

NEWSPAPER LAWS

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CHRISTMAS DAY.

What's this hurry, what's this hurry,
All throughout the house to-day?
Everywhere a merry scurry,
Everywhere a sound of play,
Something, to the matter, matter,
Out-of-doors as well as in,
For the bell goes clatter, clatter,
Every minute—such a din!

Everybody winking, blinking,
In a queer, mysterious way:
What on earth can they be thinking,
What on earth can they be saying?
Robb, peepin' o'er the stairway,
Bursts into a little shout;
Riky, too, is in a fair way,
Where's he, to, to jiggle out.

As the bell goes a-ting-a-ting
Every minute more and more,
And swift to go springing, springing,
Through the hallway to the door,
Where a glimpse of box and packet,
And a little rustic, rustic,
Make such a sound and racket—
Such a jolly bustle, bustle—
That the youngsters, in their places,
Hiding shyly out of sight,
All at once show shining faces,
All at once scream with delight.

Go and ask them what's the matter,
What the fun outside and in—
Who's the meaning of the clatter,
What the bustle and the din,
Hear them hear them laugh and shout then,
All together hear them say,
"Why, what have you been about, then,
Not to know it's Christmas day?"

Nellie's Present.

It was near Christmas—only two days before the world's holiday and the show windows of all the village stores were gay with beautiful Christmas gifts. It was really worth one's while to stroll leisurely down the principal street and look at the pretty things so temptingly displayed, and dream of the jolly groups gathered in the many homes at Christmas tide.

So at least thought Mr. Wells Howard, a tall, fine-looking gentleman, who had health and wealth, and plenty of leisure, but no home. It was no fault of the good mothers of Mapleton, nor of their pretty daughters, that Mr. Howard had reached the ripe age of thirty five, and was still a boarder at one of the village hotels. Any one of them would have joyfully bestowed herself to the task of making him a home, and helping him spend his ample fortune. However, this eccentric gentleman managed to dispose of pretty large sums in a way that pleased at least himself.

This morning he had walked half the length of the village street, when he came upon a picture which caught his eye to stop suddenly, and watch the pretty tableau which was before him.

Within the show window, surrounded by all kinds of bright, beautiful things, stood a large waxen doll with lovely blue eyes, and coral lips, and flaring curls of bright golden hair. Outside, her little blue hands clasped in an ecstasy of delight, a little girl of eight years stood gazing at the dolly, exclaiming:

"Oh-h-h! You darling beauty!"

Mr. Howard glanced from one picture to the other. The sums blue eyes and golden hair, only the lips of the living child were pinched and pale, and her dress was thin and scanty, and upon her poor little feet were only worn-out gaiters and thin white stockings. She did not seem to mind the cold, for her whole heart was absorbed in admiration of the beautiful doll.

"Would you like the pretty doll for your own, little girl?" said a voice beside her, and poor little Nell started violently.

Looking up into the dark, kindly face, beaming upon her, then down upon her poor patched dress, and worn-out shoes—

"Oh, sir, it is too nice for such as I," she answered, looking around for a chance of escape, for quite a crowd of little people were now gathered around the fine window, admiring the lovely French doll.

"Come with me," he said, quietly taking hold of her arm, and leading her within the door.

"Miss," he said to the obsequious young lady who came forward, "be so good as to find a pair of scarlet stockings and mittens for this child, and a warm pair of gaiters, and put the large doll in the window into a box."

The girl obeyed, with wide-open eyes, bowing low as she gave him back the change for the bill which he put in her hand.

Little Nell came forward, with a pretty flush upon her pale cheeks, and she put out her hand, saying—

"I wish you a merry Christmas, little one, with your twin sister in the box!" and he placed the box in her hand.

Nellie caught the extended hand, and kissed it, while two warm tears fell upon it; but when she tried to thank him, he was gone.

It was not many minutes later, that little Nell carefully opened the door of the poor little room which she called home, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks glowing with happiness. In one corner of the room her father lay pale and hollow-eyed, upon a parlor-looking couch, while near the window sat her mother busily engaged at a sewing machine. She stopped a moment as the door opened, and pressed her hand upon her side.

