VOL. XIV.

MASON, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1889. NO. 51

GROCERY

We have the Most Complete Line of

Groceries and **Provisions**

In the City, and at

TRY OUR TEAS!

They are the Best in the City

Respectfully,

W. M. PRATT.

Right now we are ready for business

Christmas

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

Books, Toys and Novelties, Fancy Goods,

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 rendy to make close

prices to all buyers, at

Ingham County Democrat.

W. L. CLARK & CO., MASON, MICHIGAN.

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

This paper can be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & .o.'s Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St. where advertising contracts can be made for it in Now York.

Business Directory.

PHYSICIANS.

P. COMFORT, M.D., Physician and Surgeon, Ma C. D. GREEN, M.D., Homopathist, Office in Polar

DOCTOR A.B. CAMPBELL, Physician, Surgeon Office over H.M. William's drugstore, Mason.

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

ATTORNEYS.

E. S. Avery.

Brown. A VERY & BROWN, Attorneys and Counselors a Law. Office over Farmers' Bank, Mason.

Gro. M. HUNTINGTON. Gro. F. DAY.

H UNTINGTON & DAY, Attorneys and Counsolors
at Law. Office over First National Bank,
Mason, Mich. 271

UNDERTAKING.

P. STROUD, Undertaker, first door west of the DEMOGRAT office, Mason, Mich. Two first-class hearses and better facilities than ever before. 51tf

VETERINARY.

DR. GEO. C. MOODY, Voterinary 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.

AUGTIONEER. JOHN HIMELBERGER, Auctioneer. Proporty sold at reasonable rates. Mason, Mich. j1-89

REAL ESTATE AGENT

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

JOHN DUNSBACK, Real Estate and Loan Agent Main street, south of postoffice, Mason

INSURANCE.

A. BARNES, Notary and Conveyancer, Loan, In-surance and Collection Agent. Office over Far-mers' Bank, Mason, Mich. 27

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

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

DENTISTS. A P. VANDUSEN DENTIST. Officein Darrow

THIS PAPER is on file in Philadelphia at the Newspaper Advertising Agency of Measure. L.W. AVERASOM. our authorized agenta

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

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 and now twinkles as the Locke Star.

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

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

The fire department was outlast Monday evening and filled the reservoir on corner of

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 Ledge held a meeting last Mondny 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

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 Democrati Publish the story "A Reward of Merit"

Al. Manassau, 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 solitaire n the New England Tea Company's sales

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. Vandercook of St. Louis, formerly of this city, has been elected vice-chancellor of the St. Louis lodge, Knights of Pythias or the ensuing year.

Buy your holiday goods at S. P. Stroud

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

eamless hose at Marcus Gregor's. Mrs. Amelia Brace, president-elect of he 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

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

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

Fannie, wife of Capt. A. E. Cowles of ansing, died last Monday evening. The mmediate cause of death being heart trou-Grace, a 19 year old daughter.

The receipts at the "lemon squeeze" last Friday night were \$8.05. 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, 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. DuBots & 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." Jim. 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 buy for cash and discount every bill. Do knives. Also our 25c line of scissors and not be led astray, but come and see us. DUBOIS & EARLE. * shears.

Kimmel's Book Store Will be open until ten o'clock every even

ing 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 mun 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: P. C., C. F. Brown; C., L. J. Ford; L. C., C. DeBolt; R. K., J. N. Thorburn; T. K., C. M. Rhodes; Frelate, John Himelberger; Physician, A. B. Campbell; Sergeant, E. Boles; M. A., A. Herzig; 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 his city as Allie Teel, died at her home in North Lansing last Saturday morning, beng 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'eloek.

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 saving the city, desires all baying 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 general good fellow, has been re elected a of postoffice, and will take possession Jan. director of the St. Johns state bank.

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 two daughters attended the funeral which

> Call and see the immense line of new handkerchiefs, for Christmus presents at M.

Gregor's. At the residence of Geo. C. Moody, on next week, then it will be "three times and Maple street, last Thursday evening occurred the marriage of Dr. C. F. Cooke of Detroit, and Miss Ada A. Rackham of Leslie. Rev. Geo. H. Lockhart tying the knot. Miss Rackham is a sister of Mrs. Moody. A number of friends from Leslie and this city were present. The couple were the Horton's new block, last Sunday evening, a recipients of a large number of presents.

diamond ring, which he says is worth \$10, ling, December 7, at the hall and the follow- a few days.

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

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

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

J. CARAMELLA.

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 jail; John Pratt five days in goal. staying at his place of work every night, \$5, which he paid. and drawing only \$8 before his time expir-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 seasonable 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 ole. She leaves besides her husband, Miss 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. *tf 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

DuBois & Earle.

Next Wednesday is Christmas.

Don't fail to look over the holiday goods it 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 ooks 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

Ex-Prosecuting Attorney C.F. Hammond is one of the directors in the North Lansing Building and Loan Association. Remember every \$2 purchase entitles

instituted at Ithaca.

you to one ticket in our annual drawing. E. CULVER. 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 com-

modious residence, is now engaged in vrestling 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 Baznar. Mrs. James Nusbaum of Maysville, Ind. daughter of David Sanders, died last Monday morning. Mr. Sanders, wife and occurred yesterday.

Meetings at the Baptist church by the roung men's league are being continued. 49w3p mas 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 stores, we have the finest line of stoves ever placed on exhibition in the city. DuBots & EARLE. * Will Barton fell from a stairway in J. P.

distance of about 12 feet, and received a Grange No. 241 of White Oak, held severe scalp wound. Dr. Root is attending its annual election last Saturday even him, and says he will be around all right in

> be appealed. The only place to buy a Garland stove

DuBois & Earle. * 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 ed 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 months, not missing the chores but once, Hickey, drunk and disorderly, was fined

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

DuBois & EARLE. clerk at the Hotel Donnelly, who for some | son, Mich. 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 Rathburn of Leslie, claims to have drawn over \$900 in money from a bank in this city last Tuesday, and going same extracted from his overcoat. At least this is what he claims to an anxious creditor from Leslie who followed him to that

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.

Geo. H. Paddock. Has his shoe shop on Ash street completed

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.

Of new shades in Arasene and Chinelle. Call and see them. Miss Harrington. Singer Sewing Machines

repaired and attachments furnished. JAY MOORE, Agent. Office at J. N. Smith's, Mason.

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

little ones? Beecher has them. Settle up for the New year. All notes ind accounts due must be paid by Jan. 1

Are you looking for a fine Coaster for the

L. C. WEBB, The Clothier. Hand Slede. We have the finest made hand sled in the market, do not buy until you see them.

\$10,000 Auction Sale J. C. Kimmel's entire stock of Clothing and Notions, for sale at your own price.

Rope Silk 45c Per Dozen. Waste embroidery silk 35c per ounce, at Miss Harrington's.

I will be at Millville, Dec. 19 and 26; at Wilson's store, Dec. 21; at the residence of

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

HENRY SPAULDING Treasurer. For the Celebrated Seaside Oysters go HUNT & TRIM.

days. I want nothing left. MISS MARY HARRINGTON. I have a good swell-body Cutter that !

Ladies' and gents' solid gold and After listening to the arguments pro and filled watches of best make and material at wholesale prices. Every one guaranteed

> 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. S. H. BEECHER.

Also machines repaired. S. P. STROUD & Co. House and Lot for Exchange For a 40-acre farm within a few miles of 11tf H. J. DONNELLY.

Jackson Stone Drai a Tile And Sewer Pipe of all sizes on hand and for

For Sale or Exchange. MARSHALL & CASTERLIN.

George H. Day, at one time an efficient On real estate, at the Farmer' Bank, Malyly It is not cold enough to talk Stoves much but I have a good line of Heaters and

> French Tailor System of Dress Making. French Tailor System of Dress Making. Those desiring instruction will call at my

Settle Up. This month for the old year. L. C. WEBB, The Clothier.

before you buy. How can you please your wife more than to get her Crown Jewel Carpet Sweeper for a Christmas present? Beecher has them.

Live Poultry Wanted. Turkeys and chickens. Delivered at HUNT & TRIM'S.

E. CULVER'S. I will give a discount of 10 per cent. on all goods sold for cash, to the amount of one dollar and over, for the next 30 days. S. H. BEECHER.

S. B. PIKE. quire of Ladies' hair pins, hair ornaments, and side combs, at astonishingly low prices-

For a Big Bargain in Fine Table Syrup HUNT & TRIM.

and is now ready to do all kinds repairing. Ingham County People

A Beautiful Line

For sale cheap, on easy terms. Machines

A choice lot of Carving Knives and the reduced price of 35 cents. 50w2p

S. P. STROUD & Co. 49tf

50w3 John Himelberger, Auctioneer.

White Oak Taxpayers. Oscar Johnson, Dec. 23; at Town Hall, Dec. 30; and at home every Friday to Books, Albums, Toilet Sets, T. McCarty. receive taxes.

26, and at house every Friday.

Bargains in Millinery. Everything at cost during the next Ter

wish to exchange for wood. A. B. Rose. All notes and accounts due must be paid FORD & KIRBY. by January 1, 1890, as I must have the money. L. C. WEBB, The Clothier.

E. CULVER.

Domestic Sewing Machines

carry the Champion, Atkins and Svmons Cross-cut Saws, and warrant' them in every particular. lw BEECHER.

J. W. CHAPIN. Eden, Mich. sale by

Improved farms and city property. Money to Loan

Cooks. Don't want to carry them over. Will close them out cheap. S. H. BEECHER. I have the agency for Mrs. Kellogg's

residence on Columbia street. MRS. PHILIP NICE.

Beecher will have a fine lot of Coasting to the Gate House in Lansing having the Sleighs on the first of the week. See them

> Towel racks and splashers at 25 cents and upwards, Japanese make.
>
> E. Culver.

ewelry ever displayed in Mason at

The best selected line of silverware and

For Sale. My New Brick House on Oak street. In-

from 10 cents up to \$2.00-at E. CULVER'S. All persons having accounts with me must settle them before Jan. 1st. Must have the money. 49w4 S. H. BEECHER.

Ford's Bazaar

Given Away

Special - Bargains! In Ladies' and Children's

WE HAVE

Smokers' Sets, Shaving Sets, Work Boxes, H'dk'f Boxes, Glove Boxes, Music Holders Vaces, China and Glassware, etc.

Don't Fail to Call and See Us.

The goods we give away are on exhibition in our

ers and Committees.

We have got some Nice Saur Kraut, Pickled Pigs' Feet,

thing nice for

Christmas.

A. L. VANDERCOOK.

We were never in better shape for the Holiday trade, than we are this year.

Upholstered Couches, Upholstered Tetes, Upholstered Divans, Parlor Suits, Bedroom Suits,

All the above goods we are offering at the Lowest Possible Prices.

Mattresses and Springs.

S. P. STROUD & CO

Beautiful W Useful

JANUARY 1, 1890.

Are attracting much attention.

Everything from a 15c Night Lamp to an elegant Parlor Lamp.

Underwear and Hosiery.

Show Window. Look at them. Special Discounts to Teach-

Sweet Potatoes.

Cranberries, and in fact Every-

LARGE STOCK, FINE GOODS. Easy Chairs, Ladies' Rockers, Gents' Chairs, Reed Rockers, Upholstered Easy Chairs,

Upholstered Rockers,

Center Tables, Hall Trees, Side Boards, Peer Glasses, Pictures, Picture Mouldings,

Call and See Us.

Ingham Co. Democrat.

MASON, MICH.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1889.

THE WIDE WORLD.

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

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

THE YERY 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 rivers to an alarming height. At 3:45 the bridge across the Conemaugh at Woodvale was washed away. At 5 p. m. the Lincoln street bridge was carried away. thus cutting off communication between Johnstown and the Pennsylvania Railroad station. Aside from this no other considerable damage was done, although at one time the water was running down Washington street, completely surrounding the Cambria Iron Company and the Western Union telegraph offices. No lives were lost. The water at this hour (8 p. m.) is falling rapidly, and no further danger is apprehended. Work will be commenced Monday on a substantial new bridge to take the place of the temporary structure which 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 Burrow's gang. While Rufus Smith and Jim Mc-Clung, two of the gang, were sitting in the station waiting for a train, Jackson and his assistants appeared in the door-way with drawn pistols and ordered them to throw up their hands. Instead they drew their weapons, and in the fight that ensued McClung received several bullet wounds in the The prisoners were finally secured and taken to the Aberdoen jail. A pay-car was to have passed Amory to-day and it is supposed Smith and Mc-Clung had planned to capture it. Rube himself is supposed to be somewhere about Amory.

The Season 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. and Mrs. Harrison, like Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Hayes on like occasions, will not permit her private grief to interfere with her official duties as the wife of the chief executive of the nation. Mrs. Harrison will wear black, but will not go into crepe, and on the occasions of the large receptions and the state occasions will wear the state dresses she had prepared for these events. It is possible that the Saturday atternoon levees will not be held at the White House the coming season, or at least not until late in the year.

Portugal Getting Herself Disliked. London special: The conduct of Portugal is practically a casus belli. While their early work. negotiations were proceeding concern- four sons of William Lloyd Garrison. ing the territory in dispute in East Africa she stuck to herself in a singularly treacherous manner. England does not relish warring with contemptible foes. but if they become arrogant, insulting, or aggressive beyond endurance she will not hesitate to make her power felt. A British fleet might exercise a gentle pressure at Lisbon. A wave of the Viceroy's hand would suffice to bring Portugal's possessions in India under English sway.

Congressman Browne's Failing Health. Representative Thomas M. Browne, of the Sixth Indiana district, after serving in seven Congresses with distinction, is in failing health, and his friends fear he will never more be able to resume his seat in the House. It was by his own request that he was not appointed on the Ways and Means Committee, and he has announced that he will not again be a candidate for renomination to Congress.

Four Men Milled 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 wourding the fifth. Two of the killed were white men, named Bradford Godfrey and J. G. Field.

Not Guilty of Prize Fighting.

The jury in the Kilrain case at Purvis, Miss., has returned a verdict of not guilty of prize-fighting, but guilty of assault and battery, and Kilrain was, sentenced to pay a fine of \$200 and imprisonment in the county jail two months. The case was appealed and Kilrain admitted to bail in the sum of

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. Bloodhounds were put on the tracks of the highwaymen and two of therobbers were captured and hanged by the enraged farmers.

Girl Burgiars Sentenced. Hattie Sang and Minnie Snyder, aged 16 years, were sentenced at Wooster, O., to two years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. Recently they broke into and robbed a store, and on being asked for an explanation they said they wanted to do something "devilish."

Emin Pasha Improving.

Berlin special: Dr. Parke telegraphed that Emin Pasha improves slowly, ithat 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 Hauf, 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. James O. Woods and William Medill and their wagon and team were blown to pieces. The larger part of the factory buildings were demolished. Wood's shoulder and right arm were found twenty rods away. A small part of Modill's trunk was taken from the top of a tree. The theory is that Woods let a can of the explosive drop when handing it up to Medill, who was in the wagon. A great hole was made in the ground where the wagon

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. Keefe, 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

AT New York Mrs. Helen R. Saltus has brought suit for absolute divorce from her husband, Edgar E. Saltus, the novelist. Intidelity 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. The young lady referred to was Gen. Sickles' halfsister, daughter of his father's second Gen. Sickles' daughter is in Spain, and has been there for some years.

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. DICKERSON, the great patent lawyer, and lately the leading counsel for the Bell Telephone Company, has died at his residence in Now

THE Rev. Elnathan Elisha Higbee, D. D., LL. D., the State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Pennsylvania, died at the residence of his son-in-law, Prof. G. W. Mull, Lancaster. He was born at Burlington, Vt., 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 seph McDermott, of Freehold, N. J., for the benefit of creditors. The liabilities, including mortgages, are \$163,000.

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. There were no flowers or organ and only brief remarks by the Rev. Drs. Collier and Chadwick. Among those present were several who were identified th Horaco Greeley Johnson The pall-bearers were

JOSEPH G. DITMAN, President of the Quaker City National Bank of Philadelphia, whose mysterious disappearance caused such a sensation in that found to have carried about \$140,000 life

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. Those in the East sent in their certificates of deposit and gradually the reserve fund was exhausted. The liabilities are given at \$116,554.59. The assets nominally \$238,492.67, but this amount is partly composed of mortgages on Western lands, which can never be realized on at anything like their face

A ST. Louis, Mo., dispatch says: The Burlington route is making a desperate effort to get into the city, and the Ter- can United States Senators. minal Company is equally determined that if the tracks are laid they must not infringe on its prior rights. Track-laying by torchlight has been twice stopped by the police. The Burlington people censure the Mayor for his alleged tavoritism to the terminal people.

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 lll to sell theirlands at \$5 per acre. The Government agrees to pay annuities of \$360,000 at once, with a bonus of \$18,400 per year for twelve years. Every resident Indian, regardless of sex or age, is to have 160 acres after the allotments are

complete. THE Kansas Railroad Commissioners are receiving scores of complaints almost every day from grain shippers who are unable to obtain freight cars. All these complaints will be promptly investigated by the commissioners, but it is doubtful whether they can do anything to relieve the shippers during the present car

HOG CHOLERA is prevalent 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. A TACOMA (Wash.) dispatch says: For several years the Puget Sound country has been infested by an organized gang of opium smugglers, with head-quarters at Victoria, B. C. Although inspectors have been constantly

patrolling the border, searching in her that all her jewels have been stolen, coming 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. Bill Easton, alias "Black Bill;" Jack Powers, chief of the gang; and a conductor on the Northern Pacific Railway, who acted as a confederate, have been arrested by the United States Marshal, and opium valued at \$2,200 was found in their possession.

An accident occurred on the Wabash Railway near the town of Graham, fourteen miles west of St. Louis, in which three men were killed and four badly injured. The dead are: Charles Deffenbaugh, conductor, Sandusky, Ohio; James Esterbrook, brakeman, Charles, Mo.; Ed Kennedy, brakoman, engineor, Ferguson, Mo. are: Pias King, James Kennedy, Charles King and Charles Stout. The men killed were on the engine of a Wabash Western freight, and were coming into the town of Forguson. A flat car obstructed the track, and in the collision the engine and tender were thrown from the rails and the engineer, conductor, and brokemen killed. The injured men were on the flat car and saved themselves by

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

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. Leo. The sum taken by the burglars was between \$22,000 and \$25,-

A CHATTANOOGA dispatch says: Sixteen theological students of Grant University, of Athens, struck on account of a rebuke 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 basis, 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. It was known that the case was well nigh hopeless, but still her death was sudden and was not expected so soon

THE Senate Committee on Foreign Re lations has agreed to report favorably the nominations of J. R. G. Pitkin, Minister to the Argentine Republic; Thomas H. Douglass, Minister to Hayti; 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. The Board of Aldermen will be Republican by a small majority and the Council Democratic.

A HELENA (Mont.) dispatch says: A crisis in the Legislative deadlock is at hand. Under the Territorial laws still in is ordered by the physician, and a trip to effect the members of either branch of Europe may be found to be necessary 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 Democratic Senators, by absenting themselves and preventing the organization of the Senate. overreached themselves. The thirty day limit has expired, and, by law, the offices to which they were elected are vacant. At a joint informal caucus of Democratic and Republican Senators the Democrats agreed to qualify within a few days or resign. They will probably do the latter, as, should the Senate be organized, it would immediately go into a joint session with the Republican House of Representatives and elect two Republi-

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 of the United States for the District of South Dakota. Also a large number of recess nomin-ations, among them the following: Joel B. Er-hardt of New York, to be Collector of Customs for the District of New York; David W. Mc-Clung of Ohio, to be Collector of Internal Rev-onue for the First District of Ohio; John D. Sloane of Minnesota, to be Supervising Inspe-ter of Steam Vessels for the Fifth District.

ACR'OSS THE OCEAN.

AUTHENTIC information from Maranham, 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. Maranham 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 population is very well-to-do and the Portuguese, who feel an interest in the upholding of the royal and imperial system, make an important element in it. A large number of Portuguese colonists, too, live there. The Brazilian population does not amount to over one-third of the city. At present the city is quiet, so far as con-cerns actual disturbances, but there is still much intriguing going on, and serious trouble is likely to occur if the Imperialists and the Portuguese persist in refusing to acknowledge the altered condition of affairs.

THE ex-Empress of Brazil has received a telegram from Rio de Janeiro informing 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 Alene 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 illy concealed feeling of dissatisfaction with the rule of Hippolyte manifest upon his visits to the northern ports. The Haytians evidently lived in great fear of their new President, who, it is alleged, was levying unjust taxation upon

his subjects. THERE is a general printers' strike throughout Germany and Switzerland. Three journals in Berne have failed to appear.

HENRY SEARLE, 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 allithose in the Rhine provinces, are so obstructed that travel is for the time at an end.

Ar London, England, two men named Turner and Clark have been arrested on the charge of forging and uttering Chilian and Alabama bonds. The arrests were made in connection with the theft of £22.000 from Baring Bros. & Co. in 1883. The prisoners were arraigned before a police magistrate and remanded.

THE present session of the New South Walss 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. But the proposition of this party was negatived by a majority of twelve. It is decided that a conference for considering the subject of federation of all the Australian colonies will assemble in Melbourne in February.

A London cable says: Edward Bradley, more commonly known as Cuthbert 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 chainsand beaten with canes.

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

An explosion occurred in a colliery pit at Bolniez, 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 attache to the United States Le-

THE 82d birthday of the poet Whittier is near, and no 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 146,900 barrels, against 136,800 barrels the preceding week. The market is dull and prices are not satis-

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 goitre, and has gone to Boston to consult with a specialist. Absolute rest

failed in his negotiations with the Cherokees for the sale of the Cherokee Outlet, and has left for Washington.

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

MARKET REPORTS.

CHICAGO.

	0000	3,00	9	9.70	ا د_
	Common			3,50	tv
	Hogs-Shipping Grades	3,25		3.75	L
	Sheep Wheat—No. 2 Red	4.00	(4)	5.50	1
	WHEAT—No. 2 Red	.78	1.00	.79!6	l F
	Corn—No. 2	.32	(4)	.33	1-
1	CORN—NO. 2. GATS—NO. 2. RYE—NO. 2.	.20	(4)	21	1
	Ruy_No 9	.45	(4)	46	!.
1	Primary Choice Charmon	.40		,40	te
١	BUTTER-Choice Creamory	.24	(3)	.28	1
1	BUTTER-Choice Creamery CHEESE-Full Cream, flats	.03	Œ	.10	L.
	EGGS-Fresh	.21	9	.22	1
1	Potatoes-Choico new, per bu	.36	Ø	.40	í av
1	PORK-Mess. MILWAUKEE.	9.00	(a)	9.50	1
ł	MILWAUKEE.		_		i .
Ì	WHEATCoch	.73	@	.74	í
ł	CORN—No. 3 OATS—No. 2 White.	.20	0	30	םו
1	Our No 0 White	221	۳,	.2334	۳
ł	Data No. 2 William	,22,			gı
١		.46	0	.4636	
1	BARLEY-No. 2	.46	@	.47	ty
ı	l'ork—Mess	9.00	@	9,50	, -
1	PORK—Mess DETROIT.				in
١	CATTLE	3.00	@	4.25	, ,
1	Hogs	3.00	(0)	3.75	CO
1	SHEEP	3,50		4,50	th
1	Wuram-No 9 Rod	.81	(II)	.82	
Į	SHEEP. WHEAT—No. 2 Rod. CORN—No. 2 Yellow.	.32		99	pτ
١	Ours No. 2 Tenow	.02	@	.33	! -
I	OATS-No. 2 White	.26	@	.27	W
l	TOLEDO.	٠	• -		
l	WHEAT	.81			Ιtο
i	Corn-Cash	.33 ½	(0)	.3436	۱.,
į	OATS-No. 1 White	.231	6 (a)	2416	ВO
i	CORN—Cash	,			sic
1	CATTLE	3.50	a	5.00	310
ì	Hogs	3.50		4.00	
ı	Curren	4.00			
Į	SHEEP WHEAT—No. 2 Red	4.00		5.75	
L	WHEAT-NO. 2 Red	.85	@	.87	ar
ŀ	CORN-No. 2. OATS-Mixed Western	.43	®	.44	de
ı	OATS-Mixed Western	.27	(4)	.30	ue
ł	Pork—Prime Mess	11.00	ω_1	1,75	.fo
1			_		
l	CATTLEST. LOUIS.	4.25	60	5.00	ma
I	Hogs	3,25		3.75	_
ı	WHEAT-No. 2 Red	.77	(a)	.78	пo
Ì	CORN—No. 2	27			, .
ı	Ours-No. 2	-27	(4)	.28	
l	OATS	.20	(4)	.21	
l.	RYE-No. 2. INDIANAPOLIS.	.41	@ .	.42	1C
ł	INDIANAPOLIS.				
ı	CATTLE—Shipping Steers	2.50	œ	4,50	100
t	Hogs-Choice Light	3.00	(a)	3.75	No
ŀ	SHEEP-Common to Prime	3.00	an	3.75 4.75	un
١	WHEAT-No. 2 Red	77		.78	ihi
I	CORN-No. 1 White	.35		.36	
ļ٠	Ours_No 9 White	00	@	.24	m
ì	CATTLE—Shipping Sters. Hogs—Choice Light SHEEP—Common to Prime. WHEAT—No. 2 Red. CORN—No. 1 White. OATS—No. 2 White. Hogs.			.22	:
ŀ	Tree	0.00	<u> </u>]	pic
L	HUGS	3.00	(3)	3.75	•
ľ	Hogs. WHEAT—No. 2 Red. CORN—No. 2 OATS—No. 2 Mixed.	-803	0	.8136	
ı	UORN-NO. 2	38	@	.3836	ıŒ
ŀ	OATS-No. 2 Mixed	.21	0	.25	714
ŀ	RYE-No. 2	.451/	(4)	.4634	ıgı
L	BUFFALO.		. 7		. —
l	CATTLE-Good to Prime.	4.00	@	4.75	of
ŀ	BYE-No. 2. BUFFALO. CATTLE—Good to Prime. HOGS. WHEAT—No. 1 Hard. CORN—No. 2.	205	in	9 75	
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MICHIGAN HAPPENINGS.

EVENTS AND INCIDENTS THAT HAVE LATELY OCCURRED.

An Interesting Summary of the More Important Doings of Our Nelghbors-Weddings and Deaths - Crimes, Casualties and General News Notes. -The following Michigan pensions

have been granted: Original Invalid—Francis M. West, Attica; John Jones, Eaten Rapids; Almen W. Eck, Welverine; Deles Hutchins, Sonoma; Peter Follows, Lake Odessa; Edward L. Baker, Clare; Wm. H. Ogden, Gobleville; James Sturdavart, Delta; Wm. Fone, East Suginaw; Sam Hanna, White Rock, May Contine, Detroit, Jos. Latt.

Wm. H. Ogden, Gobleville; James Stardavant, Delta; Wm. Fone, East Saginaw; Sam Hanna, White Rook; Max Canture, Detroit; Jos. Lett, Rennis; Wm. Lathrop, Hillsdale; Hiram K. Marshall, Three Rivers.
Increase—Wm. H. Kline, Glendale; Thos. Coulson, Brooklyn; Almon Bullard, Hillsdale; Ias. Greenlee, Constantine; Lilburn Mellen, Eolon; Lester J. Woston, N. Branch; Soymour A. Judd, Baneroft; Martin A. Wostoct, Goblerille: Francis A. Costa, Ithnea; Daniel Eisel, Charlotte; Cornelius D. Croley, Lapeer City; Hiller J. Blachly, Rockford; Philip Carroll, Port Crosecut; John Snyder, Dotroit; Geo, M. H. Bowen, Alpino; Paul Dodge, Hesperia; Marion Case, Do Witt; Joseph Granger, Charlotte; John A. Robinson, Muskegon; Johann Sciultz, Perrinsville; Charles E. Groesbock, Litchfold; John Sanders, Lansing; Pairfield Goodwin, Easspolis; Wallace F. Ball, Hudson; John Sinner, Kalananzoo; William J. Marvin, Leko Jdessa; George Heyd, St. Johns; Charles H. White, Berville; William H. Shannlau, Bi; Benzer; Jededdath S. Collins, Ren; Charles W. Hartwell, Free Soil; Hiram Harpeder, Big, Rapids; Ira E. Marks, Starville; Acil Champin, Charlotte; Lewis Beach, Chapi.; Cyrus Alsdorf, Laussing; William Hale, Peck; Janues McDowell, Hoomingdale; Lemman Underhill, John Sild Mission: Charles H. Root Winfield; George IcDowell, Bloomingdale; Leeman Underhill, ald Mission; Charles H. Hoot, Winfield; George V. Closson, Benton Harbor: Andrew J. Lumb w. Closson, Benton Enror; Audrew J. Lind, Sturgis; William T. Davis, Sherwood; Freedom Bandall, Burlington. Reissue and Increase—Daniel Hicks, Wayland. Original widow—(Old war) Harriet S., widow of Henry Duncan, Detroit.

