

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Dec. 25, 1896.

A CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

"Dear Santa Claus," wrote little Will, in letters truly shocking, "I've been a good boy, so please fill a heapin' this stockin'." I want a powder gun to shoot right at my sister Annie, and a big trumpet I can toot just awful loud at granny. I want a dreadful big false face to scare in fits our baby. I want a pony I can race round the parlor maybe, I want a little hatchet, too, so I can do some choppin' upon our grand piano new when mamma goes a-shoppin'. I want a nice hard rubber ball to smash all into flinders the great big mirror in the hall and lots and lots of winders, and candy that'll make me sick so ma all night will hold me, and make pa get the doctor quick and never try to scold me. And, Santa Claus, if papa says I am naughty, it's a story. Just say, if he whips me I'll die and go to kingdom glory."

The City Bethlehem.

It is a small and unattractive city at the present time.

It is a little city, and does not take many people to crowd it; but, besides being the birthplace of Jesus, it is the birthplace of Israel's great warrior-king David.

Bethlehem to-day has barely eight thousand inhabitants, and in appearance is not attractive. The streets are too narrow for vehicles; in fact, there is but one street in the town wide enough for carriages, and it is so very narrow that they cannot pass each other in it. The streets were made for foot travellers, donkeys and camels.

Bethlehem is about five miles south of Jerusalem. Leaving the larger city by the Jaffa gate, we take a carriage and ride rapidly over the fine road built but a few years ago. The carriage we are in and those we meet are wretched affairs. The horses are to be pitied, first because they are not well cared for, and second, because their drivers are regular Jehus who drive them "furiously" up hill and down. In less than an hour we are in the market place of Bethlehem, in front of the Church of the Nativity.

Let us suppose we have arrived on Christmas eve, in time to wander about and to become acquainted with the little city.

Of course it has changed in appearance since the birth of Christ. It is larger, and better built. Now, as then, the houses are of stone, and, as cities and customs change but little in the East, we may safely infer that modern Bethlehem houses are much like those of nineteen hundred years ago. Perhaps some of the old buildings that were in existence so long ago may still be standing. Of course the great Nativity was not then erected, nor were any of the large religious buildings we see. These are the memorials of a later date, built in honor of

Him whose earthly life began here. One would have to be unmindful of his surroundings and very unimaginative not to wonder what the place was like on that night the anniversary of which we are celebrating.

We know that then, as on this December 24, it was filled with people. But those people had come for a different purpose. Augustus Caesar, the master of the then known world, had issued an imperial decree ordering a general registration of all his subjects. This was for the purpose of revising or completing the tax-lists. According to Roman law, people were to register in their own cities—that is, the city in which they lived, or to which their village or town was attached. According to Jewish methods they would register by tribes, families, and the houses of their fathers. Joseph and Mary were Jews, and conformed to the Jewish custom. It was well known that he and Mary were of the tribe of Judah and family of David, and that Bethlehem was their ancestral home. Accordingly, they left the Nazareth home, in the territory of Zebulun and came to David's own city in the territory of Judah.

They came down the east bank of the Jordan, crossed the river at Jericho and came up among the Judean hills and valleys till they reached Bethlehem. It was a long journey, and a wearisome one; and on arriving, a place of rest was the first thing sought. Evidently they had no friends living in the place; or, if they had, their houses were already filled. It was necessary that shelter be had, and immediately. In the khan, or inn, there was no room; so there was nothing to do but occupy a part of the space provided for cattle. It was not an unusual thing to do, and is often done to-day in these Eastern villages. In fact, they were about as comfortable there as in any khan. At a khan, one may procure a cup of coffee and a place to lie down on the floor; but each guest provides his own bed and covering. This was all Joseph and Mary could have obtained in the inn, had there been room for them. And here in Bethlehem, in an stable, or a cave used for stabling animals, Jesus was born, and Mary "wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger."—*By Edwin S. Wallace, in St. Nicholas.*

A lawyer of the City of Mexico, now in Washington, is thus quoted in the *Washington Post*: At present there is a great inclination among our people and among those who come from other countries to settle in Mexico to invest in coffee plantations. Just a few days ago I made a sale of a very fine coffee farm to parties in New York for \$700,000 in silver. The demand for such investments is active and constantly growing. The reason is that the production of coffee is a highly profitable business, and a great many citizens of the United States are prospecting in Mexico with a view to engaging in the cultivation of a crop that is always in demand at good prices.

