

SWEET BELLS OF CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

Christmas bells, chime out triumphant
Over land and over sea!

To some doubting, weary spirit,
Bring a gentle, holy calm;

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE.

A Christmas Eve Vignette.

It was late in the afternoon when
John Suydam turned into Twenty-third Street,

The young man crossed Broadway,
skillfully avoiding a huge express wagon,

A few steps further the young man
passed an old French sailor standing on the curb-stone,

By her side, but a little before,
two boys were offering for sale green wreaths and stars,

Before John Suydam came to the
corner of Sixth Avenue the snow began at last to fall;

All along the avenue he had to
make his way through the same crowds of belated Christmas shoppers,

As Suydam neared Fourteenth Street
he found the crowds compacting again; and at the corner there was a chaos of carriages, carts, and street cars.

Democratic Watchman

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plate glass windows at the corner
of one huge store, gazing wonderingly at a caravan of toy animals in gorgeous trappings with chariots and palanquins,

The mass of humanity clustering about these windows forced Suydam almost to the edge of the sidewalk, but this was the last crowd he had to make his way through.

Night had fallen before he reached the court-house, with its high roof and its lofty turret, before he came to the market, with its yawning baskets of vegetables and its long rows of pendulous turkeys beneath the flaring jets of gas.

As the door closed, the young man took the young woman in his arms and kissed her. "Oh, John," she said, "it is so good of you to come on Christmas eve."

"I've only two hours, he answered, and I had to get something to eat, so I thought that perhaps you—"

"Of course we can," the girl interrupted. "And mother will be delighted. She has made one of her old-fashioned chicken pies, and it's ever so much too much for us two. It will be ready at six."

"Then I know where I'm going to get my dinner," her lover returned, as he followed her into the little parlor. "But I shall have to go back as soon as I've had it. I've told them that I think the office ought to be kept open till midnight, and I said I'd stay. It would be a sorrowful thing, wouldn't it, if any one who wants help couldn't get it on Christmas eve?"

"And there must be many who want help this hard winter," said the girl. "I went as far as Broadway this afternoon, on an errand for mother, and I passed six beggars—"

cause they can get larger wages than they can earn honestly." "But there was one old man; he must have been forty, at least," urged the girl, "who was positively starving. Why, just as I turned out of Broadway I saw him sprung down to the gutter and pick up a crust of bread and began to eat it greedily. I felt in my pocket for my purse, of course, but a gentleman had seen it too, and he went up to the man and talked to him and gave him a five dollar bill. Now, there was a real case of distress, wasn't it?"

Suydam smiled sadly. "The starving man was about forty, you say? Tall and thin, wasn't he, with a thin pointed beard and a mark on his right cheek?" "The girl looked at him in wonder. "Why, how did you know?" she cried.

"That's Scar-faced Charley," he answered. "And is he a humbug too?" she asked. "I followed him for two hours one afternoon last week," he explained, "and I saw him pick up that bit of bread and pretend to eat it at least twenty times. When I had him arrested he had more than ten dollars in his pockets."

"Well," the young woman declared, "I shall never believe in anybody again." "But I don't see how it is Scar-faced Charley is out to-day," Suydam went on. "We had him sent up for a month only, for the judge was easy with him. If he's out again so soon I suppose he must have a pull of some sort. Those fellows often have more influence than you would think."

"He took me in completely," the girl admitted. "If Scar-faced Charley, as you call him, can act so well, why doesn't he go on the stage and earn an honest living?" "That's the first thing that astonished me when I went to live in the University Settlement, and began to study out these things for myself. I found beggars who were fond of their profession, and who prided themselves on their skill. What are you to do with them? And if you let them ply their trade, how are you going to distinguish them from those who are really in need?"

"It is all very puzzling to me," the girl continued. "Since I've heard you talk, charity doesn't seem half as simple as it used to." "No," said Suydam, "it isn't simple. In fact, it is about as complicated and complex a problem as the twentieth century will have to solve. But I'm coming to one conclusion fast, and that is that the way to tell those who need help from those who don't need it is that the latter ask for it and the former won't. New York is rich and generous, and there's never any difficulty about getting money enough to relieve every case of distress in the city limits—none whatever. The real difficulty is in getting the money to the people who really need it, and in keeping it from the people who ought not to have it. You see that those who ask for assistance don't deserve it—not one in fifty times; and those who deserve it won't ask for it. There are men and women—women especially—who will starve before they will face the pity of their fellows. Every day I hear of cases of suffering borne silently, and discovered only by accident."

