monday.

Mrs. G. M. Huntington has been quite sick with tonsillitis the past week.

Prof. David Howell of Lansing, attended the teachers' association last Saturday.

Chas. Hall of St. Joseph, arrived in town last Thursday and remained until Saturday.

Ex-Representative S. H. Preston of Lansing township, attended the annual meeting of the Farmers' Mutual last Monday.

Uncle Ed. Stanton has so far recovered from his long attack of rheumatism as to be able to walk without the aid of crutches.

Mrs. A. V. Peek, Mrs. G. G. Mead and Mrs. Jesse Beech went to Lansing Monday to attend the funeral of Mrs. W. J. Walker.

Frank G. Sayers and John C. Kummell, Jr., of Mason, were among the arrivals at the Hotel Cadillac, Detroit, the latter part of last week.

D. W. Robinson of Leslie township, an old schoolmate of our father, made us a pleasant visit last Thursday and subscribed for the DEMOCRAT.

J. J. Teal and son Will and daughter Ianthie, were called to Lansing, Monday to attend Mrs. W. J. Walker's funeral. Mrs. W. will be remembered as Miss Allie Teal.

C. E. Eaton, who has been in poor health since the death of his wife, went to Harper hospital, Detroit, for treatment last Monday. He expects to remain there about two months.

C. E. Sayre of Alameda township, a former contributor to the DEMOCRAT, who during the past season has been a bold sailor boy upon the great lakes, has returned home.

Dr. Armstrong, a nephew of Mrs. J. E. Coy, of Ogden, Utah, visited here last Saturday. The doctor is acquainted with Judge and Mrs. H. P. Henderson and made a call upon their father, P. Henderson.

The DEMOCRAT acknowledges calls from Hon. Wm. M. Stephens, W. C. Nichols and John Farmer of Stockbridge, Sam'l Skadan of Danville, Caleb Thompson of Delhi, Frank Hoes, keeper of the poor farm, J. W. Freeman of Aurelius, and Jacob Steffer of Wheatfield, while attending the annual meeting of the Farmers' Mutual Monday.

The instructors of our public schools will undoubtedly spend the holidays as follows: Supt. Gulley in town, Miss Knappen at her home in Albion, Miss Green returns to Lansing, Miss Stone spends Xmas with her sister at Mt. Pleasant, the balance between this city and her home in Onondaga, Miss Paddock visits her mother at Jackson, Mrs. Butler with her mother at Fitchburg, Miss Lyon remains in town, Miss Snow goes to Chelsea, Miss Sherwood remains in town, Miss Call goes to her home in Aurelius, and James Lyon stays at home.

Between 30 and 40 of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Norris gave them a happy surprise at the residence of B. Wright, on Barnes street, last Tuesday evening, before their contemplated departure for Washington. A number of presents were bestowed upon them and a pleasant time was had, all extending to Mr. and Mrs. Norris the best of wishes and success in the new home of their selection.

John A. Bullen made complaint against Ira Nelson, both of Eden, in Justice Rice's court for assault. The hearing was set for last Saturday, at which time the complaint was withdrawn and a new warrant issued against Nelson for making threats. Witnesses were subpoenaed, jury was impaneled ready for trial, when the case, by mutual consent, was adjourned for one month. This will undoubtedly be the last heard from it.

All notes due and accounts of six months' standing must be settled before Jan. 1, '90.

* DuBois & EARLE.

A lullaby musicale will be given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. V. J. Tefft, to-morrow (Friday) evening. Mesdames E. B. Caple, S. H. Culver, R. G. Coy, and Messrs. Gulley and DuBois, with Dr. S. H. Culver and Miss Amy Perry will participate. Purely lullaby music will be rendered. A ten cent collection will be taken for the benefit of the Ladies' Library Association. A pleasant evening can be spent and all should attend.

Mrs. S. B. Soper, mother of Mrs. J. K. Elmer, who has lived with her since 1876, and been in poor health for many years, died last Monday night. Rev. J. A. Barnes conducted the services at the house Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock. Remains were taken to Rome, Lenawee county, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Baker of Holt, and Mrs. Elmer. For many years she has been a member of the Presbyterian church of this city and has been a christian from childhood.

The DEMOCRAT this week issues a double number or sixteen page edition. Six pages of the extra is devoted to holiday miscellany and two pages—the first and eighth—to home advertisements. Marcus Gregor, dry goods, A. L. Vandervoort, groceries, occupying the first and J. N. Smith, merchant tailor, the last page. The advertisers are hustling, reliable firms and you should remember them while making purchases of anything in their line.

A long list of Ingham county veterans whom Uncle Sam has made happy during the past week: Original invalid—Robert Bell, Mason. Increase—Matthew J. Van Keuren, Danville; Julius A. Stocking, Onondaga, William Cooper, White Oak. Restoration—James Kelly, Danville. Increase—Enos Steffy, Mason; William P. Wood, Williamston; Langdon B. Rice, Mason; Frank L. Henderson, Lansing. Original invalid—Erwin Barnhart, Danville; William S. Preston, Leslie.

The Young Ladies' Social Club has rented the Sherman hall over the Museum for its reading room. The room will be carpeted, lighted by electric lights, heated by a coal stove, the walls embellished with beautiful pictures and the best efforts of the young ladies will be put forth to make it a pleasant place for the young gentlemen to pass their evenings. The club will open next Monday night with a reception, to which the public are cordially invited to attend.

You can save money every time, when you purchase dry goods at M. Gregor's.

Taxes.

Taxes, like death, a sure but unwelcome visitor to all who come within its ban. To the rich and to the poor in its effects alike, which is just, we could not all contribute alike toward defraying the expenses of our government—state and local—as it would ruin one class while it would not perceptibly affect the other. So we are called upon to give as we have received; the well-to-do much, the poor his mite and the still more unfortunate nothing. A system, we find beautifully illustrated in Holy Writ (Luke 21st) of the poor widow who cast in her mite (and He said of a truth I say unto you that this poor widow has cast in more than they all) but we should not feel envious because some are able to contribute more than ourselves, but rather rejoice for without it we should be unable to enjoy many privileges that we now all share alike.

As it may be interesting to know who contribute the largest share in paying our taxes, I will append a list of names of those who pay one hundred dollars tax or over in the order named, omitting the fractions:

Emma O. Reed \$502
O. M. Barnes \$461
G. J. Rayner 447
Marcus Gregor 151
O. W. Halstead 441
E. A. Barnes 160
W. H. Rayner 370
Mrs. N. McRobert 131
J. M. Brown 325
A. J. Barber 144
Mrs. S. J. P. Smead 319
John Dunaback 132
H. L. Henderson 229
Thomas Cowley 121
E. F. Griffin 221
E. C. Bassell 121
L. C. Webb 209
H. J. Donnelly 116
T. Desnoyers 182
Albert Butler 112

Last, but not least, comes a man who is entitled to more credit than he seldom gets; one who has done more to improve our little city and make it attractive than any other man. While capital stood and rubbed each other's ears to create sufficient ardor to take hold, S. A. Paddock with limited means went quietly at work, building, repairing and lighting our streets in a manner second to no city of our size, for which privilege he is paying the modest little sum of \$223 tax. Our taxes are higher than they have been for some years, and the most plausible argument you hear to account for it is the electric lights. They surely do not make our state and county taxes higher, which they are. Now it may be interesting to know what relation our tax for lights bears to the whole tax—a fraction less than two dollars and ten cents on a thousand dollars assessed. Another way, it costs each inhabitant one-fourth of a cent per night, were it divided equally. A heavy burden indeed.

Out of a total of nearly six hundred taxpayers in our city, the twenty-one mentioned in the above list pay over one-third of our entire tax, a burden that none of them would be glad to shift upon the shoulders of those less able to bear it, or give up any of the privileges that we all share in alike.

C. S. CURRY, City Treasurer.

Ingham County Teachers' Association. MASON, Dec. 14, 1888.

The meeting was called to order at 1:30 p. m. by President B. H. Gulley, and after prayer by Rev. A. D. Newton, the association sang "To the Work."

"Michigan History" by Chas. Jenkins. The average pupil knows little of Michigan's noted men. History, like geography, should be introduced by primary lessons. Oral lessons may be given on the incidents connected with the early settlements. Teach the resources of the state.

Discussed by Messrs. Cook and Ives, Misses Hines and Rhodes.

"Relation Between School Officers and Teachers," by Col. L. E. Ives. Many school officers attach but little importance to their office. They should stand ready to aid the teacher in any progressive work. If appliances are furnished they should be used.

A nominating committee, consisting of C. M. Young, Charles Jenkins, Viola Stone and the secretary, was appointed, to report at the close of session.

"A Talk to the Teachers of the County," by County Secretary T. A. Stephens. The teacher should not be lazy; or the school will become lazy. We should correct the first errors that creep into our school. The teacher should control. Do not mistake torture for punishment. Calling out words is not reading; the thought should be brought out.

"Grading District Schools," by Supt. D. Howell. Regular attendance should be required; all the schools in the county should begin at the same time. Teachers should be employed for a longer time, and before entering the school the teacher should know the school and have a course of study ready for operation. The same work at the same time throughout the county. Each pupil should be required to study every branch in the course of study.

The nominating committee made the following report:

President—C. E. Bird, Leslie.
1st Vice President—A. T. Stephens, Mason.
2d Vice President—Nellie Knappen, Mason.
Secretary and Treasurer—Laudie Rhodes.
Executive Committee—County Secretary T. A. Stephens, Stockbridge; George Harvey, Webberville; Willard Ford, Danville.

The report was accepted and the officers declared elected.

Adjourned to meet at Mason on the last Saturday in January. Olive M. Call, Sec.

The Excitement Not Over.

The rush on the druggists still continues and daily scores of people call for a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs for the cure of Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption. Kemp's Balsam, the standard family remedy, is sold on a guarantee and never fails to give entire satisfaction. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial size free.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses have been granted since our last report:

Name and Residence.	Age
Albert H. Taylor, Lansing	25
Minnie M. Williams, Lansing	19
George W. Potter, Alameda	20
Dora Kessler, Alameda	20
Watson A. Hoyt, Lansing	47
Peter A. Deiter, Bath Creek	23
Biley J. Warren, Lansing	27
Sarah A. Morris, Lansing	18
Edward J. Hills, Wheatfield	20
Jessie A. McCarrick, Onondaga	18
George B. Hubbard, Bellevue	25
Maggie Spado, Williamston	19
Fred Green, Stockbridge	24
Nettie Palmer, Stockbridge	20
Charles W. King, Williamston	35
Anna Zausap, Williamston	20
George L. Smith, Little Falls, N. Y.	25
Inez E. Smith, Lansing	23

A Bit of Advice.

If you have a troublesome cough or any disease of the throat, bronchial tubes or lungs call on Longyear Bros., and get a free trial bottle of Van Wert's Balsam for the lungs. This remedy possesses exceptional curative powers which can be tested without cost and if this advice is taken it may prove of incalculable value to you.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitudes of low cost, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company's Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Ingham county was held at the court house on Monday last. Although the day was one of the most unpleasant of the season, yet the court room was well filled with the solid farmers of the county. Every township except Locke and Leroy was represented. The annual report of the secretary, O. F. Miller, was a very clear and comprehensive document. The report showed healthy gains in every township.

The net gain for the year 1889, of amount at risk, is \$145,466, making the amount now at risk by the company \$4,609,097. Net gain of membership for year, 150; making the total membership to date, 2,924. The report was accepted and adopted by a unanimous vote.

Election of officers was then taken up. A ballot gave the present worthy incumbent, R. J. Bullen, 110, A. E. Beurse 14, scattering 12.

A ballot for secretary resulted in O. F. Miller receiving 128 votes, John Himeberger 17, scattering 14.

This is the twelfth time Mr. Miller has been elected secretary, and during these years the membership has grown from 850, with \$1,581,005 at risk, to what it is today. The statutory limitation for which the company was organized in 1862, being 30 years, will expire in 1892, and the present indications are that the company will reach that date with a capital stock of at least five millions. This company ranks among the best in the state, and owes much of its prosperity to the painstaking secretary, O. F. Miller, and his business methods.

The following directors were elected for the ensuing year:

W. M. Webb, Aurelius. W. A. Melton, Alameda.
E. H. Angell, Bunkerhill. L. W. Baker, Delhi.
N. V. Wemple, Ingham. J. J. Tuttle, Leslie.
J. G. Kirk, Locke. J. F. Horton, Leroy.
S. H. Preston, Lansing. J. F. Fuller, Meridian.
W. J. Conklin, Onondaga. E. D. Miner, Stockbridge.
J. L. Shafer, Vevay. N. C. Branch, Williamston.
M. J. Pollok, Wheatfield. C. F. Patrick, White Oak.
J. Holbrook, Lansing city. E. C. Russell, Mason city.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Presbyterian Sunday school, not having had a Christmas tree for a number of years, has perfected arrangements to give an old fashioned one this Xmas eve. The exercises prepared are more especially for the younger members of the school. Program as follows: Music, recitation, invocation, music, recitation "The Christmas Browns" exercise "Babe of Bethlehem" recitation "Christmas Bells" exercise by primary department, recitation "What Santa Claus Brought."

Bull & Sherman, dry goods dealers, have an original and tasty decoration in their show window. The scene is made to represent an old-fashioned power flouring mill. The water pours down over a title fall furnishing the motive power to turn the wheel, and flowing through its narrow channel about the farm is finally lost under a small hill. A bridge spans from its banks and a "lone fisherman" is angling for members of the finny tribe in its cool pools. The conveyances of patrons of the mill are represented as coming with grain and returning with their prizes. Over the mill door is the old familiar sign "Buckwheat ground Fridays." The land is fenced and in front of the mill in the valley is the old house before which is the primitive well and sweep. It is worth your while to view this scene.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by H. M. Williams

HAVE YOU TRIED SMOKETTES?

SEED AND HAVANA NICKEL CIGAR!

AGENCIES: W. M. Pratt. Owen & Ferguson. POWELL, SMITH & CO., Manufacturers, N. Y. LELAND, SMITH & CO., Distributing Agts, TOLEDO, OHIO. 51w13

ADVERTISERS or others, who wish to examine this paper, or obtain estimates on advertising space when in Chicago, will find it on file at 45 to 49 Randolph St. Advertising Agency of LORD & THOMAS.

Slippers, Slippers, Slippers.

Slippers at a Small Profit,
Slippers at No Profit,
Slippers at 40 cents,
Slippers for Old Folks,
Slippers for Young Ones,
And in fact,
SLIPPERS FOR EVERYBODY
And at Prices Never Heard of Before.

Webb's Shoe Store.

Lamb Wool Slipper Soles: Ladies', 20c; Misses', 15c; Children, 10c.

BANG! WHANG!

Look Out! Now is Your Last Chance!
\$3,000 Reduction in Stock within the last Ninety Days.

TRADE STILL BOOMING. RED HOT.

Fifty Cook and Heating Stoves sold within 30 days, and \$150 saved to the purchasers.

My stock of Hardware, Tools and Implements is just as complete in every department as ever. Now is your last opportunity to take advantage of the tumble.

SLAUGHTER OF GOODS!

Every dollar of my stock must be sold within 30 Days, without regard to cost. First come, first served. No trouble to show goods and give prices.

Terms Strictly Cash.

Yours Truly,
T. HOFFMAN, Danville.

P. S.—All notes and accounts must be paid at once, without fail.

ATTRACTIONS!

HOLIDAY GOODS.



WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE.

