

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Dec. 21, 1894.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

Christmas is coming! Oh, my! Oh, my! Look out, little man, don't cry! Don't cry! For Santa Claus loveth a brave little boy And surely remembers all such with a toy Or a game or a book Or a long sandy crook— Never mind if your tumble did hurt, don't cry.

Christmas is coming, and my little lad Will forget every troublesome bump he has had; It brings him balm for each bruise, and the smart Of the saddest of griefs for the time will depart.

The joy of the bells In each boom swells For the goodness of giving makes every heart glad.

Yes, Christmas is coming. That wonderful day The children delight in is not far away. Then candies and cookies and wagons and sleds And jumping jacks, whistles and dolls' little beds Are scattered abroad And the children applaud Each treasure from Santa Claus' wonderful sleigh.

—Chicago Record.

Christmas Before Christ.

Christmas holidays did not begin with the year one. They began before that. In Jerusalem, as the days lengthened and the daylight commenced to get the better of darkness, the people kept the Feast of Tabernacles. The sprays of green with which the churches and our homes are made beautiful to-day have grown from the branches of olive and palm and pine and myrtle of that Hebrew festival. And the lights which glitter from the Christmas candles are lighted from the great lamps, which, in the court of Herod's Temple at that great feast, cast their glow into the streets of the holy city.

In Rome at this time they kept the Saturnalia, the celebration of the winter solstice.

WHEN SANTA CLAUS WAS UNKNOWN.

No trace, is found in that old day, of Santa Claus. That good saint whose name was Nicholas, lived in the Middle Ages, and showed his kindness of heart and his love for little children by throwing in gifts through the windows of the houses of the poor. One of the best saints in the whole church and our remembrance just at this time of year! It is not likely that the Roman mothers told their children much about old Saturn, a grim ogre of a bad reputation who was reported to have a keen appetite for tender little children.

In one respect the Pagan Saturnalia was more Christian than the Christian Christmas. All distinctions of rank were laid aside, Slaves were told, sat at table with their masters.

This, no doubt, will be the state of things in that better golden age which is in the future and is called the Kingdom of Heaven, when the Lord Christ, who Himself once waited upon the guests at a supper, shall sit upon the throne of the world and there shall be brotherhood real, unfeigned and universal.

THE DATE OF CHRIST'S BIRTH.

Thus there was Christmas before Christ. He came and lived His wonderful life and died and rose again, ascended into heaven and the church began. Nothing was more natural and right than that they who loved Him should strive to keep the anniversary of His blessed birth. This is one of the instincts of love. It is striking evidence of the strength of prejudice and partisanship that by reason of ecclesiastical quarrels men who really loved Christ should have given up this instinctive, affectionate observance. Any Christian able to look at things clearly and naturally would keep Christmas.

But the exact day was not known. They had forgotten, if they ever knew, when Christ was born. The twenty-fifth day of December is not mentioned in the Bible. Probably the season of the year would be approximated by tradition. He came as the long nights began to grow shorter and the brief dark days began to lengthen and grow brighter. Sometime about this significant season the shepherds heard the chorus of the angels. "What did the day matter so that the birth of Jesus Christ was kept in glad remembrance, and the Christmas story was repeated year by year to the little children? The exact date was of small importance.

So the festival began. But beside it was the rejoicing at the same season of all the Christians' pagan neighbors. And presently, as the pagans were converted, there were in the church itself great numbers of people who were accustomed at this time to keep the old ways of their fathers, to light candles, and to give gifts and to make merry. The wise church, desirous of all things good, and glad to take the good from any giver, appropriated all that was best in that pagan Saturnalia. It encouraged people to continue their former customs with the new meanings which the new truth suggested. The candles which had typified the victory of light over darkness in the world of nature were taken for symbols of a better victory in the spiritual realm. The gifts were made to be remembrances of that supreme gift which God gave when he sent His Son. The old joy lived on, and was rather increased than diminished. Saturn gave place to Christ. The pagan feast became the Christian festival.

SATURNALIA STILL KEPT.

That transformation is not even yet complete. There are houses, I suppose, where Saturnalia will still be kept instead of Christmas. Dinner will be of more importance than devotion. There will be less prayer than padding. The Christmas tree, which the church took from her pagan neighbors, will blaze with candles and hang heavy with gifts, and the small children will dance about it as the children danced in the days of the Druids. And that will be all. The festival will be as pagan as any Saturnalia of old Rome.

What is needed is to make the day a Christian festival. Every little child ought to be taught its meaning. The story of the Bethlehem shepherds and the manger ought to be retold. And the heart of all the happiness ought to be our gratitude for God's own Christ-

mas gift. This day is as sacred as Sunday. It should be kept religiously, with the gladness and rejoicing which we are told, befitted a day "which the Lord hath made." We ought to emphasize the Christian side of Christmas.

Merry Christmas.

We rejoice that each succeeding year makes the celebration of Christmas more pronounced, and, if possible, more beautiful. We, of this land, have gathered the customs of many people, into our observance of the day and made prominent those most significant of its lofty gladness.

Christmas comes to us radiant with love and overflowing with joy; it kindles anew the flame family affection; it makes memories of joys long past, and touches chords that vibrate with childhood's earliest pleasures. Many of us can see in its welcome sunrise the brilliance of a holy commemoration, for the ever dawning, never setting Star of Bethlehem has brightened for long ages its hallowed morning and promises the speedy coming of the universal brotherhood of man.

"Prince of Peace! thy reign shall be Wide as earth from sea to sea." Christmas with its past of lowly pathos, and its prophecy of infinite splendor, brings the universe into harmony and Earth lifts her grateful and exultant song.