-President Clute, of the State Agriultural College, who, in May last, sucseeded President Willits, who had resigned the previous month, has submitted his first annual report to the State Board of Agriculture, of which the following is an abstract:

He finds that the new horticultural labora-lory, completed in March last, proves well diapted for the purposes for which it was built. The new propagating louse is approaching completion, and promises to be satisfactory. will be of great service to the Professor will be of great service to the Professor in charge in teaching, and in the practical work of the gardons. It will be ready for use in the spring. He recommends winter work in the laboratory, because it can be pursued without Interruption. He calls attention to the fact that the college exhibit, both at the State Fair and the Detroit Exposition, attracted much atten-tion and exited surprise by its excellence. The the Detroit Exposition, attracted much attention and excited surprise by its excellence. The college is greatly indebted to Semator James Mc-Millan, of Detroit, for the most generous gift of a large collection of butterflies and of beetles. The butterflies include 8,000 species and 12,000 specimens. The beetles include 8,000 species and 40,000 specimens. This gift is morn fully described in the report of Prof. Cook, through whose interest in his department the gift was inspired. It is hoped that this kindly act of Senator McMillan is but a forerunner of many other gifts from patriotic sons and daughters of Senstor McMillan is but a forerunner of many other gifts from patriotic sons and daughters of Michigan, who would like to see her State Agricultural School thoroughly equipped in every respect. Our college has now a valuable beginning in museum cabinets and library. And yet those who use these most, that is the professors in different departments and the special students, find then by no means complete. We could use much fuller collections with great profit to our students and to the general public. The most pressing need is books for the Horary in the departments of history, biography, travel, literature, and philosophy, and he asks if there are no wealthy men in Michigan who will be glad to supply this need. President Clute calls especial steation to the great importance of the veterinary department; the necessity of greater care in the breeding of domestic animals; and declares that the veterinary course is to furnish a complete training that will fit the graduates of the course for the practice of veterinary medicine and surgery.

—North Lansing is organizing a build-

-North Lansing is organizing a building and loan association with a capital stock of \$5,000,000.

-A 12-year-old youngster broke through the ice on the river at Lansing and had cholera prevails to a limited extent in been at the bottom twice when a teamster | Berrien, Cass, St. Joseph, Van Buren, threw him a rope and pulled him out. "Thank you, sir," said the boy, "That

was a pretty close call, wasn't it?" -The Lansing Common Council has passed an iron-clad ordinance prohibiting the sale of lottery tickets, all games of chance from dice-throwing up, and all gift enterprises, and imposing a heavy fine with an alternative of ninety days'

imprisonment for violation. -Alpena mills the past season manufactured 212,000,000 feet of lumber, 53,-000,000 laths, and 36,610,000 shingles; and 30,000,000 pounds of paper pulp, 242,570 railway ties, and 145,000 fence

posts were also shipped from that port. -Four cases of small-pox are reported from Muskegon. The local physicians THE United States Commissioner has, are taking every precaution to keep the disease from spreading.

-Many families on the shores of the Straits of Mackinaw, near Grey's reef, will buy no flour this winter. The recent wrecks there enabled them to get hundreds of barrels of it-and no questions asked. Some wreckers have flour to sell at twenty-five cents per barrel.

-Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Foster, of Lenawee County, who had been married but wo weeks, were out fishing on Posey ake, when their boat capsized and Mrs. oster was drowned.

-A. F. Starr, of St. Ignace, has enered upon a course of study under Dwight . Moody, and proposes to become an vangelist.

-Michigan School Moderator: The etroit dailies speak of the move toward rading district schools in Genesee Counas if it were something just thought of this State. There are a dozen or more ounties in Michigan where for more han a year past the work has been ushed with vigor. If the daily papers. ere as wide awake to school matters as prize-fights or base-ball, they would ot be caught so far behind the profes-

-John O. Bechtel, of Bay City, was rested on a charge of keeping a disorerly house, and gave \$500 bail to appear | their attention for a moment, he fled, or trial. He didn't appear, and his bondsan, Peter Tierney, must ante up the sumominated in the bond..

-During his California trip Gov. Luce complished the feat of making sevenen addresses in ten consecutive days. otwithstanding this the Governor says at he never enjoyed a vacation so much cture of animation and good health.

fice were filed at the Governor's office not eventually prevail. ainst Theobald Dreiss, Judge of Probate -M. D. Hamilton, for many years eds resignation to the Governor.

-The Michigan State Grange was in ession at Lansing last week. Worthy Master Mars, in his annual address, said the order was in excellent condition, and then attacked the trusts and monopolies vigorously. Secretary Cobb reported two new granges had been instituted during the year and eight had been reorganized. Two had surrendered their charters and several had become domaint. The Treasurer's report showed the year's receipts amounted to \$12,572, leaving a balance on hand of \$2,570. A large portion of the session was taken up with a discussion of the question of taxing farm mortgages. The opinion among the delegates favored the California law. Mrs. Amanda Gunnison, the Flora of the grange, was directed last year to obtain the opinion of the subordinate granges on the question of a national flower. She reported that 128 granges had decided in favor of the red clover.

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

-A man by the name of Fred Sefton, 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

-It is believed that the rail chipments: of lumber from Saginaw the present year will approximate 375,000,000 feet. against 27,000,000 feet in 1880. This is a wonderful increase, and indicates the change in the method of handling 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

-A suit has been instituted in the Wayne Circuit Court for \$1,000,000 damages. The plaintiffs are Cofrode & 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, Cofrode & 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 853,950, 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-

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, whoagreed 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 Boad 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 ramob. He was pelted with snow balls, tripped to the ground, assailed on every side, and finally, beat a masterly retreat into the schoolhouse. The teacher turned him out of that place, and, throwing the rest of his stock among the children, to attract 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 swallowtails is agitating the minds of the young men. Lansing ceased wearing moccasins. his life, and has returned home the at balls and receptions some time ago, and the friends of the swallow-tail in -Recently charges of misconduct in the capital city have no fears that it will

Ontonagon County. An official inves- itor of the Monroe Commercial, has seration was ordered, and Dreiss has sent | cured a place in the Government printing office at Washington.

And called me his "darling, so fair."

I really did think that he leved me. And thought him so manly and true. And now we have parted in anger,
I wouldn't believe it, would you?
I hope you don't think I feel badly;
You're mistaken; indeed, I don't car.
It wasn't my fault that we quarreled;
I wouldn't have been such a bear,

"Tis his place to ask for forgiveness, So I'll dirt just as much as I can, And then I won't speak if I meet him-

That's such an excellent plan. But hark! there's his ring at the door-boll; Yes, 'tis his step on the floor! I never knew how much I loved him—"Wait, darling, I'll open the door!"

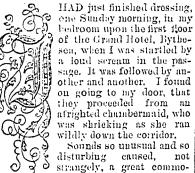
THE JEWELED HAIRPIN

The Strange Tragedy of the Grand Hotel.

BY ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

حصوصت

CHAPTER J. A TERRIFIED CHAMBERMAID.



tion. The other occupants of the rooms on the same floor came out, Indies with the rest, in various phases of dressing, some in complete deshabille. I could not help remarking one girl in particular, a dark brunette, whom I had noticed for some time past and greatly admired. Herpale, olive-tinted cheeks, diffused 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 molded figure, presented a vision of such rare and ravishing beauty that for a moment I paused spell-

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 shricking, and who seemed on the verge of hysteries, and all were asking her what

lier only answer was to point to the end of the corridor, and gasp out 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.

less on the floor. He was on his back, in his clothes, and fully dressed, with f. co horribly drawn, and great, staring, wide-open eyes.
"Is he dead?" asked someone, breath-

"Send for a doctor, quick!" cried an-

"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 "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 vesterday. 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 it-

self to most of us.

But the doctor did not answer.

was examining the corpse closely. There was blood upon the carpet, dabs of black, 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. As he spoke he turned the body over

gently, on its face.
"Not a doubt of it," he went 'on, as the movement disclosed a great pool of halfcongonied blood. Blood dripped and drabbled now from the back of the corpse and made great splashes upon the carpet.

There has been foul play; this man has died a violent death. "Murdered?" asked several voices, all agitated and horror-stricken.
"Murdered," replied the doctor, de-

cidedly. "Come, sir, be careful; you must not say that," cried a fresh voice, per-emptorily. It was the manager, who had been summoned from his office on the ground floor. A sharp-speaking, bustling person, tall, erect, authoritative, with a soldierly air, but a not too intelligent face. "A murder?" he went on. in the Grand Hotel? Impossible!"

"There is evidence enough. See for said the doctor, shortly. yourself, Here is the wound. The knife has left its mark."

The manager stooped to look at the corpse, after which he could no longer dispute the doctor's statement.

muttered between his teeth; "most unfortunate!" He was thinking first of all of its effect upon business; but more inmane considerations came to him, and he added: "A most deplorable affair." There was no robbery in this case,

'A murder in the Grand Hotel!" he

said the doctor, whose eye had been traveling round the room. "At least the murderer was no common thief.'

"How? What do you mean?" There, on the dressing-table, lies the man's watch-" It would have been dangerous to take

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 "But perhaps some of the manager. you gentlemen knew him?" now speaking to the whole roomful- 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 scafaring man,

"His portmanteau—I see he had 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, recur ring to his first and chief trouble. happen now, just at our very busiest time. I only trust it will not empty the hotel. He was paid a percentage on the business done, and was thus intimately con-

cerned in the return of the season. "No one will much like to remain." gan one of the visitors.

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

"I mount remain on this floor. Our room is close here, and my wife will be terribly putout when she hears what has happened. The screams frightened her droadfully. 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

"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 knew, 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, perhapsin his time. A man already past the middle age, with his bair turning to sil-

vicorous 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 chaborately polite manner, he seemed anxious to please all, ladies especially, and with this idea, no doubt, paid scrupulous attention to his personal appearance, from the perfectly

fitting boots to the large points of his carefully waxed mustachios. Upon me, I must confess, the impression he had made had been far from fa-vorable. 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-brown, the other violet-blue. I thought their expression false and the man altogether unpleasing. 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. 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." saying this Mr. Sarsfield pushed his way

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 inher 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 in the passage-" began Mrs. Sarsfield.

"What has happened?" interrupted her sister, with almost wild eagerness. Her magnificent eves 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." She seemed to have anticipated the answor, for already she had drawn the folds of the black lace mantilla over her face and stooped, with a quick gesture of dread, as though expecting a blow.
"Dead!" repeated Mrs. Sarsfield.
"How? When? Who is he? What did

he die of?" Her answer came from Captain Fawcett, who by this time had slipped up and stood by her side. He whispered just one word into her ear, the meaning of which I gathered from the horrified start she

gave. "Murde-She had no time to frame the whole word, for her husband had seized her by the arm and was dragging her away. "I tell you this is no place for you, An-

na. See. Clara is half fainting. Even as he spoke the girl's face grew ghastly white, and her tall, slight frame swaved to and fro, as though but for his arm she would have fallen to the ground. Come away, come away," said Mrs.

Sarsfield, hoarsely.

It was clear, too, that she was over come with the horror of the scene. Snatching at the arm that Captain Fawcett offered her, she retreated along the

"But there is money loose gold and passage, while her husband followed, half leading, half supporting his nearly unconscious sister-in-law.

I returned to No. 99, where the manger 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,

alarms more or less openly expressed by others than the Sarstields. "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 neverhad 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 mufderous affray occurring at such a time and without the slightest moise or notice to a soul-it's too preposterous!"

"There was no affray," I replied. "The doctor tells us death was instantaneous. Bosides, what was to prevent the murderer from waiting here in secret, hiding till his victim came to bed?"

"Where could be have come from?" asked the manager, testily. "Anywhere; from the next room; down stairs. It is perfectly possible. Anybody

can come and go here as he pleases-inside the hotel, you understand-at all hours of the night. "That would imply that you think the

murderer was one of the lodgers in the hotel," a newcomer said, addressing himself directly to me. "What! you here, Hasnip?" began the

manager, "Has the chief—"
But the other, a sharp-eyed, elderly man, with a hard, impassive face, fringed with sandy hair, made an almost impercoptible gesture, and the manager held his tongue. It was, as I afterward learned, Mr.

Hasnip, the smartest of the detectives belonging to the Bythesea police force. "All the probabilities are that the murderer was, probably is, an inmate of the hotel," I replied in a firm tone, more and more enamored of my own theory.

"What right have you to come to such a conclusion?" asked the manager, turning upon me. "It is an accusation, an unfair, and, I

feel, unjustifiable accusation against all " said another voice, rather hotly. The champion of the visitors at the hotel was no other than Captain Fawver, but still upright in carriage and of cett.

"I am included in the accusation, then, as I am staying here myself," I replied, quietly. "But I base my conclusions" this was said to the manager, and not to the irascible Captain Fawcett-"upon the simple fact that no one from outside could easily introduce himself into the hotel at a late hour-not without attracting attention, I mean.

"Well, there is the fire-escape," said Captain Fawcett, fighting hard for his own views, which seemed intended mainly to exonerate all who had occupied the hotel.

"Aha!" The interjection was uttored softly by the detective, who immediately

left the room. "Is there anything to show that the fire-escape has been used?" asked the doctor, and the question had the effect of

emptying the room. ITO BE CONTINUED.

Two Old-Time Love Letters. In an old book, dated 1820, there is, says the People's Companion, the fol-

lowing very curious love epistle. It affords an admirable play upon words: "Madame-Most worthy of admiration. After long consideration and much meditation on the great reputation you possess in the nation. I have a strong inclination to become your relation. On your approbation of the declaration, I shall make preparation to remove my situation to a more convenient station, to profess my admiration, and if such oblation is worthy of observation and can obtain commiseration it will be an aggrandization beyond all calculation of the joy and ex-

ultation of yours, "SANS DISSIMULATION." The following is the still more curi-

ous answer: "Sir-I perused your oration with much deliberation at the great infatuation of your imagination to such veneration on so slight a foundation. But after examination and much serious contemplation I supposed your animation was the fruit of recreation or had sprung from ostentation to display your education by an odd enumeration, or rather multiplication, of words of the same termination, though of great variation in each respective signification. Now, without disputation, your laborious application in so tedious an occupation deserves commendation, and. thinking imitation a sufficient gratification, I am, without hesitation, MARY MODERATION." yours.

The Sait of the Earth.

Salt in whitewash will make it stick better. Wash the mica of the stove doors with salt and vinegar. Brasswork can be kept beautifully

bright by occasionally rubbing with salt and vinegar. Damp salt will remove the discoloration of cups and saucers caused by tea

and careless washing.
When broiling steak throw a little salt on the coals and the blaze from dripping fat will not annov.

To clean willow furniture use salt and water. Apply it with a nail brush, scrub well and dry thoroughly. Salt as a tooth powder is better than

almost anything that can be bought. It keeps the teeth brilliantly white and the gums hard and rosy.

Carpets may be greatly brightened by first sweeping thoroughly and then going over them with a clean cloth and

clear salt and water. Use a cupful of coarse salt to a large basin of water. If the feet are tender or painful after long standing or walking great relief can be had by bathing, them in salt and water. A handful of salt to a gallon of water is the right proportion. Have the water as hot as can comfortably be borne.

POLITICS AT A FEAST. A TRIBUTE OF FRIENDS. GREAT WORK COMPLETE

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND ON BAL-LOT REFORM.

He Tells the Merchants of Boston that the Tariff Begets Frauds at the Ballot-Box. and Henry W. Grady Discusses the Negr-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 & Boston disputch. President Line 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 rid myself of the impressive thought that here is represented that factor in civilized life which the start the progress of a people which conmeasures the progress of a people, which con-stitutes the chief care of every enlightened gov-priment, and which gives to a country the ornment, and which gives to a country the privilege of recognized membership in the community of nations. Equal rights and impartial justice are stipulations of the compact all have entered late with each other as American citizens; and so nicely adjusted is this plan of our political association that favoritism for the sole advantage of any section of our membership inevitably results in an encroachment upon the benefits justly due to others. But these things sits of lightly upon the consciousness of many that a spirit of schiishness is abroad in the land, which has bred the habit of clamorous importunity for government aid in behalf of special interests, imperfectly disgnised under the cleak of solicitude for the public good. Political schibness cheapens in the minds of the people their apprehension of the character and functions of the Government; it distorts every conception of the duty of good citizenship and creates an atmosphere in which iniquitous purposes and designs \$250 their odious features. It privilege of recognized membership in the com atts an atmosphere in which iniquitous purposes and designs loss their odious features. It begins when a perverted judgment is wen to the theory that political action may be used solely for private gain and advantage, and when a tender conscionce is quieted by the ingenious argument that such gain and advantage are identical with the public welfare. Manifestly if the motives of all our elikeus were unselfish and patriotic, and if they songht in political action only their share of the advantage accruing from the advance of our conjuty at all points toward her grand destiny, they would be no place or occasion for the perversion of our no place or occasion for the perversion of our

in pinco or occusion for the perversion of the intimidation suffrage.

Thus the inauguration of the intimidation and corruption of our voters may be justly charged to selfish schemes seeking success through political action. Let us look with pity and charity upon those who yield to fear and intimidation in the exercise of their right of suffrage. But we know that when political self-ishness is destroyed our dangers will disappear; and, though the way to its stronghold may be long and weary, we will follow it—lighting as we go. There will be no surrender, nor will there be desertions from our runks. Selfishness and corruption have not yet achieved a lasting triumph, and their hold definate will but hasten the day of their destruction. In conclusion let me say that good men have no cause for discouragement. Though there are dangers which threaten our welfare and safety, the virtue and patriotism of the American people are not lost and all shall find them sufficient for us. If in too great confidence they slumber, they will not always sleep. Let them but be arouned from lethargy and indifference by the consciousness of peril, and they will burst the bonds of political selfishness, revive their political freedom and restore the purity of their suffrage. Thus will they discharge the sucred trust committed to their keeping; thus will they still proudly present to the world proof of the value of free institutions; thus will they generated trust committed to their keeping; thus will they generated to the patriotism throughout the length and breath of our land, and thus will they generated from length and perpetuity of a government by the people; thus will they generated and breath of our land, and thus will they generated from and pence and happiness.

When the appliance had coased, President suffrage.
Thus the inauguration of the intimidation

selvos and for their pesterity their God-given inhoritance of freedom and justice and peaco and happiness.

When the applause had ceased, President Lano introduced Henry Woodlen Grady, of Georgia, whose subject was "The Race Problem of the South." Mr. Grady said:
Far to the south, Mr. President, separated from this section by a line once defined in irrepressible difference, once traced in fratricidal blood, and now, thank God, but a vanishing standow, lies the fairest and richest domain of this earth. It is the home of a brave and hospituble people. There is centered all that can please or prosper human kind. The President of the United States, in his late message to Congress, discussing the plea that the South should be left to solve this problem, asks: "Are they at work upon it? What solution do they offer? When will the black man east a free ballot? When will the black man east a free ballot? When will the black man east a free ballot? When will the black man east a free ballot? When will the black man east a free ballot? When will the black man east a free ballot? When will be lack man east a free ballot? When will be lack man east a free ballot? When will be lack man east a free ballot? When will be lack man east a free ballot? When will the large man east a free ballot? When will be lack man east a free ballot? Is four Government a stigma upon the people of a great and loyal section. It is deplorable that this should be so in New England than in the South.

What invites the negre to the ballot-box? He know shat of all men it has promised him most and yielded him least. The negre vote on

knows that of all men it has promised him most and yielded him least. The negro voto can lover control in the South, and it would be well

and yielded him least. The hegre vote can never control in the South, and it would be well if partisans at the North would understand this. I have seen the white people of a State set about by black hosts until their fate seemed seeded. But some brave man, banding them together, would rise, as Elishar rose in beleaguired Samaria, and touching their eyes with faith bid them look abroad to see the very air "filled with the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof." If there is any human force that can not be withstood, it is the power of the banded intelligence and responsibility of a free community. Against it numbers and corruption can not prevail. It can not be forbidden in the law or divorced in force. It is the inalicable right of every free community—the just and righteous safeguard against an ignorant or corrupt suffrage. It is on this timt we rely in the South. Not the cowardly menuce of mask or shotgan, but the peaceful majesty of intelligence and responsibility, massed and unified for the protection of its homes and the preservation of its liberty. That is our reliance and our of its liberty. That is our reliance and our hope, and against it all the powers of the earth shall not prevail.

It was just as certain that Virginia would come back to the unchallenged control of her white race, that before the moral and material white race, that before the moral and material power of her people, once more unified, opposition would crumble until its last desperate leader was left alone, valuly striving to rally his disordered hosts, as that night should fade in the kindling glory of the sun. You may pass foce bills, but they will not avail. You may surrender your own liberties to a federal election law; you may submit, in fear of necessity that does not exist that the year, form of this gov. does not exist, that the very form of this government may be changed. This old State, which holds in its charter the boast that it "ls a fre and independent commonwealth," may delive its election mechinery into the hands of the government it helped to create, but never wil a single State of this Union, North or South, be delivered again to the control of an ignorant and

inferior race.

The South is so scantily peopled that but 15 per cent, of the lands are cultivated. The sons of New England seek with troubled eyes some of New England seek with troubled eyes some new El Dorado, yet since 1850 the imigration of Northerners to the South has been decreasing because of the race problem and the suspicions it breeds. It is said that the South treats the negroes unjustly, but this year the South has raised 7,500,000 bales of cotton, which enormous crop could not have come from the hunds of discontented labor. The negroes of Georgia, who twenty-five years ago were slaves, now possess \$20,000,000 of property. For every Afro-American agitator stirring strife I can show a thougand negroes happy in their cubin homes and sand negroes happy in their cubin homes and with their children in the schools. Since 1865 with their children in the schools. Since 1865 the South has spent \$122,000,000 in education and this year is pledged to \$37,000,000 more, although the blacks, paying 1-30 of the taxes, get nearly one-half the fund. In the South are negro lawyers, teachers, editors, doctors, preachers, multiplying with the increasing ability of their race to support them. In the courts the negroes have a distinctly better showing on account of their color. their color.

True there is disorder and violence, but it misjudged. Lawlessness in Iowais accepted as an accident, while that in the South is ascribed to racial causes. The black will cast a free to racial causes. The black will cast a free ballot where ignorance anywhere is not dominated; by the willof the intelligent. The whites are banded not in prejudice but of necessity. The negro vote remains an ignorant and credulous faction, the prey of the unscrupulous of both parties, and plays a part in a campaign in which every interest of society is jeopardized and every approach to the ballot-bex debauched. Against such campaigns as this the Southern whites are banded, as Massachusetts whites would be in similar circumstances.

SUFFICIENT to each day are the duties to be done and the trials to be endured. God never built a Christian strong enough to carry to-day's duties and to morrow's anxieties piled on the top of them.

J. WHITCOMB RILEY remarked of Nye's first attempt at a lecture, "He Bill, did better than he knew."

THE sale of effects and the effects of a sail make all the difference in the world to a sea-sick auctioneer.

EUNERAL SERVICES OVER THE RE-MAINS OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Thousands of the People of the South Gather to Pay Tribute to the Memory of the Man Who Led Thom in the

Great Conflict. A New Orleans (La.) dispatch says: The funeral of Jefferson Davis, which took place in the Metaire cometery where his body is temporarily placed in the tomb of the Army of Northern Virginia, was one of the most imposing and the most memorable in many respects that has ever been witnessed in the South. It recalled to the minds of many of the older people who were present the grand outpouring of the Southern people and the universal sorrow and affection displayed on that other notable occasion, more than thirty-five years ago, when all that was mortal of another greatly beloved Southern leader, John C. Calhoun, was consigned to the grave.

Trains leading into the city as well as the steamboats plying between here and points on the river for hundreds of miles, noured out into the depots and river landings a constant stream of men, women and children, military and civil organizations, and members of Confederate veterans' as sociations from every State in the South The cotton exchange, two banks, and all the city buildings were closed and all were heavily draped with emblems of The preliminary funeral sermourning. vices were held on the large portice of the city hall, which overlooked Lafayetto square, and were conducted by Bishop Gallaher of the Epis opal diocose of New Orleans, who was assisted by Bishop Thompson of Mississippi, Dr. Markham of the Presbyterian church, Father Hubert of the Catholic church, and Drs. Bakewell and Martin.

After the reading of the service for the dead by Bishop Gallaher and some short oulogistic reparks from other divines, a surpliced choir selected especially for the occasion sung Sullivan's anthem, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow

Every available inch of space in the square and about the buildings was densely packed, and the streets centering at the hall were impassable, though the police arrangements for the preservation of order were so complete that confusion was avoided. The city half itself was covered with a profusion of flags at half mast, gracefully draped with black, while over the doors of the main entrance were suspended immense billows of crape.

The procession, composed as follows began to move about noon: First division A detail of city police, military escort of all uniformed organizations, the clergy in carriages, followed by the body of Mr. Davis, which was placed on a caisson drawn by six horses, richly caparisoned. Second division—Veterans' associations. Third Division-Officials of the State of Louisiana and officials of this and other cities. Fourth division-Masonic order, Knights of Pythias, and other civil organizatious. Sixth division-Fire depart-Seventh division-Other organizament. Eighth division-Colored associa-

CENTENNIAL CEREMONIES.

Inaugural. Washington dispatch: The ceremonies of Congress in commomoration of the centennial of the inauguration of George Washington were held Wednesday in the

hall of the House of Representatives. The hall had been especially arranged for the occasion, its usual seating capacity being trebled by the introduction of additional chairs. The galleries were filled with the families of Congressmen, and and presented a brilliant spectacle. been provided Seats of the Speaker's desk for the President and Cabinet. Vice-President. Speaker of the House, Justices of the Supreme Cours, the Hon. George Bancreft, colebrated historian, and others of official prominence. Members of the Senate and House occupied seats in the chamber, where places where also provided for the



CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER.

diplomatic representatives, officers of the army and navy, and members of the Pan-American and maritime congresses. The address of the occasion was deliver ed by Chief Justice Fuller and occupied eloquent phrases, a tribute to American nearly two hours in delivery. The dis- oratory. tinguished speaker began by reference to the great celebration in New York city in April last. He then touched upon the chief historic events immediately preceding and following the inauguration of Washington, discussing them with reference to their bearing upon the welfare of

the nation which was thus being developed. The availability of Washington at the crisis at which he exchanged the sword for the duties of the chief magistrate was one of those providential blessings so often bestowed on this nation. The promotion of human happiness was the keynote of the century in which Washington lived. In discussing his administration Mr. Fuller spoke especially of the wisdom displayed in his choice of a cabinet and his selection of members of the Supreme court. After discussing at length the character and official work of Washington Justice Fuller traced briefly the history of the nation through the century, especially dealing with the period of civil war from which it

emerged still one nation. . The speaker closed with reference to the great responsibilities of the nation and important issues, presented for its decision. The new century, he said, may be entered upon in a spirit of optimism bold in fearessness of the faith whose very consciousness of limitations of the present asserts the attainability of the untraveled world of a still grander future

Telegraphic Brevities. MULLARKY & Co., boot and shoe dealers at Montreal, have suspended, with liabilities at \$75,000.

PROF. W. R. HARPER, of Yale, has declined the Presidency of the South Dakota State University. THE University of the State of New

York has made an LL. D. of Seth Low. Columbia's new President. DESPITE press denials, inficenza prevails in Berlin. Prof. Virchow is one of the many sufferers. In one dry-goods store in Paris, the Magasin du Louvre, there are 670 cases.

CHICAGO'S AUDITORIUM DEDICATED BY THE QUEEN OF SONG.

The President, Vice President, and Many Governors in Attendance at the Opening Coremonies - President Harrison's Address-The Greatest Audience Hall in America.

The dedication of the Chicago Auditorium occurred on the evening of the 9th inst. The event is one of the greatest landmarks in modern history. It is without a parallel in the new world. Of course the dedication draws its importance from the character of the building and the scope of its objects. In this respect the occasion appeals to the nation for a rival. In fact the, world can show nothing like it in all the range of history. In a front box sat President Harrison and Mrs. McKee, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Peck,

In put of their box stood a splendid bank of rell and white carnations and roses with the legend "Welcome to our honored guest." In the opposite box was Gov. Fifer and a party of friends.

The orchestra, composed of the orchescans with accompaniment on the organ, rendered a triumphal fantasic by Du-hois, and Mayor Crogier appeared. He was greated was a roar of applause and began at once the delivery of his address. which was greeted with great applause.