Ladies' and Gents' Gold and Silver Watches,
Diamond Rings, Solid Stone Cameo Rings,
14 and 18 K Band Rings, Oriental Pot Pouris,
Rose Jars, Milk Sets, Fine China Ash Plaques,
Cups and Saucers, H. & Co.'s Imported Fruit Plates, a
Vases, Water Sets, Hair Ornaments,
Fans, Canes, Assorted Cuspidsors,
And indeed, there is nothing we have not got that is usually found in
—a First-Class—

Jewelry and Novelty Store

The following Presents will be distributed among my Customers on New Years Eve:

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Gent's or Lady's Gold Watch. | 20. Nickel Clock. |
| 2. Gent's Silver Watch. | 21. Gent's Cane. |
| 3. Gent's Silveroid Stem Wind Watch. | 22. One Rose Jar. |
| 4. Triple Plated Tea Set. | 23. Plush Thermometer. |
| 5. Triple Plated Gaster. | 24. Fair Lady's Cuff Buttons. |
| 6. Triple Plated Toilet Set. | 25. Pair Gent's Cuff Buttons. |
| 7. One Set Roger Bros' Table Spoons. | 26. One Jan. Tea Pot. |
| 8. One Set Roger Bros' Forks. | 27. Gent's Scent Fin. |
| 9. One Set Roger Bros' Knives. | 28. Gold Tooth Pick. |
| 10. One Set Roger Bros' Knives. | 29. One Mustard Cup. |
| 11. One Set Roger Bros' Knives. | 30. Fair Lady's Roll Plate Ear Rings. |
| 12. One Set Roger Bros' Tea Spoons. | 31. One Fair Side Combs. |
| 13. Silver and Glass Butter Dish. | 32. Lady's Hair Pin. |
| 14. Set Satin Finish Tumblers. | 33. One China Finger Bowl. |
| 15. Individual Caster. | 34. Silver Thimble. |
| 16. One Pair Vases. | 35. One Napkin Ring. |
| 17. One Pair Roller Plate Bracelets. | 36. One Owl. |
| 18. Lady's Roll Plate Neck Chain. | 37. One Match Safe. |
| 19. One Set Fruit Plates. | 38. One China Doll. |

IT COSTS YOU ABSOLUTELY NOTHING

To compete for these goods. Positively no presents exchanged.
For every \$2 worth of goods purchased of me for cash a number will be given for the drawing, which will take place as heretofore.

"O MY," The children say, "what nice presents for pa and ma, and so cheap." at
E. CULVERS.
Cook Block, Mason, Mich.

Farmers' Club Again. President Wood will let fall the gavel at two o'clock p. m., next Saturday, and the club will commence business for the season.

Locke Center. Items are very scarce. The South Locke Patrons of Industry lodge has been turned into a debating society.

Webberville. Mrs. David Dean presented her husband with two boys last week. David wants to buy two farms.

Oklaawa. Received too late for issue of Dec. 12. Mrs. Sarah Petrie's left eye is very weak and a film is growing over the pupil.

West Alaiedon. Wheat is doing well. Meadows and pastures look better than they did in September.

East Alaiedon. We understand that Lewis Potter has sold his sixty-acre farm on section 26 to his brother Willis, and has bought a forty-acre one in the eastern part of Delhi.

Delhi. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Guenther, Dec. 15th, a daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Veeder Green of Mexico, N. Y., visited at V. Green's last week.

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Alaiedon Center.

DECEMBER 17, 1889. Notwithstanding the abundance of rain that has fallen in the past few days, the swamps are yet dry. We can look and wonder how dry the earth must have been.

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To avoid a libel, let me say that a constable carried the cards: First case, J. C. Knight vs. B. Ellsworth—false imprisonment; residents of Stockbridge. Second case, M. Jordan vs. J. Eggleston—trespass on the case. ROUGH AND READY.

Following are the names of the pupils in district No. 6, Bunkerhill, who have not been absent during the month ending Dec. 13. The star indicates not absent from date of entry:

Kate Nau, Verrie DeCamp, Earl Northrup, Aden O'Lea, Theodore Blake, Mike Cavender, Fannie Williams, Elmer Brooks, Anna Clinton, Norm DeCamp, Nelson DeCamp, Delbert Palmatier, Justice Morse, Floyd DeCamp, Josie Northrup, Arthur Tuttle, Elia Marks.

CARRIE M. HAVENS, Teacher. Would You Believe The proprietors of Kemp's Balsam give thousands of bottles away yearly? This mode of advertising would prove ruinous if the Balsam was not a perfect cure of Coughs and all Throat and Lung troubles.

You will see the excellent effort after taking the first dose. Don't hesitate! Procure a bottle to-day to keep in your home or room for immediate or future use. Trial bottle free at all druggists. Large size 50 cents and \$1.00.

South Leroy. Dec. 16, 1889. Mrs. Seth Benjamin is visiting friends at Shattsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Brown of this place visited friends at Henrietta last week. Mrs. Alberton Chippen is on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Swan of Dansville, have returned home from a pleasant visit in Genesee county, N. Y.

Mrs. Eugene Terrill of this place, has returned home from Saginaw, where she has been visiting friends.

Chas. Dyre of Wheatfield, is moving to Stockbridge with his family. The hour for meeting has been changed from Sunday evening to Saturday afternoon at 2:30 p. m. at the Baker point.

The Patrons of Industry are still booming at the Cady school house. They have very interesting meetings. Next question woman's rights.

The Society of Patrons of Industry at the town hall, White Oak, enjoyed an oyster supper last Wednesday evening, and report a first-class success. Eleven new members was the result.

Chas. Reese of Leroy, has commenced saving logs for the public. J. W. Gifford, J. R. Potter, Theo. Weston and Mr. Fox spoke on the subject of "Farm Organization" at the Meach school house of Leroy, to a full house.

Mrs. F. DeBois of Leroy, is on the sick list. As Mr. and Mrs. Jay Collier got ready to start for town one evening last week, 30 or 40 of their friends headed them off as a surprise party. A good time was enjoyed.

The quarterly meeting at the Nelson point last Sunday was well attended. Rev. Mr. Shepard of Fowlerville preached. The Patrons of Industry association are making arrangements to procure the services of Mrs. J. Culbertson of Centerville, Mich., to address them, at the town hall in White Oak in the near future, on the subject of "Farm Organization."

Dansville. E. W. Beardley and wife of Detroit, are visiting around here. The following list of officers were elected at the first regular meeting in December of the G. A. R.:

A. Beers, commander; Frank Lester, senior vice commander; J. H. Lee, junior vice commander; J. Dakin, chaplain; Wm. H. Daniels, treasurer; Riley Walker, sergeant; H. Asoline, officer of the day; H. D. Lee, officer of the guard; W. W. Raymond, representative; H. D. Lee, alternate.

Ed. Brotherton, who went up to McBan about six weeks ago, will be home this week on account of his health. He has been sick ever since he has been there.

O. F. Brotherton has sold his black horse, Harry H., to Boston parties for \$175. T. Hoffman and wife spent Saturday and Sunday with J. N. Smith at Meridian.

Aaron Laycock has gone to Lansing where he has a situation in the Lansing Wheel Shops. Mrs. Clarence Sweet of Lansing, is visiting with her parents R. N. Kaywood and family.

There seems to be some strife on east Mason street as to who will get their washing done first Monday morning. The Patrons of Industry tried hard to organize a branch office here Saturday night, but failed to get the required number. The address was by Mr. Whitehead of Leroy, and it is said he brought out some good points in favor of Patrons of Industry.

The full term of school closes this week for two weeks vacation during the holidays. There are 121 pupils, 111 belonging to this district. The discipline is such that Prof. Lawrence has not had a single instance of corporal punishment during the term from any department. The foreign tuition amounts to \$45.68 during the term and is all paid up to date. The teachers expect to attend the state teachers' association at Lansing during vacation.

There are a few cases of scarlet fever in town, but all are doing well. There is to be a law suit to-day before Justice Miller between E. J. Raymond and Frank Mann. The battle is to be fought by Avery and Hayes of Mason.

Vevay. Dec. 17, 1889. Mrs. Henry Northrup and children and Mrs. George Shattuck and children visited Mrs. W. S. Chalker near Leslie last Sunday. Mrs. W. S. Chalker is very sick. J. M. Brown received a telegram announcing the death of his mother near Lansing Monday, but was received too late for him to attend the funeral.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Kent arrived at his father's last week and will make a short visit. They expect soon to go to house-keeping but have not decided where. Chas. Jewell of Plainfield, was the guest of D. L. Stevens last week.

Aurelius. H. Cole and wife of Rives, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hunt Friday and Saturday. Mrs. Fanny Hayward has been quite sick but is better again.

Mr. Woolton and family returned home this week and are sorry that time would not permit of their remaining longer. B. G. Davis, whom we have made mention of as being away to be treated for his cancer, is at home again. The cancer has not dropped out yet but will in a short time, when it is expected to commence healing from the bottom.

Andrew Eckhart has gone to Tennessee to look and locate land, where he expects to move in the near future. Adelbert Barnes has purchased a feed mill.

Our town is to have another grocery store, and why not have a grist-mill, too? The rich farming country around us, it seems would make a good point for a mill. Roads are getting heavy from the late rains.

A Christmas tree at the M. E. church, and all will go. The great question of to-day with us is what can be done to give employment to those who want to work and have families to support—and that takes us all in. Winter is here and nothing to do.

Okemos. DECEMBER 16, 1889. Following is the report of the Okemos schools for the month ending Dec. 6, 1889:

Number enrolled in Principals' department, 72; average daily attendance, 65; percentage of attendance, 91; number enrolled in Primary department, 68; average daily attendance, 52; percentage of attendance, 76; number enrolled in both departments, 131.

Following is the standing of the pupils in the Principals' department:

EIGHTH GRADE. Lulu Brown..... 98 Amy Carr..... 94 Lottie Cook..... 96 Minnie Kaiser..... 91 Freeman Washburn..... 88 John Wellman..... 85 John Gritzenberger..... 81

SEVENTH GRADE. Millie Glines..... 87 George Gritzenberger..... 88 Anna Boland..... 80 Clyde Washburn..... 82 Mary Gritzenberger..... Arthur Biggs..... 80 Chas. Ferguson..... 79 Lewis Bostwick..... 83 Macy Lapham..... Anna Anderson..... 85 Minnie Cook..... 86 Tom Wellman..... 84 West McLansdown..... 81 Mary Kaiser..... 81 Bertha Cook..... 84

SIXTH GRADE. Willie Boland..... 90 Helen Sherman..... 93 Lizzie Boland..... 86 Doris Gunn..... 92 Ella Phillips..... 85 Agnes Kirkpatrick..... 87 Allie Gunn..... 88 Emma Nibbling..... 96 Edith Duxton..... 83 Mertie Duxton..... 80 Charlie Wilson..... 80 Lizzie Gritzenberger..... 86 Willie Anderson..... 83 Lou Ferguson..... 96 Lottie Hewitt..... 96 Reuben Allen..... 93 May Duxton..... 91 Louisa Kaiser..... 86 Rachel Sherman..... 91 Minnie Smith..... 87 Fred Kaiser..... 81 Clyde Mucker..... 89 Floyd Butcher..... 80 Lloyd Butcher..... 90 Clyde Briggs..... Chester Davis..... 92 Belle Kirk..... 94 Bertha Wellman..... 97

FIFTH GRADE. Caroline Day..... Willie Gritzenberger..... 93 Frank Woodman..... Junnie May..... 85 Sophia Herr..... 95 Della Smith..... 87 Maude Ferguson..... 89 Carrie Truener..... 100 Maudie Wilson..... 89 Fails Biggs..... 99 David Smith..... 85 Agnes Kirkpatrick..... 85 May Boam..... 90 Ida Kirkpatrick..... 93 Bertha Palmer..... 88 Doris Wilson..... 94 Volney Palmer..... 91 Frank Jay..... 78 Dan Hill..... 86 Willie Nibbling..... 83 Minnie Anderson..... 89 Azelle Gritzenberger..... C. M. Young, Principal.

Merry Christmas! C. M. Young, Kate Bolan, Anna Bolan, Belle Proctor and Minnie Case attended the Teachers' Association at Mason last Saturday. Remember the chicken pie social at the town hall Friday evening.

School closes Friday for one week. A school picnic was organized last Friday. The last half hour of every Friday afternoon is to be devoted to the discussion of some question.

The art loan social at Reuben Cook's last week was in every way a success. Proceeds \$5.50. Mrs. Kate Ferguson spent a few days last week visiting friends and relatives in Mason.

Wednesday afternoon occurred the marriage of one of Okemos' very estimable young ladies, Miss Lois Allen to Lloyd Laylin of Alaiedon. The young couple have the best wishes of a host of friends.

Reuben Cook drew that fine sewing machine at Tobias' store last week. Miss Bertha Wellman takes part in the silver medal contest at Holt to-morrow evening, though not as a contestant.

The Baptist's gave a corn social at town hall Wednesday evening. John Turner is doing carpenter work for James Turner. Mr. Peach and family returned to Alma this week.

Mrs. Decker, a daughter of Mr. Seely, is visiting friends and relatives at this place. Rev. Hicks preaches at the Baptist church next Sunday morning. Look out for Santa Claus! MA.

Merit Wins. We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their own merits. H. M. Williams, Druggist.

Drunkness--Liquor Habit--In All the World there is but one cure, Dr. Haines' Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to day they believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effects result from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, Golden Specific Co., 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, O. 42yl.

Mammoth December Clearing Sale

1-4 OFF On DRESS GOODS. The Entire Stock of Dress Goods Goes. One lot Dress Goods [Remnants, 3 to 7 yards.] Regular prices, 20c, 25c, 35c, 40c, now go for 15c. We must clean up our stock.

FLANNELS.

All Wool, Red, regular price 35 cents, now 28 cents. All Wool, Red, regular price 40 cents, now 30 cents. All Wool, Red, regular price 35 cents, now 25 cents. All Wool, Red, regular price 30 cents, now 22 cents. All Wool Shirting Flannel, regular price 35 cents, now 25 cents. All Wool Shirting Flannel, regular price 45 cents, now 32 cents. Cotton Flannel, regular price 14 cents, now 10 cents.

200 PAIRS OF FINE SHOES.

We bought them at less price than the actual cost to make them. THEY MUST BE SOLD. You WILL purchase if you see them and learn the PRICE.

28 inch Silk Umbrella, Gold and Silver Tips, \$1.47. 26 inch Silk Umbrella, " " " \$1.27. A ELEGANT XMAS GIFT.

Great Cloak Slaughter!

15 Per Cent Off on ALL CLOAKS. Come at once, before the assortment is broken. The Best Go First.

We can not tell all, our Bargain Counters speak for themselves. One look will satisfy you that the half has not been told. GET YOUR XMAS PRESENTS NOW.

BALL & SHERMAN.

Here We Are!

This Machine will be GIVEN AWAY AT BROWN BROS.' SHOE HOUSE

With Every \$1 Worth of Goods

Bought for cash at our store within 90 days from the date below, we will give the purchaser a ticket, entitling the holder of said ticket to one chance in the drawing of the machine. This is a first-class machine in every particular. It is simple in construction, contains Great Improvements over all other machines, and is fully guaranteed by the manufacturers for five years.

Please Bear in Mind that the more dollars' worth of goods you buy, the more tickets you will have, and the more chances you will stand in drawing the machine. Hoping we may have the pleasure of handing every reader of this a number of our Drawing Tickets, we remain, Very Respectfully, BROWN BROS.

December 12, 1889.



I use You use He uses We use They All Use SANTA CLAUS SOAP

FAIRBANK'S SANTA CLAUS SOAP, The Leading Laundry Soap of the world. N. K. FAIRBANK & CO. CHICAGO.

Old Papers 5c per Dozen at this Office

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

1889.



1890.

I feel grateful to the public for the liberal patronage received and hope to merit a continuance in the future. I am prepared to offer

INDUCEMENTS

TO THOSE IN SEARCH OF

HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

My Stock of Handkerchiefs is Unsurpassed!

In Variety, Handsome Designs and Low Prices.

Silk Mufflers, an Endless Variety!

Prices ranging at 60c, 90c, 95c, \$1.15, \$1.25, \$1.35, \$1.50 and \$1.90.

THEY ARE EACH A SPLENDID VALUE.

My Stock of Dress Goods Deserves Inspection!

AS YOU CAN FIND SOME GOOD BARGAINS.

The 25c, Yard-Wide Dress Flannel

Is having a BIG SALE and is pronounced A BIG BARGAIN.

OWING TO THE PRESENT MILD WEATHER I HAVE DECIDED TO MAKE

REDUCTIONS

In Flannels, Underwear, Hosiery and Blankets.

The Prices on CLOAKS are Cut Down Below Par.

Do not miss the opportunity of Low Prices and give me a call.

Respectfully,

M. GREGOR,

MASON, MICH.

AT THE

BEE-HIVE.

CHRISTMAS.



NEW YEAR'S.

We have lots of Honey left.

