

# Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., December 20, 1889.

## SANTA CLAUS' MISTAKE.

There lived in this good city once a man of eighty-seven, Befuddled with aches and pains, just ripe for death and Heaven; And as it was good Christmas Eve he thought he'd try his luck By hanging up his stockings, for he still loved fun and pluck.

Next door to him a maiden lived, a lovely, charming miss; She had but sixteen summers seen, was full of life and bliss; Her eyes, her cheeks, her hands, her face—well, they were just perfection, And she hung up her stockings, too, with bright and gay reflection.

On Christmas morn that aged man his stocking full he found, With plenty more of other things pinned up and nailed around. He wiped his specs five hundred times, his laughter turned to screaming, On opening such queer packages; he thought he must be dreaming.

A bustle, hair-pins, bracelets four, gold garters eighteen veils; A gross of gloves, two bonnets gay, a case to shine the nails; Six dresses, stylish, flying trains, two muffs and sealskin sash; Two parasols a dozen fans and slippers white and black.

Four pairs of corsets—oh, what shape!—long hose of upon stitching; Three diamond rings, two ruby rings and curls of hair bewitching; Two sets of bangles, ear-rings eight, perfumes a gross or more; Ten pounds of candy, poodle dog and other things a score.

The old man wiped his specs again. Said he; "This mighty queer! That I should get such funny things, and I so near my pier. I am afraid—I am afraid—I'm very sure, this year, That Santa Claus's been getting drunk on whisky or on beer."

On Christmas morn the lassie gay her stocking full she found, With plenty more of curious things pinned up and nailed around. She wiped her eyes five hundred times; she thought she must be dreaming, Each package was so very queer; at last she felt to screaming.

One pair of spectacles of gold, two goggles, gray and blue; A golden box, three pounds of snuff, six pipes all bright and new; Five pairs of socks of woolen blue, three night-caps, foot-balls, too; Suspenders four, two satin stocks, hair dye of blackest hue.

Pajamas two, three morning-gowns, six razors sharp and bright; With brush and soap and shaving cream, one cravat both strong and light; Six canes a suit of nice, warm clothes just suited for a dandy; A prayer book with the largest type, one bottle of old brandy.

The lassie wiped her eyes again. Said she; "This mighty queer! That I should get such funny things, and I so near my pier. I am afraid—I am afraid—I'm very sure, this year, That Santa Claus has got a wee bit crazy. To leave for me such useless things, and I a little daisy."

When Santa Claus had left that night and found on his mistake, He laughed, he laughed, he laughed so hard you'd thought his heart would break. He laughed, he shook, he shook, he laughed—more stockily, too; He laughed so loud, he shook so hard, it almost made him ill.

On Christmas Day, at dinner time, old Santa sought the city. And changed the things from house to house, laughed, danced and sang a ditty. And when the Christmas dinner o'er, the old man sought his room. The phantom change perplexed his mind with joy and awe and gloom.

And when the Christmas dinner o'er, the lassie sought her room, No pack of firecrackers e'er created such a boom. She laughed, she cried and flew about, jumped and danced upon the floor; "It's not Christmas Day; it must be April Fool."

Now, when the old man thinks of it, his thoughts are very hazy; He hardly knows just what to think, while sure he was not crazy. And when the lassie thinks of it, her thoughts are very mazy; She hardly knows just what to say—the pretty little daisy.

—Harper's Magazine.

## THE STORY OF TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

BY ROBERT ULMAR.

I. Glendale, most charming of all Western hamlets, lay serene and snow-locked in the silver beauty of a dazzling December night.

Without, Christmas cheer was in the air. The merriest of sleigh-bells echoed along the highways, the gayest of costumes flitted here and there on the hill where juvenile Glendale was tobogganing; the town stores had festooned fronts of evergreen, and extra illumination showed windows piled high with rare and beautiful souvenirs for the gift-giving season of the year.

It was nine o'clock Christmas Eve, and all was indeed, well. The spell of merriment and happiness unalloyed seemed to have settled down over the lordly mansion, aglow with brilliant lights, just beyond the crest of the hill, and upon the humble wood-cutter's hut nearer town, alike. A stranger, passing from house to house, and peering in, would have decided that here was the ideal oasis of contentment, joy and virtue amid the dark desert of life.