"I've been wondering for a week if I haven't one of those cases in this house now," said the girl. "In this house?" the young man repeated. "I've been meaning to tell you about it all every day," she went on, "but I've seen so little of you, and when you do come we have so many things to talk about you know."

"I know," Suydam repeated. He was seated by her side on the sofa, and his arm was around her waist. He drew her closer to him and kissed her. "Now, tell me about your case of distress," he said. "Well," the girl began, "this house is too big for mother and me alone, so we let one room on the top floor to two old ladies. They have been here since before Thanksgiving. They are foreigners—Cubans, I think. The mother must be seventy, and I can see she has been very handsome. The daughter is nearly fifty, I'm sure; and a more devoted daughter you never saw. She waits on her mother hand and foot. They didn't bring any baggage to speak of—no trunk, only just a little bag—and we saw at once that they were very, very poor. They paid two weeks' rent in advance, and since then they've paid two weeks more. A fortnight ago the daughter told mother that they would be obliged if she would let them defer paying the rent for a little while, as a letter they were expecting had not come. And I suppose that was so, for the postman never whistled but the daughter came flying down stairs to see if there wasn't something for them. But it hasn't come yet, and I don't believe they've got enough money to get things to eat, hardly. The daughter used to go out every morning, and come back with a tiny parcel. You see, there's a gas stove in their room, and they do their own cooking. But she hasn't been out of the house for two days, and we haven't seen either of them since the day before yesterday, when the daughter came to the head of the stairs and asked if there was a letter for her mother. We can hear her mother moving about overhead gently, but we haven't seen them. And now we don't really know what to do. I'm so glad you've come, for I told mother I was going to ask you about them."

"Do you think they have no money?" Suydam asked. "I'm afraid it's all gone," she answered. "And they have no friends at all, so far as we know." "Do you say they are Cubans?" "I think they are. Their name is de los Rios—Senora de los Rios, I heard the daughter call her mother when she asked the postman about a letter."

"If it wasn't so late," said the young man, looking at his watch, "I would go to the Spanish consulate. But it's nearly six now, and the consulate is certain to be closed. If there is any reason to think that they are actually suffering for want of food, can't you find some feminine reason for intruding on them?" "I'm afraid we can't," she answered. "We did try yesterday morning. When we found that the daughter didn't go out for something to cook, we were afraid they might be hungry, and so we talked it over and over, and did our best to hit on some way of helping them. At last mother had an idea, and she made a sort of Spanish stew—that they call an olla podrida, you know. She got the receipt out of the cook book, and she took it up and knocked at the door. They asked who it was, and they didn't open the door but a little. Mother told the daughter that she had been trying to make a Spanish dish, and she didn't know as she'd got it right, and so she'd come up to ask them as a favor if they wouldn't taste it and tell her if it was all right. You see, that was mother's idea. She thought she might get them to eat it that way, and save their pride. But it wouldn't do. The daughter said that she was sorry, but she couldn't taste it then, she couldn't, nor her mother either. They had no appetite then, and so they couldn't judge of the olla podrida. She said they had just been cooking some chops and steaks."

"Chops and steaks?" echoed Suydam. "That's what she said," the girl continued. "But of course that was her excuse for refusing. That was her way of impressing on mother that they didn't need anything. So mother had to give it up, and bring the stew down stairs again. Mother doesn't feel so badly about them, however, because they had been cooking something yesterday. She smelt fish—yesterday was Friday, you know."

"I know," repeated the young man; "but still,—" "Just then the shrill whistle of the postman was heard, and a sharp ring at the bell. The girl jumped up, and went to the door. As she opened it there came in the faint melody of distant sleigh-bells, and the roar of the street already muffled by the snow. She returned to the parlor with a long blue envelope in her hand. "Here is the letter at last," she said.

"What letter?" asked Suydam. "The letter the old ladies are waiting for," she answered, handing it to him. He held it up nearer the single gas jet of the parlor and read the address aloud. "Marquesa de los Rios, and it's registered." "Yes," the girl returned, "and the postman is waiting to have the receipt signed. He said he guessed it was money or a Christmas present of some sort, since it had so many seals on it. I wanted you to know about it; but I'll take it right up now."

She tripped lightly up stairs, and John Suydam heard her knocking at the door of the room the two old ladies occupied. After an interval she rapped again, apparently without response. Then he heard her try the door gently. Two seconds later her voice rang out in a cry of alarm: "Mother! mother! Oh, John!" Suydam sprang up stairs, and found her just outside of the door of the old ladies' room. She was trembling and she gripped his hand. "Oh, John," she said, "something terrible has happened! It was even worse than I thought! They were really starving!"