BEES ALL AT WORK!

A SPECIAL SALE OF CANDIES

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Nuts and Oranges by the Car-Load!

HAVE A CHRISTMAS TREE

We have a stock of Holly with which to Decorate your homes for Christmas.

BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS

With Tea and Baking Powder.

Big Stock of Everything in the Grocery Line!

A. L. VANDERCOOK,

Parkhurst Block, Mason.

BEE HIVE GROCER.

THE TRICKS OF TIME.

BY MYRTLE CLYDE.

How much we prate of Santa Claus, In prose and verse and rhyme, Forgetting what we owe of aid To busy Father Time!

CHIPPEWAS IN AMBUSH

BY WILLIAM J. HENDRICKS.



It was Christmas eve, and the white moonlight illumined forest, hill, and shadowy valley, as Rufus Gray, an intrepid frontiersman who had cast in his lot with the brave pioneers of Wisconsin in the early days of the history of that State, started from the little trading post of Waupun toward his home fifty miles distant.

feet that the Chief of the Chippewas, Pakawana, had broken the treaty, and that his hands had already committed numerous depredations at several small settlements along the river.

Rufus recognized both the first comer and the savage who joined him a few moments later. Rapid and low-voiced as was their dialectic consultation, his familiarity with the Chippewa tongue enabled him to understand the query of the one:

The moment was a critical one to Rufus, but he was quick to act. With rapid movement he drew his hunting-knife from its sheath and sprang directly upon the alarmed savage, burying the knife to its hilt in his heart.

From their confused jabbering the hunter realized that their arrival at the tree was incidental. As one of the savages gave utterance to an ejaculation of alarm, however, he discovered a new peril. A drop of blood from the wounded brave had fallen on his hand.

With no little anxiety old Rufus saw them surround the tree in a circle at a distance, and pressed closer to the tree as a volley of bullets struck the branches from different directions.

As a second series of shots sent the balls in dangerous proximity to his body he lifted the dead Indian from the notch in the tree and flung it down to the ground.

The old hunter's heart beat high with gladness as he saw the place still standing, although the windows were barred with wooden shutters and the cabin bore all the appearance of being in a state of barricade.

"How long have the varmints been here?" asked Rufus. "Since yesterday morning, I saw one of them coming from the woods and four skulking in the bushes. That made me suspicious. I barred the door just in time, for I'm sure they were bent on mischief."

"Well, the roots flung the dirt out and made quite a hole, and the Indians are hiding in it." "Are you sure of that?" inquired the hunter, excitedly.

"We kin, but the risk—" "Trust me, dad. I'm slippery as an eel, and know how to get near the critters before they suspect it."

A minute later the intrepid lad was creeping from the rear door of the cabin toward the swamp, a few yards distant, and half an hour after, having unperceived, skirted the house and opening, he was cautiously approaching the hickory, in the root-hole of which the savages were secreted.



The Tricks of Time. (See poem.)

out from the view of the Indians by the thick branches of the interlaced trees, the boy began cutting at the branch lying over the top of the hickory. His keen-bladed knife, plied rapidly and skillfully, made deep slashes in the thick beech.

Crack! Crash! A single cut of the strained fibers of the beech, and, as the majestic imprisoned hickory burst free of its bonds, the brave lad was flung a dozen feet into the air by the rebound of the tree.

"Quick, father, mother!" he cried. "To the boat!"

No need fearing the ambush of the Indians now, however. The huge hickory, drawn back to its root-bed, had crushed and imprisoned the unsuspecting savages, incarcerating them in a living tomb, pressing them with terrible force into the ground beneath the heavy roots.

A CHRISTMAS WEDDING.

BY EVA RAY MESSERVE.

NE snowy Christmas eve a young girl sat at the window of a rude hut that overlooked a wild stretch of Canadian mountain and sea-coast.

Far down the cliffs a little settlement shined, and lying at anchor, ice-rimmed and dismantled, two stately schooners were outlined against the darkening horizon.

"They have come! They have come!" fell in a gasp of suspense, yet joy, from the maiden's lips. "I would know them anywhere—the Neptune and the Arcturus. Which, ah, which has brought me love and weal, or sorrow and woe?"

The anxious words betokened an emotion that the lovely face betrayed in every expressive lineament. With clasped hands and tear-dimmed eyes Hilary Berton sat staring at the distant picture till the somber mists mingled all the scene in a blur of twilight.

Then, nestling to the old oak settee by the roaring fireplace, she seemed fascinated by the glowing picture her imagination traced in the dancing flames, and yet with her ear bent to catch the first footstep on the crusted path outside, as if it would be for her the final footfall of fate.

remove the snow-covered cap of fur and take the hunting implements from the hands of the young comer, "I am glad you came. I feared for the storm and darkness, and I was lonely."

"Lonely," laughed Arnold Berton; "not for long, little one, trust me. There's great news. See, and he pointed to the immense burden he had flung to the floor. "Does not that betoken a royal Christmas feast?"

"Oh, father! and all, me! lackaday!" laughed Berton. "It's always the way with you love-lorn damsels. Come, my pretty one, no coyness. The bargain is plain and sure either way. Here a year ago you have two lovers, and any fair maid might envy the love of either gallant lad—Captain Silas Dunn of the Arcturus and Captain Gerald Wayne of the Neptune. Perhaps you liked Gerald best, but how could I decide against two strong wills?"

"But, father, Gerald and I—" "Hilary me out," interrupted Berton. "I say to them, 'he deserves the bride who can best provide for her. Win your spurs, my lads. Both of you are bound on a whaling voyage. The one returning with the best cargo, the richest yield, shall wed my Hilary.' Well, both have returned. The schooners are at anchor in the bay. Within an hour you shall know."

"Oh! father, which? which?" implored Hilary, piteously. "Has Gerald—" "I know not," replied the rugged huntsman, almost roughly. "He who wins shall claim. You are my true child. You must obey."

"Hilary sighed and hoped. With a thrill she thought of handsome, loyal Gerald. With a shudder of scheming, sinister Silas Dunn. "Father, some one is coming."

How Hilary fluttered as the door opened. How she trembled and scanned the three bronzed faces that glowed in the ruddy freight a minute later.

There was triumph in that of Captain Silas Dunn. He grasped her hand and cowed her with his gloating, exultant smile.

Her heart thrilled as less demonstrative, but with a dignity of earnestness that won all her love, Gerald Wayne pressed her hand softly.

Old Robert Lind, Gerald's grizzled mate, only touched his forelock and looked grave as the three seated themselves. "Welcome, lads, welcome, every one of you," spoke Berton. "Well, my gallants, what luck of the voyage?"

fixed on Dunn, while Lind danced from foot to foot as if impatient to have Dunn's story through with and his own begun.

"Go on, Silas," remarked Berton, encouragingly. "Well, we sailed away. A fair voyage to the frozen north, the Neptune and the Arcturus keeping company together."

"And what luck?" "The best in the world for me." "And Gerald?" "Let him answer for himself. The agreement was that whoever brought back the richest cargo was to wed Hilary."

"Right you are." "I claim Hilary!" cried Silas, boldly. "My bonny one, I have won you fairly. I return with a cargo of whale oil that will bring me seven thousand dollars."

"And you, Gerald?" queried Berton, glancing at the calm, rather stern face of Wayne. "Not a gallon."

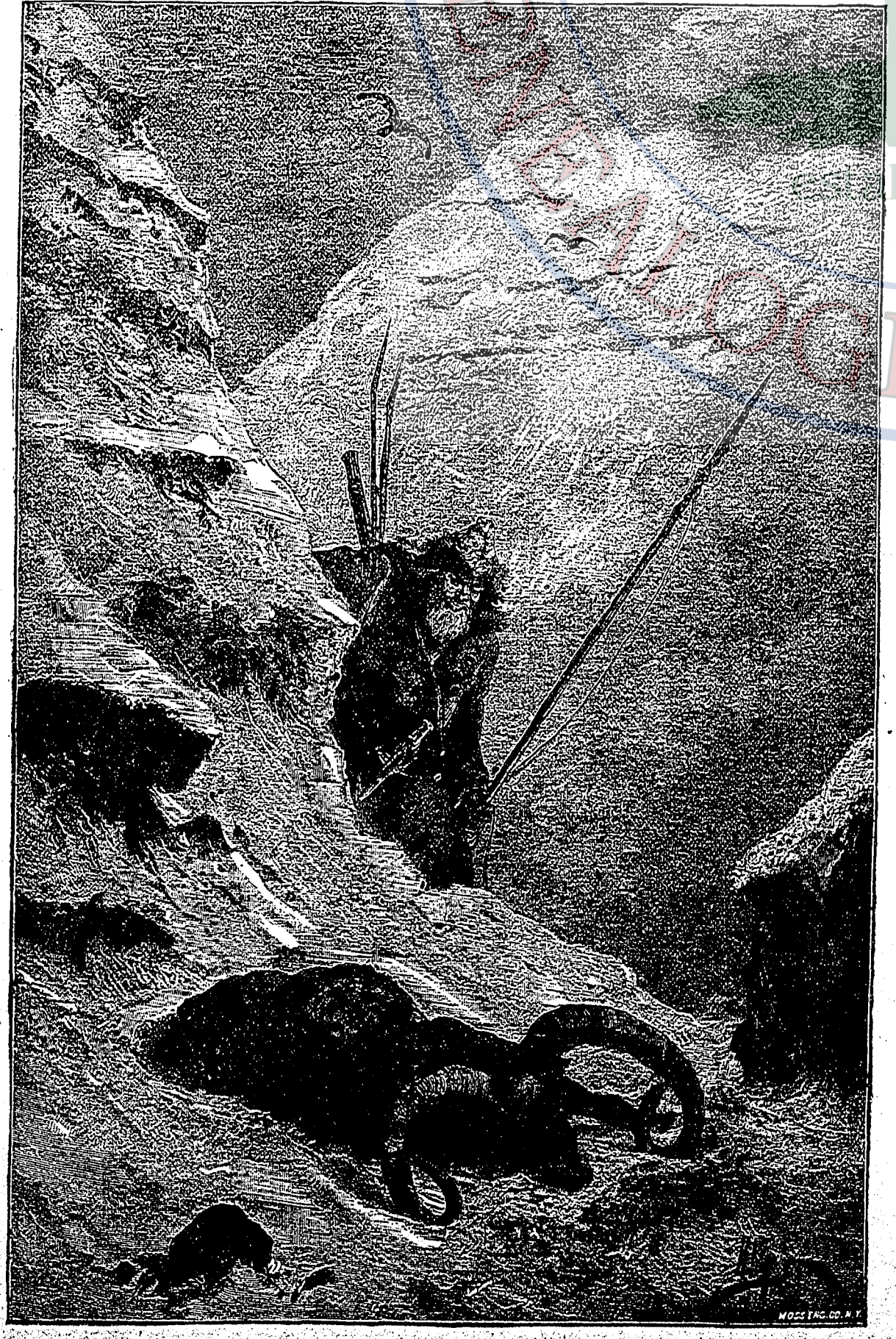
"Then a bargain's a bargain. I stand by my word. Hilary, salute your future husband, Captain Dunn, she is yours."

"Hold! I have a word to say." It was old Bob Lind, the mate, who spoke, and he fixed a stern look on Captain Dunn as he arose to his feet.

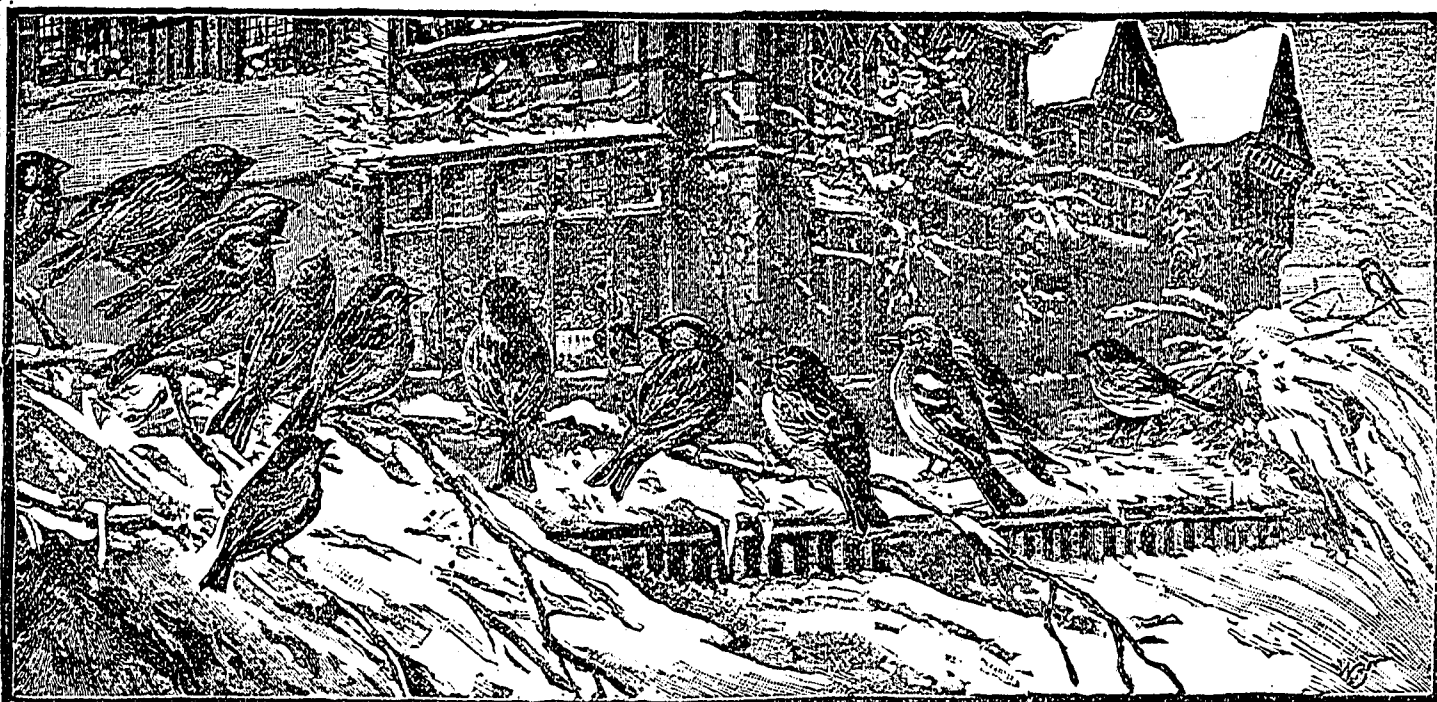
"Hold, I say, and hold I mean!" he continued. "That lubber of a Dunn don't carry off the prize just yet. You must know the facts, Mr. Berton. The Neptune and the Arcturus went to the whaling grounds together. It was a scarce season, but one night we of the Neptune struck a whale, two of them, in fact. One we killed, the other we found floating and sinking, already dead. Well, we tackled to our prize to work at it in the morning. Morning comes, and shiver my timbers if that envious, thieving lubber of a Dunn hadn't stolen our whale, towed it away, and loaded up with the oil. That's his cargo, a stolen one, and let Captain Dunn deny it if he can."

"If he was a bit too sharp for you that's your lookout," remarked Berton. "Oh, the shame of it," murmured Hilary, piteously.

"All right, so be it. Wrong is wrong, all the same; but here comes the rest of the story, and it shows that bad luck isn't always bad luck, and evil don't always pay. He don't get Hilary. Cause why, she marries her own true lover, Captain Gerald Wayne, if a bargain is a bargain, as you say it is. Cause why? Well, I'll tell you. As I said, they left us the dead whale; no good for oil or anything else. Howsomer, we calculated to get some bone out of it; so we set at work cutting it up. Bless me, sir, if we didn't find a prize—ambergris—a two-hundred-pound lump of it! Do you know what that means? Twenty thousand dollars. And the cargo we brought back in a barrel is nearly three times the value of Captain Dunn's stolen cargo of whale oil."



The monarch of the mountain lay dead in the snow.



THE ORGAN CHOIR.

BY J. C. WELDON.