Under the snow-thatched roofs, however, that royal evening of excitement and gladness, pictures were weaving, soon to join in a coherent series of scenes upon a broad stage of action. In a cosy room in the single hotel on the place afforded, seated at a table containing wines, cigars, and other concomitants to a social chat, were seated two young men; one dark-featured and with a keen, restless eye that bespoke thirty years of reckless experience in the dark ways of life, the other his junior by half a decade, and having a somewhat tired and dissipated expression on his face.

The elder of the two was known as Bruce Herbert, and was a comparative stranger in Glendale. His companion was Ellis Markham, the son of the occupant of the lordly mansion on the hill, who was reputed to be the closest and wealthiest resident of the village.

"It's no use, Herbert," the latter was saying. "I tell you I'm in a box, and even the quite liberal cash present my fond and stingy old governor has given me for the holidays won't enable me to

bridge over my difficulties. I'm in a terrible strait!"

"Sorry. Can't it be helped?" murmured Markham's companion, his clear, cold eye in startling contrast to the fiery, irritated face of the other.

"No. I have half a mind to cut out and let the explosion come. I can't stay to face it; disgrace, maybe—prosecution."

"As bad as that?"

"Yes."

"You'd better make a confidant of me, Markham," insinuated Herbert, with a crafty smile of mystery. "I've been your friend."

"I know you have."

"And you've stood by me."

"I have, indeed I have!" replied the younger man with effusion. "No sour grapes for me! and when I found out that it was impossible for me ever to win the love or fortune of my father's charming ward, Eunice Davenal, why, I not only abandoned the field to you, but, honestly, I've been working like a Trojan to win governor and girl to see your value as a match."

"Good for you!" murmured Herbert, with brightening eyes.

"I told the governor who you were—nephew of the great New York banker, James Herbert, of your immense bank account, and all that, and as he is anxious to have Eunice marry, and as she won't have me, I tell you that you are the most eligible person in view; stand an elegant chance to win the prize."

"Oh! he's anxious to marry her off, is he?" muttered Herbert, contemptuously stroking his silky mustache.

"Yes. You see, according to her father's will, the day she marries the estate is settled, and my father receives a large sum as a bequest, only the use of which he now enjoys, and Eunice assumes control of her own fortune. It's a princely one. Way up in the tens of thousands. There is another provision, however."

"What's that?"

"If Eunice marries without my father's consent she forfeits the fortune. But she won't do that. She knows you are in love with her. I think she likes you."

"She doesn't show it much!" remarked Herbert, with a dubious shrug of the shoulders.

"Oh! tall women are coy. You win the governor's good graces at the party to-night. If he favors you, it's a settled fact."

"I know it!" assured Markham, confidently. "He's anxious to get rid of a capricious, self-willed girl and handed his legacy, and she is tired of the old house and its restraint. He can marry her at his will, and she is a beggar if she thwarts him. Go in and win."

"I'll try it; and meantime, old fellow, just schedule your debts, shady notes, and the like, and I'll drag you out of the mire once more. You help my love chase; I'll be your friend to the last."

The simple scamp grew enthusiastic in his protestations of gratitude to his liberal friend, as he told Herbert of this and that gambling debt, and shamefacedly of a forged note he had executed to tide over financial distress.

"I'll take that up this very hour," remarked Herbert. "That might make disgrace and trouble. Two hours till the party begins. Of course, you'll be there, and, Markham, old boy, help my cause where you can."

"Trust me! You're the best friend I ever knew!" cried Markham, warmly. "I tell you, Eunice is yours for the asking?"

"Yes, unless—"

"Unless what?"

"She prefers another."

"Nonsense! there is no other!"

"There was. At the sleighing party last week, she clung to Ernest Blake's company the whole evening."

"Ernest—Mr. Blake!"

"But a mechanic with brains, you must confess that."

"Poor as a church mouse!"

"Love laughs at poverty!"

"My father hates him—he would never consent to Eunice marrying him. Why, it ain't worth thinking of."

"I sincerely hope not," muttered Herbert as Markham left the room.

And then, to himself, he murmured: "Herbert, old boy! the affair looks favorable. Old Markham thinks you are a wealthy, respectable young man; the girl may have a fancy for you. I must settle the affair to-night, for my money is giving out. I'll take up that spendrift's forged note, and use it as a menace to influence old Markham to favor my suit, if necessary. If I win the girl, I'm fixed for life. Bah! that handsome mechanic, Blake, haunts me. But the girl can't think of liking him. Why he has scarcely a decent suit of clothes to his back. I wonder if he will be at the party to-night?"