Ferd W. Feck, president of the Auditorium association was called for and responded in a few appropriate remarks. In concluding Mr. Peck introduced the President of the United States. Handreds of people rose as Mr. Harrison left his box, and tossed their handkerchief, clapped their hands, and shouted an enthusiastic welcome. Mr. Harrison made a neat and

happy speech. He said: "Ladies and Gentlemen: Some of my newspaper friends have been nuzzling themselves in order to discover he reason why Hoft Washington to be here tonight. I do not think I need to set in order the motives which have impelled my presence. Surely no loyal citizen of Chicago who sits here tonight un-der this witching, magnificent scene will ask for any other reason than that which

is here presented. [Applause.] "I do most heartly congratulate you upon the completion and inauguration of this magnificent building, without an equal in this country, and, so far as I know, without an equal in the world. Applause. | We have here about us tonight in this grand architecture, in this tasteful decoration, that which is an eduention and an inspiration. [Applause,] It might well attract those whose surroundings were altogether pleasant to make a longer journey than I have made to stand for an hour here [applause], and if that be true surely there is reason enough why the President may turn aside for a little while from public duty to mingle with his fellow-citizens in celebrating an event so high and so worthy as this. [Applause.] Not speech, cortainly not the careless words of extempore speech, can fitly interpret this great occasion. Only the voice of the immortal singer can bring from these arches those echoes which will tell us the true purpose

Fitting Commemoration of Washington's of their construction. [Applause.] "You will permit me, then, to thank you, to thank the Mayor of Chicago, to: thank all those good citizens with whom I have to-day been brought in personal contact, for the kindness and respect with which they have received me; and you will permit me to thank you, my fellow citizens, for the cordulity which you have witnessed here to-night. I wish that this great building may continue to be to all your population that which it should be, opening its doors from night to night, calling your people here away from care of busiess to those enjoyments and pursuits and entertainment which develop the souls of men [applause] which will have nower to inspire those whose lives are heavy with daily toil, and in this magnificent and enchanted presence lift them for a time out dull things into those higher of these things where men should live."

plause.] The President then returned to his box and the Apollo club, 500 strong, sung "America" The immense room is pecially adapted to grand choruses. The second stanza was sung by female voices. The male chorus repeated a portion of it and all joined in the conclusion. effect was electric. Strong men touched and tears glistened on many eyelashes. The great hall seemed to take up the chorus and roll it in triumphal tones through the immense arches. It thrilled and held motionless the mighty throng that had gossiped and gazed at everything except the speakers. While the anthem thundered among the clouds no attention was given anything except the wonderful

music. The contata that followed was scarce less effective, but "My Country 'Tis of Thee," touched the heart while the can-

tata only delighted the car. Mr. John S. Runnells followed in a polished oration, full of beautiful and

Then came the "neerless Patti." She sang "Home Sweet Home." No one could criticise the singing. Patti sets' the standard for the cultivation of the human voice. She was as radiant as in her prime, and a wealth of sparkling jewels glittered from her corsage. She was the queen of the musical stage, as always, and of course she was recalled. She sung a Swiss echo song that showed the marvelous compass and exquisite timbre of her voice. A burst of hearty applause greeted Gov.

Fifer as he stepped forward to pronounce the dedicatory address. Frequent rounds of applause greeted the speaker when he referred to the destiny of Chicago, the vim and energy of its people, and the beauty and purpose of the great hall which it was his honor to dedicate. In closing

he said. "We then dedicate this temple of the people to the muses of art and song, and may they in turn be here dedicated to the use of mun: and let their sister Clio, too. with unerring pencil, write the praises of all who love and serve fellow men."

At the conclusion of the dedicatory addrees the Apollo club pealed the "Hallu-jah" chorous from "The Messiah," and the audience dispersed, the stirring tones of the great organ following through foyer and corridor as a sort or parting benediction.

Foreign Notes.

THE Austrian Government intends to pass stringent laws restricting emigra-

AT the cattle show in Birmingham, En gland, Queen Victoria took the first prize for fat stock. Mr. GLADSTONE had a magnificent

reception at Manchester, England, and his speeches have greatly animated Home-Rulers.

THE British official returns show an increase of imports of \$30,000,000 and an increase of exports of \$12,000,000 for THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1889.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

LAST Monday morning at Van Wert, Ohio, and a gorilla, both owned in Indiana, for a purse of \$5,000. The dog was killed in just two minutes. Now if the promoters of this fight would match the gorilla against John L. Sulivan, it would please a good many of our citizens. The poor dog that was killed and the monkey that did the killing are more to be respected than the human brutes who made the match.

From a recent issue of the Ann Arbor Register, published, by Kittredge, and Whitman. formerly editor of the News of this city, Minutes of we clip the following: "The democratic and approved. position is really the one which it is the farmer's interest to take. It is not that the tariff on wool alone shall come off, as the eastern republicans are beginning to the following claims, recommending their advocate, but that the duties on all necessaries of life shall be largely reduced so that the cost of living may be reduced, and farmers, mechanics and others be enabled to make both ends meet."

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 : John F. Bergs, not guilty; John Kunze, guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to three years in penitentiary; Dan. Coughlin, Patrick O'Sullivan and Martin Burke, guilty of murder as charged, and sentenced to the penitentiary for their natural lives. The verdict was not just what was expected by those who favored capital punishment, but gives pretty general satisfaction.

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 become a certainty. They would not go together, nor even on the same line of railroad. One had a special car on one line and one on the other, although one car would have turnished ample accommodations for both par ties. In Chicago they had nothing to do with each other, and at the dedication of the auditorium, which both attended, they entered separately, although it was the intention of the managers of the affair that they should make their entrance arm-inarm. It is not probable that any one thing brought about the present state of feeling between the two gentlemen -it has been steadily growing since March. Mr. Morton was a very liberal, one might say extravagant, contributor to the republican campaign fund, and he very naturally thought that he was entitled to a little more than the fifth-wheel sort of influence usually accorded the vice-president. Mr. Harrison. it seems, thought differently, hence they now confine their association to barely

speaking as they pass by. 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. Whether we want Cuba, or whether Spain wants to sell Cuba, have suddenly become interesting questions. To the first question there a sensation by introducing a bill authorizing questions. To the first question there are many answers, mostly different. The last everyone, nearly, answers in the affirm-

white house as she did at Indianapolis, and others not tardy. now to add to the good little woman's | *Nellie Taylor, trouble her sister, Mrs. Scott-Lord, has Jennie Dean, died. It will not be at all surprising if Clara Moore, Mrs. Harrison's health should break down under the burden of sorrow. She has not Minnie Severance, been well for months.

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 atternoon, to hear Chief Justice Fuller deliver an address on the inauguration of Washington. The Chief Justice, though making no pretense of being an orator in the popular sense of the word, acquitted himself in a manner that was highly creditable to him, and enjoyable to his hearers. The ceremonies were held in commemoration of the one-hundredth anniversary of Washington's inauguration. The real anniversary was the 30th of last April, but as congress was not in session at that date it postponed its part in the centennial until December 11.

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 oust 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 committees named are ways and means, appropriations, manufactures, elections and mileage. The committee on elections is the one they wanted to get to work, as no contested election case can be acted on by the house

until it is reported from that committee. The defalcation and absconding of E. C. Silcott, cashier of Sergeant at-Arms Leedom's office, is still worrying the members of the house, and the question of whether the treasury shall lose the \$72,000 stolen or the members for whose pay it was drawn, is not decided. It is probable that it will be a dead loss, as it is the opinion of shrewd lawyers that Mr. Leedom's bond of \$50,000 is so drawn that it cannot be touched to make good any part of the money stolen

by Silcott. It was not intended by the administration that any official notice should be taken of the death or funeral of the late Jefferson Davis, but the closing of all the depart ments at noon on Wednesday, on account of the congressional centenzial, caused many people to think they were closed in honor of Mr. Davis, that being the day of his funeral.

The most of the bills so far introduced are back numbers, that is, they were before congress at the last session and failed to

A Lady's Perfect Companion.

Our new book by Dr. John H. Dye, one of NewYork's most skillful physicians, shows that pain is not necessary in childbirth, but results from causes easily understood and overcome. It clearly proves that any woman may become a mother without suf fering any pain whatever. It also tells how to overcome and prevent morning sickness and the many other evils attending pregnancy. It is highly endorsed by physicians everywhere as the wife's true private occurred a brutal fight between a bull dog great pain, and possibly your life. Send companion. Cut this out; it will save you two cent stamp for descriptive circulars, testimonials, and confidential letter sent in sealed envelope. Address Frank Thomas & Co., Publishers, Baltimore, Md. 50w13

Common Council Proceedings.

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

Present Ald. Everts, Millbury, Brown Minutes of last meeting read, corrected

REPORT OF COMMITTEES. The finance committee reported back

allowance as follows:

reservoir
Harry Tyler 1% days on reservoir
Philip Taylor % 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. JNO. C. KIMMEL, JR., City Clerk.

School Report.

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

Alva Bravender 88 Ada Bravender 90
Leonard Robinson 74 Elmer Bravender 82
Maggie Scarlett 87 Nette Parkburst 76
Maude Swan 65 Orrie Swan 76 Holy Swan..... 65 Minnie Swan Honry Reason 65 Jessie Rossetter Cora Rossetter 88 Aggie Davidson 66 Vernie Lundy 71 Fred Van Vorse 58 Bert Garret

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:

256—The American Trotting Association vs. F. E. Andrews, Williamston, Mich., and bay gelding, George Sponcer. For entering and performing out of class at Fowlerville, Mich., 1889. The bay gelding George Spencer was entered in the 3:15 class and 2:50 class over the grounds of the member at Fowlerville, Mich., and won second money in both classes. It was shown that the lorse obtained a record of 2:33 at Angola, Ind., in 1888, and it is ordered that the 325 retained in the 2:50 class, be re-distributed under the rules; that the bay gelding George Spencer be required to refund the 225, won in the 3:15 class, and be fined \$90, and be 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 Fenton, Mich., 1889. Said Ball entered the bay horse Jubilee in the 2:30 class October 10, 1889, the horse obtaining a bar of 2:29 at Stockbridge, Mich., October 4, 1887, while the property of said Ball. The secretary of the American Trotting Association protested the horse starting in the 2:30 class, and after appearing upon the track and being awarded a position for the start the protest was horsemen as follows:

the 2:30 class, and after appearing upon the track and being awarded a position for the start the protest was

Roll of Ronor.

The following is the roll of honor in Poor Mrs. Harrison! Everybody is sorry district No. 2, Alaiedon, for the month end for her. She has been worrying herself to ing Dec. 6th. Those marked with a star death because she could not live in the have been neither absent or tardy. The

Jessie Denn Aggie Fellows, Ella Lambert, Everett Edict, Maggie Beaumon CORA PRICE, Teacher.

Advertised Letter List.

Mason, Dec. 16, 1889. List of letters remaining uncalled for at

the above named office: Coop, M. D., C. F. Fuller, Mrs. Leora

Crag, Mrs. Alice Harrison, Mr. George Johnson, Louis Robinson, C. C. Holliway, Mr. Wm.
Kaiser, Peter Kobinson, Louis
Kaiser, Frank
Wright, Mr. Charles M. "2"

Persons calling for any of the above say H. O. CALL. 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 olan 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. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles 10c at H. M. Williams' Drug Store.

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. want one gross more. I think it a fine thing, the hest I know of in the proprietary line for coughs, throat and lung ttoubles. Trial size free. For sale by Longyear



Great Slaughter Sale! Holiday Gifts! GIVEN THREE DAYS ONLY.

Friday, Saturday, @ 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.

I Want to Buy Something.

you want is at

Where you can find over 100 Lamps to select from.

PIANO LAMPS,

VASE IAMPS,

HANGING LAMPS, NIGHT LAMPS,

Lamps of all kinds, from

20c to \$25.

Decorated Dinner Sets,

China Tea Sets, Japanese Rose Jars, Oriental Perfume Flowers,

Bread and Milk 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 Crock-ery, 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,

Ash Street, Mason The Great English Prescription The Great English Prescription
Cures Weakness, Spermatorrhea,
Emissions, Impotency and all Diseases caused by self-abuse or indiscretion. One package \$1, six \$5.

[Inform] By mail. Write for Pamphlet. [AFTER]
Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich. For Sale by H. M. WULLIAMS.

Dr. Owen's Electric Belt. FOR MAN AND WOMAN
The only practicable electric beltmade. Cures
libeumatism, Brights Dis-

beath and vigor.

ELECTRIC INSOLES \$1.00.

Cord to coronal disserted catalogue with full

DANSVILLE TO MASON Having been discontinued, the subscriber will hereafter run a vehicle over the rond daily (Sunday and
Fourth of July excepted) for the conveyance of passengers, express and freights, 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 each day as shall best promote the convenience
of the public. GEO. P. GLYNN.
Dansville, Mich., (Oct. 17, 1888.

Palace Meat Market.

Will lose none of its popularity while under the management of its present proprietor,

HERMAN FRAZEL.

Fresh%Salt Meats, POULTRY AND GAME.

Cash for Hides and Pelts!

Here We are with A Hustler,

rated Dinner Sets,
Chamber Sets, all kinds,

With Each Pound Can of

FOREST CITY Oat Meal Sets. BAKING POWDER.

Price 50 Cents.

LET HER ROLL!

EXPRESS WAGON With Each Pound Can of

Price 50 Cents, at

WILCOX & CO'S.

Probate Order. ESTATE OF HABRIET STANTON, DECEASED.

ESTATE OF HABRIET STANTON, DECEASED.

State of Michigan, county of Ingham, ss. Probate court for said county.

Estate of Harriet Stanton, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that Lewis H. Stanton, administrator of said estate, has filed his final account, and that I have appointed the 7th day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forencon, at the probate office in said county, as the time of hearing thereon.

Q. A. SMITH, Judge of Probate.

Dated December 17, 1889.

Gro. W. BRISTOL, Probate Register.

51w2

Probate Order. ESTATE OF DAVID WEBB, DECEASED. State of Michigan, county of Ingham, ss. Probat-

State of Michigan, county of Ingham, ss. Probate court for said county,
Estate of David Webb, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that Richard L. Haie, administrator of said estate, has filed his final account, and prayed for the allowance thereof, and distribution of the residue of the estate according to law, and that I have appointed the Sth day of January next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the probate office in said county, as the time of hearing thereon.

Dated Mason, Dec. 18, 1889. Judge of Probate.

GEO. W. BRISTOL, Probate Register. 51w2

Commissioners' Notice.

Commissioners' Notice.

The undersigned, laving been appointed by the probate court for the county of Ingham, commissioners 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 foreneon of said days. Six months from the 10th day of December, 1889, is the time limited for the presentation of claims. J. W. FREEMAN,

O. M. ROBERTSON,

Dated Dec. 16, 1889. 51w4 Commissioners.

Administrator's Sale. By virtue of a license, to me granted, on the fourth day of November, 1889, by Q. A. Smith, judge of probate of the county of Ingham, and state of Michigan, I shall sell at public auction, on the 27th day of December, 1889, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the front (west) door of the court house in the city of Mason, in said county, all the right, title and interest of which Charles H. Darrow, late of said city of Mason, deceased, died, seized, in and to the following land, to wit: The center one-third (24) of lot No. four (4), in block No. seventeen (17), in the city of Mason, Ingham county, Michigan, being twenty-two (22) feet front of Ash street.

two (22) feet front of Ash street.

JOHN M. DRESSER. Administrator de bonis non of the Hinstrated carnogue was the horizon Administrator de bonis non of chache information and sworn H. Darrow, decrared, was Swedish and Norwegian. H. Darrow, decrared, 1867. Swedish and Swedish and Swedish Dated, Muson, Nov. 12th, 1867.

Question.

make a great mistake. We may

habitually shut ourselves up in our

own narrow circle, and take little

Reader, if you are inclined to

sympathize with such stupidity, you

want to wake up. The world

moves. Progress is the order.

'You'll get laft." The newspaper

comes into your homes with its

soul-stirring rays, stimulating to

greater energy. It is a mirror,

through which you may view the

panorama of events, and gather in-

spirations. These are our honest

But we must boom our own bus-

What do you want for a Christ-

for your husband, wife, mother,

father, sister, brother, your aunt,

Knowing these wants must be

collecting together many

supplied, we have been picking up,

things in addition to our regular

line. To several of these we call

Handkerchiefs. Ladies' Imported,

Commode and Dresser Scarfs, Tray

Cloths and Carvers, Tidies, Doy-

lies, ruchings in fancy boxes, etc.

Silk Drapes, Smyrna Rugs, Ban-

Ladies' and Gents' Neck Scarfs,

Shopping Bags, Mecca Draperies,

Chenille Spreads, Lambs' Wool

Dusters. Infants' Bootees, and

Kid Gloves. We have recently

Ladies' Lamb's Wool Soles,

Goods for Fancy Work, Embroi-

dery Silk, Appleque Flowers, Pails,

Kettles, Match Safes, Utopia Braid,

added a full line to our stock.

Hoods in silk and worsted."

Prices 50c to \$1.50.

Chenille Cord, etc.

Table Covers, etc., etc.

attention.

variety, 5c to \$1.75.

uncle, cousin or BEST friend.

convictions and they are facts.

iness as well as our neighbor's.

around us.

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

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

1. One Life Size Portrait and Frame.

2. One Life Size Portrait and Frame.

One 11x14 Portrait and Frame.

One 8x10 Portrait and Frame, One Fine Plush Album.

Useful or Ornamental is the One Sx10 Frame for Cab. Photo. 7. One 8x10 Frame for Cab. Photo.

8. One Sx10 Frame for Cab. Photo.

9. One 8x10 Frame for Cab. Photo.

One Doz. Cabinet Photos.

11. One Doz. Cabinet Photos. 12. One Doz. Card Photos.

Persons who do not take and And 12 other prizes, consisting of card and Cabinet Frames. carefully read their home paper

> Until Jan. 1, 1890, we will make Life Size Portraits for \$5.00, framed.

C. W. VAN SLYKE.

or no interest in the busy world Probate Order. ESTATE OF MAY COBURN, A MINOR.

ESTATE OF MAY COBURN, A MINOR.

State of Michigau, county of Ingham, ss. At a session of the probate court for said county, held at the probate office, in the city of Muson, on the 3th day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

Present, Q. A. Smith, judge of probate.

In the matter of the estate of May Coburn, a minor on reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of George II. Hazlewood, guardian of said minor, praying for license to sell the real estate of said minor in his petition described, for the purpose of the maintainance, support and education of said war.(;

Thereupon it is ordered, that the 7th day of January, next, at ten o'clock in the foreneon, he assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the next of kin of said minor, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a next of kin of said minor, and all other porsons interested in said ostate, are required to appear at a mession of said court, then to be holden in the probate office, in the city of Mason, and show cause, if any there he, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted: And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persone interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Insulan Courty Democrat, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing. A true copy.

Q. A. SMITH,

Q. A. SMITH,
Judge of Probate. A true copy. 50w4 Jud Geo. W. Briston, Probate Register.

Probate Order. ESTATE OF ANDREW W. MEHAN, DECEASED.

mas present? What do you want

ESTATE OF ANDREW W. MEHAN, DECEASED.

State of Michigan, county of Ingham, as. At a session of the probate court for said county, held at the probate office, in the city of Mason, on the 11th day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

Present, Q. A. Smith, judge of probate.

In the matter of the estate of Andrew W. Mehan, late of said county, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Herman Frazel, brother-in-law and creditor of said deceased, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to him as one of the principal creditors of said deceased;

Thereupon it is ordered, that the 6th day of January, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden in the probate office, in the city of Mason, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the potitioner should not be granted; And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the INDIAM COUNTY DEMOCRAT, a newspaper printed and circulated in said dcounty, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

A true copy. Q. A. SMITH Judge of Probate.

Gro W. Bristot. Probate Register.

Probate Order. ESTATE OF LYDIA A. WORDEN, DECEASED.

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 25th day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

Present, Q. A. Smith, judge of probate.

In the matter of the estate of Lydia A. Worden, late of the city of Mason, Mich., deceased.

Ou reading and filing the potition, duly verified, of Selah H. Worden, praying that administration of said estate may be grunted to Charles Worden or some other suitable person;

Thereupon it is ordered, that the 23d day of December, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden in the probate office, in the city of Mason, and show cause, if any there he, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereot, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Ingham Courty Democrat, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

A true copy.

Q. A. SMITH.

Say4

Geo. W. Bristol, Probate Register. Hemstitched, Fast Colors, Children's Union Linen, Initial Hemstitched, Gents' White and Colored, Ladies' and Gents' Silk in great Stamped Linens. Lunch Cloths,

Probate Order.

ESTATE OF JAMES WEBB, DECEASED. State of Michigan, county of Ingham, ss. At a ses-sion of the probate court for said county, held at the sion of the produce court for said county, held at the probate office, in the city of Mason, on the 25th day of November, in the year one thousand eight hun-dred and eighty-nine. Present, Q. A. Smith, judge of probate. In the matter of the estate of James Webb, late of Plushes, Figured, Fancy and

Plain. Many of these designs are In the matter of the estate of James Webb, late of said county, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Betsey Webb, widow of said deceased, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to George Wilson or some other suitable person;
Thereupon it is ordered, that the 23th day of December, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the beirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said cetate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden in the probate office, in the city of Mason, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted: And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the INGHAM COUNTY DEMOCRAT, I NOWSPARDE Printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks provious to said day of hearing.

A true copy.

GEO. W. BRISTOL. Probate Register

48w4 entirely new, 16 inch, all colors, 29c ner Rods, Ladies' Silk Mittens,

of hearing. Q. A. A. true copy. Jude GEO. W. BRISTOL. Probate Register Order of Publication. State of Michigan. The circuit court for the coun-

Sarah A. Fryer, complainant, In Chancery. James D. Fryer,
Defendant.

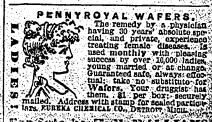
At a session of said court held at the court rooms in the city of Lansing, on the 11th day of November,

1889.
Present, Hon. Erastus Peck, Circuit Judge.
In this cause it satisfactorily appearing that said defoudant is not a resident of the state of Michigan, but resides in the city of Duluth, in the state of Minnesota. On motion of Haynes & Prosser, solicitors for said complainant, it is ordered that said defendant enter his appearance in said cause on or before four months from the date of this order. It is not a complain the control of t Defore four months from the date of this order. It is further ordered that within twenty days the said complainant cause a copy of this order to be published in the INCHAM COUNTY DEMOCRAT Once each week for six successive weeks.

46w6 ERASTUS PECK, Circuit Judge, HAYNES & PROSSER, Solicitors for Complainant.



Eur Suie his II. 71 avilliams



Cloaks

Our immense stock at Special Prices for the Holidays.

The Grandest Opportunity of the Farmers' Mutual last Monday.

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

made stylish garments,

Handsome Silks, Dress Goods, Broadcloths, Black and Colored urday. The doctor is acquainted with Silk Warp Henriettas, China and Jap Silk Handkerchiefs, Fine Emproidered Handkerchiefs, 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

SOUTHWARD.

	ı. m.	it. 111.	1, 1,1	17. 000
Mason	8:20	10:24	5:49	9:32
	9:10	11:20	6:40	10:30
Jackson	5.10	*****	0,10	
		p. m.		a. m.
Ohlooms	6:10	6:40		7 0 0
Chicago				
Detroit	11:50	4:10	10:45	7:30
1	o. m.			p. m.
	3:25	11:05	2:00	12:45
St. Thomas		D. III.	_,	
			5.05	4:12
Niagara Falls	7:23	2:51	5:25	4:12
	NOR	IIWARD.		
	L. III.	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Mason	7:59	11:25	5:49	9:52
	8:25	12:00	6:09	10:18
Lansing	0.20	p. m.	0,00	
				T
Owosso	9:32	12:55	7:33	Lansing
- 1	n. m.			Acc'n.
Bay City	1:25	Owosso	9:50	
Day Only		Acc'n.	a.m.	
	0.05	2100 21	6:30	
Mackinaw	9:05			
M. J. MURRAY,		0. W.	Rugger	KS.
Ticket Agent, Gen. Pass, and Ticket Age				
Manan -		Cii	I CHECO.	

Mason Markets.

	GRAIN.		
	WHEAT, Red, No. 2, per bushed	@	74
	WHEAT White, No. 1, per bushel	@	72
	WHEAT White, No. 2, por bushel	(d)	63
		Ø	50
	OATS, per bushel	(4)	20
	CODAL in the cor per hughel	@	20
	GTOWER SEED per bushel	00@3	25
	TIMOTHY SEED, per bushel	@1	75
	GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.	_	
	CATT Sectionar per barrel	@1	00
ĺ	BEANS Unnicked, per bushel	00@1	40
			25
	TTATE per 100 pounds	40@2	60
	OTTOTE WILLIAM DEF LOU LOUDUB	@3	00
	EGGS, Eresh, per dozen		20
	BUTTER	@	14
ŀ	T. A R D. nor pound	@	- 8
l	A PPT.ES. Dried, per pound	Ø	3
١	PEACHES, Dried, per pound	9@	10
	LIVE STOCK AND MEAT.	-	
į	CATTLE per 100 pounds2	00@3	00
	BEEF, Dressed, per 100 pounds3	00@5	00
	TOCS now 100 rounds	00:003	10
,	PORK, Dressed, per 100 pounds4	00Œ	
ė,	HAMS, per pound	8@	9
	SHOTTLDERS, per pound	6	7
	CHICKENS, Dressed, per pound	٠ @	7
	CHICKENS, Live, per pound	@	5
	TURKEYS, Live, per pound	@	
ř	TURKEYS, Dressed, per pound	@	
ø	BUILDING MATERIAL.		
i.	WATER LIME, per barrel	@1	
i	CALCINED PLASTER, per barrel	· @2	
	PLASTERING HAIR, per bushel,		30
	SHINGLES, per thousand	90@3	
	TIME Good perburrel		75
	LATH, por M. feet4	00@5	00
			•
١	ADDITIONAL LOCAL		-
		4.	

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

Baptism at the Baptist church next Sunday evening.

Rev. Geo. H. Lockhart will preach at the Alaiedon Center school house next Sunday Services will be held by Wm. E. Leverett

next Sunday, Dec. 22, at the Cook school house, in Cansan.

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 gatting ready for the January term of the circuit court in this city, which begins

animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's the young ladies will be put forth to make Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold it a pleasant place for the young gentlemen

selling the genuine Round Oak stoves, made attend. at Dowagiac, and are selling them cheaper

than ever offered in the city.

Your Folks and Our Folks.

Mrs. H. O. Call is visiting at Lansing. Capt. Geo. A. Minar returned last Mon-

Postmaster H. O. Call was in Lansing last Monday. Ex-Postmaster H. D. Pugh of Lansing,

was in this city last Friday. was in this city last Monday.

Mrs. G. M. Huntington has been quite sick with tonsilitis 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 Lan-

sing township, attended the annual meeting 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 Mdson, 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.

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

C. E. Eaton, who has been in poor health Ladies' Cloth Newmarkets and since the death of his wife, went to Harper English Walking Jackets, well- hospital, Detroit, for treatment last Monday. He expects to remain there about two

C. E. Sayre of Alaiedon township, a \$4, \$5, \$6. \$8. \$10 and former contributor to the Democrat, who during the past season has been a bold argument you hear to account for it is the sailor boy upon the great lakes, has re-

Dr. Armstrong, a nephew of Mrs. J. E. Coy, of Ogden, Utah, visited here last Sat-Judge and Mrs. H. P. Henderson and made a call upon their father, P. Henderson.

The DEMOCRAT acknowledges calls from Kid Hon. Wm. M. Stephens, W. C. Nichols and John Farmer of Stockbridge, Sam'l Skadan of Dansville, Caleb Thompson of Delhi. Frank Hoes, keeper of the poor farm, J. W. Freeman of Aurelius, and Jacob Stoffer 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 Fitch burg, 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 Barnes street, last Tuesday evening, before their contemplated departure for Washing ton. A number of presents were bestowed upon them and a pleasant time was had,

Ira Nelson, both of Eden, in Justice Rice's used, Discussed by Supt. C. E. Bird. court for assault. The hearing was set for A nominating committee, consisting of last Saturday, at which time the complaint C. M. Young, Charles Jenkins, Viola Stone court for assault. The hearing was set for against Nelson for making threats. Wit- at the close of session. nesses were subpoenced, jury was impannelconsent, was adjourned for one month.

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 mor row (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, ac companied 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 ceries, occupying the first and J. N. Smith, tion. Kemp's Balsam, the standard tisers are hust-ling, reliable firms and you never fails to give entire satisfaction. Price should remember them while making pur | 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial size free. chases 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, Dansville; Julius A Stocking, Onondaga, William Cooper, White Oak. Restoration—James Kelly, Dansville. Increase—Enos Steffy, Mason; William P. Wood, Williamston; Langdon. B. Rice, Mason: Frank L. Henderson, Lansing. Original invalid-Erwin Barnhart, Dansville; 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 Itch mange, and scratches on human or beautiful pictures and the best efforts of by H.M. Williams, Druggist, Mason. 47m6 to pass their evenings. The club will open next Monday night with a reception, to which the public are cordially invited to

you purchase dry goods at M. Grogor's. *

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 State Senator John Holbrook of Lansing, 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 appear conspicuous by being 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:

Last, but not least, comes a man who is entited 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 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

Out of a total of nearly six hundred taxpayers in our city, the twenty-one mentioned n 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 R. 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 surprise at the residence of B. Wright, or 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 all extending to Mr. and Mrs. Norris the Teachers," by Col. L. H. Ives. Many best of wishes and success in the new school officers attach but little importance to their office. They should stand ready to aid the teacher in any progressive work. If John A. Bullen made complaint against appliances are furnished they should be

was withdrawn and a new warrant issued and the secretary, was appointed, to report

"A Talk to the Teachers of the County," ed ready for trial, when the case, by mutual by County Secretary T. A. Stephens. The teacher should not be lazy, or the school first errors that creep into our school. The 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 before entering the school the teacher a course of study ready for operation. The

study every branch in the course of study. The nominating committee made the following report:

President—C. E. Bird, Leslie.
Ist Vice President—A. T. Stephens, Mason.
2d Vice President—Nellie Knappen, Mason.
Secretary and Treasurer—Maude Rhodes.
Executive Committee—County Secretary T. A.
Stephens, Stockbridge; George Harvey, Webberville;
Winnired Geer, Dansville.

The report was accepted and the officer leclared 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 miscellany and two pages-the first and a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat eighth-to home advertisers. Marcus and Lungs for the cure of Coughs and Gregor, dry goods, A. L. Vandercook, gro. Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumpmerchant tailor, the last page. The adver- family remedy, is sold on a guarantee and

Marriage Licenses.