LIKE the sweetest of sweet Christmas hymns, your dreamy music thrills me, And passes off in blessing me, because I feel so sad, And all the trooping echo of the past with glory fills me, And makes me know that present peace and future faith are glad.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

U. I. A. and dreary indeed would dark December be to us all were it not for the delightful task of planning and aorning Christmas trees—the trees which are of more interest in the household than any that ever grew beside its doors.

branches that may interfere with its beauty; and while selecting the tree you can also buy quantities of holly and ivy and mistletoe and laurel leaves, wherewith to make garlands and crowns and wreaths for adorning the halls, parlors and dining-room.

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.

DICK'S SANTA CLAUS.

BY ETTA F. MARTIN.

LITTLE DICK'S white face was pressed disconsolately against the window pane that cloudy winter afternoon, and certainly the black, shining tracks of the railroad and the miserable tenement houses about him offered little to interest or amuse.

Cripple Dick had been alone all day except when good-natured Mrs. Reilly, who lived on the first floor, had run in to look after his dinner in his mother's absence at her work, and the time had hung heavily more so for a far that had been tapping at the lad's heart-strings ever since his mother had said that morning, in reply to a question about Santa Claus, "Try not to think about it this Christmas, dear, for I am afraid Santa Claus will not come here."

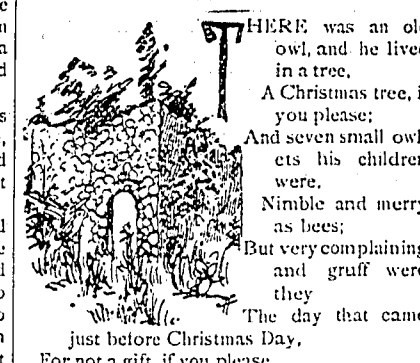
"To-morrow was Christmas, and a great idea struck Dick as he walked out in the street—he would seek Santa Claus. He went to where the shops were thickest, and stood around—waiting! just as he was staring at a window filled with toys, he started, for there, close to him, was Santa Claus—at last!

"Bless the child!" And then, just as he was about to say, with a laugh, that he was not Santa Claus, the child's look of perfect faith, his evident sincerity in taking him for Santa Claus, swerved him from his purpose, and he determined that he would accept the role thus strangely thrust upon him.

"Well, my boy, tell me where you live, so I shall be sure not to forget. And then get home as quick as you can, for it is too cold for a baby like you to be out."

THE OWLS' CHRISTMAS.

BY LUKA LER.



HERE was an old owl, and he lived in a tree. A Christmas tree, if you please: And seven small owlets his children were. Nimble and merry as bees; But very complaining and gruff were they.

"Bless my soul!" This seemed to be a favorite exclamation of the old gentleman. "Sure enough, it is little Mary Benson, but you have changed since the days I knew you."

"What a Christmas that was for Dick, to be sure. When he awoke it was to find that Santa Claus had indeed kept his promise. Not only the book he had longed for, but toys such as he had never dreamed of possessing, and sweetmeats innumerable, greeted his wondering eyes that bright morning.

TRIFLES.

BY MAURICE DEANE.

NE New Year's Day a miner threw down his pick in despair, because wages were low and his family ill, and went home.

The bent pin was cast out of the window. New day he had found it, straightened it out, and put it in his coat.

"The bent pin was cast out of the window. New day he had found it, straightened it out, and put it in his coat."

HOW SHE SAW SANTA CLAUS.

In the dining-room chimney was a register which opened and shut like a door, and when it was open it made the best kind of a place for Santa Claus to come through.

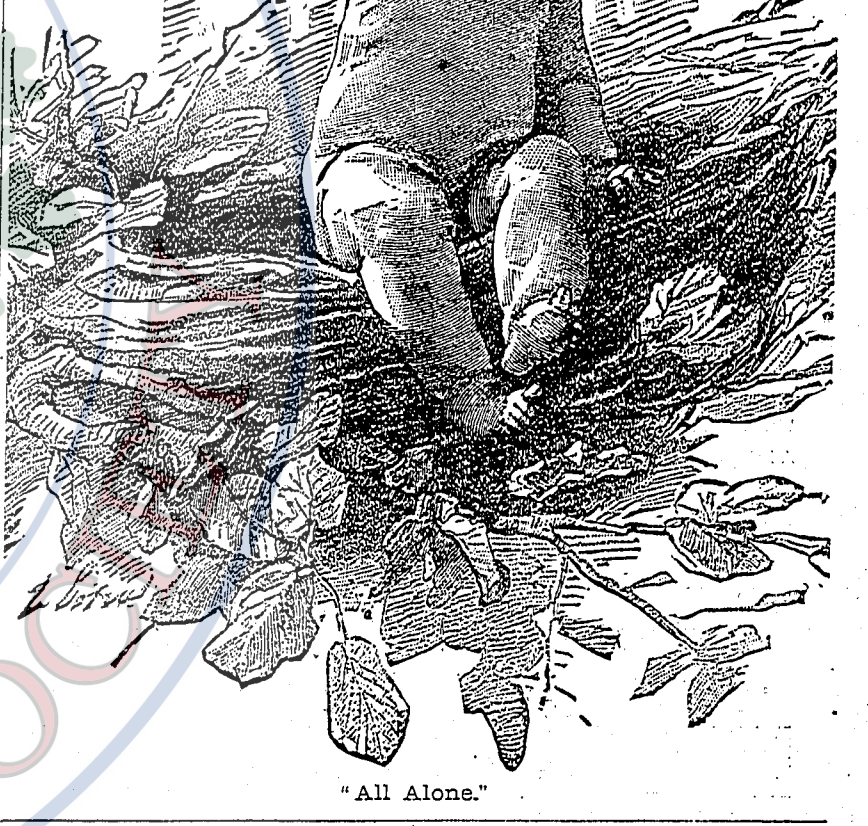
"I'll know where there is a pumpkin," said Sadie Appel, "but it is to make pies for our Sunday dinner."

FOUND ON A CHRISTMAS TREE.

A writer on Christmas celebrations says: The best arrangement I have found, from much experience, is about a month before Christmas, to appoint a receiver-general, to whom all parcels, safely wrapped up and fully addressed, may be intrusted, no questions being asked or answered.

When the tree is decorated, fasten on as many little bonbonnières, etc., as you have guests, with a label fastened to each, containing the recipient's name, and inside, hidden among the boughs, a card with the number that corresponds with that name.

"All Alone."



THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

BY HELEN O'NEIL.

T was on Christmas Eve that Belle Palmer gave her party. She had invited forty of her playmates, all girls. They had all been at birthday parties, but this was something new so none of them stayed away.

As soon as the last one was there they began playing "Clap in and clap out," and then "Drop the handkerchief." Then they sang, and after that marched about awhile and filed out into the long dining-room to supper.

Mistletoe is one of those plants called parasites. The mistletoe is a gray, thread-like plant, and you will sometimes see it about the streets for sale at Christmas time, for, like the holly, it is a Christmas plant, says a writer in "Little Men and Women."

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A SACRED PLANT IN ENGLAND.

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Many, many hundred years ago the mistletoe was a sacred plant in England. The people did not worship the one true God, but they believed in several 'evil spirits, and these spirits they worshipped and tried to please. For these spirits they set apart the oak trees.

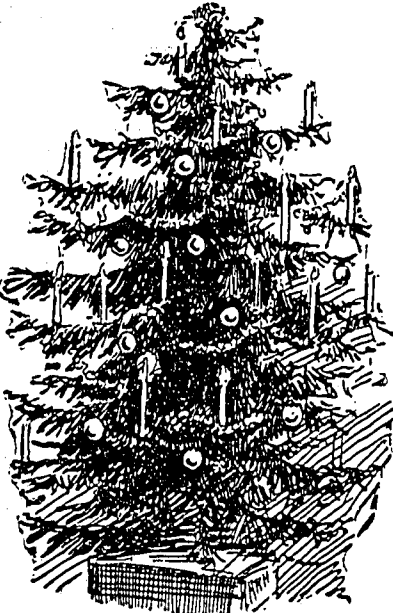


Christmas Morning.

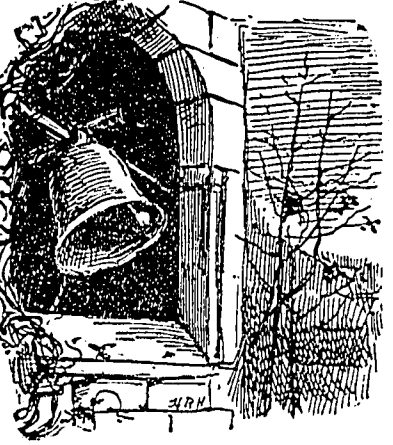
WHICH IS RIGHT?

BY EDGAR TERRELL.

I am the spreading Christmas tree! Without me, what would Christmas be? My green branches, bending low, My pop-corn festoons, white as snow,



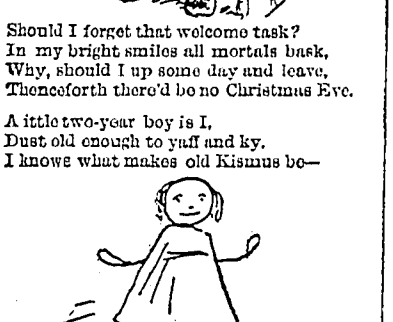
My gleaming candles, in a row— I am the spreading Christmas tree! Without me, what would Christmas be? The bell, the old church bell, am I, To ring the hours from steeples high; I chime the dawn of Christmas Day,



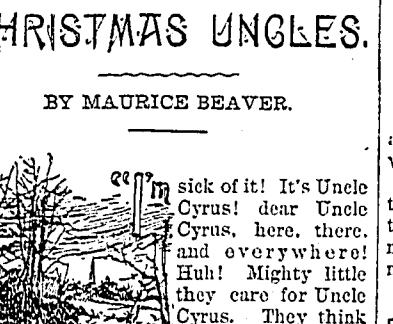
I tell its fleeting hours away, At misty noon, at evening's gray— Without the Christmas bells, so high, There'd be no Christmas Days, say I!



Ho, ho! ye silly creatures, pause! I am the monarch, Santa Claus! Who'd bring the presents, may I ask,



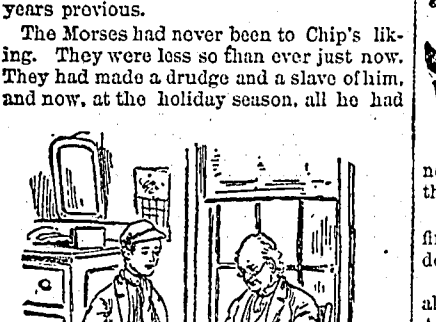
Should I forget that welcome task? In my bright smiles all mortals bask, Why should I up some day and leave, Thereforth there'd be no Christmas Eve.



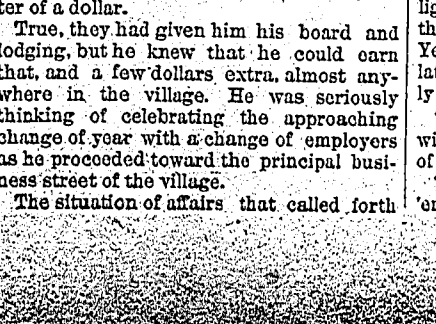
A little two-year boy is I, Dust old enough to sniff and ky, I know what makes old Kismet bo—

CHRISTMAS UNCLE'S.

BY MAURICE BEAVER.



As I sit here, it's Uncle Cyrus' dear old Uncle Cyrus, here, here, and everywhere! Huh! Mighty little they care for Uncle Cyrus. They think he's going to get a fortune, and they're coddling him up to get the benefit of it.



received to celebrate on was a solitary quarter of a dollar. True, they had given him his board and lodging, but he knew that he could earn that, and a few dollars extra, almost anywhere in the village.

PRESENTS IN SEASON.

BY J. K. C.

Chip's dissatisfied soliloquy was as follows: The Moses had two old uncles, living one at each end of the village. Uncle Cyrus was a selfish, tyrannical man, and nobody liked him.

Cyrus lived on the expectation, and the Moses hoped by treating him well to some day share his wealth.

Uncle David lived alone, and was poor and obscure. He, too, was closely related to Colonel Littleton, the city millionaire; but no one supposed for a moment that the quiet, unassuming David had any chance of their ship, for he never bragged of it, as did Uncle Cyrus.

The Moses treated Uncle David very differently, but Chip liked him. He was content to make him kites, boats and sleds, and, as Chip thought of him, he went straight to the nearest store, and with a grimace, setting aside his own longings for a certain ball he had intended to treat himself to, he expended his entire twenty-five cents for a rough but durable pocket-knife, and then started for Uncle David's humble home.

"Come in!" spoke a cheery voice, and Uncle David hastily accepted a letter he had been reading, and seemed much confused and excited.

"You, eh, Chip? Well, how's the folks?" "Mean as ever!" blurted out impetuous Chip.

"Tut, tut, lad!" "Yes, they are. You know Colonel Littleton is dead, and Uncle Cyrus is just strutting around, waiting to get a letter telling him he's the heir, and the Moses can't do enough for him. They're giving him a big Christmas-eve dinner to-night. You invited."

"Ha, hum. I reckon not." "You but not! You're too poor, you are. They're stuck-up noodles, and I like you, Uncle David, and I'm going to leave them and come here and live with you. I'm sick of them. Say, there's your Christmas present. If I had more money I'd buy you a watch."

"Dear-fulfill! dear-fulfill!" chirruped Uncle David. "Just the knife I wanted." And the old man went into ecstasies over the simple gift.

"Say, lad," he remarked, as Chip left the house later, "I'll be down to see the folks about your coming to live with me."

"Yes, do; I'm tired of slaving for them," responded Chip.

Tired, too, was he of the cumbersome meal to which he was invited. Uncle Cyrus, in high expectation of the Littleton fortune, was more boastful and dominating than ever.

Half-way through dinner, there came a ring at the door-bell. Then a servant entered the room.

"Gentleman with a letter, which he says he wishes to see Mr. Cyrus about," said the servant.

"Ah!" chuckled Cyrus, swelling out with pride, "a lawyer to notify me formally that Colonel Littleton has left me his enormous fortune, doubtless! Show him in! I'll show him in! Hallelu! It's only you!"

Uncle Cyrus scowled dreadfully.

"Yes, it's only me!" replied humble Uncle David. "Mr. Morse, you often said the lad Chip was a burden to you. I've come to take him away."

"That suits me!" "And, Cousin Cyrus, I got a letter this morning."

"Ah!" "From Colonel Littleton's lawyer." "I expect one, too." "It surprised me."

"Expected a fortune, eh? No, no; you got a fortune!" "Which I did."

"What!" "Yes; Colonel Littleton has left me all his wealth."

There was mourning at the Morse house that night. Uncle Cyrus, a deposed monarch, who had been a curious listener to the rapid conversation, stared after him with a sharp "Well, I never saw such a boy!"

"Oh, he's all right," smiled Mr. Wallace. "You know, last haying-time I promised him one of the little gobs for work he did. The gobbler is a full-grown fowl now, and Ned claims it. He has some idea of selling it and buying himself a pair of skates or a sled. I suppose."

It was two hours later when Ned surprised his father still more, however, by revealing no such selfish intentions regarding the turkey.

He appeared with the son of the nearest farmer, a boy of his own age, Paul Dobbins. The turkey, with feet tied, hung from a branch carried between them.

"Father, may I go on a little jaunt, and be home before dark?" asked Ned.

"Not to town, Ned?" "Oh, no; I—I—"

"Going to sell the turkey?" "Going to make a Christmas present of it."

IT'S FOR YOU!

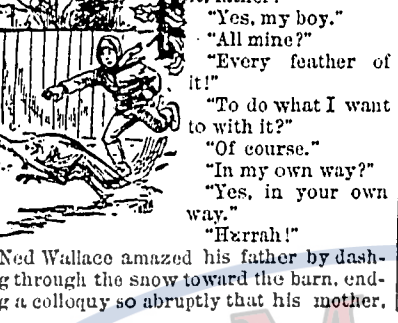
BY JESSIE ETHEL.

"It's my turkey, ain't it, father?" "Yes, my boy."

"All mine?" "Every feather of it!" "To do what I want to with it?" "Of course."

"In my own way?" "Yes, in your own way."

"Hurray!" Ned Wallace amazed his father by dashing through the snow toward the barn, ending a colloquy so abruptly that his mother,



Paul had become lost at nightfall. The storm had come down furiously; every step they took they sank knee-deep in the snow.