II. Bruce Herbert had stated the truth very nearly, when he drew the comparison between honest Ernest Blake's homely attire and his own elegant and fashionable outfit, only he did not tell himself that the one wore the hall imprints of honor and industry, the other the livid of evil.

In all Glendale no young man stood higher in general estimation than Ernest Blake. Let an orphan when a boy, he had come to the village, and for five years passed a dreary, monotonous life at the home of his crochety, miserly bachelor uncle, who then had a small store in the place, but who was reputed to have a large amount of money hidden away or in some bank.

One day John Blake died. He left a will. By its terms his faithful relative, Ernest, was made sole heir to all he possessed. Glendale was agog. A month later it marvelled, so did Ernest Blake, for not a dollar in money, bonds or property could be found.

Either the uncle had no money to leave, or he had secreted it somewhere, and died without revealing its hiding-place.

Inquiries were made, to no avail, at banks, in neighboring towns, the records searched, and a quest made through

the house, but the missing fortune was not found.

Ernest Blake was human, and therefore disappointed, but he did not sit idly mourning over his bad fortune. He was too manly for that. At last, realizing that his uncle's bequest was an empty gift, he set aside all the past, and went to work as a mechanic, securing employment in a machine shop.

For two years that ended upon the fair Christmas Eve that begins our story, Ernest Blake toiled days and read nights, and tried to become an expert as a mechanical scholar.

He had the respect of everybody. Upon that evening, as he stood in his room arranging his homely toilet, he tried to believe that he was beloved, and every thought went out to the pretty ward of James Markham—Eunice Davenal.

They had met frequently of late, and her eyes had shone so kindly into his own that his heart beat fondly at the remembrance of it.

"I'll know my fate. I'll speak out like a man; opportunity presents tonight," murmured Ernest. "Then, if it's no, I can leave Glendale easier. Books are your ruin," he chided himself, with a smile, after a glance at some well filled shelves and then at his clothing. "If I hadn't given the money for those last volumes, I might have treated myself to a new suit of clothes. I declare, this coat does look a trifle odd, and that one—"

Ernest gazed reflectively at a gem-stone lying across a chair. He had taken it from his trunk, where it had lain for years. It was about all he possessed that reminded him of his dead uncle, for it had belonged to him.

It had been John Blake's best coat, and it was of fine broadcloth and little worn, but dreadfully out of date.

"I'll wear it!" decided Ernest finally. "It's better than the one I have, and who'll know that it isn't mine? I declare it fits me like a glove!" and, not foppish enough to discern that its antiquity made him look strange, he slipped a few minutes later, set out for the party given in honor of pretty Eunice at the Markham mansion.

Gay lights flashed, the elegant structure was aglow with music, radiance and mirth. Fair girls smiled, handsome men flirted and danced, and all was a scene of Christmas jollity; and yet one hour after he had arrived, Ernest Blake was about as miserable a being as Glendale had held for many a day.

In the first place he had seen his rival, Bruce Herbert, patronized favorably by Mr. Markham. Later, Herbert and Eunice conversed together in a quiet corner for some time, Ernest's face flushing, and, later still, the jealous heart of poor Ernest nearly broke as Ellis Markham sent out as current rumor that an engagement between Herbert and Miss Davenal was on the tapis.

The truth was that old Markham had favored Herbert's suit, but his previous son's insinuation was a little premature, for Herbert had asked Eunice Davenal to become his wife, and she, his, however, the miserable Ernest did not know, and when he saw Mr. Markham talking earnestly to Eunice, he decided that they were discussing the engagement, and that his hopes of love were broken.

Worst of all, some young fops were set upon Ernest by the malicious Ellis Markham, to make fun of his coat. They got near him, hinted, laughed, joked, and Ernest, overcome with humiliation and rage, fled a retreat to the conservatory, watching the old-fashioned coat from the bottom of the sea.

He was boiling with chagrin and jealousy. He decided to leave the house at once, never to return, never again to look upon the face of the fair and fickle girl he loved.

"Ernest—Mr. Blake!"

The meeting at a retired seat in the conservatory was quite unexpected by either of the twain.

Eunice, pale and anxious-looking, rather evaded the sad, searching glance of the young mechanic.

"This, however, the miserable Ernest did not know, and when he saw Mr. Markham talking earnestly to Eunice, he decided that they were discussing the engagement, and that his hopes of love were broken.