"See mamma! see, papa!" she ex-

claimed, holding up her scarlet mittens and the pretty clad foot. "And, oh, see! I had the opportunity to hold up the beautiful doll with its delicate robes of silk and lace. 'It is my very own!'"

"Who? what?" gasped the poor mother, then burst into tears.

"Don't, mamma; don't cry. I'll tell you all about it. I haven't been naughty, indeed I have not."

"Oh, darling! I know it's all right. You never took what was not your own; but it carries me back to the happy Christmas in my dear old home," then glancing toward the sick man, she said, "Now, dear, I will listen."

Nellie told the story just as it occurred.

"It must have been Howard. It is just like him," said the sick man.

"But he doesn't know us," said Mrs. Lane.

"No; very few people do. We have been here so short a time," he answered.

"Please tell me about my grandpa, mamma. Is he alive now?" said Nellie.

"Tell her all," said the father. "I shall soon be gone, and it will not matter."

"I was working hard to get some shoes for these poor little feet for Christmas," said the mother tenderly. "Now I can rest for a few moments." Then she told her child the name of her grandpa, and of the pretty home which was his and of the dear mother—but here she broke quite down and sobbed bitterly.

"Why don't we go and see them if you love your mamma?" said Nellie, kissing her mother's tear-stained cheek.

"They will not let us come," said the sick man. "I stole your mother away from her happy home, and then I became a drunkard and broke her heart, but now I am going to die, and I hope you will all be happy once more."

"Hush, dear! do not talk so. You will live and get well, and who knows but we may yet be happy."

He shook his head. Nellie, who was stroking his thin white hand, said:

"Where is my grandpa? If he could see you now, papa, I am sure he would love you."

"No, Nellie. I dare not get well. I am a slave to drink; and it is everywhere to tempt me. Your grandpa lives in D—, only ten miles away. When I am gone, you must go to him and ask him to forgive me."

The day before Christmas had been unusually cold and frosty.

"God pity the poor this day," said good Mrs. Lathrop, as she looked down through her frosty windows into the icy street.

"It was a bitter cold night," said her husband from his arm-chair before the open fire. "They are trimming the church and lighting it. What a great fuss all because of custom."

"No, father, all because of Christ's love. I am so thankful that He came to earth, and taught us such precious lessons of love and forgiveness. I have been thinking of our Ellen, father," she added with a sort of half-smothered sob.

Just then a little rap was heard at the side door where a sheltered piazza kept out the storm. Mrs. Lathrop opened the door. A tiny child stood there, with great tearful eyes, on the lashes of which tears were frozen.

"Come in, child, who are you, and what do you want?"

The child walked straight across the room to where the old man was sitting, peering around to see who the strange intruder could be.

"I am my grandpa," she said. "I am Ellen's little girl, and I want you to forgive mamma and papa and me."

The old man grew very red in the face, then he rose and went to the window. Soon he began pacing the room, muttering to himself.

Mrs. Lathrop when she heard the child's words, clasped her in her arms, chiding the child's lips and sobbing.

"Ellen's child! my precious lamb and where is she, and how came you here?"

Then in a few words, Nellie told the story. When she had learned who her grandpa was, and where he lived, the night before she resolved to come to him.

"I told Mrs. Morris, our nearest neighbor, that if mamma called for me she was to tell her not to worry about me, but papa is so very sick, I do not think she will."

"A d-d-d! you walk all the way, child!" said the old lady.

"Oh, no; I got three or four long rides, but it took me most all day," she said.

"I think I will have John go down to Mapleton, to night," said Mr. Lathrop, coming up beside his wife. "The child's mother will give for her."

Merry Christmas To All!



Happy New Year To All!

"And won't you please to forgive us?" said Nellie, seizing his withered hand and pressing it to her cheek. "Papa said I was to ask after he was gone, but I came before."

"Yes, child; and my God forgive me!" he said, catching her in his arms and straining her to his breast.

A few moments later, the blue eyes closed in a heavy slumber, from which the child did not wake till long after the sun had risen on Christmas morning.