At last, alarmed and disheartened, they placed some branches against a tree, so as to shelter them, and sat down to rest.

"We must be near Marsh's cabin," murmured Ned, apprehensively.

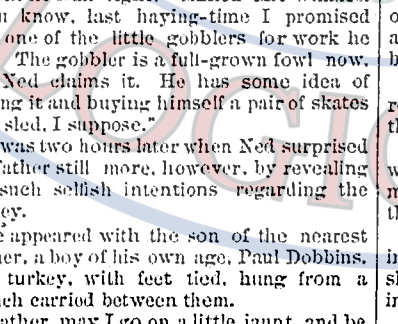
"Yes, but the dark and the storm! What will the folks think? See the turkey flutter. Draw him in from the snow, Ned."

"Hey! What's that? A wild fowl, I declare!" rang out a gruff, familiar voice.

"Don't shoot, Mr. Marsh. It's me, Ned—Ned Wallace, and that's a turkey, and it's for you, and—oh, dear! Can you give us shelter till we get dry and warm?"

Silas Marsh, gun in hand, stared sullenly at the two boys, but he led them to his cabin, just across a thicket.

His hard face softened as, once in the cabin, Ned, a little shyly, told his story.



"A Christmas present for me!" murmured Marsh, an hour later, hitching up his horse in the sled to a sled to take the boys home.

"Ah, me! They're in almost too, and I sort of misjudged 'em. Many a year since I got a present! Mercy me! I believe I'm a blabbering!"

Anyway, he gave his strange guests a royal feast on nuts and apples, and drove them home through the storm.

At both farm-houses—the Dobbins as well as the Wallace homestead—he held a mysterious conference with the parents of the boys ere he bade them good-night.

A singular thing happened the next morning. When Ned Wallace went to put on his shoes something rattled in them; likewise in those of Paul Dobbins.

Ned removed the obstruction—a ten-dollar gold piece; likewise did Paul—Silas Marsh's Christmas gift.

And later on no friend took more interest in guiding them in their woodland expeditions than Silas Marsh. Their honest Christmas gift had won his devotion, and warmed the heart of the miser woodcutter's cheerless, frozen life.

"DON'T BE INQUISITIVE." "ERE'S yer nice roast chicken!" cried an aged colored man, as the cars stopped at a North Carolina railway station on Christmas morning.

"Ere's your nice roast chicken's tators, all nice and hot, hildin' up his plate and walking the platform."

"Where did you get that chicken, uncle?" asks a passenger. Uncle looks at the intruder sharply, and then turns away, crying:

"Ere's yer nice roast chicken, gentlemen, all hot; needn't go in de house for dat."

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

BY BOB BRIGIT.

(AN ACROSTIC.)

Granberry sauce till we could not rest, Hot place, the rich and best, Raisins and nuts we ate with a zest, Indian pudding with a frosty crest, Sauces that sharpened every funny jest, Turkeys, I fed 'em on the corn of best, Marmalade sweetened to the finest test, Apples, I thought we would never rest, Sweet potatoes, by this time you've guessed that like birds in a nest every guest had eaten so much of 'em, the host's best, and true and honest, little Tommy Trest couldn't and didn't pull down his nest!



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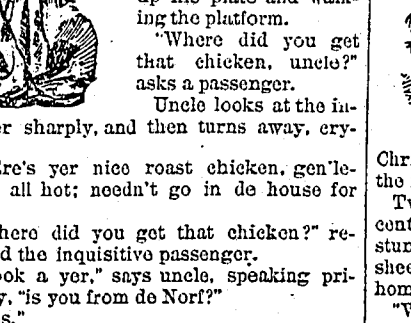
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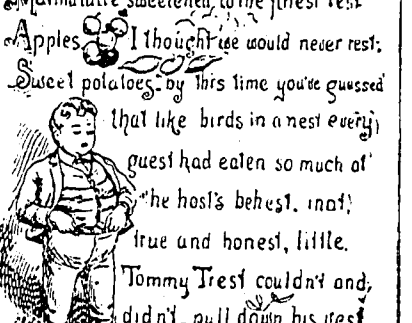
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SELLING ANGELS.

BY DWIGHT WELDON.

It but it was cold, little Tommy Newton, blowing his fingers and stamping his feet, and in a wailing, frozen-up tone crying out his poor basketful of wares, voted it so; and if any one in the wide city had a right to act the thermometer it was Tom, for mittenless hands, woefully shod feet, bare neck, and scantily covered form were the main points of



notes in the little peddler's ensemble that bleak Christmas Eve.

The roads were frozen tight; the sidewalk boards snapped like fire-crackers. Above in the cruelly clear sky the moon looked like an unsharpened scimitar blade. Glistening daggers flashed from the stars and cut the night into blasts as sharp as wolves' teeth. The quivering particles of frozen moisture looked like bits of broken glass.

"An-ge-ls! An-ge-ls! Here's your an-ge-ls!" It was a queer cry, but not queer enough to attract the attention of passers-by. What right had freezing, starving Tom Newton to expect the rich and comfortable and muffled-up people, hurrying to cozy homes with armfuls of presents, to get chilled inspecting his paltry stock of goods?

"An-ge-ls! gold, silver, red, white, blue!" Angels they were, in miniature, a score or more of them. To Tom they were beautiful. Had not his crippled father fashioned the smiling face and cherub form out of wax, and pale, invalid sister Elsa dressed and decorated them in their cheerless tenement-house room all that day?

They meant food and warmth and medicine, if sold. Tom's heart grew despondent as the hours went by. No one wanted angels to hang on Christmas trees. Oh! if some real good, true angel would only lead them to want them.

The crowds began to thin out. Tom grew colder and colder. He took up his basket at last with a dreary sigh.

"Oh, my!" Little Tom's heart went out in a gasp. He reached down toward a fat, bloated pocket-book lying in the snow, so fat and so bloated that the ends of several bills showed at one end.

"Here, boy! I lost that." The sharp tones belonged to a richly dressed woman, and she fairly grabbed the wallet from Tom's hands.

"Yes, ma'am. I'd have given it to you, if I knowed it was yours, without your asking. An-ge-ls, ma'am, please buy one!" "How much?" came the vinegarish demand.

"Only a dime." "I'll give you five cents for one for your home!" And she passed Tom a nickel, selected the best image, and swopt on in all her meanness and comfort.

Tom did not look very grateful, but he was encouraged, and he shouted out his wares more vigorously than ever as he passed the last block of stores between the place and home.

"She broke my bad luck, anyway," chuckled Tom. "I've sold three more. I guess there's no use trying any more, though. Now, for Elsa's Christmas."

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OUR CHRISTMAS JOKELETS.

UNNING little Johnny had been watching his mother make the holiday tarts. Finally he asked:

"Ma, has your tongue got legs?" "Got what, child?" "Got legs, ma."

"Certainly not; but why do you ask that silly question?" "Oh, nothing, only I heard pass your tongue was running from morning till night, and I was wondering how it could run without legs, that's all, ma."



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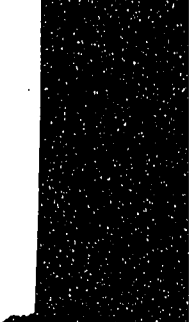
CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

E was a man noted somewhat for lounging around billiard-rooms and neglecting his family, and was sitting in his usual place of resort, with several compatriots killing time one Christmas Day. Suddenly his wife entered the room, bearing a covered dish, which she deposited upon the table beside him, with the sarcastic and cutting remark:

"Presuming, husband, that you were too busy to come home to dinner, I have brought yours to you, and then departed."

The husband invited his companions to share his meal, and, removing the covers, from the dish, revealed, not a smoking roast, but instead a slip of paper, on which was written:

"I hope you will enjoy your dinner; it is the same kind your family eat at home."



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And in the flare of a roaring, rollicking, laughing fire, such as the Newtons had not known for months previous, that Christmas night the little angels seemed to smile down on the happiness of the grateful, joyous father, daughter and son in their humble home.

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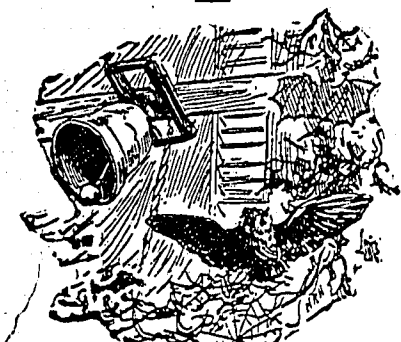
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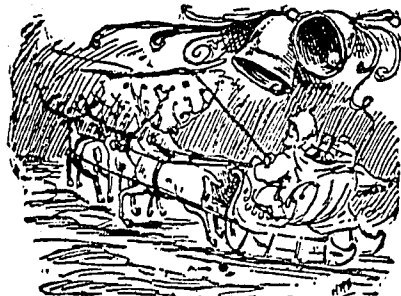
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THE STORY OF THE BELLS.

BY HECTOR LANE.



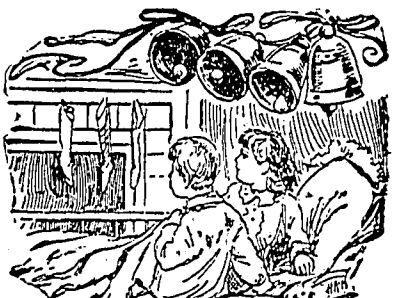
One! with a clang that is brazen and hoarse, Chiding, and solemn, and warning— "What of the hour?" croaks owl and bat. One of the still Christmas morning.



Two! down the road, with reindeer and sled, Comes Santa Claus, chuckling and hoarse; "No one will see me—they're all asleep!" And the moon floods the farm house with glory.



Three! by the clock, and the old patient bell, Croaks with a yawn in the street; Always the same comfort story to tell, Telling the hours for the people.



Four! with a thought of the day and its gifts, Little eyes open and twinkle; "Dark! down in bed, and cover the head, And dream once again of Kris Kringle!"



Five! by the clock, then a rattle and ruck, Up the chimney, then over the snow; Santa has been, and Santa has gone, And the presents are all in a row.



Six! tumble out, every urchin and babe! One shoe off, one on, no matter! This hour is yours, the best of them all, Clatter, and scatter, and chatter!



Ah, go to sleep, tired old bell! it has come! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven! Open the doors! let the children rush in! 'Tis the day that is nearest to heaven!

MISER GABRIEL.

The Story of a Mortgage in Three Taps.

BY GEORGE HENRY MORSE.

TAP ONE—AT DUSK!

AP, tap, tap. Mrs. Gregory aroused from a deep reverie with a start. For over an hour she had sat staring in a dreamy, worried sort of way at the glowing logs in the old-fashioned kitchen fire-place and did not notice that dusk had nearly come until she was startled by the sharp summons at the door. Somehow she was frightened. Gregory's farm was five miles from Tipton, and two from any other house. She was alone, expecting her husband and her pretty daughter, Janet, very moment. They had driven to town with some poultry, and were due home long since. That kind of a knock was no neighborly tap. It must be a stranger, and Mrs. Gregory remembered how a tramp had robbed the house once, and stolen a horse another time, and instead of saying "Come in," or opening it, she nervously barred the heavy portal, and ran to the window. "Who is there?" demanded her quivering