—He—"Will you love me when I am gone?"

She—"Well, George, I love you now; and you are pretty far gone, aren't you?" *Washington Star.*

—Maine furnished Christmas trees by the car load, this year for the large cities in other parts of the country.

The Real Original Santa Claus.

Santa Claus is for the time being, the chief of saints, for as certain German and Scandinavian customs have acquired root in this country, Santa Claus has become quite familiarized with all good people. But they are so engrossed with the little ones, whom the saint blesses, that they allow the holy man to linger outside as a convenient myth. This very useful personage is no other than St. Nicholas, who was archbishop of Myra in 342, and the name by which he has of late become popular in this country is the German custom of the Christmas tree and all the rest of it. That we should take up the customs of the Fatherland is but proper, seeing that we are to a large extent a people owing, via England, Teutonic origin through Schleswig and Holstein and the Northern Netherlands and the broken coast line beyond, where the prevailing tone of the people is thoroughly English.

St. Nicholas is a great saint with all the Teutonic and Scandinavian peoples. It was his prerogative to manifest his piety when at his mother's breast, for even then tradition says that he fasted on Wednesdays and Fridays. As a matter of course, he soon became famous in working miracles, and here again he appeared to seek favor with young people. Many interesting stories are told in connection.

The guardianship of the young by Santa Claus was of old recognized by the custom of choir boys in cathedrals choosing a boy bishop on the day of St. Nicholas, December 6th. This was a very important event, as may be seen by reference to "Hone's Every-Day Book," I, 1659, where there appears an effigy of a boy bishop from Salisbury cathedral. The custom was in full observance from early times until 1542, when it was abolished by a proclamation of Henry VIII. It was afterward revived, but the day for such things was gone, and there was no longer any life in the strange ceremonies. The boy bishop appointed on December 6th, continued to exercise authority over the choir boys until the 28th, and one of these bishops, dying while in office, was buried in Salisbury cathedral and honored with a stone monument near the pulpit.

The happy time for the German and Scandinavian children is the vigil of St. Nicholas, on the night of December 5th. Then it is that he glides about, putting good things into lucky bags and spying out the merits and demerits of boys and girls and sometimes unsparringly praising or rebuking them. The North German custom requires the saint to pay a visit to the house where the young people are assembled in festivity on the night of his vigil. He appears at a moment when all are assembled, and he has a most venerable and dignified appearance befitting his age and sanctity and rank. He announces himself by a loud knock, and having obtained admission, speaks in kindly words to the juvenile throng, reproving some, perhaps, encouraging others and proving gentle and kind to all. If some forward boy should interrupt the benediction by exclaiming, "It is Uncle George!" that need not prevent attention to the saint's counsel or the acceptance of his gifts. These, indeed, are more eagerly looked for than the saint himself, and so on retiring to rest, each member of the party places an empty shoe on the table and the door of the room is at once locked; and, behold, when morning dawns and the doors are opened in the presence of all, the shoes are found to be filled with gifts for those to whom they belong, and the table is covered with trinkets and sweetmeats. We have transferred all these interesting ceremonies to the night before Christmas and to Christmas Day, but their spirit remains the same.—*From the Baltimore Sun.*

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—The Philippine Islands promise soon to furnish as much interesting contemporary history as Cuba has done. There are said to be one hundred thousand active insurgents, and the capital, Manila, is virtually in a State of siege. Meanwhile the Spaniards announce that their policy is to await re-enforcements before "crushing the rebellion." It is likely to be the story of Cuba over again.

—"Teddy" Hale, the Irish wheelman, who now holds the world's long distance bicycle record, is worthy of his name, having ridden 1910 miles in 142 hours and eaten 1531 pounds of food during the journey. The world has never had a more impressive demonstration that food is the foundation of human energy, and that stimulants, even in the performance of the most exhaustive and continuous work, are superfluous.

—First Clerk—"I came in late this morning and was nearly frozen." Second Clerk—"Then I suppose the boss made it warm for you." First Clerk—"Well, he did haul me over the coals."—*Record.*

—May be woman like small waists so they won't have to wear suspenders to keep their clothes on.—*New York Press.*

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W. R. BRACHBILL,

Spring Street,

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Christmas on the Rappahannock.