"Glorious to God in the highest," And Heaven with holy benediction, replies,

"On earth peace, good will to men." The WATCHMAN wishes you all a Merry Christmas. May the good things of the earth be yours and in the midst of the joys that they bring, forget not, that there are those whose hands are empty and whose hearts are not glad.

A Traveling Savant.

Farmer Cribbs— I've got yer now. Take yer hand off that turkey! Gentlemenly Tramp— You wrong me, sir, in speaking so harshly. I'm walking delegate for the American science association. I was simply feeling the bird's pulse to ascertain if the approaching Christmas ceremonies had any effect on his nervous organization.

—Judge.

—Mr. Ira P. Wetmore, a prominent real estate agent of San Angelo, Texas, has used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in his family for several years as occasion required, and always with perfect success. He says: "I find it a perfect cure for our baby when troubled with colic or dysentery. I now feel that my outfit is not complete without a bottle of this Remedy at home or on a trip away from home. For sale by F. P. Green."

A Silly Question.

The Bachelor— Do you let your wife have the last word? The Married Man— Do I let her? The B.— Yes. The M.— Huh! Young fellow, when you've been married a year or two you won't ask such a question as that. —New York Press.

Merely As An Excuse.

"Romeo," she whispered, "will you get some mistletoe for Christmas?" "What for, Juliet?" he questioned. "Oh," she replied, "merely as an excuse." —N. Y. Herald.

How He Tamed Her.

Price— What made Jenks take his wife to see that horrible prize fight? Wheaton— She had finished her Christmas shopping and everything else seemed so tame to her. —Inter Ocean.

No Doubt He Did.

Spotts— "I'm going to watch the old year out, Miss Flynn." Miss Flynn— "I think you need watching more than the old year does."

Finest In the Land.

"Is Peterby a good thinker?" "He never indulges in anything but a Pullman vestibule train of thought."

—A genuine ghost story is yet to be attested; but not so a genuine blood purifier. Over and over again it has been proved that Ayer's Sarsaparilla stands alone among medicines as the most reliable tonic-alternative in pharmacy. It stood alone at the World's Fair.

"Mamma," asked Johnnie the other day as he reached home after school, "tell me quick; will I ever have a brother, 'cause I'll save him this Second Reader if he's comin', an' if he ain't, me an' Jo Hall is goin' to sell it an' buy taffy."

—The best medical authorities say the proper way to treat catarrh is to take a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla.

—In some parts of Germany each family places a sheaf of grain on a high pole on Christmas day for the birds.

—If you want printing of any description the WATCHMAN office is the place to have it done.

Business Notice.

Children Cry or 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.

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—Goody, goody, gout; turn the rascals out. Too many in and not enough out. Seek 'em, Mr. President, before your time is out.—St. Louis Republican.

Medical.

ASTHMA,

DISTRESSING COUGH,

SORE JOINTS AND MUSCLES.

DESPAIRED OF RELIEF.

CURED BY

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

"Some time since, I had a severe attack of asthma, accompanied with a distressing cough and a general soreness of the joints and muscles. I consulted physicians and tried various remedies, but without getting any relief, until I despaired of ever being well again. Finally, I took Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and in a very short time, was entirely cured. I can, therefore, cordially and confidently commend this medicine to all."—J. ROSZKA, Victoria, Texas.

"My wife had a very troublesome cough. She used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and procured immediate relief."—G. H. ROSZKA, Humphreys, Ga.

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Light and Heavy Harness

ever put on the Bellefonte market, which will be made in the large room, formerly occupied by Harper Bros., on Spring street. It has been added to my factory and will be used exclusively for the sale of harness, being the first exclusive salesroom ever used in this town, as heretofore the custom has been to sell goods in the room in which they were made. This elegant room has been refitted and furnished with glass cases in which the harness can be nicely displayed and still kept away from heat and dust, the enemies of long wear in leather. Our factory now occupies a room 10x74 feet and the store 2x20 added makes it the largest establishment of its kind outside of Philadelphia and Pittsburg.

We are prepared to offer better bargains in the future than we have done in the past and we want everyone to see our goods and get prices for when you do this, out of self defense you will buy. Our profits are not large, but by selling lots of goods we can afford to live in Bellefonte. We are not indulging in idle philanthropy. It is purely business. We are not making much, but trade is growing and that is what we are interested in now. Profits will take care of themselves.

When other houses discharged their workmen during the winter they were all put to work in my factory, nevertheless the big (?) houses of this city and county would smile if we compared ourselves to them, but we do not mean to be so odious, except to venture the assertion that none of them can say, as we can say "NO ONE OWES US A CENT THAT WE CAN'T GET." This is the whole story.

The following are kept constantly on hand. 50 SETS OF LIGHT HARNESS, prices from \$8.00 to \$15.00 and upwards. LARGE STOCK OF HEAVY HARNESS, prices from \$25.00 and upwards. 500 HORSE COLLARS from \$1.50 to \$3.00 each, over \$100.00 worth of HARNESS OILS and AXLE GREASE.

\$400 worth of Fly Nets sold cheap. Big worth of whips from 15c to \$3.00 each. Horse Brushes, Curry Combs, Sponges, Chamis, RIDING SADDLES, LADY SIDESADDLES.

Harness Soap, Knee Dusters, at low prices. Saddlery-hardware always on hand for sale. Harness Leather as low as 25c per pound. We keep everything to be found in a FIRST CLASS HARNESS STORE—on changing, over 20 years in the same room. No two shops in the same town to catch trade—NO SELLING OUT for the want of trade or price. Four harness-makers at steady work this winter. This is our idea of protection to labor, when other houses discharged their hands, they soon found work with us.

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CROWN ACME.

THE BEST

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FROM PETROLEUM.

It gives a Brilliant Light.

It will not Smoke the Chimney.

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Can be applied to any smooth surface, on

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