toned, as she glanced through the panes, her heart beating violently. "Ah! you're there, ma'am!" spoke a gruff voice; and a man, bearded and uncouth and ragged, came into view, and a new terror overcame the timid housewife as she fancied that he looked rough and fierce and threatening. "What do you want?" "Food, I'm nigh starved; shelter, or the means of getting it. Don't look so scared, missus. I'm no thief! Old Jerry, the tramp, um, and if I don't look civil and gentle it ain't because I ain't!" Mrs. Gregory hesitated; she had reason to. It was Christmas Eve, and she had seen the time in the happy years ago when, her heart warming to the festive occasion, she would have welcomed a score of hungry tramps to hospitality; but just now hard lines had come to the Gregorlys, and every mouthful counted. She went to the cupboard, however, keeping an anxious eye on the window, and made up a liberal lunch of meat and bread; hesitated again, with a tear in her eye, and added a piece of pie—her piece of pie for the sparse Christmas dinner on the morrow. Then she approached the window, raised it slightly, pushed out the package, and said: "I'm sorry we are—a trifle short of provisions, and Mr. Gregory's away, and I have no money—" "Hay? Gregory? Is this Gregory's?" he heard tell about your trouble with that old skeezick, Marble. I know him. Say, missus, I thank ye, and more because I know ye can't spare the food, and bless me, if I gets strength out of it, and a drop or two to warm me up, I'll seek out old Marble and give him a couple of good licks just for oppressing such good people as you are. Ho, ho! Marble! How I hate him!" He went off shuffling and croaking Mrs. Gregory could say a word. A slight flush of humiliation crossed her face as, with a sigh, she sat down again by the hearth. Young Tyler took the matter into court. He affirmed that his father just before his death had aroused sufficiently to tell him that he had paid Marble all he owed him. It was proven that Tyler had received sufficient money for that purpose from the sale of the mine; but when Marble demanded evidence of a receipt, and exhibited the unexcelled notes, the jury decided in his favor. The Tyler farm became Marble's property. Cecil became a homeless pauper. Gregory was sued for a deficit of \$5,000, forced to sell his outside land, mortgage the homestead, and in three years such misery and misfortune grew out of the affair that the farmer had grown old and broken-spirited. One year before that Christmas Eve upon which our story opens, Cecil Tyler, with the kiss of his fair betrothed, Janet, warm on his lips, had bade the farm and Tipton and the Gregorlys farewell. "I am going West to seek my fortune," he said. "Cheer up, farmer. I shall work day and night to earn the money to pay you back what you have lost through my father. Watch Marble! He is a scoundrel—a swindler. He knows my father paid him that money. There is some plot in it. He has cheated us!" And then, full of hope and love, away to the golden West went Cecil, leaving Janet in anxious tears, Farmer Gregory dubious and gloomy. Now Marble began to show his real hand. In paying his demands Gregory had been forced to sell every bit of land he owned, except the homestead. That he had mortgaged heavily. Bad crops had come. One day the crafty usurer drove up to the farmhouse. For half an hour he was closeted in close conversation with Gregory. The good housewife was amazed shortly to hear loud, angry voices and the sound of blows, and she saw Marble rush from the house, his face scored with blood, and her husband shouting out wild threats after him. "John, John, what has happened?" she cried in alarm. "Trust in Heaven in adversity, as we did when prosperity was ours!" cried Mrs. Gregory, bravely. "You've got me, father, and I can work, and we cannot utterly fail," spoke Janet, smiling through her tears, and caressing and despairing John Gregory. It was a mournful family group. The farmer had returned home with a white, hardened face—on foot—from town. Gabriel Marble had given the screw of torture another turn. He had seized upon the team driven by Gregory on a writ for debt, claiming that he intended to leave the county and defraud his creditors. This last misfortune and disgrace drove John Gregory nearly frantic. He had torn to ribbons the note the constable placed in his hands, and well it was that Gabriel Marble did not present it personally in Gregory's present humor! "Make me your son-in-law," the malvolent schemer wrote insolently, "and the farm shall be deeded back to you, and Janet shall dress in silks and diamonds. I am moving into my elegant new mansion to-day, and she shall be my mistress if she speaks but the word." "The thieving scoundrel!" murmured Gregory as he told his wife of the note. "He drove poor Cecil to become a wanderer; he has made us beggars. O, when will such as he be punished?" "In God's good time," interrupted Mrs. Gregory softly. "Come, John, we will not let it crush us. We have health and hope and—Janet! We can face life again and win a new home." Tap! "There's some one at the door," murmured the farmer. He cut short his wife's words by walking to the door and opening it. A flurry of snow came in. The winding flurries beyond half-enveloped a muffled figure. "May I come in?" "A stranger! n—no, yes! Come! We can shelter you for a time." "He is no stranger!" The words were a scream. In thrilled amazement Mrs. Gregory gazed on Janet. "Cecil! Cecil! I know you! Oh, thank God! thank God!" "It ain't!" gasped Gregory, aghast. "Yes, husband, it's him!" He it was! Cecil—Cecil Tyler! He had cast aside his wraps as best he could with those clinging, rapturous arms of love about him. She was crying, sobbing at his knees as the bluff farmer drew Cecil to the great arm-chair. The three hovered about him, and looked at his sad face and threadbare attire, and read no story of golden success there. But he was home again. Oh! life was not so bitter, after all. "Farmer, I have failed. I have come home poorer than when I went away!" Those were Cecil Tyler's first words. "Have you?" cried Gregory, actually smiling. "Boy, I'm so glad to see you alive, rich or poor—so glad to see poor Janet's eyes glow with hope again, that bags of gold would not better it. You're welcome, and if two stout hearts can't take care of two loving ones, why—why, life's all a mistake; that's all!" How the fire glowed! How those honest souls warmed to grateful joy? Ah! Christmas had brought its gifts. It was heaven to hear laughter and mirth under that old roof once more. "Might!" spoke Gregory at last, arising to his feet. "My! the hours have passed like magic. The wind's this way, and we can just hear Tipton bells." "Upon the door, husband. I love the chiming." Mrs. Gregory's hand rested lovingly on the farmer's shoulder, and a gentle, far-away look was in his honest eyes as the door slightly ajar, they stood and listened, while Cecil's bronzed cheeks rested against the soft, white brow of his affianced love. Over the snow, mellow and echoing, came the last runaway chiming of the bellies of Tipton. They died away. John Gregory, about to close the door, murmured: "Peace on earth! Yes, it is here!" "Good-will to men!" softly rejoined his wife. "Except Gabriel Marble, yes. I can't love that enemy just yet, but I won't think of him—" "Yes, you will." "Hello!" The door was pushed back, a grotesque form stood there. "Let me in!" "Who are you? You have been drinking!" "Mebbe, but Missus knows me; don't ye, Missus?" "He is a tramp; he came here for food to-day," began Mrs. Gregory. "And you give it to me, and I said I'd remember it, eh?" persisted the tramp, edging his way past the threshold. "Well, farmer, shut the door. I'm booked for an hour or two here." Old Jerry was slightly unsteady. He chuckled and winked, but, while resolute, was not aggressive. "I don't know," began Gregory. "Yes, you do. I've come here six miles to tell a story, a Christmas story, and it's all about Gabriel Marble, and—shut the door, farmer. Time was when I used to come here welcome, years ago. I ain't old Jerry at all, I'm Marble's old man of all work." "Dobbs!" uttered Gregory, startled and interested. "Exactly. He made me a tramp," was the tramp's strange statement. "To-night I make him—a pauper!" III. TAP THREE!—AT DAWN! Old Jerry had taken off his ragged muffler and his gray cap, and the frolic brought out to the staring, wondering quartette more than one familiar feature as it glowed over his straggling beard and bronzed face, with its expression more of cunning than actual crime. "I look rough and I've been drinking," said Dobbs, alias Jerry. "Well, never mind that. You recall I mysteriously disappeared from Tipton shortly after yonder lad's father died?" "Yes, I remember it," replied Gregory, somewhat impressed now with the conviction that Dobbs had an object in his strange midnight visit. "Gabriel Marble was a schemer and a thief, and for years I'd been his trusty slave, until I knew too much about his business, and he got afraid I might in some drinking bout tell what I knew," went on Dobbs. "Then he had done wrong?" murmured Mrs. Gregory. "Yes, he had. He made me a tramp, and he made me a pauper!" "He is a tramp; he came here for food to-day," began Mrs. Gregory. 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at the town tavern primed me for work. I hung around Marble's old house. He saw me, and never recognized me. Finally, I ventured to ask him for work." "And got it?" "Yes. He was moving to his new mansion, on the hill." "I know." "So he gets me to help him. By and by, it comes to moving his desk. I shouldered it. Once out of sight, I lugged it into a thicket. I had a lantern of his with me. For an hour I searched over his papers, you bet! I broke open drawer after drawer. Then I carted the desk to the new house, got a lot of abuse for delay, and a stingy dime for all my work; and then to the tavern, and then—here!" "And the papers?" queried Mr. Gregory suspiciously. "They'll fix him," chuckled Dobbs. "He kept every scrap he ever had. I'm going on to the next town to see Lawyer Roberts. It won't be safe for me when Marble finds the broken desk. I'm going to get Roberts to take the papers and prosecute Marble for forgery and fraud. Oh! I'll have my revenge." Dobbs arose to his feet. He looked quite serious as he glanced at the farmer's wife. "Missus," he said, "you gave me food when you needed it. I'm glad to be able to show my gratitude. Among Marble's papers I found—that!" "That was a time-worn document, around which the eager quartet crowded." "The receipt for the money paid by my father to Gabriel Marble, and stolen from him by Marble!" cried Cecil Tyler, tumultuously. "Oh! farmer, the old place will be mine again. All that Marble has defrauded you of he will have to repay with interest. The dawn has come at last. The Christian sun has lighted him with some darkness; the receipt proved everything. With Dobbs' evidence in place Gabriel Marble in the dock as a common swindler and perjurer. Tipton knew the truth ere the Christmas sun had crossed the meridian, and when the county sheriff tapped the usurer on the shoulder, and told him that his crimes were well known, Gabriel Marble did not delay in restoring to Gregory and Cecil the property of which he had robbed them. The tap of the tramp's hand on the farmhouse door had won him charity that he repaid nobly. The tap of a friend at that same door later was welcomed with love's delight, for Cecil was never to leave Janet again. The tap of the hands of justice on Gabriel Marble's shrinking shoulder brought villainy home to him, and right triumphed over wrong. And those three taps made the gathering at the Gregory farm-house that Christmas night the happiest and brightest in all the broad land.

CHRISTMAS.

MEMORABLE is the institution of Christmas. It is a festival of the Christian Church observed on December 25 as the anniversary of the Saviour's birth established by Pope Telesphorus, who died A. D. 138, and throughout the subsequent history of the church the day has been one of the most noted of Christian solemnities. In olden times, confounded with the Epiphany, it was celebrated in the months of April and May. In the country, however, St. Cyril of Jerusalem succeeded in obtaining from Pope Julian I. an order for ascertaining the exact day of Christ's nativity. The great theologians of the time took as a basis the tables of the censurers in the archives of Rome, and established the day which has prevailed ever since. The custom of celebrating three masses in Roman Catholic countries to usher in Christmas day—one at midnight, the presumable hour of Christ's birth, one at dawn, and one in the morning—originated in the sixth century. It has ever been considered a day of cheerful commemoration and merriment, and during the middle ages was celebrated by many fantastic spectacles, dramatic mysteries, moralities and mask-entertainments. In England, Italy, Germany, and nearly every country in Europe the day is celebrated with great festivities, although much of the elaboration of the same is dispensed with. Even to this day the Catholic ministers for several days preceding Christmas descend from the mountains to Naples and Rome to salute the various shrines in the churches and public places. The holly, the laurel, the evergreen, and the ivy are the chief natural decorations employed, and in England the college chapels are regularly trimmed with considerable ceremony. In the United States, since the Puritans were at first stern opponents of Christmas pastimes, the day was less generally celebrated in New England than in the Middle and Southern States. Santa Claus (St. Nicholas), originally introduced by the Dutch settlers of New York, is the American representative of the German Knecht Ruprecht. At Christmas eve the bells were rung. On Christmas eve the mass was sung; That one night in all the year Saw the steeple ring the chalice rear. Then opened wide the barn's stall To vassal, tenant, serf and all; Power laid his rod of rule aside, And ceremony doffed his pride; The heir, with roses in his shoes, That night might village parter choose; All hallowed with uncontrolled delight; And general noise the happy night That to the cottage as to the crown Brought tidings of salvation down. England was merry England when Old Christmas brought his sports again. 'Twas Christmas brought the mightiest tale; 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale; A Christmas gambol of world cheer A poor man's heart through half the year. Christmas carols were marked features of holiday celebrations in past centuries, and the literature of every civilized country abounds in them. They were usually sung by minstrels, young children, or in cathedral choirs, and no Christmas morning in village communities was allowed to pass without this poem of musical commemoration being prominent in the exercises of the day: I saw three ships come sailing in On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day; I saw three ships come sailing in On Christmas Day in the morning, O, they sailed into Bethlehem. On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day; O, they sailed into Bethlehem. On Christmas Day in the morning, And all the bells on earth shall ring On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day; And all the bells on earth shall ring On Christmas Day in the morning, And all the angels in heaven shall sing On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day; And all the angels in heaven shall sing On Christmas Day in the morning. Present-giving is a custom of remote origin, and seems to have run the course of the years without fashion or circumstances being able to banish it. The Christmas tree has supplanted the Yule log and the mistletoe; but this is because of its being more common and convenient, and of the decree of the little ones, who would rather go wild over its beauties than marvel at the mysteries of time-honored usages.

1889-1890



THE OLD AND THE NEW

BY DUNCAN MAC GREGOR.

Eighty-nine, eighty-nine! Ring it out, a broken china!

'Tis a year without a handle, 'Tis a stand without a candle; 'Tis a clock that's running slow.

Feebly his last seconds go— Eighty-nine! eighty-nine! Take your place last in the line.

Eighty-nine! eighty-nine! Dim and far your memories shone; All your days seem light and airy, Snuff them out, you little fairy.

Eighty-nine! eighty-nine! Like a dim-remembered rhyme, Hasten your last fond lingering!

BOY LOST.

BY RUFUS REDWING.



'T was awfully cute and cunning—little Tot Deering felt it as he scudded along in the snow—toddled rather, for he was only four years old.

Cute and cunning to run away from home and give the folks a fright and be the hero of a genuine Christmas sensation; that was what he meant.

Tot looked like a young Laplander, and felt like one, as the cold failed to even pinch his cheeks, and he blew the snow from his face as if it were colder down.

A snug hat, a thick cloak, warm mitts, leggings, and overboots—surely these would defy the Storm King during a truant run down the road to the woods, across the woods to the river, and there Tot knew he would find his

"It's a ghost, a spirit! Don't catch me, dear Mr. Ghost!"

Uncle Eph crouched to the ground. Then he listened.

"What do you think? Right up from a hole in the snow came a gentle, childish voice, and it said—

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take."

"It's the boy!" screamed old Bill, nearly crazy with joy, for he had recognized the tones of those little Tot.

Then he dug at the hole in the ground, and the snow flew, and he lit a match and peered way down under the ground and found—

A cave, warm and cozy, and lying on his sled in one corner, warm and cozy also, little Tot.

Tot had cried as if his heart would break when he first fell into the dark, gruesome place, but by and by he got sleepy and he had said his prayers and lain down to go to sleep.

And when old Uncle Bill rushed up to Tot's home, Tot in his arms, he knew that there would be a merry Christmas for that little fellow of all others, and he sang and danced and hallooed with all his might:

"Boy found! boy found!"

UNCLE EPH'S DINNER.

BY W. E. TYLER.



DAR! G'lang, Poverty, it ut be dark afore I reach my journey's end, let alone gettin' back home."

Old Eph struck his horse a blow with the switch and the ancient cart jolted over the frozen mountain road more briskly.

"Tain't as used to was; tain't no more comin' as it used to was," mumbled the old darkey. "Dar was afore de wah. We won't say nothin' 'bout dese Christmas times, for dey's past and gone; but sence de wah entill folks is forgettin' Christmas, all keep old Uncle Eph. Jus' like any other day to me; but I'll wake 'em up—I'll show dem how de old aristocracy remembers what's right and papah, G'lang! Hallo, Mis-stah John-sing!"

Eph halted so abruptly before a broken fence with a lighted cabin behind it that he fairly jolted out of the cart. His hair enticed a door to open, and a flood of light would have made the yard bright as day only that Mr. Johnson and his wife and two sisters blocked up the door, wonder-eyed and curious, while seven little Johnsons wedged in their curly pates at every loophole afforded, to also welcome the new comer.

"Dat you, Mr. Clay? Uncle Eph, ladies. Shoo, yo brast! Go way, go way! Come in, Mr. Clay, come in."

Uncle Eph bowed with dignity. There was more than ordinary weightiness and self-importance in the way he handled his old plug hat as he sat down before the broad fireplace.

There was an impressive silence. Even the little children, peering curiously from this and that corner, seemed to feel that there was excitement in the air.

"Mistah Johnson and family," began Uncle Eph, solemnly, "you is respectfully invited to a Christmas dinner and ball at de residence of—of myself on de twenty-fifth instantaneous. R. Q.—Rest in peace; dat's it, dat is de formula Dinah 'greeted on, but we had no papah, so I se de bearer of de message in pussion. You's invited to come, chillen and all."

Mr. Johnson showed his ivory. Mrs. Johnson looked complacent. The seven little ones yelled out a wild hurrah. Mr. Johnson's sisters looked serious, and one of them inquired, with slight hauteur:

"Will de occasion be in de nature of a swarree, Mr. Clay?"

"Dar will be music," replied Eph. "And turkey," chuckled Johnson. Uncle Eph bridled up.

"No, sah. Turkey is too common." "Uncommon skase, specially wid de coops tightly barred. Ha, ha! But a goose, Mr. Clay, shorly a goose."

"No, sah," replied Uncle Eph, with becoming dignity, "goose is a grasy fowl. Dar will be refreshments, but de main article of celebration will be a pig—a fat young pig, sah, and dey's nubber one of Dinah's prime roasted pigs has nubber known de delights of fire. Ladies, you has de invitation. Dar will be music, an' some twenty couples, an' a Christmas tree for de chillen, an' R. Q.—rest in peace. Good ebenin', good ebenin', ocean' all."

Uncle Eph jogged along homeward, the picture of placid content. He had delivered the twenty-odd invitations; he had acquitted himself with credit and dignity.

The old Tennessee cabin, with its dark sheltering background of hemlock and fir, had never seemed so cosy as when he welcomed its cheery lights and drove to the shed of a stable and unloaded a score of packages from the cart and chucked at a sight of the Christmas tree and chucked an extravagant at the stock, well-fed pig that was to serve for the Christmas meal.

How Dinah hugged him as he told of how he had s'prised those stuck-up Smiths and the like, and they planned working all night getting ready for the morning, while Eph ate his late supper.

"Ef dat pore runaway boy of ours was only here," he said, as he sharpened up the meat-axe; "Dinah, dat would make it 'deeda merry Christmas."

"Don't spoke of it," replied Dinah, wiping a tear from her eye. "It only saddens us. He's dead an' gone or he'd have come back to us, for we was always kind to him."

"But he would ride hosses. Mossifus, hark, chirk, hark!" "Hossifus, Dinah, look!" Both had run to the door and flung it open at a strange, unusual sound outside.

"Possifus! Dinah, it's a b'ar. Get de gun, get de gun! De first one I saw for years." "An' he's got our Christmas dinner—he's got de pig!"

It was a scene that might electrify any one. Plainly visible, coming from the direction of the shed, was a bear. In his forepaws he held the screaming, terrified pig—pre-empting for his own edification the Christmas dinner of Eph and his invited guests.

As Napoleon felt, when he saw the tide of battle turn at Waterloo, as royal King George felt when he saw his continental possessions eluding his frantic grasp, so felt the overwhelmed Eph at that moment.

Vital issues—the saving of dignity, his hospitable reputation, and the pig—depended on immediate action. Uncle Eph, terribly excited, gun in hand, came up with bruin twenty paces down the road.

Bang! The old fowling-piece had not been discharged for months, and absent-minded Eph had loaded it twice in the past few weeks. The recoil sent him, half stunned and prostrate, to the ground. A few of the shot had tickled the bear and angered him, and dropping the pig, bruin made a sortie for Eph.

"I se a gone coon. Dinah, you's a widow!" cried Eph, and then—

Bang, bang! Two sharp reports rang out, and bruin fell, dyeing the snowy ground with his life-blood.

A spruce, dandified colored boy stood, gun in hand, a few feet away. "Just in time, Uncle Eph; just in time," spoke this individual.

"I saw, but yo was de boy, an' I doan't remember yo face! Dinah, de Lawd is good. I se saved as a brand from de burnin'. My boy, whoever yo is, we tanks yo, we tanks yo; de house is yours; de bus' we hab—our gratitude—de pig—"

Eph was shaking the hand off his rescuer as Dinah came up. "I heard you was going to have a celebration down de road," spoke the stranger. "Roast pig, was it? Mr. Eph, what's de matter with roast bar?"