The snow still fell; the keen wind, raw and fierce, cut to the bone. It was God's worst weather in God's forlornest, bleakest spot of ground, that Christmas day of '62 on the Rappahannock, a half mile below the town of Fredericksburg. But come, pick up your prostrate pluck, you shivering private. Surely there is enough dampness without adding to it your tears.

"Let's laugh, boys." "Hello, Johnny!" "Hello yourself, Yank!" "Merry Christmas, Johnny!" "Same to you, Yank!" "Say, Johnny, got anything to trade?" "Paroled corn and tobacco—the size of our Christmas, Yank."

"All right; you shall have some of our coffee and sugar and pork. Boys, find the boats." Such boats! I see the children sailing the small lakes in our Central Park. Some Yankee, desperately for tobacco, invented them for trading with the Johnnies. They were hid away in the banks of the river for successive relays of pickets. "We got out the boats. An old handkerchief answered for a sail. We loaded them with coffee, sugar, pork and set the sail, and watched them slowly creep to the other shore. And the Johnnies? To see them crowd the bank, and push and scramble to be first to seize the boats, going into the water, and stretching their long arms! Then when they pulled the boats ashore,

and stood in a group over the cargo, and to hear their exclamations: "Hurrah for hog!" "Say that's not roasted rye, but genuine coffee. Smell it, you uns." "And sugar, too." Then they divided the consignment. They laughed and shouted, "Reckon you uns been good to we uns this Christmas Day, Yanks." Then they put parched corn, tobacco, ripe persimmons, into the boats, and sent them back to us. And we chewed the parched corn, smoked real Virginia leaf, ate persimmons, which, if they weren't very filling, at least constricted our stomachs to the size of our Christmas dinner. And so the day passed. We shouted, "Merry Christmas, Johnny." They shouted, "Same to you Yank." And we forgot the biting wind, the chilling cold; we forgot those men over there were our enemies, whom it might be our duty to shoot before evening.

We had bridged the river—spanned the bloody chasm. We were brothers, not foes, wearing salutations of good will in the name of the Babe of Bethlehem, on Christmas Day in '62. At the very front of the opposing armies the Christ Child struck a trace for us—broke down the wall of partition, became our peace. We exchanged gifts. We shouted greetings back and forth. We kept Christmas, and our hearts were lighter for it and our shivering bodies were not quite so cold.—*From Harper's Weekly.*

—Cotton snow in a Christmas window caused the \$100,000 fire in Altoona.

The GLOBE'S Great Christmas OFFERING

An offering of both useful and ornamental articles suitable for Holiday Gifts together with an unparalleled Downfall of Prices that has never been equalled by any other establishment.

...BELLEFONTE'S GREATEST OF ALL HOLIDAY BAZAARS...

comes before you this week with an array of marvelous values that will not only attract customers to the store from this immediate vicinity, but for miles around. We ask you to carefully consider the items advertised and remember there are hundreds more just like them from one end of the store to the other. It is one vast, stupendous gathering of

"Plums for the Multitudes."

OUR DOMESTIC STOCK,

Is the Pride of Bellefonte.

Values are shown here in magnificent qualities that would make even merchants in large cities curious. Our offerings in this department are unequalled. Five new cases of Mill Lengths just received will now add to the down pour of Low Prices.

1400 yards good quality unbleached Canton Flannel going at 5c.

2500 yards extra heavy plain Outing Flannel sold universally at 12 1/2 cts. now 8c.

2000 yards Cream Flannellette 7 1/2 cts. a yard is the price asked every where—this week 4 1/2 c.

3000 yards unbleached Muslin, yard wide good quality and a big bargain 4 1/2 c.

And Chambrays, everybody buys them at 10cts. and 12cts. We now give you your choice of any color you desire for 9c.

1200 yards good Dress Gingham, 10cts. a yard would be cheap for them, they go at our Xmas offering sale at 5c.

4500 yards Standard Prints. This season's styles, best makes never bought before under 5cts. a yard. This week 4c.