Ernest Blake was human, and therefore disappointed, but he did not sit idly mourning over his bad fortune. He was too manly for that. At last, realizing that his uncle's bequest was an empty gift, he set aside all the past, and went to work as a mechanic, securing employment in a machine shop.

For two years that ended upon the fair Christmas Eve that begins our story, Ernest Blake toiled days and read nights, and tried to become an expert as a mechanical scholar.

He had the respect of everybody. Upon that evening, as he stood in his room arranging his homely toilet, he tried to believe that he was beloved, and every thought went out to the pretty ward of James Markham—Eunice Davenal.

They had met frequently of late, and her eyes had shone so kindly into his own that his heart beat fondly at the remembrance of it.

"I'll know my fate. I'll speak out like a man; opportunity presents tonight," murmured Ernest. "Then, if it's no, I can leave Glendale easier. Books are your ruin," he chided himself, with a smile, after a glance at some well filled shelves and then at his clothing. "If I hadn't given the money for those last volumes, I might have treated myself to a new suit of clothes. I declare, this coat does look a trifle odd, and that one—"

Ernest gazed reflectively at a gem-stone lying across a chair. He had taken it from his trunk, where it had lain for years. It was about all he possessed that reminded him of his dead uncle, for it had belonged to him.

It had been John Blake's best coat, and it was of fine broadcloth and little worn, but dreadfully out of date.

"I'll wear it!" decided Ernest finally. "It's better than the one I have, and who'll know that it isn't mine? I declare it fits me like a glove!" and, not foppish enough to discern that its antiquity made him look strange, he slipped a few minutes later, set out for the party given in honor of pretty Eunice at the Markham mansion.

Gay lights flashed, the elegant structure was aglow with music, radiance and mirth. Fair girls smiled, handsome men flirted and danced, and all was a scene of Christmas jollity; and yet one hour after he had arrived, Ernest Blake was about as miserable a being as Glendale had held for many a day.

In the first place he had seen his rival, Bruce Herbert, patronized favorably by Mr. Markham. Later, Herbert and Eunice conversed together in a quiet corner for some time, Ernest's face flushing, and, later still, the jealous heart of poor Ernest nearly broke as Ellis Markham sent out as current rumor that an engagement between Herbert and Miss Davenal was on the tapis.

The truth was that old Markham had favored Herbert's suit, but his previous son's insinuation was a little premature, for Herbert had asked Eunice Davenal to become his wife, and she, his, however, the miserable Ernest did not know, and when he saw Mr. Markham talking earnestly to Eunice, he decided that they were discussing the engagement, and that his hopes of love were broken.

Worst of all, some young fops were set upon Ernest by the malicious Ellis Markham, to make fun of his coat. They got near him, hinted, laughed, joked, and Ernest, overcome with humiliation and rage, fled a retreat to the conservatory, watching the old-fashioned coat from the bottom of the sea.

He was boiling with chagrin and jealousy. He decided to leave the house at once, never to return, never again to look upon the face of the fair and fickle girl he loved.

"Ernest—Mr. Blake!"

The meeting at a retired seat in the conservatory was quite unexpected by either of the twain.

Eunice, pale and anxious-looking, rather evaded the sad, searching glance of the young mechanic.

"This, however, the miserable Ernest did not know, and when he saw Mr. Markham talking earnestly to Eunice, he decided that they were discussing the engagement, and that his hopes of love were broken.

Worst of all, some young fops were set upon Ernest by the malicious Ellis Markham, to make fun of his coat. They got near him, hinted, laughed, joked, and Ernest, overcome with humiliation and rage, fled a retreat to the conservatory, watching the old-fashioned coat from the bottom of the sea.

He was boiling with chagrin and jealousy. He decided to leave the house at once, never to return, never again to look upon the face of the fair and fickle girl he loved.

"Ernest—Mr. Blake!"

The meeting at a retired seat in the conservatory was quite unexpected by either of the twain.

Eunice, pale and anxious-looking, rather evaded the sad, searching glance of the young mechanic.

"This, however, the miserable Ernest did not know, and when he saw Mr. Markham talking earnestly to Eunice, he decided that they were discussing the engagement, and that his hopes of love were broken.

Worst of all, some young fops were set upon Ernest by the malicious Ellis Markham, to make fun of his coat. They got near him, hinted, laughed, joked, and Ernest, overcome with humiliation and rage, fled a retreat to the conservatory, watching the old-fashioned coat from the bottom of the sea.