"Eph." "Ef goodness sake, ole woman, is you crazy?" "Eph!" Dinah was going through some wild gesticulations, only ending by her pointing down on the stranger, and she hugged him closer than the bear had the pig.

"Why, ole woman—" "It's Jasper—it's our son. Oh, ole man, he fool you; he can't fool his dear, ole mammy, Chile, chilie come to yo' mother's arms."

"Boy, you don't mean it?" gasped Eph. "That's what," grinned his rescuer. "Praise de Lawd! My life is saved at de brink of de grave. My son hab returned, de prodigal has come—kill de fatted—"

"Yo kill dat frightened pig afore noder bar catch him," warned Dinah, and old Eph made sure of the Christmas feast this time. Jasper had come home to stay, and unlike

"Oh, my! oh, my! oh, my!" Nellie fell into a chair, and gasped, and choked, and looked terrible things, and her brothers Ned and Charlie stared at her in wonder.

"Why, sis, what's de matter?" "Dolly spoke!" announced Nellie, in ghostly tones.

"What?" "Yes, Dolly spoke." "Nonsense!" "Ho, ho!" "Been dreaming!" "Her head cracked!" "No, Dolly spoke." And then, big-eyed and dreadfully excited, Nellie told her marvelous story.

Ned looked scared and edged away from the door, but Charlie laughed and tried to look brave.

"Dollies can't speak," he said. "You just imagined it. Where's Cousin Tom? He and I will go and get de dolly."

"Why don't you go alone?" asked Ned. Charlie colored. "Well, you see—" "Scared."

"No, I ain't!" flashed Charlie. "I won't wait for Tom. You come." "Don't," pleaded Nellie. "Yes, we will; you, too." "Charlie, I'm—I'm scared," panted Nellie, as they reached the folding doors. "Come on, fraidy cats," ordered Charlie, valiantly.

He pushed open one door. He peered into the dark room. Just then— "Nellie Bly. [Charlie stared wildly.] Shut your eye,

cottage near the edge of Silver Lake the afternoon of the day before Christmas.

"The boat is for sale, gentlemen, and the price is one hundred and fifty dollars. If you have that amount lying loose around your pockets, just pay it now, and the boat goes to the best man." And Abner Tucker, the old fisherman, looked at the crowd of boys at the door of the cabin, and then at the handsome little boat lying moored upon the beach of the lake.

Justin Orren, the son of the richest man in the village, was the first to speak. "I'll get my governor to buy her. She's a perfect beauty."

"You want to hurry up, then," said the old fisherman. "She's a likely craft, and there's some fellow from New York been looking at her. What are you thinking of?" he queried, abruptly turning to Sidney Clare, a poor lad who was a favorite with him.

"I was wishing that I could buy it." "You'll be thinking of buying the village next." Sidney Clare flushed hotly.

"I can express my thoughts, I believe," he said. "I may be able to buy it yet." "When you do, let me know," sneered young Orren.

Sidney turned from the throng with a quiet air. "You cannot provoke me to a quarrel," he said. "You may be a rich man's son, but you are a bully for all that." "Help, help!"

The cry startled the boys from their party blockading, sounding as if out at sea, and looking thither they saw an overturned boat and a man struggling in the water. In a moment Sidney had reached the beach, and, springing



Now, Dolly, you're all dressed up for the evening.

most prodigals with quite a snug sum in his pocket, and he aided in making the "swarree" at the old cabin a very swell affair.

It began with a feast and wound up with a dance, and "Fare Thee Well, Mr. Lady's" rang out on the clear morning air, just as it used to echo in the days when they celebrated Christmas on the old plantation.

DOLLY.

BY MAURICE ELLIS.

NOW, Dolly, you're all dressed up for the evening." Christmas eve, mind you, little Nellie Bly meant, and her eyes looked just as bright as the icicles glistening on the window ledge outside, and her cheeks were radiant as the fair lilies and roses around her.

Nellie took Dolly in her arms and ran to the folding doors and opened them a little. Then she squeezed through and tried to get her eyes used to the dim twilight in the room.

"All ready for company," said Nellie, complacently. "See, Dolly, there's the tree all trimmed and with the candles all on it and the presents. Oh, dear! I wish I dared to look, but I promised I wouldn't, and I'll half shut my eyes and put you, Dolly, right under the tree. There you are. Now, I must run away."

"Oh, don't leave me! Don't leave me, Nellie!" "Gracious!" Nellie's eyes opened like saucers. She stared at the tree and at all she could make out of Dolly's fluff dress and waxy face.

"Dolly," she gasped, "did you—speak?" "Yes, yes; don't leave me. Boo-hoo-hoo!" Such a ringing scream rang from frightened Nellie's lips. She dashed to the doors, drew them shut, and, white as a sheet, never stopped running till she burst into the nursery.

[Ned began to shiver.] "When you go to sleep." "Oh, Charlie, it's a spook! Run, run!" Charlie was frightened. The doll seemed to speak all these strange words.

"Boo, boo!" "Rush, dash, clatter!" The three brave soldiers deserted their posts. They ran pell-mell from the scene, and almost upset papa, coming with a lighted candle to illumine the Christmas tree.

"Here, what's all this?" he demanded. "Spooks!" "Burglars!" "Dolly spoke!" They chattered out their story. Papa laughed at their "silly fears." He went into the parlor and began to light the candles on the tree.

"Ouch!" Papa looked down, surprised. Cousin Tom, mischievous wight, crept out from under the tree. "Ouch! ouch!"

"So it's you who scared the children," spoke papa. "Yes, and—ouch! I got my pay for it. Ouch! The hot candle grease has run all over my neck and hands."

"Serves you right, you young rascal!" laughed papa. Nellie and Ned and Charlie knew the truth an hour later. Tom thought it was a great joke, searing them, but he got his reward.

For a month afterward all the boys and girls at school called him Dolly!

SIDNEY'S PRESENT.

BY ALVIN BURTON.

THE holidays were approaching, and every boy in Ferndale was counting on a good time, not such a time as the sturdy, winter-bred boys of the North enjoy, however. Ferndale was a beautiful Florida village, and Christmas came amid flowers and soft, humid airs and boating and fishing.

A knot of boys were gathered about a little

into the little boat which had just been the object of the conversation, with a cutting stroke he drove it toward the drowning man.

It proved to be a visitor to the village, a boarder at the hotel, one Mr. Brandon, who was out sailing when the accident occurred.

"You are a brave lad," he said, when he reached the beach, "and but for you I should have been drowned. How shall I reward you?"

"I ask no reward," said Sidney. "I am not a rich man," said the stranger, "but I can do something for you. Come to the village inn, and you shall have a small recognition of your services at least."

Some time later the boy was detailing to his companions the generosity of the stranger. He had given to him a piece of Mexican money—a curious coin, worth nearly ten dollars.

"I have only a few of these," he had said to the boy. "I am in great hopes that I shall find many more, however. I would like to have you go to the island in the lake with me tomorrow. I have a secret quest to make that may interest you."

Of course there was great speculation and curiosity among the boys, and the following day Sidney Clare set out for the island with the stranger, Mr. Brandon.

It was toward night that day that the boys, led by Justin Orren, were standing at the door of the old fisherman's cabin conversing with Abner Tucker on the subject of his boat, when they were approached by the stranger, accompanied by Sidney Clare.

"Is your boat still for sale, Mr. Tucker?" queried the latter. "Are you going to invest?" sneered Orren. Sidney did not reply. The old fisherman answered:

"Yes, at the same price—one hundred and fifty dollars." "I'll take it," said Sidney, and, to the surprise of all, paid him then, from a roll of bills which he took from his pocket.

THE HOLLY SPRAY.

CHRISTMAS ALWAYS COMING.

BY EVELYN DRUMMOND.

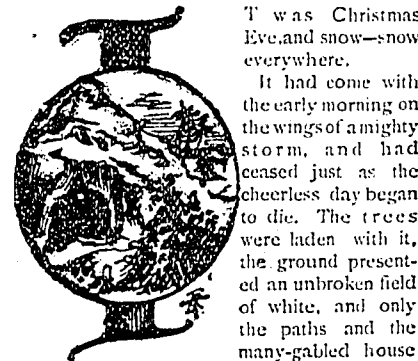


"Only a league!" pants the pretty girl, through leaves that rustle and quiver. "Only a mile!" sings the broader stream, "Till we mingle and meet the river!" "Only a furlong!" the river chants, "To the ocean grand and sounding." Then the goal is reached, and the joyous four in green, cool billows are bounding. "Only a week!" prattled pretty May—"Seven days, and, softly knocking, Santa will creep to the cottage door, To fill my hung-up stocking. Only a week! Oh! how can I wait? I get up early and go to bed late—Oh, dear! I'll be all worn out, at this rate—Only a week to Christmas!" "Only a day! Just think of it! One! Twenty-four hours, and it's coming; Christmas will be here; and the very thought Sets every nerve a-humming! Stockings all mended, tree in the shed, Pop-corn all ready, white ears and red; Just one more jump in and out of the bed—Only a day to Christmas!" "Only an hour! I won't go to sleep! Who can't wait sixty short minutes? I hear papa working behind the closed doors. With packages rustling like linens. If I stay awake just an hour, I'll see Santa Claus come down the broad chimney. Oh! I'm so sleepy, so sleepy—sleep! Only an hour to Christmas!" "It's come and it's been, and it's stayed and it's gone! Christmas is 'merried' and over. Wish it would stay through the snow and the ice. And the buds, and the blossoms, and clover! But, then, I forgot; I can still watch and wait; 'Twill sure come again, although pretty late. I'll count up the months and the weeks on my slate—Oh, dear! One great long year to Christmas!"

WHAT XMAS BROUGHT.

BY ALICE BRADSHAW.

CHAPTER I.



It was Christmas Eve, and snow—snow everywhere. It had come with the early morning on the wings of a mighty storm, and had ceased just as the cheerless day began to die. The trees were laden with it, the ground presented an unbroken field of white, and only the paths and the many-gabled house looking down at the nestling village disturbed a serenity and sameness that was monotonous. They called it The Cedars. In its stately wealth of portico, embrasure, and ornamented roof the mansion still retained a certain dignity and grandeur that spoke of old-time cheer and comfort. The swaying cedars had welcomed many a gay party of merry visitors; the quaint windows had quivered and blinked with thrilling light and warmth, and the broad fireplaces had seen more than one Yule log, more than one bright romance, sparkle and glow to the sound of lappy voices and the beating of happy hearts. That was a dim-remembered story in the old-time, entombed now, however. For three years The Cedars had seen Christmas pass by with no welcome from the weird, sealed portals of the grand old manse. Down the road leading from the village, just as the dusk began to fall, two figures appeared on the landscape. The first was that of a girl singularly graceful, singularly beautiful, but in pose, mien, and countenance there was a subdued sadness. She paused as she reached the path that led to The Cedars, and half leaned on the faded umbrella she carried, and cast a dreamy, longing glance at the old mansion, beyond it, all across the dreary expanse that environed it. Her lips quivered, her eyes grew tearful, a vivid emotion pulsed at the fair cheeks. She sighed as might one standing amid the wreaths of sunnier days. Then, bending her head, with the point of the umbrella she traced in the white, pure snow at the side of the path a name. Then, as if a shock of memory presented the snowy wall as a block of marble, the name written as that of one dead, her poor heart sobbing, she hastened toward the manse and disappeared within its portals. At that moment the second figure on the bleak landscape, that of a man, hastened his steps directly in the course the girl had gone. He, too, was laboring under some deep emotion, but it was sinister, passionate, evil-minded. Avarice and craft lined his sallow face, eagerness and scheming lay in his shifting glance. As he reached the spot where the girl had paused, he, too, halted. He glanced down, and his face grew livid. His eyes danced with a basilisk rage, his features contracted, his hands clenched, for he read the simple name traced in the pure white snow plainly:

LESLIE.

"Ever that—always the same!" he mused. "Oh, it is maddening! She clings to that memory through pain, neglect, poverty. A thought of him is more to her than all the gold and jewels I can lay at her feet. How I hate him! My love for Claire Denslow is consuming me, and she is cold as ice, disdainful, smiling contemptuously on my gold while hunger is gnawing at her bonny heart. I will see her—I will see her! To-night, this very hour, now, for the last time, I will offer her love, luxury, content, or—revenge!" Gurdon Aymer, money lender, and richest man in the district, walked straight up to the mansion, ascended the portico, and reached the front door. Through the half-curtained window he could see within the sparsely furnished sitting-room. It held four occupants—Claire, placing a homely repast before her sad-faced mother, her little sister, and decrepit, childish old Grandfather Denslow. "It's my time, it's my time, surely!" breathed Aymer, feverishly. "They have sold off everything, even to ordinary articles of comfort. They have lost every dollar they put into that old imbecile's childish suit at law in the city. The girl may refuse my love and aid for herself, but for the sake of her mother, for the sake of her starving ones, she will accept me when I tell her that unless she does, I, owner as mortgagee of The Cedars, will send them adrift, homeless, with the dawn of Christmas Day." Tap—tap—tap! A reluctant voice bade the unwelcome visitor of Christmas Eve to enter. "I am sorry to intrude," spoke the hypocritical Aymer, "but I have a few words to say to you."

Claire placed the lamp on a table in the dreary parlor. She stood, a shudder traversing her veins, awaiting the money-lender's words. They came in a torrent—impassioned, pleading, persuasive, menacing. By right of law he held The Cedars, and its inmates at his mercy. By right of gold he offered her it back—wealth, luxury the price of a word of love. She was not angry; she did not even betray her loathing of the man who had plotted and waited for three years. She was calm, her face the face of an angel, as she said, simply: "To-morrow, then, Mr. Aymer, we leave your house. As to the rest, I promised Leslie Fenton when he went away three years since to be true to my love for him living or dying, in poverty, suffering, homelessness. That is my answer now and always." Into the face of the rising storm, awakening from its transient sleep, the baffled Aymer flung his mad and bitter ravings, once free from the mansion. He dashed on over the snowy ledges like a being demented, spurred by the woman whose lightest smile he craved even more than the glow of all his hoarded gold. Straight against a muffled, toiling figure he stumbled, recoiled with an imprecation, and then stood rooted to the spot, staring vaguely at a face that to him was the face of the dead. "Great heavens!" he gasped, under his breath. "Leslie Fenton!" "Pardon me," spoke the other. "I fear I have lost my way. Can you direct me to The Cedars?"

rugged cabin on the cliff, poor but happy, come back to me to-night. Who heeds the snow, the storm? Ah! this is royal. Only half a mile and the Christmas lights shall glow like fire-flies." Whatever the thoughts or purposes of the old man, they buoyed his enfeebled frame to breast the storm with a laugh of stanch disdain. Whatever the delusion his clouded mind entertained, it made him chuckle and glow and thrill as if he were back in his forties. Where the road turned he uttered a cry of dismay, for some one was coming down the path, and ere the old wanderer could dodge aside he had reached him. "Well, I declare!—Grandfather Denslow!" ejaculated the stranger. "And abroad such a night as this. I have a letter for you." "For me?" "Yes, the postmaster gave it to me and I thought I'd bring it." "Put it in my pocket—outside coat pocket—that's it. I'll open it by and by." An hour later, exhausted, he reached a dilapidated hut at the very summit of the cliff. "Home!" he piped; "the old home. Ah! what jolly Christmases when my gun brought down the game and we crowded around the great broad fire-place. Hup it on! heap it on! I'll wake the ghosts of the old days with fire and light and cheer!" He ran in, he ran out of the cabin. He cast armsful of wood into the fire-place. He undid his bundle—tallow dips and pine-knots. Then snap, flash, a lucifer, and the summit of White Cliff began to glow and glisten, aureoled with red-lit windows and dancing, rol-

languid prayers of her mother, plodded villageward. At every gap and defile along the cliff Claire would pause and shudder, as if loath to glance closer for fear she would find poor old Grandfather Denslow lying dead where he had fallen. On and on, and at a gap where the cliff descended sheer fifty feet to the rocky ravine below, Claire paused and held her breath and trembled. "Help!" Faint, despairing, the cry pierced the darkness and gloom. Vaguely discernible, fifteen feet below, one hand entangled in a stout dead vine, the body limp, helpless, she made out a human figure. "It is he! I am coming! I am coming!" she quavered, and the hardy mountain girl was down the dangerous shelf, clinging to the vine. How she ever dragged the now insensible form to the cliff she knew not. Gasping, tear-eyed, she looked down at the huddled figure. "Not Grandfather Denslow!" she panted. "A stranger. Who is he? He lives, but—" She gazed despairingly back the long, difficult path leading to The Cedars. She could never hope to carry that burden thither alone. Should she hasten to the village and summon help? About to brush aside the cape that obscured the face of the senseless stranger, Claire uttered a startled cry. A glow of radiance blinded her. Thrilled, marveling, she looked ahead. The old hut, a familiar landmark, was one red glow of light. "What does it mean?" she breathed, aghast. "No one has lived there for years, yet some one

her mother, at Christmas noon they hastened down the cliff-side, laden with holly and evergreen and mistletoe bough. Joy had taken all the pallor from that lovely face, the haunted eyes were radiant, and her happy heart was singing. It was Leslie Fenton she had rescued from the ravine, her mourned lover, returned from shipwreck and a terrible castaway experience, poor as when he had left her, but true, manly, with stanch heart and stout hands ready to battle the world once more. The voices Claire had heard outside the hut belonged to villagers, and they told her as they removed Leslie to The Cedars, that Grandfather Denslow had sent them and was himself safely housed at the town. And now at noon Leslie, weak and pale from his terrible experience in the ravine, but restored to consciousness, sat in the little parlor of the manse awaiting the return of the trio he had insisted on sending forth for Christmas trimmings, as he placed golden coins in little Elinor's palm. "What does this mean?" A gruff voice spoke the demand and Gurdon Aymer appeared at the door of the room unannounced, and scowled darkly at the army of wreaths and holly sprays. "It means that I have returned—too poor to redeem the domain your treacherous arts have stolen, but fully able to protect and support the woman I wed to-night and her devoted friends." "Heavens! You alive?" "White to the lips the money-lender recoiled

AT THE TREASURY.