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

Name and Residence.
Albert H. Taylor, Lansing
Minnie M. Williams, Lansing
George W. Potter, Alajedon
Dora Keasler, Alaiedon
Watson A. Hoyt, Lansing
Flora A. Deiner, Battle Creek
Riley J. Warren, Lansing
Sarah A. Mevis, Lansing
Edward J. Hills, Wheatfield
Jessie A. McCarrick. Onondaga
George H. Hibbard, Bellevue
Maggie Spade, Williamston
Fred Green, Stockbridge
Nottle Palmer, Stockbridge
Charles W King Williamston
Anna Passage, Williamston
George L. Smith, Little Falls, N. X
Inez E. Smith, Lansing
Automatical Control of the Control o
A THE OF Admino

A Bit of Advice.

If you have a troublesome cough or any disease of the throat, bronchical tubes or lungs call on Longyear Bros., and get a free trial bottle of VanWert's Balsam for the lungs. This remedy possesses excep-You can save money every time, when without cost and if this advice is taken it 45 to 49 Randolph St., LORD & THOMAS, ou purchase dry goods at M. Grogor's. * may prove of inestimable value to you. 4 handvertising agency of LORD & THOMAS.

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 test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. 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 except Locke and Lerry was represented The annual report of the secretary, O. F. Miller, was a very clear an comprehensive document. The report showed healthy

gains in every township. The net gain for the year 1889, of amount at risk, is \$145,486, 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 The report was accepted and adopted by a unanimous vote.

Election of officers was then taken up. A ballot gave the present worthy incum-bent, R. J. Butlen, 110, A. E. Bearse 14 cattering 12.

A ballot for secretary resulted in O. F. Miller receiving 128 votes, John Himelber-

ger 17, scattering 14 This is the twelfth time Mr. Miller bas been elected secretary, and during these years the membership has grown from 850, with \$1,581,005 at risk, to what it is to-day. The statutory limitation for which the company was organized in 1862, being 30 years. will expire in 1892, and the present indica tions 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. . Miller, and his business methods.

The following directors were elected for the ensuing year:

W. M. Webb, Aurelius.
E. H. Angell, Bunkerhill
N. V. Wemple, Ingham.
J. G. Kirk, Locke.
S. H. Preston, Lansing.
W. J. Conklin, Onondaga.
H. Shafer, Vevay.
M. J. Pollok, Wheatfield.
J. H. Olshafer, Vevay.
C. Brauch, Williamsto.
M. J. Pollok, Wheatfield.
J. Holbrook, Lansing city. E. G. 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 This will undoubtedly be the last heard will become lazy. We should correct the the younger members of the school. Program as follows: Music recitation, invoteacher should control. Do not mistake cation, music, recitation "The Christman torture for punishment. Calling out words Brownie," exercise "Babe of Bethlehem," cation, music, recitation "The Christmas is not reading, the thought should be recitation "Christmas Bells," exercise by primary department, recitation "What Santa Claus Brought."

> Ball & Sherman, dry goods dealers, have should begin at the same time. Teachers an original and tasty decoration in their should be employed for a longer time, and show window. The scene is made to represent an old-fashioned power flouring mill. should know the school and have The water pours down over a little fall furnishing the motive power to turn the wheel. same work at the same time throughout the and flowing through its narrow channel county. Each pupil should be required to 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 grists. 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, bruiss, 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 tents per box. For sale by H. M. Williams

HAVE YOU TRIED

SEED AND HAVANA

W. M. Pratt.

Owen & Ferguson.

POWELL, SMITH & CO., Manufacturers, N. Y.

LELAND, SMITH & CO., Distributing Agts. TOLEDO, OMIO.

ADVERTEERS or others who wish to examine this paper, or obtain estimates tional curative powers which can be tested on advertising space when in Chicago, will find it on file at

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.

Don't Forget that We have Slippers at

Webb's Shoe Store.

farmers of the county. Every township Lamb Wool Slipper Soles: Ladies', 20c; Misses', 15c; Children, 10c.

Now is Your Last Chance! Look Out!

\$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

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, Dansville.

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

ATTRACTIONS!



My Stock Consists of

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. .

Vases, Water Sets, Hair Ornaments,

Fans, Canes, Assorted Cuspidors, 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.:

Gent's or Lady's Gold Watch,
Gent's Silver Watch.
Gent's Silver Watch.
Gent's Silveroid Stem Wind Watch.
Triple Plated Tea Set.
Triple Plated Caster.
Triple Plated Caster.
Triple Plated Toilet Set.
One Set Roger Bros.' Table Spoons.
One Set Roger Bros.' Knives.
One Set Roger Bros.' Knives.
One Set Roger Bros.' Knives.
One Set Roger Bros.' Tea Spoons.
Silver and Glass Buter Dish.
Set Satin Finish Tumblers.
Individual Caster.
One Pair Vases.
One Pair Roller Plate Bracelets.
Lady's Roll Plate Neck Chain.
One Set Fruit Plates.

One Mustard Cup. Pair Lady's Roll Plate Ear Rings. One Pair Side Combs.

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.

! The children say, "what nice presents for pa and ma, MY, and so cheap," at

CULVERS

They are there in the corner, Hanging up side by side.
Four little dainty stockings. Chubby and short and wide. One for Etta and Charlie, And one for shy little Nell, Belongs to the buby, Bell.

Bell. to whose infant beauty, Every new day adds charms, Taking no thought of the morrow, Sleeps in her mother's arms. But up in their own little chamber, Bright, eager eyes, I know, Watch for the sledge by reindeers drawn

Over the crispy snow. Sweet, simple faith of childhood! Why should I break the spell? Why should I tell them that only a myth Is the "snint" they love so well? Let them cherish a little longer

Their simple nursery lore: There is time to learn worldly wisdom In the future that lies before. But what shall I put in the stockings? For with morning's earliest light Ishall hear on the stair the putter

Of tiny feet bare and white, And happy and childish voices, Ringing childlike and clear. Will chirrup 'a merry christm: In my half-awakened ear.

Here are books for the thoughtful Etta, And pictures for sunny-haired Nell, And skates and mittens for Charlie, And toys for the buby, Rell.

My heart goes up with a prayer, That the loving and tender Saviour May make our darlings His care. "Keen them. I pray Thee, ever

As I drop them into the stockings.

Never in paths torbidden Suffer their feet to stray. Guard them and guide them, Jesus, And it the world grows cold. Gather them, taithful Shepherd, Into Thy blessed fold.

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THE CHRISTMAS POTATO.

Of all the little heads that were filled with visions of Santa Claus and the wonderful things he would bring them that Christmas morning, not one was more completely crainmed and overflowing and actually dizzy with delight than the curly flaxen head of little Tony. On the evening before he had asked his grandmother for his very longest and largest stocking, and had hung it in the best place be could find for driving a nail in the chim-Describe the room a single minute without seeing it. "For you know, granny," said Tony, "it has to be hung where Santa Claus can find it quickly, for he has so many places to go to, and so many stockings to fill, that if he didn't see mine at once he might think there were no little boys or girls living here, and might hurry away without leaving me anything." And at this thought Tony's lip quivered a little, although he was a brave boy, and had been used to bardships and disappointments since his father and mother died, and he had Eived with his grandmother, who had tried her best, though she was very poor, to be both father and mother to him.

So Tony knew his stocking was hung just as well as it could possibly be, and there was nothing for him to do but to go quietly to sleep and wait for morning to But this was not so easy, on account of the dreams and visions that danced through his head, and made him feel like doing almost anything in the world rather than



go to sleep. He kept thinking of all the things he would like to get, and wondered how many of them he would really find, and how his stocking, big and stretchy as it was, could possibly hold all the presents that, although he meant to be very modest in his hopes, he felt sure Santa Claus would bring him. And while puzzling over this, he tell asleep; but it would be hard to say whether his sleeping or his waking dreams were the more real to him. He dreamed always of Santa Claus. Once he felt sure he heard him whistling to his reindeer team; but when he got wide awake and listened he found it was only the whistling of the wind, as a storm was rising. And again, as he by partly asleep, he heard a strange scratching sound upon the sloping roof just over his head, and be held his breath, as he thought it must purely be the scratching and pawing of the reinders' feet. He started up in bed and Estened with beating heart and strained his eyes at some white object near him that looked like a moonbeam; but soon he found that a storm of hail and snow was pelting the roof and windows, and upon the floor lay a small white drift that had sifted through the cracks of his poor little room-for Tony

did not live in a palace.

After this Tony dozed off to sleep again; and this time he slept so soundly that he did not waken until it was almost morning and be found a few faint streaks of daylight peeping in at his little window. He sprang out of bed and began dressing; for Tony always business to kindle the fire each morning for his grand-mother. It took him some time to find his clothes, as the light and Pepita made me an old-fashioned was rather dim, and the thought that it was Christmas morning made him a little imcook him so long to dress before. But at ast he got down stairs; and by this time it was light enough for him to see objects about the room. He walked straight toward the where he had hung his stocking. There it was, sure enough. At first he there was nothing in it, heart sank. But coming nearer he found the stocking bulging out with something inside, and putting in his hand he drew forth a large and heavy pack age. Only one package—that was clear. He had hoped there might be more than one; was a good solid one, and he had made up his mind not to be disappointed. So he eagerly untied the string, and un-wrapped the paper, and what do you suppose he found?

A potato.

That was all. A single raw potato. To be sure, it was no common potato Tony saw that, surprised and disappointed he he was. It was so large that Tony thought that it must have had a whole hill. if not a whole garden, to itself to grow in. And it was as fine as it was large. It had a smooth skin, and swelled out in one place The Santa Claus's stomach, while one end had a rosy color like an alderman's nose, and lit as Tony looked at them. And on what seemed to be the back of the potato was pinned a stile slip of paper, on which these words were

For Tony's Christmas dinner. And don't forget the stuffing.

Touy took the paper and potato in his

the matter over. At first he felt hurt, and would have liked to cry, but he was too brave a boy for that. He looked rather scornfully at the potato, as he thought of the many pretty things he had hoped to get, and he had half a mind to pitch his present through the window. But he recollected that it came from Santa Claus, and that he toward him. Perhaps this was a bad year with Santa Claus, and the old fellow had really done the best he could for him; and then it was rather pleasant to know that he had not been overlooked altogether, as he might have been. So he sat there thinking it over, a good deal puzzled, when his grandmother appeared.
"See, granny," he said, "this is my Christ-

mas present from Santa Chus"; and laying it in her hand be turned away to make his fire and begin his morning talks. He did not feel able to say any more about the matter just then, and did not want his grandmother

to see his disappointment.
"Well. Tony," said she, after a little while,
"at least we will have your potato roasted for dinner. I am sure there never was a finel one. And I will melt some butter to go with

it. You know how fond you are of roasted potatoes and butter gravy."

"Granny," said Tony, "what does this mean? 'Don't jorget the stuffing.' I never heard of a stuffing potato before."

"It is a curious message," she replied. "Perhaps we shall understand it better by and by.

she went on with her work, and Tony sata ong time at the window, watching her and thinking. He saw her wash the big potate arefully and place it in the oven. she began setting the table; and as sh moved about very quietly, Tony, with his head leaning against the window, tell asleep as he had been awake so much the night be And now be dreamed, not o Claus, but of his big potato. He sawit lying on its back upon the table, in size like an enormous pumpkin; and its stomach was pumper and its face rosier than before, while its pink eyes twinkled at him so fast he could hardly watch their motion. And then, as he dreamed, his grandmother cut the potato open and a great cloud of steam arose, and through the steam he saw a great number of objects, such as he had thought about the night before. He saw a pair of skates and some red woolen mittens and a Chinese puzzle and a shawl for grandmother and a book and a Tam O'Shanter cap and-

"Come, Tony! wake up! Dinner is all rendy!" called grandmother. Tony sprang up, dashed some cold water over his face and hands, and was quickly sented at the table, with a good appetite. There was his Christmas potato, roasted to a rich brown and smoking hot. Tony's spirits rose as he caught the delicious smell. His grand mother took a knite and cut the big potato in two pieces, one for each of them. As she did so the knife one for each of them. As she did so the knife struck against something hard, which, as she pressed it, rolled out upon the table. Tony looked at his grandmother in astonishment. and noticed that her eyes were twinkling faster even than the jolly pototo's had

Then he sprang from his chair and caught up the object that had rolled out of the Hurrah!" he cried. "Dont forget the

singling!"
It was a \$10 gold piece.
Tony fairly danged around the table, waying the money in the air as though it were a flag. Then he tirrow his arms around his grandmother's neck and kissed her, seized his cap and flew out of the room. Grandmother smiled and laid the big potato carefully back in the oven to keep it hot, for she

knew he would soon return.

Tony ran down the street till he reached a baker's shop which was still open. "I want some things for our Christmas dinner." said quickly chose a fine ment pie with righly browned too grust, some lovely granberry tarts and a package of the most de-licious cakes the shop afforded. Then he ran into a grocer's and bought a basket of rosycheeked apples, and hurried home with his treasures.

"See, granny!" he exclaimed, "this is for our Christmas dinner, to go with our potato.

don't believe that in all this town," said he "there's a single boy who got a better present than my Christmas potato."
"You are a good and brave boy, and de

serve it," said Mr. Dogood, as he looked pleasantly at the old grandmother.

PEPITA AND TONY.

to the tops of the tallest houses in New Orleans. In my boarding-house, not very far sung in foreign words; but the voice was the voice of a child, and it had for me the fas-

cination of many pathetic and stirring associutions. "One day I asked my landlady: "Who is that singing below?" "Oh," she answered, "that is only Pepita—Pepita and her brother Tony." "But I hear only one voice," I said. "To be sure," replied my landlady. "Tony never sings; he carries around the hat. is such a little fellow; only five or six. Pepita is nine." So I kept a lookout, and one day I was favored with a glimpse of these wandering minstrels. Pepita had no headdress but a handkerchief, but her frock was all clean and untorn. In her right hand she carried a violin and its bow. When she sang she picked out an accompaniment on the four strings of the instrument: but usually she ed to play just the half dozen airs with which she was most familiar. Certainly, it was not great music; but it was difficult enough for a little girl of nine, and it was quite good enough for a fellow altogether unble to help himself in that line. That evening I threw her over the veranda railing a bright silver half dollar. Tony picked it up and Pepita made me an old-inshioned norning made him a little im-seemed to him that it never sister. Well, after that they came by every evening, but they got no more half dollars from me-only nickels and dimes.

Once I passed them on Caval street. It crowds on that beautiful thoroughture shonping for Christmas gifts. I saw Pepita stop from time to time before this and that brilliantly lighted window, gazing wistfully at things she wanted to buy for Tony. Having adopted her brother, she was already a mother. I used to watch them furtively as they went about in pursuance of their daily labor, and after awhile I got the run of their

routine, so to speak.

They seemed to belong to nobody, Pepita and Tony. They had acorner to themselves away up in a third story, and after a brief prayer they would lock themselves in each other's arms and sleep the sleep of perfect innocence. In the morning a crust of bread, and, if fortune favored, a cup of coffee -such was their life. It is thus that the English sparrows begin their day's work—little soldiers of fortune from over the ocean. There are people on Carondolet street who will grow a great deal more uneasy before nightfall, and who never know what it is to fall asleep in the love of Heaven. But, meanwhile. Pepitals wide eyes grew wider. There was as yet no provision for Tony's Christmas present. The little woman went home every night with slower footsteps, carrying the Pepita again as a violinist. That thought burden of a heavy heart. Little Tony had did not occur to Pepita, but do you know no father, no mother, nobody in all this through all this uproar and hilarity wide world to look to for a Christmas present but Pepita—and her shrill voice and ent but Pepita—and her shrill voice and tion of Tony's Christmas present. You se monotonous fiddle could just feed them and Pepita was a little woman; Tony was only

see those big black eyes twinkle, and the slow saile move humorously over the quiet Tony had never asked for anything in all his life. He was a sweet, stoical little cherub

Poor little Tony! Well, at last it was Chrismas eve in New Orleans, and there was such a blowing of horns, such a popping of firecrackers, such a firing of blank cartridges as I shall not attempt to describe. The short day had been dark, but the night was made brilliant by myriads of artificial lights. Gaslights, electric lights, colored lights of every hue, Roman candles and skyrockets, made all the murky atmosphere quiver with the joyous mpulse and eccentricity of the occasion Canal street there was such a throng s you



may see on Mardi Gras-children and their parents loaded down with toys and sweetments. Camp street and St. Charles were almost as crowded. And Pepita was in that most as crowded. And Pepita was in that throng, holding tight to Tony and her fiddle. Alas, there was scant money in her purse, barely enough for supper and the morning ent of black coffee. The brave heart, the big eart of the little woman would not give in She went to this restaurant, she went to that, so the clerks in that office found them a she tried the instrument, she tried the voice; All in vain, "Put that brat out!" "Are we to have that girl for breakfast dinner and supper!" "Learn a new time, little girl, and den't come back till you do." Such was Pepita's greeting everywhere.

At last the sister and brother found space and taken the sister and brother found space we sometimes entertain unawares. But

and tolerance before the counter of an office on Camp street. The clerks were gay that uight. They chaffed the silent Tony. They uiged the hungry-eyed Pepita to sing and play. But still the pay was small, and the crowd went heedlessly by Presently, however, the street was wild with langiter and huzgrs. A cony pay of drammers against a superscript of these, ye have done it unto me." huzzas. A company of drummers—commer-cial tourists, if you please—was marching up the banquette, every man of them provided with a tin horn. At their head was a young fellow well nigh as broad as he was long, and his cheeks were distended as though he had the mumps. Blare! Blare!! Blare!!! All at once he called out, Halt! and the drummers stood still in column. "Battalion, right face!" was the next order, and the drummers were thrown into line just in front

shelter. Something had happened. Before the advent of these jovial strangers. just before, a tall, broad-shouldered man was forcing his way through the dense crowds on the banquettes. There was such a light of amusement and geniality spread across his face that one might almost say it helped to illuminate the night. He had a cane in his hand and he twisted it as he walked along; probably that accounted in part for his easy right of way, but when he had arrived in front of the office where Pepita and Tony had taken refuge, he was met by a surging crowd all the money I have left!—enough to buy all the things I wanted, and some nice presents for you, too, dear granny."

That evening when Mr. Dogood, their kind neighbor, came in to see them, Tony could talk of nothing but his good fortune. "I don't believe that in all this town" good in the large of the stranger of th

ons attention—his personality was so impos-ing—he was so tall and so broad. Pepita reached about to his waist, Tony to his knee. manity. Maybe it was because he was so tall that he overlooked all the big people in the room. Glaneing down he saw Pepita bug-ging her violin to herbosope liberty Maybe it was because he was so tall frosty beard, his ruddy face and the bag of treasures with which he comes tumbling ging her violin to herbosope liberty Maybe it was because he was so tall frosty beard, his ruddy face and the bag of treasures with which he comes tumbling Every one in the room turned to look at him ging her violin to her bosom like the Madonna in a picture. "Little girl," he said to her in speak every day.
"Well, lend it to me for a minute," said the

from Canal street, I used to whole situation. He began to play precisely hear it nearly every evening one minute before the drummers came up. of that month. Only a few Nobody knows what are the capabilities of a Nobody knows what are the capabilities of a violin. I have heard nearly all the great players since Pagannini, Old Bull, Vieuxtemps, Wienowski, Wilhelmj and the rest, so I believe that a violin is everything down from the enthedral organ to the negro's banjo, but this big fellow played the organ music. He made Pepita's instrument ring like a bell, peal like a trumpet, warble and carol like a bird, murmur, babble and croon like a brook; and every note was clear as crystal, pure and sustained to the very end of the how. Well, that was what stopped the drummers-it was enough to stop the wheels of all creation. Beauty, music, art, have always belonged to eternity and annihilated time. The crowd grew thick and close and dense about that office, nobody was permitted to whisper. At the conclusion of every air the people called out "Bravo!" and "Encore!" The big mun was standing on a goods box in front of the office; that was his stage. Suddenly, all at once, he stepped down precisely at the head of the drummer column and began to play the

Marseillaise.
To the rhythmic march of that grand old hymn of liberty, the people moved on with the big man, and directly they began to sing, "March on, march on, ye sons of France, ye sons of France!" till the very heavens seemed to ring to the welkin.

Everybody kept time. The musician was more than usually inspired. The tramp of so many hundred feet behind him, the enthusiasm of the night, the man's own sympathy with the spirit of the festival bounded n his heart and rebounded on the strings of the violin. "Marchons, marchons, vos fils de France!" the chorus swelled. The column reached the corner, crossed over and moved up again on the other side. It made one think of Orpheus leading off the giants and the beauties of the forest to the magic throb bing of his wires. Then he crossed over again and resumed his stand on the goods box-Pepita and Tony always by his side. The crowd closed around him once again, but the voice of the violin was for the moment still. Then every hat in that impromptu audience was doffed-wild huzzas rang out again and to the stars. Then the crowd—a Southern crowd-demanded Dixie, but the stranger

said: "You can't dance unless you pay the fid-dler. Tony, where is your hat?" Tony had forgotten all his sorrows, all his hopes, all the natural yearnings of his infant heart, all his responsibilities to Penita. He had been carried "over the hills and far away." All the Italy in him had been away. thrilled to the core-the poor little fellow was in a trance of artistic enjoyment. His eyes were as wide as saucers, and there were dream in them. Alas, he never could believe in Pepita again as a violinist. That thought Penita never once forgot the burning ques no more. That anybody should make Pepi-te a present—bah! There are people whose business it is to take care of other people and not to think about themselves. That was

hand, and sat down by the window to think precisely Pepita's situation. She wanted to Papita said: "He lik-a so much de music he the matter over. At first he felt hurt, and see those big black eyes twinkle, and the forget-a de mon." That musician had slow smile move humorously over the queet in every quarter of the world, but Tony's sihe who always handed around the cap, and
every cent was confided to her keeping.
Tony had never asked for anything in all
Oh! he was all in black from tip to toe, and
Oh! he was all in black from tip to toe, and played to immense and admiring audiences his eyes were black and his mustache was black, and he were a tall black hat, and the hat he took off and held in his hand. "Never mind, Tony," said the big man to the little boy, "I will attend to this." Pepita and Tony stood by him-one on each side-on the goods box. The crowd took it all in, understanding perfectly well why they had enjoyed such a treat that night. Christmas is the children's day and that was Christmas eve. Pepita and Tony were standing there—nurs lings of the storm, but sheltered under the haven of that hallowed eve. Just then they

"God bless them!" said every drummer with "his best girl at home"; and they came up, did those drummers—every man—and emptied their pockets into that tall hat, and then the stranger made Tony take the : Il hat, and he began with the fidule again and he gave them "Dixie," and they took it up-Dixie is the land of cotton,

Cinnamon seed and sandy bottom— Look away! look away! away down south Mistress married Willie Weaver,

Willie was a gay deceiver— Look away! look away! away down south Willie threw his arms around her

Smiled as fierce as a thirty-pounder -Look away! look away! etc. It was maddening. Everybody came rushing up to that tall hat. In five minutes it

overflowing hat. It was like a conjurer's hat, it held so much more than any one thought it could hold. The stranger pressed the money down-notes, dollars and nickels—until it was complete in the scriptural measure, "pressed down, and running over." Pepita and Tony, and never seen so much money in all their lives. As for the hat, imagine its condition!

Well, was that a "touch of nature that made the whole world kin"? I hardly know that I dare to say so much. It seems to me that it was a touch of art, and that inclines me to my old theory that art and nature at their best dance and sleep in each other's Pepita's pocket, Tony's two pockets could

heart of the little woman would not give in not begin to hold the half of all their money. She went to this restaurant, she went to that so the clerks in that office found them a

the—":"-they didn't know what to call him—but he was gone, like the nugels that we sometimes entertain unawares. But surely there went with him this benediction:



HIS GREETING. Sicilian Bandit-Haply : ew 'ear to yer, boss!

CHRISTMAS IN SPAIN.

There is no civilized country on earth in promise of the coming Christmas. But in every country the festival is called by a different name, and its presiding genius is painted with a different costume and manner, You know all about our jolly Dutch Santa down the chimney, while his team of reindeer snort and stamp on the icy roof. The English Christmas is equally well known, and T was a wonderfully keen voice, fielike and clear, penetrating the deary December mists up to the tops of the rollow. "Little girl," he said to her in his own language, in a voice that was soft and low, "do you play that violin?" "Only jus" a little," said the child, breaking out unto the tops of the rollow. jus' a little," said the child, breaking out un-conciously into the English, which she had to speak every day.

"Well, lead it to me for a minute," said the big near the child, breaking out un-speak every day.

"Well, lead it to me for a minute," said the big near the child, breaking in the

big man, who had instantly taken in the Christmas. The good cheer which it brings everywhere is especially evident in Spain. They are a frugal people and many a good Spanish tamily is supported by less than the waste of a ousehold on Murray Hill. But there is no nousehold Christmas. This is a senson as futal to turkey as Thanksgiving in New England. The Castilian farmers drive them into Madrid in great droves, which they conduct from door to door, making the dim old streets gay with their scarlet wattles and noisy with obstreperous gabbling. But the headquarters of the marketing during those days are in the Plaza Mayor, where every variety of fruit and provisions is sold. There is nothing more striking than those vast heaps of fresh golden oranges, plucked the day before in the groves of Andalusia; nuts from Granada, and dates from Africa, every the stalls beneath the gloomy arches. butchers drive their flourishing trade. gay and joyous chattering and jesting, greet ing of friends and filling of baskets. The sky is wintry but the ground ruddy and rich

with the fruits of summer. At night the whole city turns into the street, the youths and maidens of the poor class go trooping through the town with tamborines, castinets and guitars, singing and dancing. Every one has a different song to suithis own state of mind. The women sing of love and religion, and many of the men can sing of nothing better than politics. But the part which the children take in the festival bears curious resemblance to those time-honored ceremonies which all remember. The associations of Christmas in Spain are all of the gospel. There is no northern St. Nick there to stuff the stockings of good children with rewards of merit. on Christmas eve do you see the little shoet exposed by the windows and doors? wise kings of the East are supposed to be journeying by night to Bethlehem, bearing journeying by night to Bethlehem, hearing gifts and homage to the Heavenly Child, and out of their abundance, when they pass by the houses where good children sleep, they will drop into their shoes some of the treasures they are bearing to the Baby Prince in Judea. This thought is never absent from the rejoicings of Christmas tidings in Spain. Every hour of the time is sacred to Him who came to bring pence and good will to the world. The favorite toy of the season is called "The Nativity." It is sometimes very elaborate and costly, representing a land scape under a starry night; the shepherds watching their flocks; the magi coming in with wonder and awe, and the child in stable shedding upon the darkne that living light which was to overspread the world.

But while joy's echo falls In gay and plenteous halls, Let the poor and lowly share The warmth, the sports, the fare; For the one of humble lot Must not shiver in his cot, But claim a bounteous meed from wealth and

pride.
Shed kindly blessings 'round Till no aching heart be found. Then all hail to merry Christmas tide! THE MISTLETOE-BOUGH.



O, the mistletos bough!" sang a clear voice. "O, auntie! what makes you sing that doleful ditty! and what is a mistletoe-bough how?" cried Tom Brown to Aunt Elsie.
"Well," said nuntie "one question at a time I sing it because I like it.'
Tom shrugged his

THE mistletoe

shoulders at his aunt's old-fashioned taste, but pursued his inquiry.
"The mistletoe. Tom, is a parasitic plant or one which can subsist only by clinging to the stems and imbibing the juices of stronger plants. It usually grows on oak or black walnut irees, and about Christmas has the most beautiful white berries, looking very much like pearls, and growing in clusters of ten or twelve, which contrast beautifully with its heavy olive-green leaves. It is often gathered with the holly, which, you remember, has bright, searlet berries, for decorating houses at Christmus. It is not often used in ornamenting churches, because of a supersti-tious feeling many people have, that it was connected with the idolatrons rites of the

Draids." "O, auntie," said Tom, "tell me about the Druids, please; I am reading about the big stones they left at Stonehenge, some of them twenty-two feet long, and ranged round in a

"Do you know what the circle meant Tom!

"No, aunt, I do not. Do you?"
"It is supposed to have been emblematic of the Deity—you know a ring was the symbol of eternity among many ancient people, be cause it has neither beginning nor end. Much of what weknow of the Druids we learn from Julius Casar, who led the Roman le gions into Britain a little more than fifty years before the coming of our Saviour. records that the Druids were not only the priests, but had entire charge of the education of youth and a large share of authority over the magistrates, for, by forbidding them the sacrifices, they were cut off from all association with their fellow-men. In many regards their government seems to have been a wise one, but some of their practices were horrible, particularly that of offering human sacrifices. It is even recorded that on some occasions there were prepared Colossi of osier twigs-that is, immens in the shape of men-which were filled with living men and then burned. They generally took criminals for these sacrifices, such as murderers or robbers, because they deemed their sacrifice more acceptable to the gods but when the real criminals were lacking, sometimes the innocent were made to suffer.
The priests are said to have dressed in very long garments, and during their religious services they always were a white surplice They had a gold ornament fastened round the neck, called a Druid's egg; and carried a ward in the hand and a hatchet in the belt, with which to cut mistletoe, which was valued only when it grew on the oak, so that much of that found in the United States, where i grows chiefly on the black walnut, would have been useless to them. It was doubted for a long time if what we now call mistletoe was indeed the plant so distinguished by the Druids, for the reason that for several hundred years it was not found growing on the oak in England; but recently it has been ound in the west of England growing quite abundantly on the sturdy oak. Oak leaves were also used by the ancient Britons to make chaplets to wear during their religious ceremonies, and the dense shade of the grand tree they venerated as having peculiar sanct-

THE MISTLETOE.

tity.