Then she led him silently into the room where her mother joined them almost, immediately. After waiting five minutes the postman at the front door below became impatient. He rang the bell sharply and whistled again. He was kicking the snow off his boots and swinging his arms to keep warm, when at last the door opened and John Suydam appeared, with the long blue envelope in his hand.

"I'm afraid that you will have taken this letter away again," Suydam said to the postman. "There is no one here now to sign for it. The Marquesa de los Rios is dead!" "BLANDER MATTHEWS in Harper's Weekly." If you want printing of any description the WATCHMAN office is the place to have it done.

THE NAZARENE.

He came to save the world from sin, But not in palace nor in inn, Did Christ His earthly life begin.

Of all His higher honors shorn, Midst besets of burden-manching corn, The Saviour of mankind was born.

The glimmer of a lantern's ray Lit up the manger where He lay Upon a lowly bed of hay.

But out upon Judea's plain The angel's song a glad refrain, In honor of Messiah's reign.

A gleaming star shone bright and clear, As the angelic hosts drew near, With gladness news of peace and cheer.

The shepherds all, with wistful eyes And hearts aglow with glad surprise, Received the message from the skies.

"We'll go and seek our Priest and King, Of whom we hear the angels sing; Our offerings unto Him we'll bring."

To hasten they could well afford; Before them lay the promised Lord; Beholding Him was their reward.

We need not travel far to find A thankful heart, a peaceful mind, For God is love, and love is kind.

Shall we His work on earth delay, Or ask Him in this Christmas Day, With us to dine and with us stay? Ida Clarkson Lewis.

Unto You is Born This Day a Savior.

BY REV. H. A. GRANT.

Sin had entered the world and spread its withering blight o'er all the earth. The roses of Eden had faded, its streams had been embittered, and its air had been loaded with the pestilential vapors of death. Man was doomed to go forth and toil in sorrow and sadness until he should return to the dust from whence he was taken.

A deep and moral gloom enshrouded the world; but the far distant horizon was crimsoned with light, for God had promised the coming of a bright and glorious day. Men continued to spread out upon the mountains, and on the plains, and in the valleys by the stream-sides; but wherever they went their hearts were still oppressed with the curse, and they longed for deliverance.

Promise was succeeded by prophecy, and as the coming day approached, prophecies were multiplied and spread abroad in every land, and preserved as sacred legends, inspiring desire and expectation in every breast. At length, upon the stillness of the midnight air, the voices of angelic choristers announced to the watching shepherds—sentinels of the world—the glorious tidings,

"Unto you is born this day, In the city of David, A Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

A Savior born! Promise and prophecy are now fulfilled, desire and expectation are now realized! The great event in the hopes of the world for ages and generations has now transpired. Who would not join with the angels and sing,

"Glory to God in the highest, Peace on earth and good will toward men!"

"Light on thy hills, Jerusalem! The Savior now is born, And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains, Breaks the first Christmas morn."

The Iridescent Part of It.

Willie had been thinking deeply all Christmas day, a condition of affairs so unusual with him that his mother questioned him as to the state of his health.

"Oh, I'm all right," he said, a little sadly; "but I was thinking there was one thing about Christmas that I didn't like."

"What is that?" "You've got to be satisfied with what you get."

Not Foreigners.

"You were born in America?" "Dennis—Yes, sir."

"Parents foreigners?" "Dennis—No, indeed! They're Irish."

WHICH IS BEST?

"Of all the days of all the year," Said little Robin Gray,

"The very splendor of all Comes early in July. That is the day—the glorious noise! That is the day—the least for boys!"

"Of all the days of all the year," Said little Robin Gray,

"The very best, I do believe, Will be Thanksgiving Day. A fellow has such things to eat Thanksgiving Day cannot be beat!"

"Of all the days of all the year," Sang pretty Nan, "remember The dearest, happiest, and best is coming in December. What girl or boy, North, South East, West, But knows that Christmas Day is best,

Spawls from the Keystone.

—Schuylkill county has 177 applicants for license next year, an increase of 8.

—Williamsport people are agitating in behalf of a local National Guard armory.

—Northumberland county teachers are holding their 42d annual institute at Sunbury.

—Woodpeckers have burrowed into and ruined many new cedar telegraph poles near Reading.

—Joseph Hoover, a Lancaster contractor, has been missing for a week. Foul play is feared.

—Waynesboro burglars blew open the safe in B. F. Welty's distillery only to get away with \$25.