BY J. V. HAY.



ALMOST every New Year's Day the big man in charge of the great United States Treasury counts up his immense bank account mentally and begins a new page. Not in reality probably. There is too much detail for him to start out all in a minute with the past cleared up and the future blocked out, but he estimates and plans just like ordinary mortals with their tens and hundreds, and every succeeding year he undoubtedly has some very queer thoughts about the "conscience fund." What is this "conscience fund?" Occasionally an item is read in the newspapers about a sum of money being received in Washington for it. The amount received each year appears in the annual reports of the Treasury, and it varies a good deal; one year it may be five hundred dollars and the next five thousand dollars. It is usually made up of small sums, though not infrequently single remittances run up into the hundreds, and occasionally into the thousands. There is no "fund," in the strict sense of the term, as it is not kept separate, but turned into the Treasury as fast as received. These amounts accrue by persons who have, purposely or otherwise, defrauded the Government, and are induced by the smittings of conscience to make restitution.

In forty-nine cases out of fifty the money is sent in such a way as not to afford the slightest possible clue to the identity of the sender. The fact that Uncle Sam has the money seems to be a sufficient sedative to the perturbed conscience without the "open confession" which is said to be "good for the soul." Sometimes brief explanatory notes are sent, stating for what the money is due the Government, but a signature of any kind is extremely rare. Some merely say, "This money belongs to the United States," or words of similar import.

In many cases there is not a scratch of pen or pencil, the money being simply enclosed in an envelope, perhaps folded in a sheet of blank paper. All such are presumed to be cases of "conscience," and are so treated.

It is, of course, impossible to give any receipts for the money. Now and then one will write, "Please acknowledge receipt in the newspapers."

This is the reason why care is usually taken to have the receipt of "conscience money" mentioned in the Associated Press dispatches. The senders are likely to be watching for such items, and when they see that the money is in the Treasury, they no doubt feel that they are in better shape for the final reckoning in the hereafter.

The chief clerk of the division of public moneys in the Treasury Department, in speaking of "conscience money," says:

"The most common reasons given for remitting, when the senders make any explanation at all, are that the money is due for internal revenue taxes, or customs duties evaded, or for petty frauds to avoid the payment of postage. I remember one case of a wealthy lady who, after spending some time abroad, returned to this country, bringing with her a valuable article of wearing apparel. I think it was for her personal use, and not strictly dutiable; but her conscience troubled her about it. She went back to England, and while there told the story to one of our consuls, requesting him to ascertain what would be the amount of duty on such a garment. He did so, and she promptly remitted it to us. She sent with it a nice little note explaining the matter. It was full of contrition, and expressed the hope that Uncle Sam would forgive her. But she hadn't the courage to sign her name to it."

"A single inclosure of \$1,000 is the largest amount I remember to have been received from one person. It was a little singular that, for this large sum, there was absolutely nothing to show whence it came except the postmark on the envelope. Even that may have been misleading, as it is quite possible that the repentant sinner sent it away from home to be mailed. He was evidently very careful to conceal his identity, as the money was in four \$1,000 bills. Upon the paper wrapped around the money was written: 'Please place this to the credit of conscience,' and that was all."

"A draft, you know, would have furnished a clue that might easily have been followed up, if we had chosen to pursue the matter. I do not remember ever receiving 'conscience money' in any other form than currency. They are all too smart to send drafts or money-orders."

"I remember one remittance as small as ten cents, and that was a funny case, too. The money was inclosed in quite a long letter, unsigned, in which the writer said that, when a boy, he received a letter from a friend, the three-cent postage stamp on which had escaped cancellation. More in a spirit of mischief than anything else, he detached the stamp and used it on his answer to the letter, thus making it to do double duty and cheating the Government out of three cents."

"He wrote that, although it seemed like a trifling matter, it had always troubled him—on the principle, I suppose, that it is a sin to steal a pin, even though it may be greater to steal a 'tater.' It had been nearly twenty years since the offense was committed, and the writer said he presumed the interest would increase the debt to seven or eight cents. He inclosed ten, so as to be sure there would be enough."

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE AZTECS.

The holidays, which to you will bring the usual festivities and good cheer, will come and go here, bringing nothing and leaving nothing to remind one of Christmas times as they are at home, writes a correspondent from Parral, Mexico. In Mexico there is no Christmas—certainly no day set apart, as there is with you, in which the people generally participate, in some way, in commemorating the birth of the Saviour of the world. It is not observed here as a day for social gatherings and family reunions—for the exchange of kindly remembrances and those little but priceless tokens of regard between friends and kindred. It brings no special happiness to the children, for there is no Santa Claus—no pleasant fictions or traditions concerning that mysterious and ubiquitous personage which so fascinate the youth of almost every land—no gatherings of the little ones around the Christmas tree—no meeting of the older ones around the festive board.

There is no attempt upon the part of anyone to use the sacred memories of this natal day of our Saviour for the moral education of the people, or the improvement of social relations; no effort put forth to bring home to and instill into the hearts of the masses a true conception of the goodness and greatness of Him in whom humanity was defined, and at whose birth the angels proclaimed, "On earth peace, good-will to men."

The week between Christmas and the first day of the New Year is here known and observed as "fast time." Instead of being improved by means of social gatherings and other rational amusements, it is a time for rioting, gambling, and hurtful dissipation.



They hastened down the cliff-side, laden with holly and evergreen and mistletoe bough.

Gurdon Aymer's breath came hotly, a demonic hatred flashed in his eyes. His accents were hoarse and strained as he pointed down a path unheeded and barely discernible. "Yes, that way." Of all dark deeds the weird night shut in its bleak bosom of gloom, that was the most hideous. Aymer stood watching the receding form. It tolled along the narrow path. Suddenly it groped, slid, fell. A cry of horror rent the air far down the snowy cliff-side, as the guilty miscreant, Gurdon Aymer, fled like one pursued by phantoms. A cry vain, despairing, lost: "Help!"

CHAPTER II.

Spirits of evil and good were abroad that snowy Christmas eve—spirits of fancy and unrest, too. One hour after Gurdon Aymer had dashed from The Cedars an embittered, revengeful mortal, a silent figure stole from the front portals noiselessly, Grandfather Denslow. The storm had recommenced, the snow was blowing in aerial wreaths and drifting great heaps over every rut and hollow. A stanch heart and a steady step were needed to traverse safely the treacherous cliffs that night, and yet the being who braved the tempest was old and feeble, although a strange latent fire glowed in the faded eyes—Grandfather Denslow. His great muffer merrily hid his face, his arms held a heavy bundle, and he chuckled as he got to the front gate undiscovered and started down the road. "Christmas eve," he piped; "Christmas eve—an old-time storm—an old-time celebration: Ah! how the days ago, when I lived in the

licking flames, as they swept up the chimney. An old man's fancy—a vagary that thrilled dumb despair with the intoxication of action. "Waiting for Christmas," old Grandfather Denslow chirped, and chuckled and sprang out his thin, trembling hands to the grateful hearth. And Christmas was coming, sure; advancing irresistible as the trail of destiny that marked the snowy whiteness of the bleak cliff that weird December night.

CHAPTER III.

"With the morrow we are homeless, Claire—my bonny Elinor, poor old grandfather and you. O, my child, are we deserted, by heaven?" "No," spoke Claire Denslow, devoutly. "Not a sparrow falleth. We shall not be utterly cast down. Come, mother, it is nearly 12 o'clock. You need rest. I will see that Elinor and grandpa are comfortable for the night. Mother, mother—be gone!" Almost a shiver, the sudden cry of Claire brought her mother to her side, and together, horror-eyed, they glared in at the room usually occupied by Grandfather Denslow. "Gone!" gasped Mrs. Denslow. "See, his bed is untouched; his coat and hat gone. Mother, you know how strangely he has acted. Oh, if he has ventured forth on such a night as this!"

The wind shook the old manse and shrieked mockingly as Claire spoke, amid her poignant distraction. A great gust of blinding snow dashed across her face as she opened the door and looked forth. "I am going, mother. Can we see him perish? Some vagary, some childish idea, has sent him out to-night. I am sure I shall find him." Claire Denslow, pursued by the frantic

must be there now. I can not see this stranger whoever he is, perish of the cold." Bravely she lifted the limp form. Stanchly she plodded onward—down the snow-clogged path, across the slippery rocks, to the hut. "Help! Open, in heaven's name! Mercy! Grandfather!" Yes, the door had opened and Grandfather Denslow, serene, ecstatic, amid the glow of twenty blazing candles and pine-knots and a roaring, rustling fire, greeted her effusively. She staggered under her burden to the hearth. Then she chanced to look down. A white, mute face showed now. She gasped. Was her brain reeling and the elves of Yuletide playing her fantastic tricks to sorrow and delude?

No, no, no. Down on her knees Claire fell. One thought for heaven, one for love, and then she fainted dead away, the name of the man beside her trembling on her agitated lips—the name written in snow, treasured in memory, glowing with every token of fidelity and fealty. "Leslie!" The dead came back to life; empty arms and a longing heart to crave no more, for when she awoke from that deep swoon the white face beside her glowed with the warmth of returning vitality. And voices sounded without—but Grandfather Denslow was gone.

Whither? Ah, Grandfather Denslow had read the letter!

CHAPTER IV.

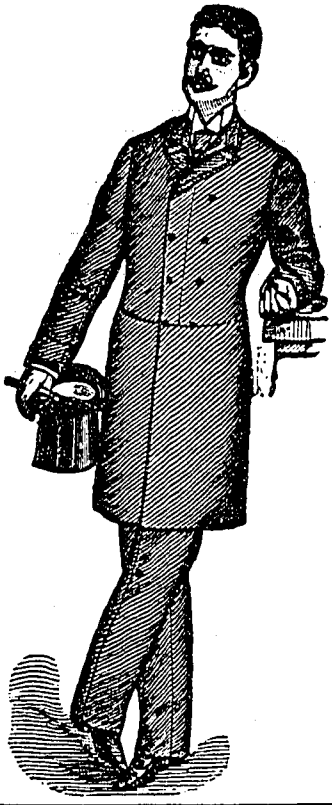
Like a weird romance untraged, the broken threads in the experience of Claire Denslow that mystic Christmas eve were all supplied ere another day had dawned. She understood all, as with little Elinor and

as he recognized the man he had thought to send to his death the night previous. "Yes; no thanks to your murderous kindness. Go, miscreant and assassin. The law allows Mrs. Denslow a month's possession of her home, whatever your claim. By that time we will have removed to a humbler but quite as happy a home. Go; this is yet her house." The discomfited Aymer bit his lips. "Very well, my money or my property," he ground out. "I will show no mercy."

"Your money! Mr. Aymer, what is your claim?" The money-lender started. A new voice had spoken. Turning he recognized a village lawyer and by his side, quivering with some extraordinary excitement, stood Grandfather Denslow. "What is that to you?" he demanded, surlily. "Nothing; but my client, Mr. Denslow, wishes to redeem The Cedars."

"Eh! he redeem it," sneered Aymer. "Yes," responded the lawyer, "Justice has favored his cause at last. He last night received a letter settling the long and costly litigation he has been engaged in for the sum of ten thousand dollars. He will pay you your mortgage, dollar for dollar, whenever it is presented to him."

Like the craven he was, the baffled Aymer slunk from the house. Then it was given over to joy, festivity, and love, and at even-ide the village bells chimed out a happy wedding peal. The old halls rang again with merry jollity, the windows glowed with many lights; and all the dark shadows and sorrows of the past were lost and buried under the joy, the gratitude, the happiness of that blissful Christmas Day!



Everybody, Young and Old!

I WISH YOU ALL A

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

J. N. SMITH,

The - Leading - Tailor - of - Ingham - County.



A Bad Egg is a Dear Purchase at Any Price.

This self-evident fact paves the way for the Truth, equally obvious, that the Quality of Clothing, as well as the Price, must enter into every purchase. So don't barter SENSE for CENTS. Don't let the Copper Cent get so close to your eye as to blind you to the importance of Quality in your Purchases. Always be willing to pay a Fair Price for a Good Article.

Remember, Gentlemen, You Can't Buy Something for Nothing.

1889.

I Buy and Sell Only First-Class Goods.

One trial ought to convince any reasonable person that it is Economy as well as Wisdom to buy only the Best. Economize. Don't be Extravagant. Times are hard and money is scarce. Don't throw your money away in buying poor goods. When you buy Clothing, buy something good. You can always find that at

J. N. SMITH'S, the Tailor.

1890.

OVERCOATS!

A Genuine Chinchilla Overcoat, well made and well trimmed, for \$20.00. A Genuine Montagnac Overcoat for \$40.00. Other Tailors would ask Fifty Dollars for the same goods.

A Large Line of MELTONS, KERSEYS, BEAVERS and CHINCHILLAS FOR TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

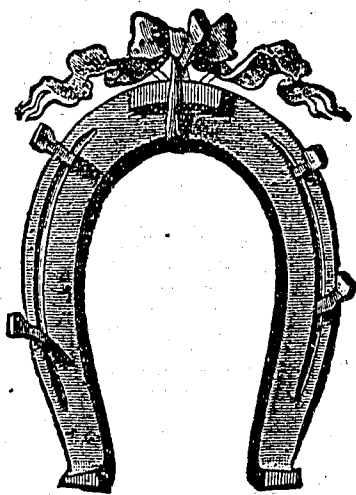
A word to those anticipating purchasing a

PRINCE ALBERT SUIT.

I will sell you Prince Albert Suits in English Diagonals, Corkscrews, Broad Wale and Worsteds, which will be made up in the very Latest Style, trimmed with the Most Durable Trimmings, and finished with exquisite taste. Yes, all this for

THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

A large line of Business Suits in Chevoits, Checks and Plaids for \$23, \$24 and \$25. All goods made up on the premises. None but First-Class Workmen employed.



I would call your

SPECIAL ATTENTION

To my Fine Assortment of

TROUSERS.

Special Bargains in Business Trousers. Thirty styles to select from in \$5 goods. A nice Sunday-go-to-meeting pair of Trousers for \$8.

No Misrepresentations. Every Garment Purchased of Me is as Represented.

Gentlemen, when you are in Mason I would be pleased to have you call and examine my stock, whether wishing to purchase or not. Once more I wish you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

J. N. SMITH,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

Two Doors South of Postoffice, Mason.