He was boiling with chagrin and jealousy. He decided to leave the house at once, never to return, never again to look upon the face of the fair and fickle girl he loved.

"Ernest—Mr. Blake!"

The meeting at a retired seat in the conservatory was quite unexpected by either of the twain.

Eunice, pale and anxious-looking, rather evaded the sad, searching glance of the young mechanic.

Poverty has tried them, and they know now the true value of riches. They seek no more pretensions place than the humble cottage to celebrate their gladness Christmas; for love is there, and they can wait for time to dictate the future enjoyment of their strange fortune.

They were more charitable to James Markham than he had been to them and provided for his declining days, and when Christmas comes those devoted hearts look back to the one when poverty tested their mutual love and found that both had hearts of gold.

III. Another Christmas Eve three years later and Glendale is set in its frame of pearls and diamonds, lovely as ever. Only the royal old mansion on the hill is dark and gloomy, and broken sash and swinging doors tell that it is given over to the owl and bat.

Change has come. They tell the story brief and tragic at the village inn. Bruce Herbert, adventurer and forger, known in his true character, is the inmate of a prison for a term of years. Ellis Markham is a fugitive from justice in far-away Australia, squandering half his father's fortune stolen the day the covetous Markham took it as his right from his self-willed ward.

And he, James Markham? They will tell you at the village that he speculated, lost, and ruined utterly, his own and the Davenal wealth gone, has become a pauper and a homeless wanderer.

In a quiet, humble cottage at Iron-ton, this fourth Christmas Eve of our story, sit Ernest Blake and the faithful wife who sacrificed fortune to share his love.

The rooms are very plainly furnished, and, although comfortably dressed, the twain's appearance betoken limited means.

Gloom seems to haunt the homely hearth, for there is a shadow on Ernest's brow.

"Paupers!" he mutters, and his tone is bitter. "Oh, Eunice, it is hard after so much of struggle and deprivation!"

"Never mind, we are young and brave!" replies Eunice, brightly. "You staked all on your patent, and had the idea stolen from you to enrich a stranger. Still, you can go back to the shop and I can sew, and what is a little poverty when love—love—love is ours!"

"You loyal friend and wife!" cried Ernest impulsively. "Oh, how I have reproached myself for taking you from a home of luxury and wealth to share my troubles and distress, and yet you glory in it!"

"Yes! it is rarest happiness to have you. Come, dear Ernest, this is Christmas Eve, the happiest of my life, for you are here. Would you exchange this with all its uncertainty, for the hour three years ago when jealousy nearly broke both our hearts?"

"No, no! Oh, I am wicked to complain! You shame my manhood. You are braver than I. Ah! the larder is not quite empty, and I can secure work to replenish it soon."

So the cloud passed, and the evening meal, daintily as ever, it was varied, goes by with loving, cheerful talk.

"Who is that?"

"There came a knock at the door. Then a moan and the sound of heavy object falling against it."

Ernest hastens to open the door. A miserable, ragged form falls in. "Ernest! look!"

"Mercy! it is—"

"Your old guardian, James Markham!"

Yes, it is he, indeed, but no recognition showed in his drooping eyes as they lifted his half-frozen form to a chair near the fire.

He acted like one in a daze as they removed his snow-clogged shoes and coat.

"Put that on. He is shivering with the cold," said Eunice, as she handed her husband a coat.

The coat! the same garment that had known such a history years ago, Ernest Blake wonders if there is not some fate in all this as he thinks of it, and throws the coat of his dead uncle over James Markham's shivering shoulders.

"Eh? Where am I? They told me the Blakes—you have sheltered me. Forgive! forgive! forgive!"

Husband and wife stand watching Markham plying, realizing his situation, he begins to mutter and drive and tell the story of his wicked life.

He has found them; he bitterly accuses himself of having wronged them; he wishes shelter until morning, and then—over the hills to the poor house—to die!

It is not in their hearts to reproach him, so miserable is he, so wretched the awards of the fortune he had appropriated.

In trying to rise he fell forward. In trying to lit him up, Ernest Blake tears the sleeve nearly out of the old coat.

Christmas. The observation of Christmas as a festival is well nigh universal among the so-called Christian nations. In the United States within the memory of a generation, it has come into much prominence, so that even the descendants of the Puritans, who like the Scotch Presbyterians regarded the recognition of the day as partaking of the nature of idolatry, have come to celebrate it both in its religious and social aspects.