Though there is plenty of mistletoe in England, not much of it finds its way to London. What does come is from the cider counties where it grows on the apple trees. But the chief supply is from the north of France, Normandy, and Brittany, the people of which parts propagate and cultivate it in the constraints. great orchards as carefully as the apple trees themselves; in fact, you may see whole acres of trees given up to mistletee. In consequence of this careful cultivation, the French parasite is much liner than its English cousin, and worth more money. It is gathered steamer to Southampton, whence the South western brings it up to London. lish commodity, for it soon withers if left ex posed to very keen wind or hard frost after it has been cut. It is soon damaged, too, and its berries easily knocked off, by rough usage; moreover, the French farmers have it is said, a trick of putting good "stuff" or the top and outside of the crate and filling it with "rubbish," so that it behooves a buyer to be wary, or he may lose by his bargain But, as a rule. Covent Garden buyers are very wary class indeed. The old school books of our childhood used to tell us that mistletoe "grew on the oak, and was much venerated by the Druids." Well, it was venerated by the Druids and it did not grow on the oak, or, at least, so seldom that when it was found there it made a red-letter day in their calendar. The Arch-Druid was im mediately sent for to come and cut it off with a golden knife. But what happened to the man who had found it nobody knows for the ancient writers have not told us Perhaps he was as great a heroas a modern bowler who has done the "hat trick."



SANTA CLAUS ASTONISHED.

American Youth (aged 6)-Now, if the ffedt of eighty volts of electricity is equal in on a red stick for?



THE PASTOR'S CHRISTMAS SLIPPERS. We are working, dearest pastor, On your slippers—never fear, You'll have twice as many pairs

As your parish gave last year. We are making all the sizes That are known to mortal man. If you cannot put your foot in, Give them to some boy who can.

ALWAYS THE WAY. "So you won't let me have a part for the children Christmas night?"
He—"I won't." She-"You might give me my way for

He_"Ab, if I could only give you away!"

A tipsy man spills his liquor in the feed.

THE SPECTRE TURKEY - A CHRISTM

TRAGEDY, ALMOST,



The grocer Spiegle's turkey takes it in.



Dismay of Mr. Spiegle at the turkey's sup-



He plucks it, however, and will try to sell it to a customer.



Spiegle hears a noise in the night and suspects that a burglar is about.



Consternation of Spiegle when confronted by a ghost. But it is the plucked turker aroused from its lethargy.

CHRISTMAS CHUCKLES. The dude, as usual, hung up his watch. Christmas is the only real holly-day in the whole year.
The nuptial knot—A husband's Christ

necktie. It's far pleasanter to stand under the mistle toe than over the gouty toe. The Christmas tree is very polite it is full of boughs and is usually spruce.

A Christmas bill of fare in the South is

possum and tater, peach and honey.

Under the mistletoe at Christmas is like Gloucester har a great place for smacks.

Charity covers a multitude of sins but it cannot cover all that are committed in the name of Christmas.
"Why is it written 'Xmas" asked one lit

tle boy of another. "I guess it's because takes an X to buy ma's present." After a man has been out all night and has a head twice the natural size it seems a mock ery to wish him a merry Christmas !

CONTANT MEASURES CONSIDERED AND ACTED UPON.

At the Nation's Capitol - What Is Being Done by the Senate and House - Old Matters Disposed of and New Ones Considered.

In the Schate on the 9th a large number of memorials and petitions were presented and rememorials and petitions were presented and referred to appropriate committees. A large number of bills were also introduced, among them being bills providing for the admission of Idaho and Wyoming into the Union. Mr. Manderson presented a petition from the State Board of Agriculture of Nebraska in favor of Chicago as the site for the World's Fair in 1892. The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of executive business. In the House Speaker Road appointed the following committees: On Ways, and Means—Messrs. McKinley (chairman); Burrows, Bayne, Dincley, McKenng, Payne, La Fellotte, Gear, Carlislo, Mills McMilliu, Breckinridge of Arkansas, and Flower. On Appropriations—Messrs. Cannon (Chairman), Butterworth, McComas, Henderson lows, Peters, Cogswell, Belden, Morrow, were of Michigan, Randull, Forney, Sayres, Schinridge of Kentucky, and Dockery. On Aufactures—Messrs. Kelley (Chairman, Burlows, E. B. Taylor of Ohio, Arnold, Morse, Sanford, Wilson of West Virginia, Byuun, Williams of Illinois, Grimos and Fowler. On Elections—Messrs, Rowell (Chairman), Houk, Cooper, Haugen, Sherman, Dalzell, Borgen, Greenhaige, Constock, Crisp, O'Ferrell, Outhwate, Maish, Moore of Texas, and Wike of Illinois, On Mileage—Messrs, Lind (Chairman), Townsend of Pennsylvania, Williams of Massachusetts, Clunie, Pennington, It is said by one who is in the confidence of Speaker Reed forred to appropriate committees. A large num-Townsend of Pennsylvania, Williams of Massa-chusetts, Clunic, Pennington. It is said by one who is in the confidence of Speaker Reed that the Committee on Ways and Means was solected with a view to securing non who, while holding diverse opinions on the tariff question are conservative in their characters and are likely to come to some fair and honor-able action on the subject of tariff revision.

the 10th inst. were the following: By Mr. Spooner—Making it the duty of the proper officers of the Trensury and Interior Departments to adjust and settle the claims of any State against the United States that were included in the state of all lands disposed of by the United States that were included. State. The State is to be paid for the state. The State is to be paid for the mads at the rate at which they were sold by the United States. By Mr. Hawley—For the selection from the national geard and from the military schools of civilians to be appeinted Second Lieutenants in the regular army. By Mr. Squire—For the creation of public buildings at Scattle, Tacona, and Spokame Falls, Wash, each to cost not exceeding 3300,000. Scenator Spooner laid before the Scanate a memorial signed by about twenty of his farmer constituents praying that boards of trade, bucket-shops, and other moreantile bodies and individuals be prohibited from tixing the value of the produce of American farms by sales for future deliveries. Scanator Chandler introduced a teleral election bill which provides the twhenever in any Congressional district ten voters from each voting precinct where the Congressional district is one county or less, shall make an adildavit that they believe the election will be Spooner-Making it the duty of the proper offianch volting precinct where the Congressional district is one county or less, shall make an adilarit that they believe the election will be unfair if held by the State officers, and shall petition the United States Circuit Judge to have the registration of voters and the election conducted by Enited States officinis, the court shall be opened, as now provided by haw, for the appointment of United States Supervisors of Election, and the court shall appoint all necessary officers to carry out the prayer of the petitioners.

Among the bills introduced in the Senate or

In the Senato on the 11th pension bills were introduced by Mr. Cullom-To equalize pensions of all persons who are or who may become permanently disabled in consequence of disease incurred in the service of the United States, and incurred in the service of the United States, and providing a possion of \$72 per month in such cases; by Mr. Pasco—Granting pensions to soldiers and sailors of the Florida and Sominole Indian war; by Mr. Ingalls—Granting service and disability pensions to soldiers, sailors and marines in the army and navy of the United States of the war of the rebellion from 1861 to 1865. Mr. Ingalls' bill provides for pensions for all the surviving officers, soldiers, sailors and marines who served in the army mut navy for sixty days or more who were disabled in the line of duty between March 1, 1861, and July 1, 1895, at the rate of \$8 per month during their lives. For disability rated at one-half the total rate the pension shall be increased to \$7 per month, and for three-fourths shall be increased to \$12 per month, and in cases where the person that the person the person that the person the person the person the person the person that the person the person that the person that the person that the person the person the person the person that the person that the person that the person the person that the p month, and for three-fourths shall be increased to \$12 per month, and in cases where the person is prevented from obtaining support by later or usual occupation ha shall receive \$22 per month. The bill entitles the widow or minor child of parents of an honorably discharged officer or private to a pension of \$12 a month. The following other measures were offored: By Mr. Cat —Anthorizing the President to open negotiations with Spain for the acquisition of the Island of Cuba. By Mr. Turnic—Appropriating \$75,000 for a public building at Madson, Ind. By Mr. Hourd—Appropriating \$40,000 for the creation of a statue and monument to Jamos Madison in Washington. By Mr. Mr. Man. James Madison in Washington. By Mr. Manderson—For the instruction of enlisted men of the army and navy at military posts.

In the Senate on the 12th inst. Senator Sherman introduced a bill for the passage of a national election law. Senator Hear introduced aonal election law. Senator Hear introduced a resolution from the Massachusetts Legislature petitioning the passage of the national mankrupt law. Senator Dolph introduced a resolution to erect in Washington a monorial hall to contain statutes and portraits of great American statesmen, philosophers and poets. Hills were introduced by Senator Inter providing for Government aid for colored persons desiring to move from Southern States, and by Mr. Davis to, establish a new judicial circuit to include Minnesota and North and South Dakota. The Senate then went into executive akota. The Senate then went into executive ession, in which is confirmed the nomination of reen B. Ranin, of Illinois, to be Commissioner Green B. Ranm, of Illinois, to be Commissioner of Pensions, and then adjourned over Sunday. In the House Mr. Butterworth presented a resolution for the appointment of a committee of five to investigate the Ohio bullot-box forgery cases, in which certain increases of Congress were, charged with interest in the bullot-box which Congress has been asked to adopt. The resolution was adopted. The report of the committee which investigated the Silcott defallation and forgories was presented, showing the cosses to have been \$70,781. It closes by showing that Leedom under no personal count of the under in the safe during the four years no was in harge and exercised no ellicial supervision over t, thereby neglecting the full performance of its duties, and it censures him in this particular. The feature of the resolution which authorized the investigation committee to take datios, and it censures him in this particular. The feature of the resolution which authorized the investigation committee to take tharge of the cash and accounts of the Sergeant-arms' office was rejected by the House; but that portion which directed the committee to continue the investigation was adopted. Congressman Brower introduced a bill for the repeal of taxes on tobacco. The resolution was adopted for the general introduction of the bills Monday. The House then adjourned.

Easy to be President.

"Well, my little man, what will you be when you grow up?"
"I'll be a President."

"A President! Your ambitions are high, my boy.'

"Yep. But that's what I'll be, you bet. Why, bein' Presidents runs in our family." Were any of your ancestors Presidents?"

"'F you mean any my relations, they vuz mighty near all of 'em Presidents. Dad, he is President of the Hod-Carriers' Union, an' Bill he's President of the Teamsters' Amalgamated Association, an' Jim he's President of the Brotherhood of United Dock Wollopers, an' Tom he's President of the Coa Heavers' Assembly, an' aven marm, why, marm's President of the Washladies' Protective League. President! You jest wait an' see if I ain't a President."—American Commercial

A NEW YORK boarding house mistress indignantly prints the following: If the smart young person who changed the letters in our dining-room motto so that it reads, 'God Bless our Bone, will settle for what is due me I shall be glad to have him go."

Traveller..

TRANCE now raises peanuts. This explains why you have to shell out so freely when you get to Paris.

LLD TO Count," says a headling in the Vheeling Register. That has genally been thought to be a good way.

Alas! How Fleeting Is Fame.

Men become famous and are forgotten. In the last generation George Lippard was one of the most popular novelists. He wrote book after book, and everybody read them and called for more. Of all the sensational and lurid story writers that this country has produced he was easily the first. His immotion was boundless and rictous. His style was blood-curdling. Lippard leaped into the noonday blaze of notoriety at once, and became as popular in

his day as Rider Haggard is in ours. He was a painstaking writer, master of the mysteries of sensational story telling, and he wrote good English. Daniel Webster was certainly a man of good literary judgment. If he could find Lippard's romances fascinating it is The fair to suppose they had merit. great statesman was an enthusiastic admirer of the novelist. He pronounced him a man of genius and predicted enduring fame for his works. But where are these once popular novels to-day, and who knows anything about the author? Even in New York, a city full of bookstores, one has to appeal to the

newspapers to answer the question.

Just what happened to Lippard may befall many a man who is now working like a slave to win fame and fortune. To-day a man's name is ringing through the land; to-morrow it will be remembered by a few, and day after to-morrow men will write to the newspapers asking whether the man really lived or was only a myth. Such is fame in nintynine cases out of one hundred. But men will long for it, fight for it, and die for it to the end of the world.

The Barkeeper's Match.

A New York paper says: The fellow who is always on the lookout for tricks to beat the barkceper with has discovered a new one. He tried it in a Park row saloon the other evening, and it proved a great success. He walked in and lifted a bunch of matches out of a box on the bar, and was putting them in his pocket, when the barkeeper interposed with:

"Them's no good to you; they light only on the box. "That so? Well, I never see a match yet that I couldn't light, box or no

box."
"Well, then, you see one now." retorted the barkeeper.

"Oh, do I? Bet you the drinks I can light these without any box." "Go you," said the barkeeper.

Thereupon the smart young fellow selected one of the matches, stepped over to the cigar case, struck it on the glass and then held it under the astonished barkeeper's nose while it burned. The barkeeper set up the drinks, but he half suspected that he was the victim of hocus pocus; that in fact the fellow had substituted an ordinary brimstone match for the "light only on the box" article. But it's all square. Anybody can do it. You simply give the match a quick, heavy stroke on any hard, polished surface, glass or mar-ble, grasping it tightly close to the head to avoid breaking it, and it lights about as readily as the common match.

Grave Cause for Anxiety

Exists when the kidneys lose their activity. Prompt measures should be taken to renew it, otherwise Bright's disease, diabetes, or some other organic trouble, is to be apprehended as a consequence. Hostetter's Stomach Latters is a most desirable diuretic, as its stimulative action upon these organs never crosses the border line of safety and merges into irritation, as do many stimulants used for the same purpose by the careless and uninstructed. The stimuli of commorce, flery and unmedicated, are not suitable corrective agents in a case like this. They excite without producing a permanently desirable result. The "just medium" between them and an ineffectual diuretic is the Bittors, which is also a specific for malarial complaints, dyspensia, constinution and rheumatism.

The Merry Children.

Mrs. Murrayhill - Celeste, what is Master Harold crying for? Celeste-I happened to say, madame, that I lived with a little boy who had a hundred and four presents one Xmas. Mrs. Murrayhill-Well?

Celeste-Why, then he insisted upon counting his, and he has been kicking and crying like this ever since, because he has only ninety-eight.

Mrs. Murrayhill (soothingly)--There,

Harold, dear-you shall have some more if you want them. I should think, Celeste, you could get on peacefully with the little fellow to-day of all days. -Lifc.

'Tis sad to see a woman growing old before her time, All broken down and hopeless when life should hold its prime; She feels hersolf a burden when a blessing she should be And longs for death to bring her release from

misery. If these poor, discouraged women who suffer from diseases peculiar to women could only know that health could be regained by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescrip tion, how eagerly they would hasten to avail themselves of it. They ought to know it, and try it. Every woman who is still healthy ought to be told about the wonderful virt this medicine, and understand that it is a safeguard against the terrible diseases common to her sex. It is quaranteed to give satisfaction, or money paid for it will

CLEANSE the liver, stomach, and whole system by using Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

be refunded.

No Crime. Judge-What is the prisoner charged

Officer-Stealing an umbrella, your

honor. Judge-That has long since ceased to be regarded as a crime. People ought

to look after their umbrellas more carefully. The prisoner is discharged.
Officer—But it was your umbrella he stole, your honor. I just caught him in the act.

Judge (severely)-What? Stole my umbrella? Such petty misdemeanors as umbrella stealing are getting to be too widespread, and something must be done to stop them. I sentence to six months at hard labor.—Yankee

COUGHS AND COLDS.—Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, etc., should try Brown's Bronchial Tro-CHES. Sold only in boxes.

She Had.

Clarksby-Good morning, Mrs. Gadby. Shopping, I see.
Mrs. Gadby—Yes; Tve been picking up a few little things for Christmas. C .- I haven't seen Mr. Gadby 'on chance' lately.

Mrs. G. (laconically)-I have!-Time. OLD smokers prefer "Tansill's Punch" \$100 Reward-\$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dellars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address monials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Sweet Faith of Childhood.

"Do you know," said a clerk in the postoffice to-day, "that we handle hundreds of letters every day at this time of the year addressed to 'Kriss Kringle,' St. Nicholas' and 'Santa Claus?' It is the apparatus for heating and lighting true, and some of the letters would make your heart go right out to the little ones who write them. -Philadelphia Call.

Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup.

There is certainly something remarkable in this preparation, as it is meeting with a success never attained by any other medicine. It never falls if used as directed.

For ever twenty years I have been a great sufferer from the effects of a diseased stomuch, and for three years past have been unable to do business. Two years ago my case was pronounced incurable. I visited different water cures and climates, visited different water cures and climates, all to no purpose. Last Juno I began taking Hibbard's Rhoumatic Syrup (prepared by Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich.), and at once began to feel better. I have used thirteen bottles and am a well man.
EDWARD BAKER. Master Mechanic Master Mechanic and Blacksmith, 202 Jackson street. Jackson, Mich.

AMONG the many delightfully interesting books just published by Frank F. Lowell & Co., New York, we notice the following "Here and There in Yucatan," by Alice D. Le Plangeon; "Dreams and Dream "Hendi, or Blind Justice." by Helen Mathers, and "Mrs. Bob," by John Strauge Winter.

Montana's Free Lands.

The Great Reservation of Montana, thrown open for settlement by the President last May, contains 18,000,000 acres of land, all eligible for entry for free homes, under the United States Land Laws. It extends for 300 miles East and West, and on an average of 100 miles North and South. If you intend going to Montana remember that The Wiscox-SIN CENTRAL is the direct line between Chicago and St. Paul, making close gantly designed metal care containing an connections at St. Paul for all points in Montana. Solid through trains with thrown only in the direction wished, and Pulman Palaco Sleeping Cars and Unrivaled Dining Cars are run between Chicago and St. Paul. For other information, pamphlets, etc., address JAMES BARKER, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

How to make a horse fast: Don't feed

The Difficulty Experienced

In taking Cod Liver Oil is entirely overcome in Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. It is as palatable as milk, and the most valuable remedy that has ever been produced for the cure of Consumption crotula and Wasting Diseases. Do not fail

What piece of horse furniture does an old bachelor resemble? A sir-single.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass, and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland,

IT is iron-jeal to speak of a cashier being true as steal.—St. Paul Herald. BEST, ensiest to use and cheapest. Piso's

Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

A good way to find a girl out is to call when she isn't in.

liable to the pains and aches of rheumatism dread every change to damp or stormy weather. Although we do not claim Hood's Sarsaparilla to be a positiv specific for rheumatism, the remarkable cures it has effected show that it may be taken for rheums tism with reasonable certainty of benefit. Its action in neutralizing the acidity of the blood, which is the cause of rheumatism, constitutes the secret of the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla in curing this complaint.

"I suffered a long time with rheumatism in my left arm and shoulder, my blood being in a very low condition. Since I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I have not been troubled with rheumatism and my blood is in a better condition." Mus. M. MOUNT, 203 Nostrand Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only

by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

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

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

Electric Lighting as a Science.

To the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul R'y Co. belongs the credit of being the first in the country to uncertake systematic experimenting in the direction of steam-heating of rainay trains. The perfection of the system they have elaborated is well known to the traveling public, its elements of safety, automatic regulation of temporature and perfect

ventilation, leaving nothing to be desired. The energies of the company have now been directed towards progress in lighting, and to-day attention is called to what are unquestionably the most per-fectly appointed trains in this respect in the world. They have by costly experiment and careful study reduced the matter of electric lighting of trains to scien-

is of perfect and elaborate character, being, in fact, a complete central station plant in miniature on each train and under the constant supervision of a special attendant, whose duty it is to see that at all times the amount of heat and light supplied is regulated according to the requirements. No accident to the engine or dynamo machine can cause an interruption to the light, as a reserve plant of batteries is carried for such an emergency.

Leading from the dynamo room and regulators the main wires pass out and over the roofs of the cars to flexible connections between them, thence to switchboards and safety devices in each car, and finally through branch wires to the lamps. These have been lavishly introduced in both cars and vestibules, producing a brilliant illumination without the attendant annoyance of heat, odor, or other disagreeable features inseparable from the use of oil.

One of the novel features introduced in the sleeping cars is a patent electric reading lamp in each section. With this luxurious provision reading at night, before or after retiring, becomes as comfortable as by day, and when retiring the toilet may be made in comfort and seclu-

It is a fact well known to travelers that, although a car may appear brilliantly illuminated upon entering, a few moments' reading will severely try the eye-sight, and show that it is in reality far from perfectly lighted. The Bertn Reading Lamp introduces the exact conditions of the study lamp at home, casting an agreeable and brilliant light directly upon the work.

thrown only in the direction wished, and its use does not interfere with the com-When no longer needed fort of others. a shutter may be drawn and the light obscured. This feature, found alone upon the vestibule trains of the Chicago, Milwankee and St. Paul Railway, needs only a trial to be appreciated.

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works."

"What is the worst thing about riches?" asked the Sunday-school superintendent. And the new boy said, "Not having any."

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills. These Pills are scientifically compounded. uniform in action. No griping pain so com-monly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perioct safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of Sick Headache, Con-stipation, Dyspepsia. Biliousness; and as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

A BAKER is generally very well bred, and in social life always takes the cake.

Dip you ever go within a mile of a soap factory? If so you know what material they make soap of. Dobbins' Electric Soap factory is as free from odor as a chair factory. Try it once. Ask your grocer for it. Way find fault with the

are spees on the sun. GRATEFUL-COMFORTING

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of discession and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa. Mr. Epps has provided our breakinst tables with a delicately involved heverage which may save us many heavy doctors bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to discesse. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a week point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping our-claves well for filled with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Only in half wound time by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & 419. Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

WORK SHOPS
Of Wood and Metal Workers without Steam Power,
Equipped with Outlits of BARNES' PATENT Foot Power Machin'y allow lower bids on Jobs, and greater profits than by any other means for doing work. Soid subject to trial in your shop. Send for PrecyList Catalogue.

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CATON'S FRENCH VITALIZERS. 1 Quick and To-

KIDDER'S PASTILLES, Sure relief ASTIMA.

Frice Scir. Stowell & Co.

Charlestown, Mass. \$65 A MONTH AND ROARD PAID, or highest commission and 30 DAYS' CREDIT to AGENTS on our NEW BORK, N. ZEIGLER & CO., Quincy Bidg., Chicago, III.

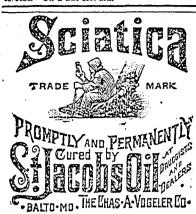
HOME STUDY Bookkeeping, Business Forms, Pome Study Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc., thoroughly taught by medi., Circulare free. BRYANT'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, BURANC'S HUNNESS COLLEGE, BURANC'S HUNNESS COLLEGE, BURANC 55 to \$8 iper day. Samples worth \$2.15 FREE. Lines not under horses feet. Write Brewster Sufety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich. News About Town.

It is the current report about town that Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs is making some remarkable cures with people who are troubled with Coughs, Sore Throat, Asthun. Bronchitis and Consumption. Any druggist will give you a trial bottle free of It is guaranteed to relieve and cure. The Large Bottles are 50e and \$1.

THE mother who goes whaling usually finds lots of blubber.—St. Paul Herald.

Ir afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it.

THE flour of the family is usually the latest to rise .- St. Paul Herald.



O don't you remember, 'tis almost Decem And soon will the Holidays come!

CANTATAS FOR CHILDREN. CHRISTMAS AT THE KERCHIEF'S COCK, \$1.80 doz.), Lewis. CARGHT NAPPING (20 cks.; \$3 doz.), Lewis. JINGLE BELLS (30 cts.; \$2 doz.), Lewis. JINGLE BELLS (50 cts.; \$2 doz.), Resabel. GOOD TIDINGS (25 cts.; \$2 doz.), Resabel. KING WINTER (20 cts.; \$3 doz.), Emerson. MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS (22 cts.; \$3 doz.), Towne.

FOUR CHRISTMAS SERVICES By Rosabel. Each 5 cts.; \$1 per hundred.

Birthday of Our Lord, Old, Sweet Story, Joyful Chimes.

CAROLS AND SONGS.

Collections by Howard, 11 Carols, 10 Carols, 7 Carols (each 10 cts.) HOLLY BOUGHS (15 cts.; \$1.66 doz.) 10 NEW PIECES FOR NMAS (10 cts.) WE PUBLISH, IN SHEET MUSIC FORM, YV very many superior pieces that, for quality might well be termed Prizo Songs. Six good apecimens are:

mens are:
signal Relis at Sen. (30 cts.) Hays.
Visions of Old Folks at Home. (40 cts.) State.
Mammy's Lil' Boy. (40 cts.) Edwards.
Cotton Field Damee. For Pione. (40 cts.) Gden.
Paris Exposition Grand March. (30 cts.) Knight.
Bliftary Schottische. (30 cts.) Rollinson. Any Book or Piece Mailed for Retail Price. LYON & HEALY, Chicago, HL

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, Boston OPIUSWE and easy cure. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.



SHE TELLS HIM THE SECRET.

Later unto Amicola Came a pale face preacher, teaching Peace and progress to the natives. Wood and won he Uanita.

She, nobler to make his calling, Whispered to him nature's secret-

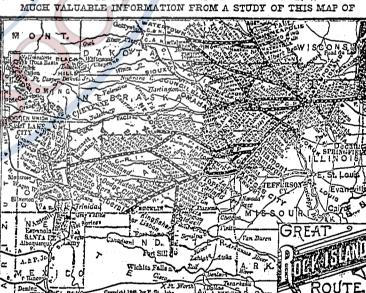
Told him of the herbs so potent For the healing and the saving." -EXTRACT FROM POEM OF "UANITA." An Editor's Experience.

Major Sidney Herbert, a well-known journalist to agricultural circles, writes April 18th, 1859: Some five years ago I wrote a letter stating that Swift's Specific had cared me of severe rheumatism. Since that time I have had no return of the rheumatic troubles, although frequently exposed to the infigences that produced former attacks. Several of my friends had a similar experience, and are firm in their conviction that S.S.S. brought a permanent cure. The searching power of this medicine to hown in the fact that it developed a scrofulous. taint that was conspicuous in my blood over thirty cars ago, and has removed the last trace of it X: have also tested S. S. S. as a tonic after 2 severe attack of malarial fever, which kept me in bed for three months, and am convinced that its curative and strengthening properties insured my recovery from that illness, as I was in a very low condition of health.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Discusses mailed free. Swift Speciage Coverns, Drawer S. Atlanta, Ga.



UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN



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Including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Winterset, Audubon, Harlan, and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sloux Falls, in DAKOTA—Cameron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abilene, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Pond Creek, Kingfisher, Fort Reno, in the INDIA N TERRITORY—and Colorada Springs, Denver, Pueblo, in COLORADO. FREE Reclining Chair Cara to and from Chicago, Caldwell, Hutchinson, and Dodge City, and Palace Sleeping Cars between Chicago, Wichita, and Hutchinson. Traverses new and vast areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and Pacific and transocceanic Seaports.

MACNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS.

Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, cool, well ventilated, and free from dust. Through Coaches, Pullman Sleepers, FREE Reclining Chair Cars, and (east of Missouri River) Dining Cars Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, and Omaha, with Free Reclining Chair Car tot North Platte, Neb., and between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver, and Pueblo, via St. Joseph, or Kansas City and Topeka. Splendid Dining Hotels (furnishing meals at seasonable hours) west of Missouri River. California Excursions daily, with CHOICE OF ROUTES to and from Satt Lake, Ogden, Portland, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. The DIRECT LINE to and from Pike's Peak, Manitou, Garden of the Gods, the Sanitariums, and Scenic Grandeurs of Colorado.

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Solid Express Trains daily between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, with THROUGH Reclining Chair Cars (FREE) to and from those points and Kansus City. Through Chair Car and Sleeper between Peoria, Spirit Lake, and Sloux Falls, via Rock Island. The Favorite Line to Pipestone, Watertowr, Sloux Falls, and the Summer Resorts and Hunting and Fishing Grounds of the Northwest.

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When Writing to Advertisers, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

SIXTEEN PAGES

23-Correspondence should reach this office on Tuesday of each week-and not later than Wednesday morning.

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. Hon. H. L. Henderson bus kindly consent ed to entertain the club on "Observations on the Pacific Slope." Let the attendance be full. The public is invited. L. H. Ives, Sec'y.

Locke Center.

Items are very scarce.

The South Locke Patrons of Industry lodge has been turned into a debating society.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Clark, a boy. Mr. and Mrs. Goit have moved into their new house.

Webberville.

Mrs. David Dean presented her husband with two boys last week. David wants to good time.

buy two farms. D. Marvin spent Sunday here. John A. Hamilton has sold his house

and moved to Detroit. Charles Reason has hought the Hamilton place and will move this week.

The flag will be raised on our school will be some very interesting exercises connected with the raising. Everybody invit ed, especially the parents, as the teachers would like to get acquainted with them.

Four rode the Patrons of Industry goat last week. More coming.

Oaklawn.

DECEMBER 12, 1889.

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, caused by a severe attack of erysipelas. Noel Petrie, who has been in Eaton Rapids, is at ye scribe's.

Surprise party at Mrs. Gillett's, was well attended Thanksgiving evening

Mr. Phillips has moved onto the old made other improvements.

Frank Lumbert has moved his family north. Lyman Chapman has moved onto the

Cobb farm. Ashley Dillingham and wife entertained his mother, and Mrs. D's grandmother the

West Alniedon.

past week.