Meanwhile Mapleton was in a buzz of excitement over Mr. Howard's strange freaks of benevolence.

"He ought to have a guardian appointed, hadn't he mamma?" said Bob Herman, one of the beauties of the village. "To think of giving that beautiful French doll to some poor child. Why didn't he give her a new dress, or send her parents a barrel of potatoes?"

"Nellie, child," said the old man. "Oh, grandpa, this is the Christmas man, the man who gave me Angela, and the pretty red mittens; and this is my mamma, mister," and the child stepped back as a fair-faced lady, clad in mourning, advanced and gave him her hand.

"Permit me to thank you, sir, you gave my little Nell a jolly which is as fresh to-day as two years ago, and you were indeed a friend in trouble. My name is Lane, and this is my father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop."

"And I am Wells Howard, and most happy to meet you all, especially my little golden-haired friend," he answered, shaking hands all around.

"Won't you come home and see Angela?" said little Nell artlessly, and she did not at all comprehend why the little girl should be so glad to see her.

The gossip of Mapleton had plenty of business for the next few months, and at last it was fully understood that Wells Howard had purchased a house in D., and that he was to marry a young widow of that place. Only the few most closely interested knew the whole story, though Nellie says, thoughtfully, to her tall friend:

"Isn't it nice and queer that you are to be my own papa, and that dear Angela has found her true home at last?"

History of Santa Claus.

The history of Santa Claus—a curious mixture of truth and fable—goes far back into the ancient time. Centuries ago a child was born in Asia Minor who received the name of Nicholas. His parents were wealthy and of high rank, and desiring to express their gratitude to God for the birth of their son, they resolved to educate him for the Christian priesthood. The child was sober and thoughtful, and while yet young both his parents died, and he inherited their great wealth. He considered the riches a sacred trust; he fed the hungry, he clothed the destitute, and performed all kinds of good deeds as secretly as possible. As a priest he was greatly beloved; as a bishop he continued his benevolence. After his death the church canonized him and he became one of the greatest patron saints, being revered as the help of the poor, the protector of the weak, and as the supposed patron saint of little children.

Eva's Best Christmas.

How a Discontented Little Girl Discovered the Source of True Happiness.

"Oh, dear," sighed Eva Phelps, as she leaned against her mother's chair, and gazed disconsolately out of the window at the flying snowflakes. I am tired of playing, and I don't know what to do. Mamma, what can I do? I have tried most everything."

"Why, my daughter," responded the patient mother, "that is a strange question to ask, surely. Haven't you any number of toys, books and games with which to amuse yourself? Where is the doll your uncle gave you? The one that opens and shuts its eyes, you know?"

"I've played with that, an' one eye's stuck an' it won't cry, an'—an'—"

"An' what?" said the mother, smiling at her little daughter's woe-begone face.

"An'—oh, I don't know."

"Well, I know one thing, Eva, and that is you have a great habit of saying 'an' for 'and,' and 'dm' for 'do'; can you not correct yourself, my dear?"

"Mamma, you are always telling me about things, an'—and, I mean, it is so hard to rem-ber them all," said the little girl, looking up at the kind face above her with a laugh and a whine.

"Do not whine, my dear, leave that to Carlo. Why do you not go in to see the tree? I am sure you did not half look at it this morning. Just think; that little tree came all the way from Maine, just to hold your presents for you, and now you never give it a look. What do you suppose the poor evergreen would say, if it could speak, of the cold welcome you gave it?"

"Oh, now you're plaguing me, mamma—"

"An'—oh," drawled the little girl, sprawling out suspended by one arm of her mother's chair, and squinting with one eye at the live made by the curtain against the outside light."

"Plaguing you? How is that?"

"You're always telling me that trees and posts and things are looking at me, and talking about me to each other, and laughing at me in their sleeves, when they can't talk or see anything at all; can they, mamma?"

"No, my child," responded her mother, absently.

She felt neglected, did this little girl bring at her command. Neglected! was it? No; that was hardly it. What could it have been, then, that caused her to wander about in this aimless, discontented fashion? The truth was Eva

like a good many children, was a little spoiled; she had never been deprived of anything, consequently she did not know how to enjoy her blessings.