—United Mine Workers' District No. 2 annual meeting will be held at Phillipsburg on January 8.

—There are 43 counties represented in the State Farmers' Alliance, now in session at Harrisburg.

—Three of Ira Toot's children of West Clearfield, have died within the last few days of diphtheria.

—The question of a \$300,000 loan for Reading will be submitted to the voters at the spring election.

—The 28th annual session of the Blair county Teachers' Institute was begun in Hollidaysburg Monday.

—All of Tuesday was spent by the Court at Reading getting a jury to try Reuben Walters, the wife murderer.

—John O'Donnell has been appointed fourth class postmaster at Hockessville, vice M. M. Brennan, removed.

—At the point of revolvers two highwaymen robbed Farmer Charles Lytle, near Duboisville, of \$38 and fief.

—Lycoming county has issued bonds for \$13,000, mainly to replace bridges swept away by the spring flood.

—James Bell, of Brownsville, has purchased a one-third interest in the Cambridge colliery, near Shenandoah.

—Council for Sponsor and Junkin, the convicted Perry county Bank wreckers, have filed reasons for a new trial.

—The Bellefonte Bar Association will hold a meeting in memory of the late ex-Governor Curtin on December 22.

—The clothing of 5-year-old Blanche Dawson, of Gilberton, ignited from a brush fire and she was fatally burned.

—Adam Eppinger was Tuesday nominated by the President as postmaster at Harmony, vice D. P. Boggs, removed.

—L. E. Methore was appointed fourth class postmaster at New Chester, vice Mrs. H. M. Winard, removed on Saturday.

—Pottsville citizens will be given a chance to vote to establish a borough electric light plant at the February election.

—Frank McMahon, formerly of Philadelphia, and J. J. Schutzer, of Pittsburg were drowned at Duquesne Saturday night.

—A crank in Washington D. C., has written Governor Pattison that Harrisburg will be utterly destroyed within two years.

—It is estimated that 1000 Poles and Hungarians have left Shenandoah the last year and their places are being filled by Italians.

—The second and third stories of the West Branch bank building, Williamsport, was badly damaged by fire Saturday morning.

—The first trip on the new Lock Haven electric railway was made on Friday, and the people of that town are in a joyful state of mind.

—James Reese, a Pullman porter, living at Switzkey, tried to drown himself in the Ohio river on Sunday because he had broken a promise.

—A casting weighing 10 1/2 tons, to be used as a scale car for the Reading Railroad, was shipped from the Pottsville repair shops Tuesday.

—Mrs. Washington Shatters, of Reading, the mother of six children, has mysteriously disappeared and is supposed to have drowned herself.

—Rev. T. W. Rosenstiel, the late pastor of St. Thomas' Catholic church, at Ashville, has been transferred to St. Matthews church, at Tyrone.

—Mrs. E. J. Neff, aged 65 years, died at her home in Warriorsmark, on Saturday, after a brief illness from pneumonia. She is survived by six children.

—The spread of scarlet fever in Carlisle has created such alarm that the Town Council held a special meeting last night to perfect rules for the Board of Health.

—Footpads attacked Traction Conductor Brum in Reading and struck his head with a stone; then they accosted photographer Keckman, who ran and escaped.

—Four Harvey parties, the last of the arm for the battle ship Maine, were shipped to the Brooklyn Navy Yard by the Bethlehem Iron Company on Saturday.

—The mill of the Medix run lumber company, near Caledonia, Clinton county, is now running steadily, and will cut 4,000,000 feet of timber between now and spring.

—Henry Smith and wife, of Newport, Perry county have set a good example to the rising generation by living together as man and wife long enough to celebrate their golden wedding.

—While Mr. and Mrs. S. Messinger celebrated their golden wedding at Tatum, near Easton, their granddaughter, Miss Clara S. Messinger, and H. F. Doeh, of Ficksville, were wedded.

—Hundreds of windows in houses at Springfield Station, on the French Creek branch of the Wilmington & Northern Railroad, have been broken by the heavy cannonading at the Government proving ground.

—Constable Hawk, of Parkersburg, stopped out of a room in Lancaster for a few minutes, and John Bryson, charged with horse stealing, whom he was taking to the Huntingdon reformatory, escaped.

—For failing to report the earnings of his firm according to law, Attorney General Innes entered judgment for \$181.20 against Anthony Morrow, member of a private banking firm of Blair county, on Saturday.

—The Methodist church at Bedford was damaged to such an extent by a burst radiator as to cause a suspension of services for the coming week. The building cannot be restored to its former beautiful condition under a cost of \$200.