DECEMBER 17, 1889. Wheat is doing well.

Meadows and pastures look better than they did in September. Fred Crocker receives a pension of \$8

per month. A little girl living at the home of James

Pierce is sick with diphtheria. W. S. Moore is building an audition to his barn. Bill Edick is doing the handy

Mrs. Darling and son Eddie are spending the winter with Mrs. D's sister, Mrs. W. F.

Willetts. Fred Hines lost \$15 while paying his Saturday.

The "ticktackers" did not catch a weasel asleep when they invaded the premises of James Kelly a few nights ago. Jim just hove too with a double-barreled shot gun and fired right and left, compelling the nocturnal marauders to flee for their lives.

East Alaiedon.

DECEMBER 16, 1889. 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.

John Brenner and wife has returned from a week's visit with his brother and friends at St. Johns.

Fred Gansley and wife of Lennon, Shiawassee county, spent a few days with friends in East Alaiedon the last of the week. Laura Hale, who has been very sick with typhoid fever the past three weeks, is on

the gain. Last Friday was an eventful day for Norman Christianson of this township. At the step almost imperative. He will take noon he was kicked by a horse, one hoof charge of the Opdyke house and make it hitting him on his limb the other on the interesting for the boarders. Eden society side of his head knocking him senseless. In the afternoon, while tending the circular saw in their mill, in attempting to clear pieces of bark and sawdust away from it his left hand came in contact with the saw cutting off his little finger and mangling the third one badly. Drs. Root and Culver attended to his hand taking off the balance of the little finger and think he can save the other finger but that it will always be

Delhi.

DECEMBER 17, 1889. 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.

Rev. Jordan of Lansing, delivered a lec-Eugene Rice and wife of Six Lakes. are

visiting relatives here. The funeral services of Mrs. Daniel Rib-

by of Williamston, were held at the M. E. church last Thursday afternoon. Rev. Kring commenced a series of revival meetings at the Evangelical church last

Sunday evening.

Nathan Brailey passed away Sunday morning, Dec. 15, after a lingering illness, aged 82 years. He was born in Ontario county, N. Y., in 1807. When 15 years of age he moved with his parents to the state of Ohio. In the year 1832 he was married to Zernah Farrill, with whom he lived 41 years, to whom two children were born-a at E. A. DeCamp's evaporator building. son and daughter. In 1875 he was again married to Ellen Faulkner, who survives him. Two years ago he suffered a stroke of paralysis of the brain from which he Wright of Columbus, Ohio, was with him during his last sickness. Funeral services were held at the house Monday afternoon. Rev. Kring officiating, after which the remains were taken to Delta, Ohio, for Insurance Company. Con.

Alaledon Center.

DECEMBER 17, 1889. Notwithstanding the abundance of ram swamps are yet dry. We can look and case. wonder how dry the earth must have been. lown a rock well.

Lieuelen Howe has returned from Gratiot | date of entry: county, where he has been visiting for a

Roy Stillman is attending the Interlake

Business College at Lansing. Mrs. O. J. Lewis has returned from Waters, where she has been visiting her son Jay. She feels very proud, because she is grandma of a nice little son. People of Alaiedon Center, turn out next

Sunday at 2:30 p. m., and hear one of Rev. Lockhart's good sermons at the Center chool house. Lloyd Laylin quietly went to Okemos

last Wednesday and upon his return Thurs-Fitchburg.

DECEMBER 16, 1889.

It looks very much like an open winter just now, but we predict there will be a good many cold noses before spring puts in an appearance.

The social at the grange hall last Friday evening netted \$3.40. Everyone had a Fred Wood of Jackson, visited friends

and former schoolmages at this place last Saturday and Sunday. Frank McCreery is canvassing for a book

called "The Beautiful Story."

J. C. Blake and wife of Illinois, and Mr. Losee and wife of New York, were guests list. house on the afternoon of Dec. 24th. There at Z. B. Dewey's and E. R. Hawley's last

There will be a Christmas tree held in in Genesee county, N. Y the M. E. church at Munith on Christmas

There will be another social at grange hall three weeks from last Friday evening. All are cordially invited. The ladies' aid society will meet at the

residence of Mrs. Upton next Friday. It has been customary in the Dewey family to hold a family reunion once a year for the last 29 years. One day in each ing at the Cady school house. They have year is set apart for the occasion, the day very interesting meetings. Next question selected by the several families is the day that is most convenient for each of them. and day of recreation. The last being held at the residence of Lorenzo Dewey. on Dec. 5th, 1889. The house was crowd-Lambert farm, moved the old house and ed to its utmost capacity with relatives and Chas. Reece of Leroy, has commenced friends. The first on the program was a general greeting and shaking of hands, the the dining room, and there they beheld a table supplied with an abundance of the nutritious element that sustains them from one visit to another. After a sumptuous repast they discussed different subjects. Rending, speaking and singing was also attentively listened to. There were friends from Eden, Munith, Fitchburg, Stockbridge, New York and Illinois. It was a day well spent and one that will long be remember-

ed by all who were present. English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft, or callous lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, sweeney, ringbone, stifles, sprains, all swol len throats, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by H. M. Williams, druggist, Mason.

Eden.

S. S. Dewey expects to be ready to take the train for Cheeney by the time this is in print, and Mrs. Dewey ditto. While they go to remain this winter and perhaps longer, their removal, we are pleased to note, is only temporary. Everybody hopes Segar will make a barrel of money.

Owing to the illness of our pastor, Rev. W. K. Elmer, there was no preaching ser vice here last Sunday.

The Sunday school is doing finely. The attendance is liberal and the interest good. The appointments for next Sabbath were announced to be as usual.

A full class of eight has been secured for the Demorest contest here. It will come off about the middle of January. Eden wants a cobbler, and wants him

bad. Good point for a "bench." Owing to a scarcity of houses to rent, our agent, Mr. Hicks, is obliged to leave his

family at Leslie and hire his board. We are very sorry that circumstances made it necessary for A. A. Opdyke to re-move his family to Mason for the winter at least. Continued illness of his mother made

can ill afford to lose this family just now. Mr. Godfrey will move to Mr. Opdyke's farm and look after things this winter. M.H.Benjamin, "the village blacksmith,"

take his "traps und calamities" and accompanies Mr. Dewey to Cheeny. Good chance for a smith at Eden this winter. We understand the lecture course is

about arranged for the winter, and will be ready for business early in January. We have heard enough said to warrant the statement that the course promises to more than measure up with any previous efforts.

Two or three fresh batches of gossip have made it easy for the boys to keep up the interest in the evening meetings at the grocery of late. The selection of O.F. Miller as secretary

of the Farmers' Mutual Insurance Comture at the Presbyterian church Wednesday pany is very gratifying to his many friends We haven't forgotten that he immigrated from Eden. B. E. GINNER. Bunkerhill Center.

DEC. 17, 1889. Rev. J. M. Stone is holding a series of

meetings at this place. Mrs. Bunker is having a bad time with a frog felon on her hand.

A daughter was born to E. A. DeCamp last Tuesday. Arthur DeCamp burned his hands very badly one night last week, while trying to

and corn is nearly all husked. G. P. Bailey informs us his son Wesley is doing well in Ohio, selling books. This

Justice Lewis Morse is busy courting.

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 Stockbruge. Second case, M that has fallen in the past few days, the Jordan vs. J. Eggleston-trespass on the ROUGH AND READY.

Following are the names of the pupils E. N. Wilkins is determined to have a in district No. 6, Bunkerhill, who have not inpply of water hereafter and is putting been absent during the month ending Dec. 13. The star indicates not absent from

Vernie DeCamp, Earl Northrup, Katie Neu. Rose Holland, Blanche Sweezy Aden Olds, Theodore Blake, Anna Blake, Lucy Hynes, Blanche Northrup Mike Cavender, Famile Williams, Elmer Brooks, *Anna Clinton, Blanche Northrup Fern DeCamp, James Brooks, Nolson DeCamp, Delbert Palmatier Justice Morse, Floyd DeCamp, *Jessie Northrup, Arthur Tuttle Arthur Tuttle,

CARRIE M HAVENS, Teacher. Would You Believe

The proprietors of Kemp's Balsam give day brought with him his helpmate, for thousands of bottles away yearly? This merly Miss Lois Allen of Okemos. D. C. 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 hesitatel 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

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

Mr. and Mrs. Isanc Swan of Dansville. have returned home from a pleasant visit

eturned home from Saginaw, where she as been visiting friends. Chas. Dyre of Wheatfield, is moving to Stockbridge with his family.

Mrs. Eugene Terrill of this place, has

The hour for meeting has been changed from Sunday evening to Sunday afternoon at 2:30 p. m. at the Buker point. The Patrons of Industry are still boom-

woman's rights. The Society of Patrons of Industry at the This day being held as a sort of holiday town hall, White Oak, enjoyed an oyster supper last Wednesday evening, and report a first class time. Eleven new members

was the result. sawing logs for the public J. W. Gifford, J. R. Potter, Theo. Weston next was at one o'clock, an invitation to 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

> 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 en

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. Culberton 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. Beardsley and wife of Detroit, are

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; H. D. Lee, junior vice commander; J. Dakin, chaplain; Wm. H. Daniels, treasurer; Riley Walker, sergeant; H. Aseitine, officer of the day; H. H. Dakin, officer of the guard; W. W. Raymond, representative; H. D. Lee, alternative. Ed. Brotherton, who went up to McBane

about six weeks ngo, 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 Vheei 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 wash ing 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 own, 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 Haynes of Mason. Born, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Cady, Dec. 18.

T. C. Smith is convalescent. E. Barnhart has been granted an increase of pension. The first of a series of illustrated ser-

mons at the M. E. church was enjoyed by a good sized audience last Sunday evening. Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Miller could not fail to be pleased with the size of the crowd that enjoyed the social at their residence a week ago last Wednesday evening. The Drunkenness---Liquor Habit--- In All "boxes" were not the only, although a conput out a quilt that had taken fire by the siderable, attraction. An excellent pro-upsetting of a lamp. gram was rendered. Mrs. Curry and Miss Beeman & Co. are putting in a feed mill Mary Bates rendered, as a dialogue, with good effect Carleton's "Handsome Man." The warm weather has been improved Miss Bates sang very acceptably "The Old whether the patient is a moderate drinker and corn is nearly all husked.

Bridge by the Mill." Miss Josie Bates or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunk gave a spirited instrumental piece of music. never recovered. His daughter, Mrs. is doubtless what caused a change in the to the pleasure of the evening. The "Trip knowledge, and to day they believe they governorship of that state; the people are to Europe" was also much enjoyed. The quit drinking of their own free will. No becoming enlightened. ladies' aid society of the M. E. church, by harmful effects results from its administra-Bunkerhill was well represented at the whom the social was given, know not only tion. Cures guaranteed. Send for cir instruct and please the mind as well.

Dec. 17, 1889. Mrs. Henry Northrup and children and Mrs. George Shattuck and children visited Mrs. S.'s parents near Leslie last Sunday.

Mrs. W. S. Chalker is yery sick. J. M. Brown received a telegram an nouncing 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.

Aurellus.

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. Woolut 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 men tion of as being away to be treated for his cancer, is at home again. The cancer has not dropped out yet but willin 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 Our town is to have another grocer store, and why not have a grist mill, too The rich farming country around us, i seems would make a good point for a mill.

Roads are getting heavy from the late 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 Principal's department, 73; average daily attendance, 69; percentage of attendance, 96; number enrolled in Primary department, 68; average daily attendance, 52; percentage of attendance, 90; number enrolled in both departments, 131

Following is the standing of the pupils n the Principal's department: EIGHTH GRADE. ... 98 Amy Carr...... ... 96 Minnie Kaiser..

SEVENTH GRADE. 87 George Grettenberger. 88 Clyde Washburn

Willie Boland. Lizzie Boland. Ida Phillips.... Edith Buxton .. Lou Ferguson....... Renben Allen..... Louisa Kaiser... Minnie Smith...

Willie Grettenberger.. 90 Ida Kirkpatrick ... rtha Palmer.

olney Palmer. Frank May. Willie Niebling 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 own hall Friday evening.

School closes Friday for one week. A school lyceum was organized last Fri day. 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 \$6.50. Mrs. Kate Ferguson spent a few days

ast week visiting friends and relatives in Last 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 ma chine 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

John Butcher is doing carpenter work for James Turner. Mr. Peach and family returned to Alma his week. Mrs. Decker, a daughter of Mr. Seelv. is

hall Wednesday evening.

visiting friends and relatives at this place. Rev. Hicks preaches at the Baptist church ext Sunday morning. Look out for Santa Claus!

Merit Wins. We desire to say to our citizens, that for

ears 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.

the Word 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, ards have been cured who have taken the Jennie Marshall and others also contributed Golden Specific in their coffee without their annual meeting of the Farmers Mutual how to feed the inner man, but how to cular and full particulars. Address in confidence, Golden Specific Co., 185 Race Nobody. Street, Cincinnati. O.

Mammoth December Clearing Sale

The Entire Stock of Dress On DRESS GOODS. Goods Goes.

One lot Dress Goods [Remnants, 3 to 7 yards.] Regular prices, 200, 25c, 35c, 40c, now go for 15c. We must clean up our stock.

FI ANNETS

T. TOYATA TA TITA	J .	
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

PAIRS OF FINE

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

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.

December 12, 1889.

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 banding every reader of this a number of our Drawing Tickets, we remain, Very Respectfully,



Old Papers 5c per Dozen at this Office

Smilam



Açmocrat.

HOLIDAY SUPPLEMENT-DECEMBER 19, 1889.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

1889.



1390.

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 PRINTS

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 HOLDAYS.

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. OW much we prate of Santa Claus. In prose and verse and rhyme, Forgetting what we owe of aid To busy Father Time! low much he helps us, while

He only counts the days In Life's four ages, guiding us As by our side he stays!

In Babyhood!-He keeps the strings Upholding tiny feet; He rocks the cradle soft and He brings the dolly sweet:

He starts the laughing urchin on His way to school each day, And kindly fails to count the hours He idles on the way.

Fair Youth!-He cheers ambitious lads To climb the mountain high, Paints down on each aspiring lip.

Emotion in the eve. He sees that sentimental maids Pore o'er love missives bright, Sends peach-bloom to the radiant cheek And brings fair dreams at night.

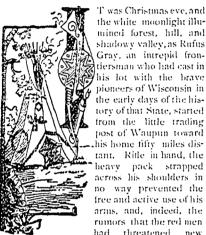
'Neath bridal veil so fair. Your cruel fingers seem to grope For the first changing hair. On the old maid's fast-fading face You draw a wrinkle lone-The great professor's head you shave Till bald as any stone!

In manhood, womanhood, sly 'Time!

And cradles filling, emptying. And filling up again, Keep pace with mortals going down Old Age's barren plain. Oh! cruel Time! to life's last verge You seem to haunt us still! You lean on shoulders old and weak, And help us down the hill!

CHIPPEWAS IN AMBUSH

BY WILLIAM J. HENDRICKS.



mined forest, hill, and shadowy valley, as Rufus Gray, an intrepid frontiersman who had east 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. Ritle in hand, the heavy pack strapped across his shoulders in no way prevented the free and active use of his arms, and, indeed, the rumors that the red men had threatened new

trouble to the whites caused the trapper to food designed for the little tamily he had left at home in the cabin on the banks of the lonely

Scout and hunter and the hero of a score of Rufus held but little personal fear for the Indians: it was of the unprotected ones at home that he thought; but, as toward morning he

fect that the Chief of the Chippewas, Pakawena, had broken the treaty, and that his bands had already committed numerous depredations at several small settlements along the river.

The fancied security with which he lulled his disquietude to sleep came very nearly proving fatal to him, however, for just as he was about to emerge into a clearing he saw a savage form spring from a thicket. Quick as a flash he retreated into the forest, caught at the limbs of a leafy cak, and swung himself into its branches. peering forth to watch the maneuvers of the foe he had so narrowly missed meeting.

If the Indian had been following a trail he could not have come more directly to the spot where Rufus was than he did, for he advanced with rapid feet, and, pausing under the oak, raised his hand to his lips and gave a cry resembling the shrill alarm of the night owl. Its echoes blended with a reply signal in the distance, and then the savage remained silent un- his cabin was located. der the oak, his eyes on the edge of the open-

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:

"Has my brother found the trail of the Big Hunter?'

And the reply of the other:

"No, but the Chippewas are in ambush at the clearing and near the river. He cannot escape. Awego will hasten forward to see that he does not cross the swamps to the winter sun, Let Yellow Wolf keep watch from this tree.". The frontiersman's pulses heat high with ex citement as he saw the first-comer deliberately

climb the very tree he was in. Cautiously he ascended a notch higher, and breathed more freely as he saw the savage gain a position between two branches, lay his gun across them and settling into a comfortable attitude, lean forward to watch the moonlit opening. Rufus was fully persuaded now that he was

in peril, and that the stories current at the trading post were true. He was also convinced that the savage beneath him was watching for his coming, and he never moved a muscle as he sat intently regarding every move of the Chippewa. He started, however, as he saw crossing fatal to his security. The savage looked up they fired from.' suspiciously as a piece of branch rattled past him, discerning the form of the hunter against the moonlight, and his hand went to his mouth to give the danger signal of the tribe.

The moment was a critical one to Rufus, but he was quick to act. With a rapid movement off if they could. You see right near the he drew his hunting-knife from its sheath and sprang directly upon the alarmed savage, burying the knife to its hilt in his heart. The Indian sank back with a groan in the notch of the tree and the frontiersman remained motionless and swords, ready to fly back as soon as the beech silent, his eyes directed at the approaching Chippewas.

From their confused jabbering the hunter the tree indicated by his son. ealized 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. The coterie scattered, several shots were fired into the tree, and then one of them, after a brief consultation with his companions, started up the oak, knife in hand, to investigate the mystery of the drop of blood.

There was no help for it. Rufus could not risk an encounter at closer quarters. Just as here?" the approaching savage reached the notch betake but half the load of holiday presents and low him, the frontiersman raised his rifle and sent a builet crashing through his brain. He fell to the ground with a yell of agony, while his alarmed companions scattered in every direction, now fully convinced that an unknown desperate encounters with the savages, old foe was secreted in the leafy branches of the

With no little anxiety old Rufus saw them surround the tree in a circle at a distance, and found half his journey accomplished, he almost pressed closer to the tree as a volley of bullets forgot the warning of the post-keeper to the ef- 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.

With loud yells of satisfaction and triumph the Chippewas gathered around what they believed to be the hody of their foe, but a myst fied silence brooded over them as they recognized it as that of a member of their tribe They fired several shots into the tree, and then apparently satisfied that the dead savage had proven a traitor, and unable to account for his strange behavior, they lifted his body and bore t away from the spot.

The coast once clear, old Rufus cautiously descended from his perch in the oak and skirted the opening, hastening toward his little cabin. For three hours, uninterrupted by any foe, he pursued his journey, and just as the dawn was breaking reached the stretch of timber where

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. Apparently, there were no Indians in the vicinity, but he paused at the edge of the opening and consulted with himself ere he started for the cabin. "Ef they're in ambush I may as well find it

his wife he made a bold break for the cabin. A dozen bullets cut his clothes in as many places as he reached the cabin door, and it flew open at his wife's hands and was closed as quickly again.

"Safe, Rufus!" cried the brave wife as she clasped him in a warm embrace.

"You've had a narrow escape, father," chimed in Robert, his ten-year-old son, who, rifle in hand, stood at a port-hole, dividing his attention between admiring glances at his father and an occasional survey of the opening with-

"How long have the varmints been here?" asked Rufus. "Since yesterday morning. I saw one of them

the bushes. That made me suspicious, I barred the door just in time, for I'm sure they were bent on mischief." "You're right in your guess, Polly. But whar

the opening several savages. The move was are they hiding? I saw none of them nor whar "But I did," broke in Robert. "Come here, father; you see they haven't ventured to attack

us, for we drove them back twice and have been waiting for you. They know you've got a pile of skins in the place, and determined to kill you spring, there. The last storm blew down the old hickory, and that big beech, falling over the top, held it there. The roots are just as strong in the ground as ever, but are bent, like steel is lifted off the hickory."

Rufus nodded affirmatively as he regarded

"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.

"Positive, I've been watching them for over an hour, and saw them fire from there. I see what's struck you, dad, and I've an idea to circumyent these fellows. I'm satisfied there are only those in the pit around the place. If I dispose of them, why can't we hurry to the boat and get down the river before the others reach

"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-bed of which the savages were secreted.

And now began a strange proceeding. Shut



The Tricks of Time. (See poem.)

branches of the interlaced trees, the boy began the hunting implements from the hands of the cutting at the branch lying over the top of the hickory. His keen-bladed knife, plied the storm and darkness, and I was lonely."

with and his own begun.

"Go on, Silas," remark made deep slashes in the thick beech. Never wavering, though long, little one, trust me. There is great news. wrist and fingers grew stiff and numb from the arduous task, he kept on at his work until, past the center of the tree, he felt the bound hickory, drawn backward by the tension of its stout, elastic roots, tug and tear to force off the par-

tially severed beech which held it captive. 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. his excited hearing as he regained his feet and darted toward the cabin.

"Quick, father, mother!" he eried. "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 temb, pressing them with terrible force into the ground beneath the heavy

Before evening, Rufus Gray and his family were safely housed in a fort down the river, and a week later, when the overpowered Indians had been reduced again to submission, he learned that the four savages of the tree-pit had barely escaped with their lives. Crushed and maimed, it was hours before they cut their way to freedom, bearing to their graves the marks of their encounter with the shrewdness and bravery of the frontier hero, who received a true holiday greeting from the denizens of the fort for the telling lesson he had taught the treacherous savages.

A CHRISTMAS WEDDING.

BY EVA RAY MESERVE.



NE snowy Christmas eve : 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 showed, 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 express-

ive lineament. With clasped hands and teardimmed eves 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. "Some one is come. Which!" Hilary's cheeks fluttered and her eyes burned like two radiant stars as the slow crunching of footsteps echoed on the path outside. A sigh of disappointment, and yet of relief, escaped

muffled form staggered in under a mighty "Father," spoke Hilary, brightly, hastening to

her lips as the door opened and a stalwart.

"Lonely," laughed Arnold See," and he pointed to the immense burden he had flung to the floor. "Does not that betoken a royal Christmas feast?" "Game, father?"

"Knightly game. I trailed a noble pair of horns miles and miles across the cliffs. One shot sent him limping out of sight. Rounding a spur I came upon him where he had fallen. The monarch of the mountain lay dead in the snow. The choicest cut I have brought with me. Lucky sport, for we shall give a feast to-Yells of agony, loud and terrific, broke upon night, a feast to celebrate, my child." And the old huntsman burst into a jovial laugh of satisfaction. "The Neptune and the Arcturus

have returned." "Yes, father: I-I saw them." "And turn pale and tremble when a bonny over and a golden fortune are sure to greet you

before midnight," railed Berton. "Oh, father!" sighed Hilary. "Oh, father! and ah, me! lackaday!" laughed Berton. "It's always the way with you lovelorn damsels. Come, my pretty one, no coyness. The bargain is plain and sure either way. Here a year agone 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

decide against two strong wills?" "But, father, Gerald and I--"Hear 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 Hillary.' Well, both have returned. The schooners are at

know.' "Oh! father, 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."

anchor in the bay. Within an hour you shall

Hilary sighed and hoped. With a thrill she hought 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 firelight 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, butwith a dignity of earnestness that won all her

love, Gerald Wayne pressed her hand softly.

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

of the voyage?" Slowly, and with a triumphant glance at Hilary, Captain Silas Dunn arose to his feet. "A bargain is a bargain," he pronounced, sol-

emply and with emphasis. At his dominant tones poor Hilary shrank and signed.

"Certainly," answered Berton. "We made one something over a year ago, didn't we?"

"We did." "You and me and Cap'n Wayne yonder?"

"Exactly." Silas chuckled ere he spoke again. Manner and tone indicated that he had som exultant surprise in store for his auditors.

The pretty Hilary looked frightened and urned a woe-begone face upon Gerald. The latter did not speak, but kept his eyes | Wayne.

out from the view of the Indians by the thick remove the snow-covered cap of fur and take fixed on Dunn, while Lind danced from foot to foot as if impatient to have Dunn's story through

"Go on, Silas," remarked Berton, encourag-"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 he 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 vet. 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 had luck isn't always had luck. and evil don't always pay. He don't get Hilary. Cause why, she marrries 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. Howsomever, 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-hundredpound 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."

It was true. All the settlement knew it that night, and when at midnight a score of happy couples danced about the Christmas tree in the huntsman's cabin, Captain Silas Dunn was not present.

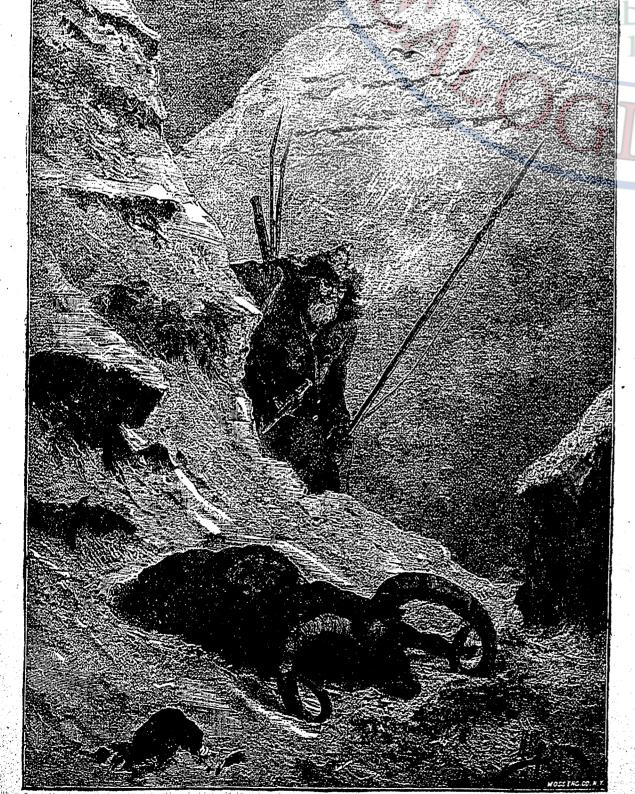
Captain Silas Dunn was allowed to retain and dispose of his stolen cargo of whale oil. He would have given it all for one smile from

bonny Hilary, however. The barrel of ambergris was valued by experts and Captain Wayne was a rich man, "The biter bit," commented the villagers.

"Right triumphant," announced Bob Lind. Captain Dunn was not a member of the festal party at the hut the next day.

He left a baffled, chagrined lover, a disappointed man. Pretty Hilary wept for joy at the happy out-

come of the hour.
There was a wedding next day—a Christmas wedding-and joy-bells never rang out more cheerily than did they for happy Hilary and her handsome, loyal lover, Captain Gerald



The monarch of the mountain lay dead in the snow.

THE ORGAN CHOIR.

BY J. C. WELDON.

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

down the corridors of thought the soft-hymned influence lingers,

And o'er the mountain's misty brow the gloomclouds break away, As in the days when like sweet praise fell soft from other fingers.

Ere I had known the rosy morn to change to somber gray.

old tremble. Then wing a flight straight heavenward to

Eden's golden shore! Oh! souls unclothed from earthly taint, which at the song assemble,

Beyond the now, ye still shall sing in glory evermore.

The far-off purpling hills of morn come crowding to my vision,

The plumed and pallid ramparts of the dark past fade away; I clasp no vain delusions in the dream that is

Elysian, I cherish naught that is unreal of everlasting

But, feeling that the music-tones are tokens of hereafter. And that the sentiment they tell is born of in-

fluence blest. I hear them ring through future years past

heaven's farthest rafter. Where life's last promise is attained, and all is joy and rest.

So, like the sweetest of sweet Christmas hymns I cherish of the singing,

Not the beauty of the melody, the organ's swelling tone. But the memories they bring to me, the promise

ever ringing, And so my soul is satisfied, and I am not

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

U L. L. and

would dark December be to us all were it ot for the deightful task of lanting and dorning Christmas ees-the trees which are of nore interest in the household than any

that ever grew beside its doors. It is well to select a tree that has a regular cone from base to summit and is of the proper height for your purpose, and lop off any

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.

Plant your tree in a small wash-tub filled in with brickbats or paving stones, or anything that is heavy and will keep it in place, and cover over the tub with a gayly striped flag, and And makes me know that upon this base many of the larger articles, such as books, desks, etc., can be arranged.

Those of our readers who are the fortunate possessors of a long purse can purchase at the fancy shops every imaginable device for decorating most artistically and beautifully-such as silver doves or stuffed doves, colored glass balls, flags of every kind, gilded stars, tiny looking-glasses that, if suspended behind the candles, will reflect their light and make it twice as bright; bells, woolly lambs and bon bons of every description; while in the toy shops are whole regiments of dolls, from the most elegant Parisian belles to the knitted Oh! voices of the little ones, which on the thresh- sailor boy, for the baby, and vast caravans of animals and Noah's arks, and toys that surpass description.

But in some village homes all these articles are not obtainable, yet the children can manufacture many beautiful decorations for the Christmas tree, in which they will take quite as much pleasure as if they were from the fancy shops of the city.

With a few sheets of gilt, blue, scarlet, and silver paper cut into tiny strips four inches in length and half an inch in width, you can make long chains to entwine from bough to bough of the tree.