"If you please, mamma, there's a poor woman as is down below, an' she's shiverin' like a bit of ice, an' I let her warm herself a bit," said Kate, entering the room.

"Very well, Kate, I will go down. I have some clothes for her, if she is worthy," said Mrs. Phelps.

"Mamma, may I go down, too?" said Eva, now interested. Of course her mother consented.

It did not take long to get the little girl's warm sympathies enlisted in favor of the shivering creature, and those two wee children she said she had at home.

A basket containing many good things, both to eat and wear, was soon prepared with which Mrs. Finn, for such was the woman's name, went on her way rejoicing, and that very evening Eva and her mother drove to the house designated by Mrs. Finn as her home. It is dismal and tumble-down, while the room into which they are ushered is devoid of a fire and cold and cheerless. The hearty welcome they receive, however, more than makes up for the character of the surroundings. Two little girls, about Eva's age, approach and greet her warmly, praising her generosity with tears in their eyes. Eva is a little disconcerted, for she does not feel deserving of the compliments showered upon her. The Finn girls were, as had been said, nearly of the same age as their young benefactress, but they are pinched and wan, and much smaller.

It was a happy Christmas for the Finns, and as for Eva, she vowed that night, as she tumbled into her warm bed, that she felt too jolly for anything, and this was the very best Christmas she had ever spent.

"And do you know why," asked her mother, bending over her.

"No, mamma; why?" said the little girl.

"Because you have to-day discovered the source of true happiness; namely, doing good."

And her mother was right, for while Eva knew well the transient pleasure of receiving, she had never before experienced the true, the lasting pleasure of giving.

Providing for Contingencies.

A boy about ten years old, with a bootblack's kit on his arm, yesterday winked to a lad about three years' older to come into the alley behind the post-office, and when he had him there he said:

"I want you to give me a little advice."

"That's me. What is it?"

"I'm thinking of buying mother a Christmas present."

"I see. What kind of a mother is she?"

"Oh, purty fair."

"Ever lick ye?"

"Once in a while; but I guess I needed it."

"Ever sneak up and go through your pockets after you git to bed?"

"No."

"Jaw around when she has to find your hat or boots?"

"Not much."

"Well, now, you look a-ber. I'm older'n you are, and have had three mothers to your one. They can't alius be depended on. I've known 'em to be as slick as grease for three or four days, and then all at once they'd snatch you bald-headed. You must kinder consider these things in buying a present."

"What shall I git? I'm thinking of a pair of shears, or a wash-basket, or a silver tumbler, or some such a thing."

"Don't git nuthin' of the sort. You'd feel purty flat to go and pay a dollar for a work-basket, and then have her cuff you up to a peak just the day before Christmas, wouldn't you! That's the trouble, you see, you've got to protect yourself and give a present at the same time."

"How do you do?"

"I never buy nuthin', but you go and get a pound of candy. Give me four sticks and hide the rest under the house. If she keeps good up to Christmas you kin put it in her stocking, and she'll be sure to give you back half of it. If she goes to knocking things around you've got suthin' that you kin realize on. You ain't stuck on a basket or hardware or suthin' that's no good to a boy. Candy is alius worth its face value, and what you can't eat you kin use in hiring the big boys not to lick ye."

"I guess I'll do it."

"Of course you will. Tell ye, Jim, there's nuthin' like plannin' a little. Every Christmas I give my father six hard-baked eggs, and as he hates 'em like pizen, he puts me on the head for my goodness and hands me back every blessed one!" — Detroit Free Press.

THE NEW YEAR.

A New Year's greeting: Happiness to all!
How sweet the words that fall upon the ear
Like birds' notes when among the blossoms
They call
Each other in the spring-time of the year
The words of friends, and others still more
dear
Fall on the heart this morn as summer's dew
And, freshening it, new blossoms appear
With all affection's power, we never knew
Until this loving greeting brought them into
view.