1200 yards good bleached Muslin a starchless heavy quality would be cheap at 7cts. a yard 4 1/2

2800 yards Apron Gingham, fast colors per yard 4 1/2

800 yds cloth cassimere for men's and boys Pants, no store in town shows them under 15 cents, at our Xmas offering per yard 9c

1000 yds Rustle Lining sold everywhere at 15 cts. We sell you all you want per yard 8c

650 yds men's colored checked Shirting heavy, good quality and full width in all staple colors per yd 4 1/2 c

15 full Bolts of dark Outing Cloth in checks and stripes. They say it is cheap in other stores at 7cts. Our price per yd 5c

25 Bolts Toweling heavy twilled and a big Bargain, per yard 4 1/2 c

KID GLOVES.

A Present that every Lady likes to Receive.

275 pairs of Kid Gloves in all colors and black, match them if you can for \$1.00. Our Xmas offering price per pair 69c

CHILDREN'S CLOTHES.

The Fast Growing Department.

All grades, all classes, all styles, all at lower prices than can be found in any other store in town.

See the childrens mixed suits ages 4yrs to 15yrs. Made up in fine style for 87c

A very handsome chevot suit as good as any child wants for school wear for 1.19

Childrens all wool Chevot Suits in Black and Blue only. When we say all wool we mean all wool. A Big Bargain Xmas offering, price 1.69

A nice line of Childrens overcoats other stores ask you 1.75 and 2.00 for the same goods. Globe's Price 1.18

Mens heavy overcoats. The heavy kind with wide collar and storm protector would be cheap at 7.00 our Xmas offered price 4-25

Mens suits in stripes or checks nothing more or less than a plain, good serviceable, everyday business suit your choice of over 40 different styles 3-98

BLANKETS.

10x4 White or Gray Blankets per pr. 44c

Gray Blankets extra large size per pr 75c

Heavy mixed Grey and Brown Blankets considered a snap at 1.00. Xmas offering price 89c

75 good serviceable Bed Comforts never before sold under 1.50 now 98c

FEATHER BOAS.

Feather Boas, Ostrich Boas white and black, all kinds the biggest assortment in Bellefonte.

This week we will show you a beautiful Feather Boa full length that cannot be found in Bellefonte short of 1.00 for 48c

BED SPREADS.

60 White crochet quilts hemmed ends, large size, woven in beautiful patterns Marseilles styles. Everybody makes this same quilt a leader at 1.25. We sell this quilt during our Xmas offering for 69c

LADIES' UNDERWEAR.

The Mecca for Bellefonte's underwear buyers—A limitless variety of all that's good and prices that are right. Our special Xmas offerings are 700 Ladies Fleece Lined vests and Pants bought cheap of a swamped manufacturer who made them to retail at 40cts

At the unparalleled price of 25c

Ladies cream and gray union suits full regular made laced and taped neck, you cannot buy them elsewhere at near this price 48c

Boys heavy weight vests and pants in gray mixtures. This will strike you as a remarkable bargain 25c

Childrens underdrawers all sizes in both Cream and Gray down to 11c

LADIES' & MISSES' CLOAKS.

Here in this department you will always find plums. Our Xmas offerings here can never be equalled again. Everything you may desire can be had at prices that will astonish you.

125 Ladies Capes beautifully trimmed and considered a bargain elsewhere at 3.00. We offer you this week at 1.79

175 Ladies' Beaver Coats usually sold from 4.00 to 5.00 our price now 2.98

Your choice of over 500 Ladies' Coats formerly sold from \$10 to \$15. Pick these plums while they last for 7-98

DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT.

Our Dress Goods Department is always brimful of bargains. More this week than ever before. Read carefully.

All Wool French Serge.—In all colors and Black, a firm smooth weave and elegantly finished. Strictly all wool and a big snap for you, per yard 25c

Black Mohair.—A new invoice of three pieces 46 inches wide, you will find the same fabric priced elsewhere at 90 to 1.25 per yard. Special price this week 57 1/2 c

Another Whirl at Storm Serge.—54 inches wide in all the staple shades, heavy weight and a regular 1.00 quality for 55c

Broad Cloth.—54 inches wide in all colors, other stores ask you 75cts for the same goods 45c

36 Inch Wide Serge.—A special offering of 20 pieces in heavy twilled serge any color you may desire, would be cheap at 30c. Our special price 17c

Remember we also carry the largest assortment of Toys and Games in Bellefonte. Also a full line of Christmas Presents for both old and young

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