With a bottle of mucilage, paste the two ends of the strips together until half of them are made into rings; then make up some more by slipping one end through two rings and joining them together. Let the three rings become dry, and join them into long garlands. Suspend around the outer branches of the tree from top to bottom. Twenty yards will be needed to trim a large tree, twelve for a small These paper chains when once made can be

kept for years if carefully handled. Geta lot of red berries and string them into chains with a needle and coarse thread. Entwine them also about the branches, and after the presents are distributed break up the chains into necklaces and throw around the necks of all the guests.

If you possess a broken looking-glass carry it to a glazier and have it cut into bits three inches by two. Paste a bit of brown paper over the back of the glass, and bind the edges with strips of gilt or scarlet and blue papers, and paste a bit of ribbon or paper at the top to nd them from the b have too many tiny mirrors.

Purchase a pound or two of large walnuts, cut them into halves and take out the meats. Save them to put into the middle of each small

frosted cake. Purchase also a pound of sugared caraways, and fill half of one of the nut-shells with them, and paste on the other half. Use common glue

or gum tragacanth for paste. Insert a bit of narrow ribbon in any color at the top of the nut. Cut a small round of gilt paper and cover it with paste, and wrap it carefully about the nut, letting the folds of it lie venly about the bit of ribbon.

Make as many as you can of these, for they are the prettiest of rattle boxes, and everybody

likes to possess such a trophy. Little lace bags made of bobbinet lace or

scarlet, blue, and gold-colored worsteds, and using a bit of it for a string to draw them together, are also very pretty and desirable when filled with nuts raisins, and sugar-plums for

the children, Small apples closely stuck with cloves are also nice to perfume bureau drawers, and 2 dozen or more will not come amiss upon this most wonderful tree.

A Christ-child or angel, made by dressing a doll in lace and silver wings, is very decorative when fastened to the topmost bough of the

Small candles with a bit of wire thrust hrough the lower end by heating it can thus e fastened securely to the boughs of the tree. Cut rings of cardboard and slip over the candles, and they will catch their drippings. Apples and oranges can also be suspended

ith thread wire. Other little inventions and contrivances are sure to be hit upon by young and old during the time of investing the tree with its pretty adornments, and in the end a dazzling picture is made when, on Christmas night, the colored candles are lighted, and the eager, happy children gather round to claim their long-prom ised gifts, and to distribute their own Christnas presents.

DICK'S SANTA CLAUS

BY ETTA F. MARTIN.



ITTLE 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. The long trains dashing by made the one break in the monotony, and the smoke that trailed behind them only served to intensify

the dreariness of the scene. Many times had Dick wondered where those glistening rails ended, and had built air castles about the time when he should dash by the old tenement house in one of those brightly painted cars, always picturing as the end of his ourney the green fields and spreading trees of the country home his mother had so often described to him. 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 fear that had been tugging 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 aroundwaiting! Just as he was staring at a window filled with toys, he started, for there, close to him, was Santa Claus-at last!

It certainly was Santa Claus; there could be no doubt about it. The same jolly face, the bright, twinkling, blue eyes, the snow-white vash-illusion, by running them together with hair and beard, the great fur coat and cap, and, to complete the proof, the

capacious pockets, fairly overflowing with suggestively shaped bundles. Dick looked for the doubt when he did not see it, for of course Santa Claus had left that at home.

A moment later, this pleasant faced old gentleman felt a timid pull at his coat, and heard a child's voice say:

"Please, Mr. Santa Claus, wait a minute."

Turning, in astonishment, he looked down into a pair of bright, dark eyes that went straight to his heart.

"What is it, my little man?" he asked. "And what was it you called me?"

"Oh, please, Mr. Santa Claus, mother said she didn't think you would come to our house tonight, and I wanted to ask you not to forget. And bring me a book, if you can spare one," with an apolegetic accent.

"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. If he could obtain the child's address the rest would be easy enough.

"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." "Please, sir. 47 Fielding court,

on the second floor." "All right-and your name?"

"Dick Morton." "All right, Dick. Be sure Santa Claus will remember. But, bless my soul, there's my car. Good-

by, my boy." "Good-by, sir, and thank you so much." His face fairly radiant with happiness, the child turned to go, but his crutch struck a bit fice, flew from his grasp, and he fell heavily, striking his head gainst the stone curbing.

Mr. Hamilton caught him up.

Dick was insensible. He secured a carriage, and Dick came to just as he was carried into the room where his mother, with a frightened look, greeted

"Wasn't Santa Claus good to bring me home, mother?" he cried, "and he isn't going to forget

Mrs. Morton locked up in wonder, but the old gentleman warned her by a glance not to undeceive the child. So absorbed had she been in the little fellow that not till now had she looked Mr. Hamilton squarely in the face, and it was evident that she recognized him.

When he left the room she followed him, and in the little entry said under her breath, that Dick might not hear: "Mr. Hamilton, don't you remember Mary Benson, who lived at Pleasant Valley years ago?'

"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."

"Ah, yes, sadly changed, I know. Sorrow and sickness take one's youth away so quickly But you look just the same, only a little older. Pleasant Valley. Shall I ever see the dear old place again?"

Mr. Hamilton gave a little jump. "The very thing! Mrs. Morton, if you had an pportunity to go to Pleasant Valley and earn

an honest living, would you do it?"
"Do it! Oh, sir, how can you doubt it? But is impossible.'

"Not at all, not at all. Here I have been unting through intelligence offices for a week to find an honest, tidy American woman to take charge of my sister Deborah's household affairs. Of course, you remember Aunt Deb, as everybody calls her. She will stay at the old homestead, and refuses all our entreaties to come to us. She wants a companion. The work will not be hard; you will have a good ome, the compensation will be fair. What do

"Mr. Hamilton, how can I thank you? Indeed I will. And with a promise to send a bundle for

Dick's Christmas and to see her again in a day or two he was gone, leaving her almost dazed with her good fortune. 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. And to complete his happiness came the knowledge that he was to go to his mother's old home, and that he would realize his dream of dashing over those very shining tracks he could see from the window.

BY MAURICE DEANE.



NE New Year's Day niner threw down his oick in despair, beause wages were and his family ill, and went home. The car-boy ran his

vehicle to the abandoned working, saw no one there, and amuse himself shying pieces of slate around until the mine boss arrived and ordered him to the next workman. One of these pieces

of slate fell into the ore It mingled with the mass there. It was a foreign substance, and at the smelters got rereduced to a mere grain, but it caused a minute flaw in a bar of metal.

Through various manipulations the metal reached a pin factor and became reduced to pins. The tiny flaw lay just across the center of a pin.

With others it was papered and sent to Paris. A woman bought the paper of pins. She hap pened to draw out the pin with the flaw. It was weak and bent in two as she ran it through her

shawi. The bent pin was cast out of the window. Next day her boy found it, straightened it out, and put it in his coat. pack on his back, but lelt no A week later, seated by the side of a railroad

track, he discovered it, drew it out, and placed it with another pin across the rail, to form a pair of miniature scissors. The engineer of the advancing train saw the bent form, supposed it was some person unconscious of the approach of the train, and

vhistled down brakes. The train came to a stop, so sudden as t break a coupling. It took an hour to fix it. The train reached its destination half an hour

Aboard was a French officer with important dispatches for the seat of war, that might have directed maneuvers most disastrous to the Ger

He lost his connection by the delay. He started for the distant camp on horseback. Instead of arriving at noon, he reached the amp at nightfall.

Meantime the battle had been fought. delayed train, a crooked pin, a flaw in a bar of metal, a piece of slate, a discouraged miner

cost France its history as a great nation. A fiction or reality-on such small eve these the destinies of worlds hinge!

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. Right beside it Helen's small stocking was

hung on Christmas Eve, and for fear it might not hold all Santa Claus would bring it was put over a chair. When the long night was at last ended Helen's delight was unbounded, and as she found

the presents she would go to the register and say, "Tank, tank, Santa Claus!" A few days afterward a plumber was called in to repair the pipe leading to this same register, and just as he was drawing himself out of the

opening Helen came into the room.

The man was large and good-natured, with a long gray beard. He smiled at sight of the little two-year-old, who looked at him doubtingly for a moment, with her hands clasped behind her. His smile reassured her, and going up to him she said:

"Is you dot any doll-habies in your potet?" With a kind reply the man took his departure, and to this day little Helen is sure that she has seen and talked with old Santa Claus

THE OWLS' CHRISTMAS.

BY LURA LEE.



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

Alle alle The day just before Christmas Day, For not a gift, if you please.

'Huh!" and "Ha!" and "Humph!" they growled; "A nice state of things, if you please: Not a present nor bit of fun,

While father snoozes at ease. Papa, wake up! What of Christmas Day? Can't we go out and have a play Under the Christmas trees?

Father he blinked, but he chuckled outright, Then got out his pocket-knife keen, And whittled seven pairs of tiny skates, The tiniest ever seen.

With holly leaves he tied them secure. And rolled up seven tippets of snow soft and

And put them on, if you please. He gave each for a cane an icicle long. And took them all down to the lake; Where the ice was smooth, and glassy, and

strong-No danger that it would break-And said, "You can skate, and run, and dance, And tumble, play tag, and stumble, and prance, All day and all night, if you please."

So that was their Christmas. Snug in bed. And awfully tired that night,

The owlets slept, and never woke up Till morning, but woke in affright. What do you think? The tree was cut down Without waking an owl and carted to town, And set up in a house, if you please.

There it was lighted and trimmed and be-

decked, And the nest at the top of the tree: Presents below and a merry crowd Laughing and romping with glee. And there Mr. Owl and his family were kept, And petted and fed till the children slept, Then out to the home grove thevall were

swept. And that was their Christmas Day. and make the eyes, nose, and mouth with, said Belle!

"And I've saved up a piece of candle to light it up with, and can get some matches," said Lulu. "My, but won't she jump when she sees

it on her table!" The next evening they did what they had

talked about, They all slept in one room, with two beds. and after they should have been asleep, were still awake waiting to hear Miss Prim scream

when she went to her room. But they did not hear this, and after awhile could not help but go to sleep.

In the night something wakened Lulu, and n a moment the whole four were crying and screaming together.

And no wonder! On the floor was an awful hing, that looked as if it might have been one of the heads cut off by Jack the Giant Killer, in the story. No one dated to look again, but all kept on screaming under the bed-clothes. All the other girls and the teachers heard them, and soon the room was full.

"I do not think you will try any more tricks on me," said Miss Prim, after she had shown them that they had been scared at the very pumpkin they had left in her room, and which she had carried to them, after they were

And they never did, for after that they liked Miss Prime real well.

FOUND ON A CHRISTMAS TREE

A writer on Christmas celebrations says: The best arrangement I have found, from nuch 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 eing asked or answered.

She (it is usually "mother") must then make out a list of the guests and of the presents, and then, giving a number to each of the former, she must wrap each parcel up in another paper, and mark on it the number belonging to its owner.

This list made out and carefully put away. she can now call in her aids and set to work at the decoration of the tree itself, which, if properly managed, need be neither a troubless nor an extensive performance.

When the tree is decorated, fasten on as many little bonbonnieres, etc., as you have guests, with a label fastened to each, containing the recipient's name, and inside, hidden among the bon-bons, a card with the number that corresponds with that name. This, of course, enhances the mystery, for even when



BY HELEN O'NEIL (Ten years old-)



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 birth-day 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.

played they returned to their games. "Let's play boarding-school," said Luli Turner, at which everybody cried "Good," and clapped their hands. None of the girls had ever been to boarding-

After all had eaten as hard as they had

school, but some of them had sisters who had, so that the game was more like the real thing than you might think. By the time the clock struck nine and clocks over-shoes, and hoods were brought out, it had been decided that every girl should ask her

chool, ten miles away, at Rogers Park. Mothers don't always do what is best, at least girls don't think so, and only four of all the iorty-Belle Palmer, Lulu Turner, Sadie Appel and Agnes Long-received permission to go. The Monday after New Year's Day found them at the school. It did not take them very

long to learn that a real boarding-school is not

mother to let her go to Miss Prim's boarding

sofunny as when you play it, because you cannot quit when you are tired. Besides being tired of lessons and going to bed early, they did not like Miss Prim one bit, but thought her real cross; and one evening

they were found chattering together. "Oh! won't it be fun!" cried Lulu, clapping her hands. "It will scare her half to death," added Belle.

with a chuckle.
"I know where there is a pumpkin," said Sadie Appel, "but it is to make pies for our Sunday dinner." "Never mind that," put in Agnes Long.

What are pies to fun, and we've got an apple, anyway."

the parcels are displayed, as they sometimes are, at the side table, the numbers tell no tale. You can have a few small things fastened to the tree for the tinies, who would not realize otherwise that the gifts do come off the tree. but the fewer presents you put on it the better, for in their eagerness to catch the prizes dangling before their very eyes even the best-

nearer the blazing tree than safety warranted. The prize numbers should begin with the youngest, for the tots get tired if kept waiting till their elders are provided for, and as soon as each has received the trifle containing his or her number, blow out the lower candles at all events, and turn up the gas (previously lowered to concentrate the light on the tree), and proceed to the distribution of the presents.

mannered children have been known to press

The more these have been hidden the better. Sometimes they are placed on a side table carefully covered with a cloth, or else they are distributed by a parcels post barrow, managed by a couple of boys dressed as

postmen. But manage it as you will, only see that while attention is distracted by crackers, sweets, and presents, the lights of the tree are safely put out. In fact, it is a good thing to have another room in readiness to receive the

A SACRED PLANT IN ENGLAND

Mistletoe is one of those plants called paraites. 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." There are many different kinds of mistletoe. but that which grows on the oak is the most famous in English history. In England, although the people think a great

deal of having the mistletoe of the oak to deck their houses at Christmas, it is not allowed in the churches. Many, many hundred years ago the mistletoe

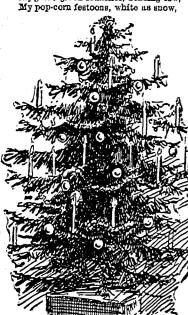
was a sacred plant in England. The people did not worship the one true God, but they believed n several evil spirits, and these spirits they worshiped and tried to please. For these spirits they set apart the oak trees. Their priests were called Druids, and they

built their altars in oak groves. There they prayed and sang their hymns of praise. Dressed in long white robes these Druids marched in procession to the oak trees, and cut off the mistletoe with knives of gold. After saying a prayer over it they cut it in short pieces and gave it as a New Year's gift arrongs I've got a knife that we can cut off the top, the people, who kept it carefully.



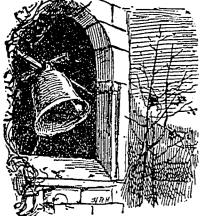
Christmas Morning.

I am the spreading Christmas tree! Without me, what would Christmas be? My great green branches, bending low,



My gleaming candles, in a rowam the spreading Christmas tree! Without me, what would Christmas be?

The bell, the old church bell, am I. I chime the dawn of Chrismas Day,



I toll its fleeting hours away, At misty morn, 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,



In my bright smiles all mortals bask, Why, should I up some day and leave, Thenceforth there'd be no Christmas Eve.

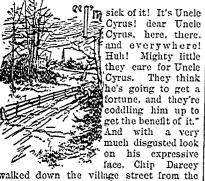
A ittle two-year boy is I. Dust old enough to yaff and ky. I knowe what makes old Kismus be-



It ain't old Santy, bells, or tree; It's cause dere's pesents dust for me. If ittle childs should do away, Dere'd be no use of Kismus Day,

GHRISTMAS UNGLES

BY MAURICE BEAVER.



walked down the village street from the residence of his Uncle Morse, which had been hishome since he became an orphan, some years provious. The Morses had never been to Chip's lik-

ing. They were less so than ever just now. They had made a drudge and a slave of him and now, at the holiday season, all he had



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. He was scriously thinking of celebrating the approaching change of year with a change of employers as he proceeded toward the principal business street of the village.

The situation of affairs that called forth

Chip's dissatisfied soliloquy was as fol-

The Morses had two old uncles, living one at each end of the village. Uncle Cyrus was selfish, tyrannical man, and nobody liked him. He was shrewd, too, and it was generally known that a relative in Chicago, a Colonel Littleton, when he died, intended to leave all his enormous fortune to Cyrus. Cyrus lived on the expectation, and the Morses 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 heirship, for he never bragged of it, as did Uncle

The Morses treated Uncle David very inlifferently, but Chip liked him. He was wont 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 certain ball he had intended to treat himelf to, he expended his entire twenty-five cents for a rough but durable pocket-knife. and then started for Uncle David's humble lome.

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

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

"Yes, they are. You know Colonel Little-ton is dead, and Uncle Cyrus is just strutting around, waiting to get a letter telling him he's the heir, and the Morses can't do enough for him. They're giving him a big Christmas-eve dinner to-night. You in-

Ha, hum. I reckon not." "You bet 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."

"Beau-tiful! beau-tiful!" chirruped Uncle David, "Just the knife I wanted." And the old man went into ecstasies over the simple

"Say, lad," he remarked, as Chip left the iouse 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,

esponded 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 domineering than

Half-way through dinner, there came : 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

"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! show him in! Hello! 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 "That suits me!"

"And, Cousin Cyrus, I got a letter this morning.

"From Colonel Littleton's lawyer." "I expect one, too.

"It surprised me." "Expected a fortune, ch? No. no; you get

"Yes; Colonel Littleton has left me all his There was mourning at the Morse house that night. Uncle Cyrus, a deposed mon-



arch, sneaked home. They had coddled the

As to simple, honest linele David, he made them all a handsome present; but he adopted to share his wealth the boy who expected nothing, and who made him his only Christmas gift except the Littleton fortune.

PIGTURES IN THE YULE-LOG.



UST see. Beckie! see! in the fire! There's a regular Christmas tree: and there's lots of things on it. And see! There's old Santa Claus him

"Oh, what a story! If Santa Claus was in the fire he'd get his gray whiskers badly burned. wouldn't he?"

"Oh. pshaw. Beckie! You ain't got no magernation. I can see him, and he is bringin' me a

new pair of skates-no, it is another one of those mean little story books." "Oh. Bunn. let's have papa put out the ire Christmas, so Santa Claus can come

down and not get himself all burned." "You're just like all the rest o' little girls. always 'fraid somebody's goin' to get hurt.' And he turned his back toward her indignantly and sat for a long time gazing steadly into the firelight and forming its flickering flames into the brightest pictures. and all with Christmas for a foreground.

Protty soon Beckie began to speak slowly. Bunn. I b'lieve there be pictures in the fire. I see a little old woman; I guess it's Santa Claus' wife, and she's got-oh, dear, I'm so sleepy-a tea set, and-I wish mamma would come home-a big wax doll, thatevery-time-it-lies down-it-shuts its eyes-and goes-right-to-sleeshe was, and there was Bunn opposite, both fast asleep, the ruddy glow from the grate lighting up their faces and bringing out their clear, rounded contour as if by magic. Yes, there the two "chicks" were an hour later when father and mother came in soft

ly from their shopping tour. "Aren't they sweet?" said the mother, with a look for approval to the "other side

of the house." "Pictures by the firelight. Botter frame 'em and put 'em to bed."

⊲PRESENTS IN SEASON⊲.

BY J. E. C.

A rattles right for a one year old.

For two years old. a Doll

At three years send a Ring of sold.

At three years send a Ring of sold.

At five the Miss inust have a Valch.

The six year Boy a Horse.

At seven the Girl mill cover hels.

At eight new Furs of course.

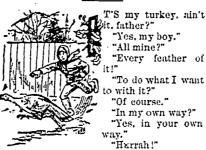
At nine the proper thing's a Book

At live live Base ball and Bat.

When thirteen comes. Boys man a Russe. rattles right for a one year pla When thirteen comes, Boys Franta Purse Al Jourhen Gish will go Balands Cards.
Al Jifleen Boys want Colling Cards.
Al Sixteen Girls... a Beau!

~"\7'S FOR YOU!">

BY JESSIE ETHEL



Ned Wallace amazed his father by dashng through the snow toward the barn, ending a colloquy so abruptly that his mother, cabin, Ned, a little shyly, told his story.

them; "the snow's deep in the woods, and we're going to have another fall, right

Mr. Wallace was no false prophet, and his warning recurred to two anxious waylarers in the forest three hours later.

Somehow in seeking a short cut from the main roud to Silas Marsh's cabin Ned and

Paul had become lost at nightfall.

to shelter them, and sat down to rest. "We must be near Marsh's cabin," mur-

"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 de-

clare!" rang out a gruff, familiar voice. "Don't shoot, Mr. Marsh. It's me. Nedshelter till we get dry and warm?"

at the two boys, but he led them to his cabin, just across a thicket.

His hard face softened as, once in the



The storm had come down furiously; every step they took they sank knee-deep in the snow.

At last, alarmed and disheartened, they SELLING ANGELS placed some branches against a tree, so as

mured Ned, apprehensively.

Ned Wallace, and that's a turkey, and it's for you, and-oh, dear! Can you give us Silas Marsh, gun in hand, stared sullenly



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 having-time I promised him one of the little gobblers 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 turkev.

He appeared with the son of the nearest armer, 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 ome 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." "Indeed?"

"Yes." Mr. Wallace looked curious. "Who to, Ned?" "Silas Marsh."

"What!" exclaimed his father. "The man who whipped you for breaking his windows? "Yes, father," replied Ned, flushing slightbut with a heroic glow in his eyes. "Don't look so sheepish, l'aul; we ain't doing anything to be ashamed of. See here. father, we broke Marsh's windows last fall, and he licked us for it, and we deserved it,

too. He's a gruff, uncivil old miser, they



say, but Paul and I got thinking it over. We never paid for those windows, and Marsh, I reekon, has very little turkey usually in his Christmas. We're going to act square and pay for the windows, and do the right thing by giving him my gobbler."

There was deep pride and joy at the man-ly confession in Mr. Wallace's heart, but he did not express it in words. Tears dimmed his eyes, however, as he watched the two handsome, honest lads go down the road leading to the distant house of Silas Marsh, miser and woodcutter.

"You want to hurry, boys," he sang after

"A Christmas present for me!" murmured Marsh, an hour later, hitching up his horse in the shed to a sled to take the boys home. 'Ah. me! they're in airnest too, and I sort of misjudged 'em. Many a year since I got a present! Mercy me! I b'lieve I'm a blubbering!"

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

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.⊳



The train started.

RE'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 roas chicken'n taters, all nice and hot," holding up his plate and walk ing the platform. "Where did you get that chicken, uncle? asks a passenger.

Uncle looks at the in

truder sharply, and then turns away, eryng:
"Ere's yer nice roast chicken, gen'lemen, all hot; needn't go in de house for

"Where did you get that chicken?" repeated the inquisitive passenger. "Look a yer," says uncle, speaking privately. "is you from de Norf?"
"Yes."

"Is you a friend ob de cullud man?" "I hope I am." "Den don't you nebber ask me whar I go dat chicken again. 'Ere's yer nice roast chicken, all hot!"

store with a demand for some obscure article in a Christmas plum-pudding. Maryre urned in half an hour, with the report: "Please, m'm, I couldn't get it." "Get what?"

MRS. LOVEJOY sent her hired girl to the

"They said they didn't keep it, m'm." "Keep what?" "What you told me to fetch, m'm." What was that?" "Dunno, m'm; I forget."

∞7HE GHRISTMAS DINNER.⊳

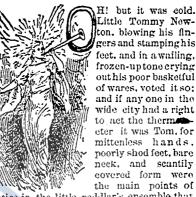
BY BOR BRIGHT. [An Acrostic.]

Granberry Sauce till we couldn't rest Hol plum rolls the richest and hest Maising and nuts we ale with a zest.

Indian pudding with a frosty crest:

Dauces that sharpened every junny jest. Turkeys cd fol on the corn of the test Marmalade sweetened to the finest test Apples I thought use would never rest; Success polatoes by this time you've guessed fuest had eaten so much at the host's behest, inot! true and honest, little. Tommy Trest couldn't and, didn't pull down his vest

BY DWIGHT WELDON.



covered form were the main points of notice in the little peddlar'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 unseabbered scimeter blade. Glittering daggers flashed from the stars and cut the air into blasts as sharp as wolves' teeth. The quivering particles of frozen moisture looked like bits of broken glass. Oh! but it was cold!

"An-gels! An-gels! Here's your an-gels!" It was a queer ery, 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 muffledup people, hurrying to cozy homes with armfuls of presents, to got chilled inspecting his paltry stock of goods?

"An-gels; 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 tenementhouse room all that day? They meant food and warmth and medi-

cine, 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

older and colder. He took up his basket at ast with a dreary sigh. Little Tom's heart went out in a gasp. He eached down toward a fat, bloated pocketfather, daughter and son in their humble ook lying in the snow, so fat and so

ploated that the ends of several bills showed at one end. "Here, boy! I lost that." The sharp tones belonged to a richly fressed woman, and she fairly grabbed the

wallet from Tom's hands. "Yes, ma'am. I'd have given it to you, if I know'd it was yours, without your ask-ing. Angels, ma'am, please buy one!"

"How much?" came the vinegarish demand. "Only a dime." "I'll give you five cents for one for your onesty." And she passed Tom a nickel,

selected the best image, and swept 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 lace 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. Poor Tom! He counted more on Elsa's



Christmas, with ten cents as its cost, than the richest nabob with his millions. Twenty cents for meat and bread, flye cents for popeorn, five for candy, two for a

stunted tree limb, two for candles, one for a sheet of tinsel paper, and Tom started homeward, jolly as a lark. "We'll have enough to eat till to-morrow, and a Christmas in the bargain," he mur-

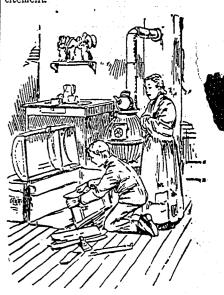
mured, cheerily.

Motherless Elsa greeted him at the door of the chill, dreary room they called home. Mr. Newton, shivering on the sparse couch, tried to smile. "What luck, my boy?" he asked. "Something to eat, and better luck to-

morrow." responded Tom. "Ah, how nice if we had a fire. Tom!" said "Elsa, fire! Why, I got a great pile of wood before I left."

"Father was so cold, I used it all up. "Then I'll get some more." Staunch, energetic Tom had scoured the vicinity for stray bits of fuel. Too often. pickings of a whole square of alleys and

It afforded heat for an hour, and cooked the supper, and then stringing the popcorn and cutting the tinsel and trimming the Christmas-tree, not forgetting a bright gold angel as its guardian. Tom and Elsa never noticed the fire go out amid their excitement_



"Tom. its dreadful cold!" whispered Elsa. after their task was completed. "Father is shivering, and won't tell us he is cold." Tom looked out through the frosted panes

dubiously.
"I'm afraid I can't find any more wood tonight. Oh, Elsa, see here! There's the old trunk. It's empty now. It will keep up a little heat, off and on, until morning, "Oh. Tom! never do that!"

"Why not?" "You know it's the trunk father's mother sent him when shedied, packed with clothes and silver. It nearly broke his heart to sell them. The trunk is sort-sort of sacred to

him.' "But it's empty and broken. We must have a fire. Elsa. He might get another chill and die." As softly as he could. Tom began breaking

parded ends glow and flicker in the stove. "Hello!" Tom, separating the worn leather from the curved top board, uttered the ejaculation

up the old trunk. The children watched its

foreibly. "What is it, Tom?"

"Look, Elsa!" He had found between the lining a large envelope, old, discolored, but still sealed. "'To my son, Robert Newton," read Tom. "I'll open it. Gracious! Oh, Elsa, the good angel, the real angel, has come at last!" Yes, for from out the unsealed envelope there fell upon the floor a score of bank-



notes-a mother's gift, hidden for years, but found at a time when their favors meant alth, me and joy to three patient souls. 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

OUR GHRISTMAS JOKELETS.



UNNING little Johnny had been watching his mother make the holiday tarts. Finally he asked:
"Ma, has your tongue

ot legs?" "Got what, child?" "Got legs, ma." "Certainly not: but

question?" "Oh, nothing, only I heard pasay your tongue was running from morning till night, and I was

wondering how it could run without legs, "What are you going to give your wife for

Christmas? "I am going to make her a p-"O, yes, you are going to make her a present of a handsome set of jewelry. It takes

me to guess things." "No. I'm going to make her a p-"A present of a nice horse and buggy, so that she can drive all over town by herself?" "No. as I was saying. I was going to make her a promise on Christmas to give her something handsome on her next birthday,

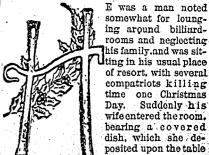
Mes. FLIPPANT had received a legacy from a dead uncle Christmas Day, and a lawyer who called to settle up the affair took occasion to inquire her age. The natron, who had long since dolled the 'widow's weeds," attempted to look prim and much younger than she really was, as

which occurs next August."

"Thirty-five years. sir." Then, turning to the daughter, he said: "May I be so bold, miss, as to inquire your

"Certainly. I am a little past thirty-twomost three years younger than mother.

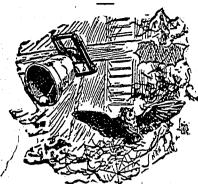
GHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.