The general manner of its observance in America is the result of the blending of the customs of the various European nations. The institution of the Christmas tree, the giving of presents, and the legends of St. Nicholas, Kris Kringle, or Santa Klaus, together with the hanging of the stockings on Christmas eve, and other attendant ceremonies associated with these legends, we derive from the Germans and Dutch, among whose descendants in the New World these customs long existed before they were incorporated in their present modified form in the general manners of the community. The custom of the Christmas dinner is an inheritance from Old England, as are many of the games, sports and pastimes in the line of public and private entertainments that are common at this season. The European customs in connection with Christmas are readily traced back to old Roman, Saxon, Druidical, or other religious and social ceremonial of the ancient nations. Thus the English customs in regard to the mistletoe and the yule log are survivals of old British rites practiced by the Druids, and the boisterous fun and license allowed in many of the continental European countries in connection with the Christmas holidays, have been claimed by scholars to be directly descended from the Roman Saturnalia, or those of ancient German and Norse mythology.

No matter what may be the opinions of individual critics as to the symbolic and commemorative character of Christmas as a religious holiday, the fact that it has come to represent beneficence, good will, helpfulness, sympathy, and a host of social virtues, which are inculcated in a very vital manner by the customs of the day, has tended to disarm captious objections. Men of all creeds and of no creed unite in the co-operative social sympathy and helpfulness that seems at this season to pervade the air, and the indulgence of small, mean, and selfish traits of character in the social sense, is rebuked by the very condition of the vitalized and electrified social atmosphere.

He Paid the Bills. One of the Drawbacks to a Merry Christmas—Mr. Rock's Experience.

Old Mr. Lot O. Rocks on a certain Christmas morning was the happiest man in three counties. A richly upholstered, hand-embroidered, silver-tasseled dressing-gown hung over his easy chair, with an affectionate note from mamma. A dazzling diamond stud twisted the sun's rays out of shape on the dresser and threw a light blue gleam on a card: "To dearest papa from his loveliest daughter." A gold repeater on the mantel ticked so hard it almost knocked a hole in the wall, and a pretty card told him that he was another Miss Rocks. Slippers and neckties, suspenders and handkerchiefs, smoking-caps and cigar holders were also stacked up in one corner of the room.

Old Rocks smothered himself in his new gown and an excess of sentiment for two days. He smoked himself blind and employed a night watchman to protect his jewelry. He was very proud man—proud of himself, proud of an affectionate family that was proud of him. He lavished presents on his loving wife and tender-hearted daughters. Such an unbounded display of affection must be rewarded a hundred-fold, thought old Rocks. He did not leave a wish or a want of his dainty family unheeded. Old Rocks was made three happy.

Early the following day a district messenger boy called with a small bill for a pair of slippers. Old Mr. Rocks smiled in a feverish sort of a way. An hour later the haberdasher sent in a bill for ties, suspenders and other bric-a-brac. At noon the tailor's messenger carried up an account for a dressing gown and cap. But old Rocks paid and paid until the jeweler's diamond and watch statement reached his office. Then the old man flew into a passion—\$91 8 20 was more than he would stand. He could have bought everything for half his affectionate family had paid for it, he declared, and threatened to pitch the messenger into the street. But the jeweler notified Mr. Rocks that the bad debt wagon would call at his residence next morning if he did not pay his honest debts, and the old man settled.—Chicago News.

Christmas Chuckles. The dude as usual hung up his watch. Christmas is the only real holiday in the whole year.

The nuptial knot—A husband's necktie. It's far pleasanter to stand under the mistletoe than over a gouty toe.

The Christmas tree is very polite—it is full of thoughts and it usually spruce. A Christmas bill of fare in the South possum and tater, peach and honey.

Under the mistletoe at Christmas is like Gloucester harbor—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 little boy of another. I guess because it takes an X to buy ma's presents.

After a man has been out all night and has a head twice the natural, size it seems a mockery to wish him a merry Christmas.

Rhumatism is undoubtedly caused by lactic acid in the blood. This acid attacks the fibrous tissues, and causes pains, and aches in the back, shoulders, knees, ankles, hips, and wrists.

Thousands of people have found Sarsaparilla a positive cure for rheumatism. This medicine, by its purifying action, neutralizes the acidity of the blood, and also builds up and strengthens the whole body.

Elizabeth A. Davis, in N. Y. Observer.