Another New Year comes to all this day,
And every bosom with emotion swells,
As on the face the smile that, like a ray
Of sunlight beams, or quiet gladness tells
Of that rare peace which in the pure heart
dwells,
And crowns its being with a bliss supreme.
Oh, joy! how full thy yet unfathomed wells!
How sweet the thought! how bright thy
water's well!
How like heaven's living springs they to
the vision seem!

Another New Year! While its moments fly,
Upright and pure, thrusting all evil by,
And walking firmly in the holy way,
For strength from God, not man, to pray,
That so in all we're called to do, no fear
May rise to turn our trusting hearts astray
From that best gift which heaven's splendours
shall appear
When we have entered Life's unending, glad
New Year!

THE ANGELS' SONG.

Rev. Robert Collyer Considers
Christmas as a Time of Peace
and Goodwill.

When I find myself that sort of a
man that I call a liberal Christian,
said the preacher, it will be as easy to
me as laughter is to little children
on Christmas morning to summon up
in my heart the blessings of peace, to
exercise a perfect good will toward
all the world. When Christmastide
comes around every year I look back to
a Christmas long ago—so long ago that
it almost seems to have been another
life—when I was casting my eyes across
the Atlantic in search of a new home,
I could not tell then whether I would
find a palace or a poorhouse. I have
found a palace; but I can put all the
egotism aside and say that it is all due
to the blessing and goodness of God
and the love of Him that I kept in my
heart. But I hold it true, as has been
said, that according to the love we
show for our fellow beings so strong is
the love of God within us, and I know
that loving those who love me and do-
ing good to those who do good to me is
no standard to measure my love for God
by. "Love your enemies." There is the
great standard, that is the great principle.
Yet it is the one stumbling block that
I find it hard to get over, though I say it
335 times a year. I find it hard not to
hate the man that I know hates me.
Everything in me revolts against it.
"I can't be better than God," I say to
myself, and when some one says,
"Toss your heart over to God and all
the rest will follow," I don't find the
solution as easy. Perhaps I can't just
toss my heart over.

But when Christmas time comes and
I see the child in the manger, when
I see all the workings of the divine
love, I say to myself, surely God can't
love one man and hate another, and
what a piteous thing my heart is that I
cannot do it all at once. Then I say it
is time to make some effort. The
divine love for man is like the highest
note in the melody some surpassing
singer reaches when the Academy
down there swells with the thunder of
applause. I am a humbler voice, in-
cluded; but must I not strive, encour-
aged by that great example, to reach
some higher note than I have ever
touched before in the song which the
angel sang of good will and peace—
peace and goodwill throughout the uni-
verse?

If I can't love the man, or woman
who has done me deadly injury, let me
at least be sure I do not hate them. Let
me keep in view the possibility that I
may some day love them; let me be sure
that I will help them if they need it.
This universal demand for love and
peace is not of Thanksgiving but of
Christmas. Our Thanksgiving is found-
ed on Plymouth Rock, but Christmas
stands on the Rock of Ages. When I
bless the children of friends, even
though they be a thousand miles away,
they shine out to me like stars. I get
more than I give, and the best giving
is when I expect no return. I used long
ago to know a nurse-mother who always
did her housewifery just before Christ-
mas. She didn't care for the rest
of the year, but all should be
clean and bright for Christmas. Her
custom may serve me as a parable. I
say to you that you should brighten
the windows of your soul at this holy
time so that love and grace may be seen
shining out through them. You should
make your heart clean and pure, just
as she did her heart, and welcome to
it all mankind, as she did singers who
came to sing the carols of Christmas
morning, while the fire lit up the
whole place with its warmth and genial
glow.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken up
by your restless child snoring and crying
with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once
and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Sorely
Soothed Child. It is the best remedy for
teething, and it is perfectly safe. It is
incalculable. It will relieve the poor little
sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers,
there is no mistake about it. It cures colic,
and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and
bowels, soothes all kinds of sores, relieves
the little ones from all kinds of distress,
and gives them a sweet and refreshing
sleep. Mrs. Winslow's Sorely Soothed
Child is sold by all druggists and is
the nearest and best female nurse and
physician in the United States, and is for sale by all
druggists throughout the world. Price 25
cents a bottle.

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