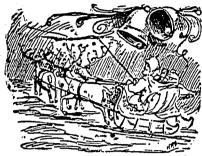
ing around billiardrooms and neglecting his family and was sit-Uting in his usual place of resort, with several compatriots killing Day. Suddenly his wife entered the room. bearing a covered dish, which she deposited upon the table peside him, with the

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 reast, but instead a slip of paper on which

was written: "I hope you will enjoy your dirmer: it'is however, a sparse armful represented the the same kind your family has at home



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

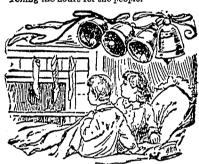


Two! down the road, with reindeer and sled, Comes Santa Clans, chuckling and heary: "No one will see me—they're all abed!"

And the moon floods the farm house with



Three! by the clock, and the old patient bell Creaks with a yawn in the steeple; Always the same somber story to tell, Tolling 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 drewn once again of Kris Kringle



Five! by the clock, then a rustle and rush Up the chimney, then over the snow; Santa has been, and Santa has gone.



Six! tumble out, every urchin and babe! One shoe off, one on, no matter! 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! lot the children rush in!
"Tis the day that is nearest to heaven!

The Story of a Mortgoge. in Three

BY GEORGE HENRY MORSE.



Mrs. Gregory aroused from adeepreverie an hour she had sat staring in a dreamy. worried sort of way in the old-fashioned kitchen fire-place and did not notice that dusk had nearly come until she was startled

AP, tap, tap.

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 daugh ter. Junet 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 nortal and ran to the window

"Who is there?" demanded her quavering

tones, 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. am I, 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 agone 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 Gregorys, 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-a trifle short of provisions, and Mr. Gregory is away, and I have no money---

"Hey? Gregory? Is this Gregory's? heerd tell about your trouble with that old skeezicks, Marble. I know him. Say. missus. I thank ve. 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. hat Marblet How I hate him!"

He went off shambling and croaking ere Mrs. Gregory could say a word. A slight flush of humiliation crossed her face as. with a sigh, she sat down again by the

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 uncanceled 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,

fortune 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 Gregorys farewell.

and in three years such misery and mis-

"I am going West to seek my fortune," he said. "Cheer up, farmer. I shall work day and night to earn the money to payyou 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 all. 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?"

"Trust in Heaven in adversity, as we did when prosperity was ours!" cried Mrs. Greg-

You've got me, father, and I can work. and we cannot utterly fail," spoke Janet, smiling through her tears, and caressing lejected, despairing John Gregory. It was a mournful family group.

farmer had returned home with a white, hardened face—on foot—from town. Gabriel Marble had given the serew o torture another turn. He had seized upon the eam 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 malevolent 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 today, and she shall be its mistress if she speaks but the word."

"The thieving seoundrel!" 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?"

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

"He is a tramp; he came here for food today." began Mrs. Gregory.

"And ye give it to me, and I said I'd re member it, eh?" persisted the tramp, edg-ing 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, ye 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 agone. I ain't old Jerry at all. I'm Marble's old man of all work." "Dobbs!" uttered Gregory, startled and nterested.

"Exactly. He made me a tramp," was the ramp's strange statement "To-night I ramp's strange statement make him-a pauper!"

III.

TAP THREE!-AT DAWN!

Old Jerry had taken off his ragged muffler and his greasy cap, and the firelight 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

Gregory softly. "Come, John, we will not let it crush us. We have health and hope and—Janet! We can face life posits and the control of the contro

"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 : 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.

at the town tayern 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 man-

sion, on the hill." "I know." "So he gets me to help him. By and by, t comes to moving his desk. I shouldered it. Once out of sight. I lugged it to a thicket. had a lantern of his with me. For an hour 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

suspensefully.

"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 reenge.

Dobbs arose to his feet. He looked quite erious 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."

Yes, light had come amid darkness; the eccipt proved everything. With Dobbs' evidence it placed Gabriel Marble in the lock 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.

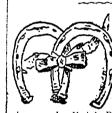
The tap of the tramp's hand on the farmhouse door had won him charity that he

epaid 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 illainy home to him, and right triumphed And those three taps made the gathering

at the Gregory farm-house that Christmas night the happiest and brightest in all the

UMCHRISTMAS.UM



EMORABLE is the institution of Christmas. It is a festival of the Christian Church observed on December 25 as the anniversary of the Savior's birth established by Pope Teles-

phorus, 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 fourth century, 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 censors in the archives of Rome, and estabished the day which has prevaile since.

The custom of celebrating three masses in Roman Catholic countries to usher in Christmas day-one at midnight, the presumable four 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 gay, fantastic spectacles, dramatic mysteries, moralities and mask-entertainments.

In England, Italy, Germany, and nearly every country in Europe the day is colebrated with great festivities, although much of the elaboration of the same is dispensed with. Even to this day the Calabrian minstrels 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 Ru-

At Christmas eve the bells were rung On Christmas eve the mass was sung; That one night in all the year Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear. Then opened wide the baron's hall To vassal, tenant, sorf and all: Power Inid his rod of rule aside, And ceremony deffed his pride; Thelheir, with roses in his shoes, That night might village partner choose: All hailed 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 broach'd the mightiest ale. Twas Christmas told the merriest tale; A Christmas gambol oft would cheer A poor man's heart through half the year.

Christmas earols 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 cathe-Iral 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

I saw three ships come sailing in On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day; I saw three ships come sailing in O, they sailed into Bethlohem
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
O, they sailed into Rethlehem

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 ori-

in 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 No. I wanted tangible evidence. When I of the little ones, who would rather go wild left here to-day I wanders into Tipton. over its beauties than marvel at the mys-



"Everybody knows our trouble, it seems, she murmured brokenly: "even that old tramp has heard the gossip. Oh, how the years have brought misfortune and care, and a bleak, cheerless Christmas, when we nave tried so hard, oh, so hard, to make life happy for our darling child, Janet."

Yes, a pastoral tragedy was being enacted in the lonely farmhouse, more pathetic than those of daily fiction. Here were honest hearts, bleeding and torn and desolate, and old Jerry, the tramp, had struck the keynote of the cause when he spoke that name -Marble!

Marble, miser, hypocrite, usurer!-how much of sorrow did the honest Gregorys owe to him! Ten years previous the next farmhouse

was owned and occupied by William Tyler. His wife had died, leaving a boy. Cecil. eleven years of age. He and pretty Janet had become warm friends and playmates. The lonely widower was a frequent guest at the Gregory home. When the children became sixteen they were lovers.

One day the two farmers did a foolish thing. Mr. Tyler wished ten thousand dollars to speculate in a wonderful mine, discovered some distance to the west. He got Gregory excited about it. He tried to horrow the money, and, going to Tipton, met

the miserly Gabriel Marble. Marble agreed to advance the money on conditions. Tyler was to deed his farm to him as security, give his notes, and obtain as indorser to the same his neighbor. John Gregory. This was done. Tyler went away to the mines. He wrote frequently of failure, success, failure, success, and finally, after a long lapse of silence, that he was coming back to the old farm to die. He had been badly injured by an accident at the mine, had sold it out, and, he wrote Gregory, would pay Marble, and pass the few

years the doctor said he might live on the farm. And now came the strange part of it. One dark night Cecil Tylor was awakened by a loud knocking at the door. Arising, he found there Gabriel Marble and his hired man, Dobbs. A wagon stood at the gate. Between them they bore an insensible form

that of William Tyler. "We found him on my doorstep," explained Marble. "He had just come to town, and I guess wanted to see me on business, but his strength failed him, and he fainted dead away. Doctor said he was very ill, and told

us to get him home." The next day, at eventide, William Tyler died. The farmer had scarcely been buried when Gabriel Marble seized upon the farm and all its belongings for debt, and notified John Gregory that, as indorser for Tyler, he should hold him responsible for any deficit.

seoundrel-the villain!" choked Gregory. "He adds insult to injury. He has brought us to poverty. He wishes to disgrace us still lower!"

"Speak, John! What do you mean?" "He has bought the mortgage on the farm hat comes due at New Year's."

"Then we will lose all." "Yes, for his cruel heart would never move aim to extend it. He has also a claim of some interest on the old notes Tyler gave. He says he will seize our stock unless they are paid."

Can he?" "The law aids the rich!" groaned Gregory, bitterly, "but that I expected; but when the crafty, low-natured villain dared to ask me to force Janet, our Janet, the bonny darling, to marry him-a price for beauty, a bribe to sell her to live with him-I couldn't stand it. I struck him. I told him I would

see her dead sooner than his wife." Yes, that was the secret. The miser loved, or fancied he did. He had been repulsed. Revenge now became the ruling dement of his life.

Upon Christmas Eve Mrs. Gregory recalled now claim after claim had so beggared them that they had resolved to abandon the farm a week later, and move as tenants to a miserable swamp farm many miles away:

To add to all their misery, Janet had faded and paled, and the roses fled from her bonny cheeks. For over six months, dead or alive not a word had been heard from Cecil Tyler. So Christmas Eve had dawned with gloomy shadows over the dear old home, and gaunt haunting wraiths of a happy past in forlorn

With a sigh, Mrs. Gregory arose from her reverie, lighted a lamp, and set about preparing the frugal evening meal.

"They'll be here soon," she murmured. "I must be cheerful, to keep poor Janet in spirits. I declare, John has forgotten his spectacles." They lay across an open page of the family

Bible. Mrs. Gregory placed them on a shelf, About to close the sacred book, she lanced down at the open page. A flickering flame from the fireplace prought out one single line so prominently

hat she read it in a flash: "Weeping may endure for a night-The flame died down. Then it sprang up igain, brighter, cheerier, and seemed to ringe with gold the promise sweet that folowed in the book:

"But joy cometh in the morning!"

ĪĪ. TAP TWO-AT MIDNIGHT! "Husband! husband! don't complain! It wicked-"But what can we do?"

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 east aside his wraps as best he could with

those clinging, rapturous arms of love about She was crying, sobbing at his knee 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 itsgifts. It was heaven to hear laughter and mirth under that old roof

"Midnight!" 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." "Open the door, husband. I love the

chimes. Mrs. Gregory's hand rested lovingly on the farmer's shoulder, and a gentle, faraway 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 afflanced love.

Over the snow, mellow and echoing, came the last runaway chimes of the belfries 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 "Yes, ye 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

"Had!" snorted Dobbs: "well, with cheat ing estates by fraud and forgery, shaving notes at fifty per cent., and other crimes, he was just at the doors of the penitentiary. and one day he come to me and told me that he wanted me to leave Tipton and never come back again, and he gave me a thousand dollars, and said if I ever told any one about his shady business he would make it bad for me, he did." "How?" queried Gregory.

"I went to New York. I got drinking. lost and squandered every dollar I had. I wrote Marble to send me enough to pay my fare to California, and I'd never trouble him again. No answer. I wrote again. threatening to expose his secrets if he didn't. That brought him. He came, got me drinking, and next day, on a trumpedup charge of robbery, I was packed off to State's prison for three years.

"What a dreadful man!" shuddered Janet nestling closer to her lover. "I kept quiet then; I had to," proceeded

Dobbs, grimly. "By and by, freedom came. I wandered around: time had changed me I became a tramp, and about a month ago I found a motive in life." "And that was?" ventured Gregory. "Revenge!" "On Gabriel Marble?" "Who else? Hadn't he made me a thief

and a convict? I worked my way towards

Tipton. Yesterday, at the next village, I

learned the run of town gossip. I was

sort of confused when I stopped here for food. Iwas hungry, too. Then I remembered ye all and what I'd heard of ye. It started me thinking; for if there was one game for which I could put the clamps on

Gabriel Marble, it was for cheating William

Tyler and John Gregory."

"Ah, at last, the brute!" murmured Cecil Lyler, expectantly. "Man! man! can you right my wrongs?" eried Gregory, excitedly.

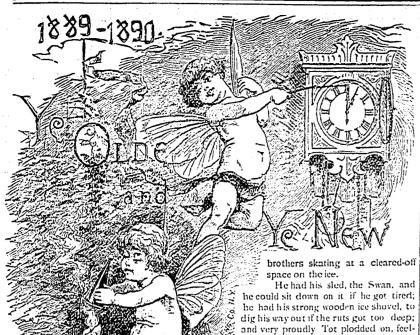
"Wait and see. Truth was, the night that Tyler came back to Tipton he had \$10,000 with him. He came to Marble's, and paid it to him."

"Are you sure?" "I saw him. Marble pretended the notes was at the bank, but Tyler said to never mind, to give him a receipt, and the notes later. Just as he handed it to Tyler he fainted away. Marble hooked the receipt and the next day Tyler died; and Marble bribed me to silence and claimed that he

"Why. Dobbs, your evidence alone would bring Marble to time!" spoke Gregory. "Trust me trying it on that crafty old fox!

never received the money.

Mrs. Gregory's food and a drink I enjoyed teries of time-honored usages.



ing every inch a grown-up man.

He could hear the distant shouts of the

skaters and felt encouraged, and although it

was getting dusk he started for the river, re-

calling the snow-covered path among the trees,

from having traversed it with his older brothers

Tot sat down on his sled and looked around

im, scared and puzzled and wearied. He had

found it quite a task to drag the sled over the

old logs and through the netted vines and

bushes, and had fallen into a hole twice, and

the snow had got up his arms and he was con-

He couldn't tell the direction of home or the

direction of the river, and the merry shouts of

Poor little Tot started to his feet terrified.

"To-whoo!" and an uncanny fluttering thing

with great big eyes swooped past him, and Tot

struck out at it with the wooden shovel, and

Then, crying and trightened to death, Tot

grabbed the shovel in one hand and the rope

That was the way the naughty echo an-

"Tu-whit, tu-whoo," croaked the old owl.

go through a hole in the snow just like the

fairies in the story-books, and there wasn't any

About two hours afterward there was a great

Papa, excited, was rushing up and down the

Mamma was at the door, crying and wring-

"Oh, I know my poor Tot is stolen or lost or

Tot's brothers were rushing everywhere

Old Uncle Bill, the bill-poster of the town,

was out with a big brass bell, and was going all

over the village, shouting out, in doleful tones:

There was not much use ringing his bell

"What's that?" he cried, a minute later, an

But more than all that, right at Uncle Bill's

It came right out of the ground, and Bill' eeth fell to chattering, and the bell jangled

just because he couldn't keep his hands still

tied to the sled in the other and hurried on.

wered scared little Tot back.

"Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!"

Tot to be seen any more.

"Tot, Tot, where are you?"

ing her hands and saving

"Boy lost! Boy lost!"

"Boy lost! Boy lost!"

'Tu-whoo, tu-whoo!"

feet there sounded a voice.

echoed dismally in the woods.

An old owl shricked out in reply:

stir in Tot's home

drowned or frozen.

over poor little Tot.

looking for him.

road shouting

the skaters had died completely away.

And oh, it had grown so dark.

"O, dear, it's a long way," he sighed.

road from the woods.

in the summer time. "Oh, dear, I'm tired out."

fused.

cried:

"To-whoo!"

"Go away!"

"MAMMA!"

"Mamma!"

Tot was desperately tired when he

reached the fence that separated the

THE OLD AND THE NEW

BY DUNCAN MAC GREGOR. IGHTY-NINE.



eighty-nine! Ring it out, a broken is a year without a handle. is a stand withou a candle;

Feebly its last seconds go-Eighty-nine! eighty-nine! Take your place last in the line

Eighty-nine! eighty-nine! Dim and far your memories shine; All your days seem light and airy, Snuff them out, you little fairy. It was young, it now is old; It is lead, it once was gold-Eighty-nine! eighty-nine! Your last passport now we'll sign.

1890, young and spry, Wake and reign! your hour is nigh! Bring us joy in January. Bring us love in February; March may come, but keep us warm Through its winds and April's storm: Bring sweet flowers in the May, Make our June one holiday: Patriot fires send with July. Bid hot August swiftly fly; Send us full September elce. Fill October's coffers free, Bring us mirth in cold November, Gratitude in wild December.

Eighty-nine! eighty-nine! Like a dim-remembered rhyme, Haste your last fond lingering! 1390 now is king!

BOY LOST.

BY RUFUS REDWING.



T was awfully cute and cunning-little Tot Deeralong in the snow—toddled prather, for he was only four years old.

Cute and cunning to run away from home and give there, but he felt sort of lonesome, so he did the folks a fright and be ring it, and cried out: the hero of a genuine Christmas sensation; that was what he meant. he looked dreadfully scared; for his own voice

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 was eider down. A snug hat, a thick cloak, warm mitts, leggins, and overshoes-surely these would defy the Storm King during a truant run down the road to the woods, across the woods to the and the whites of his eyes danced like owls river, and there Tot knew he would find his eyes.

"It's a ghost, a spirit! Don't eatch me, dear Uncle Bill crouched to the ground. Then he

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 as those of little Tot. Then he dug at the hole in the ground, and

way down under the ground and found—

A cave, warm and cozy, and lying on his sled in one corner, warm and cozyalso, little

the snow flew, and he lit a match and peered

Tot had cried as it his heart would break when he first fell into the dark, gruesome place, but by and by he got sleepy and he had aid 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 halloed with all his might:

BY W. E. TYLER.



"Boy found! boy found!

DAR! G'lang, Poverty it ul be dark afore reach mer journey end, let alone gettin back home."

Old Eph struck his horse a blow with the switch and the ancient eart joited over the frozen mountain road more briskly. "Tain't as used to

was; 'tain't no more comin' as it used to mumbled the old darky. "Dar was afore de wah. We won't say nothin' 'bout dose Christmases times, for dey's past and gone but sence de wah cullud folks is forgettin Christmas, all 'cept old Uncle Eph. Jus' like any odder day to 'em; but I'll wake 'em up-I'll show dem how de old aristookracy remembers what's right and propah. G'lang! Hallo,

Mis-tah 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 hail caused 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 Then little Tot fell. He slid, and the sled little Johnsons wedged in their curly pates at slid, too, and shovel, Tot, and sled seemed to every loophole afforded, to also welcome the new comer.

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

Uncle Eph bowed with dignity. There was nore 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 Johnsing and family," began Uncle Eph, solemnly, "you is 'spectfully invited to a Christmas dinner and ball at de residence ofof myself on the twenty-fifth instantaneous. R. Q.-Rest in peace; dat's it, dat is deformula Dinah 'greed on, but we had no papah, so I'se de bearer of de message in pusson.

So you may imagine that there was a great vited to come, chillen and all." commotion in the place, neighbors searching, Mr. Johnson showed his ivories. Mrs. Johncrowds scurrying hither and thither, and son looked complacent. The seven little ones Christmas tree all forgotten amid the anxiety yelled out a wild hurrah. Mr. Johnson's sisters looked serious, and one of them inquired, with About an hour later old Uncle Bill came I slight hauteur: through the same woods where Tot had got

"Will de occasion be in de nature of a swaree, 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 ightly barred. Ha, ha! But a goose, Mr. Clay. shorely a goose."

"No, sah," replied Uncle Eph, with becoming dignity; "goose is a greasy fowl. Dar will be refreshments, but de main article of celebration will be a pig-a fat young pig, sah, and dey as nebber ate one of Dinah's prime roasted pigs has nebber known de delights of livin'. 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', one an' all."

Uncle Eph joggedalong homeward, the pic-ture 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 chuckled at a sight of the Christmas tree and chucked an extra cabbage at the sleek, wellfed pig that was to serve for the Christmas

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

"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 merr "Doan'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,

chile, hark!"

"What's dat?" "Hossifus, Dinah, look!"

Both had run to the door and flung it open t 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 screeching, 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 hos

pitable reputation, and the pig-depended on nmediate 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 and loaded it twice in the past few weeks. The recoil sent him, half stunned and pros rate, to the ground. A few of the shots had tickled the bear and angered him, and, drop-

ping the pig, bruin made a sortie for Eph. 'I'se a gone coon. Dinah, you's a widow! eried Eph, and thenBang, bang!

Two sharp reports rang out, and bruin fell, dyeing the snowy ground with his life-blood. Old Eph looked up.
A spruce, dandified colored boy stood, gun

in hand, a few feet away.

"Just in time, Uncle Eph; just in time," spoke his individual.

"Lawsy, but yo was de boy, an' I doan' remember yo face! Dinah, de Lawd is good, 'se saved as a brand from de burnin'. My oy, whoever yo is, we tanks yo, we tanks yo; de house is yours; de bes' we hab-our gratiude-de pig-

Eph was shaking the hand off his rescuer as Dinah came up.

"I heard you was going to have a celebration down the road," spoke the stranger, "Roast pig, was it? Mr. Eph, what's the matter with oast bar?" "Eph."

"Fo' goodness sake, ole woman, is you crazv?" "Eph!"

Dinah was going through some wild gesticlations, only ending by her pouncing 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, old mammy Chile, chile! come to vo' mother's arms.

"Boy, you don't mean it?" grasped 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

otch 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 won-

"Why, sis, what's the matter?"

"Dolly spoke!" announced Nellie, in ghostly tones.

"What?" "Yes, Dolly spoke."

"Nonsense! "Ho, ho!" "Been dreaming!"

"Her head creaked!" "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

"Dollies can't speak," he said. "You just imaginated it. Where's Cousin Tom? He and I will go and get the 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, val iantly.

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 after-

noon 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. perfect beauty. "You want to hurry up, then," said the old isherman. "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 huy it." "You!" sneered Justin Orren. "You'll be

thinking of buying the village next." Sidney Clare flushed hotly.
"I can express my thoughts, I believe," he said.

"I may beable to buy it yet." "When you do, let me know," sneered young Orren.

Sidney turned from the throng with a quiet "You cannot provoke me to a quarrel," he

aid. "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 petty oickering, 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 dresesd 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. My Lady," rang out on the clear morning air, just as it used to echo in the days when they celebrated Christmas on the old plantation.

BY MAURICE ELLIS.



OW, Dolly, you're all dressed up for the evening." Christmas eve, mind you, little Nellie Bly meant, and her eyes

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, com placently, "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

"Oh, don't leave me! Don't leave me. Nel-"Gracious!" Nellie's eyes opened like saucers. She stared at the tree and at all she could make

eyes and put you, Dolly, right under the tree.

There you are. Now, I must run away."

out of Dolly's fluffy 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!"

Papa looked down, surprised.

"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!"

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

"So it's you who scared the children," spoke "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

Nellie and Ned and Charlie knew the truth an hour later.

Tom thought it was a great joke, scaring 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.

HE 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 boatng and fishing.

A knot of boys were gathered about a little I ted a royal Christmas present indeed.

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 to-

morrow. 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 surf prise of all paid him then, from a roll of bills? which he took from his pocket.

Orren was considerably taken aback when it afterward transpired that the stranger had found buried in the soil of the island a box oold coin, and that he had shared liberally with his young companion. After that the rich man's son was content to become a little more humble to the fortunate possessor of the boat which was the envy of all, and which constitu





N.LY a league!' pants the pretty Through leave: that rustle and quiver; Only a mile!" sings the broade: stream,

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.

'Ønly 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; 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 linnets. If I stay awake just an hour, I'll see Santa Claus come down the broad chim-ney. Oh! I'm so sleepy, so slee-sleepy! Only an hour to Christmas!

"It's come and it's been, and it's stayed and it's

Christmas is 'merried' and over. Wish it would stay through the snow and the

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

Oh, dear! One great long year to Christmas!

WHAT XMAS BROUGHT

BY ALICE BRADSHAW.

the early morning on

T was Christmas Eve, and snow-snow everywhere. It had come with

the wings of a mighty storm, and had eased just as the heerless day began o 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 swaving cedars had welcomed many a gay party of merry visitors, the quaint windows had quivered and blazed with thrilling light and warmth, and the broad fire-places , had seen more than one Yule log, more than one bright romance, sparkle and glow to the sound of happy voices and the beating of hap-

That was a dim-remembered story in the oldtime, entombed now, however. For three years The Cedars had seen Christmas pass by with no welcome from the weird, sealed por tals 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 pulsated the fair cheeks. She sighed as might one standing amid the wraiths 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

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 Aylmer, 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 Aylmer, feverishly. "They have sold off everything, even to ordinary articles of comfort. They have lost every dollar they put into that old im becile'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, home less, with the dawn of Christmas Day."

Tap-tap-tap! A reluctant voice bade the unwelcome visito of Christmas Eve to enter.

Tam sorry to intrude," spoke the hypocritical

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 backwealth, 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

"To-morrow, then, Mr. Aylmer, 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 Aylmer flung his mad and bitter ravings, once free from the

mansion. He dashed on over the snowy ledges like a being demented, spurned 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

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 purpose of the old man, they buoyed his enfeebled frame to breast the storm with a laugh of stanch disduin. Whatever the delusion his clouded mind entertained, t made him chuckle and glow and thrill as if he were back in his forties.

Where the road turned he attered 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!"

igh as this. I have a letter for you." "For me?" "Yes, the postmaster gave it to me and I thought I'd bring it."

ejaculated the stranger. "And abroad such a

"Put it in my pocket-outside cont pocket that's it. I'll open it by and by." An hour later, exhausted, he reached a dilap idated but at the very summit of the clift. "Home!" he piped; "the old home. Ah! what

olly Christmases when my gun brought down the game and we crowded around the great broad fire-place. Heap it on! heap it on! I'll wake the ghosts of the old days with fire and ight and cheer!" He ran in, he ran out of the cabin. He cast

wast armfuls of wood into the fireplace. He andid 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, rolanxious 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.

Faint, despairing, the cry pierced the dark-ness and gloom. Vaguely discernible, fifteen The voices Claire had hea 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, teareyed, she looked down at the huddled figure. "Not Grandfather Denslow!" she panted. '

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.

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 raying, 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

The voices Claire had heard outside the hut belonged to villagers, and they told her as they emoved Leslie to The Cedars that Grandfathe Denslow had sent them and was himself safely housed at the town.

And now at noon Leslie, weak and pale from is 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 Aylmer appeared at the door of the room uninnounced, and scowled darkly at the array of vreaths and holly sprays.

"It means that I have returned-too poor to redeem the domain your treacherous arts have A glow of radiance blinded her. Thrilled, 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



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

moniac hatred flashed in his eyes. His accents were hoarse and strained as he pointed down a path unbeaten and barely discernible. "Yes, that way."

Of all dark deeds the weird night shut in to its bleak bosom of gloom, that was the most hideous. Aylmer stood watching the receding form. It toiled 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 Aylmer, fled like one pursued by phantoms.

A cry vain, despairing, lost:

CHAPTER II. Spirits of evil and good were abroad that

snowy Christmas eve-spirits of fancy and unrest. too. One hour after Gurdon Aylmer 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 muffler nearly hid his face, his arms held a heavy bundle, and he chuckled as he got dashed across her face as she opened the door to the front gate undiscovered and started down

"Christmas eve," he piped; "Christmas evean old-time storm-an old-time celebration. Ayimer, "but I have a few words to say to you." Ah! how the days agone, when I lived in the

Gurdon Aylmer's breath came hotly, a de- 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 spread out his thin, trembling hands to the grateful heat. 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. Clairemy 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 east 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—he's gone!" Almost a shriek, the sudden cry of Claire prought her mother to her side, and together, norror-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 cted. Oh, if he has ventured forth on such a

night as this!"
"My child——" The wind shook the old manse and shrieked mockingly as Claire spoke, amid her poignant distraction. A great gust of blinding snow

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 as he recognized the man he had thought to whoever he is, perish of the cold."

Brayely 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 with 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 Yuleide 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.

The dead come back to life; empty arms and a longing heart to crave no more, for when she awoke from that deep swoon the white face be side her glowed with the warmth of returning

And voices sounded without-but Grand father Denslow was gone.

'Whither? Ah, Grandfather Denslow had read the letter!

CHAPTER IV. Like a weird romance untangled, the broken

hreads 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

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 Alymer bit his lips. "Very well, my money or my property," ground out. "I will show no mercy.

"Your money! Mr. Alymer, what is your The money-lender started. A new voice had spoken. Turning he recognized a village lawyer and by his side, quivering with some extra-

ordinary excitement, stood Grandfather Dens-"What is that to you?" he demanded, surlily, "Nothing; but my client, Mr. Denslow, vishes to redeem The Cedars."

"Eh! he redeem it," sneered Alymer.

"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 or ten thousand dollars. He will pay you your mortgage, dollar for dollar, whenever it is presented to him."

slunk from the house. Then it was given over to joy, festivity, and

Like the craven he was, the baffled Aylmer

love, and at even-tide 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

AT THE TREASURY

BY J. V. HAY.

LMOST 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 are sent by persons who have, purposely or otherwise, defrauded the Government, and are induced by the smitings 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 im-

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 speak-

ing 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 agarment. 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 forgiveher. But she hadn't the courage to sign her name to it.

"A single inclosure of \$4,000 is the larges 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,ooo 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. Ido not remember ever receiving 'consciencemoney' 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

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE AZTECS

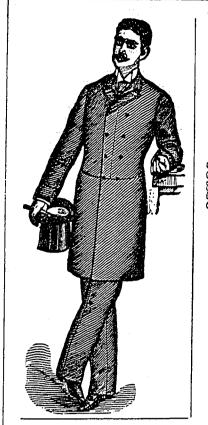
enough."

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 Christmascertainly 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-tor 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 any one 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 whomhumanity was deified, 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 ... feast time." Instead of being improved by means of social gatherings and other rational amusements, it is a time for rioting gambling, and hurtful dissipations.



Everybody, Young and Old!

I WISH YOU ALL A

Merry Christmas and a Mappy Mew Mear!

J. N. SMITH,



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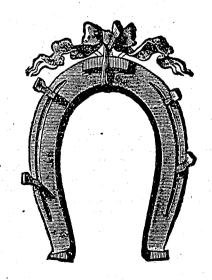
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