## CHRISTMAS TIDE.

There's a little old man with silvery hair, An' a long white beard 'at flies 'in the air; With twinklin' black eyes an' a rosy, red face An' one't a year he comes to our place. An' our little maid

An' our little man Ez anxious to see 'im soon's they can!

In the dead o' night when all's asleep. An' the cold frost snaps in the snow ez deep With a reindeer team an' a silver sled He comes straight from fairyland, 'tis said;

So our little man An' our little maid

Ez anxious to see 'im-they ain't afraid! But you better take keer, fer some folks say 'At ef yer naughty he'll fly away; An' quicker'n you kin whistle-phew! Away he's gone up the chimney flue!

So our little maid An' our little man Ez tryin' to be jest ez good's they can!

But ef your good an' 'bey yer pa, An' don't never cry an' vex your ma, He'll fill yer stockin's with games an' toys, An' nuts an' sweets an' all sorts o' joys. So our little maid

An' our little man Wants Santy to come jes as quick's he can!

## A CHRISTMAS REVEL.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

The passengers on the through train were all more or less interested when they saw, waiting at the little rustic station, a half dozen double sleighs, each with its praneing horses, and one larger one with four black beasts, which the master himself had in hand, into which the gay group that had half filled a car were hurried, rolled in bear skins to the chin, and then all swept swiftly away, to the jingling of bells. "The house warming of some young millionaire," the conductor said to those that asked. And then the sleighers heard the two sharp whistles as the engine plunged across a highway, and neither the people in the train nor the gay people out of it thought know how to do without them. If—oh, of one another again.

But there were two people in the sleighs not quite so gay as the rest. Don Hollister had carried his hurt a good while, and saw Don Hollister's eyes resting a moment | tickets to this place-' upon her. But it was Elise Bonney, their chaperon, who had indicated her place, and groom had moun'el her there out that." of hand, beside Don on the high seat of the big sleigh. It occurred to Polly to wonder what Elise Bonney thought, for all her tinkling laugh, when seeing this splendid Don Hollister, holding his four-in-hand like the charioteer of an Olympic race, and then looking at the pale starveling of a you to hear me say ! love you—'' man beside her whom she had chosen to marry-chosen, some said, because his re- Polly's great gray eyes, lifted to meet his fined and scholarly character had charmed own; the swift glow of a tender smile her; chosen, others said, because, although swept over her face. "Oh, it isn't fair," a clergyman, he could afford not to preach, she said, "with this heavenly love-music been born heir to the Bellington going on !" and Bingley Railroad, with all its revenues, which meant for Elise a palace in a lives !" mountain park and a house in town, where

with Polly. Don was busy with his horses who appeared to have some idea of flying, the opera. He had come and asked her to material so all in all, that you prefer money go out, and she had risen, in spite of her to love." step-mother's frown—the more quickly, perhaps, for Mrs. Templeton's hurried head quickly, "but the pleasure that money whisper, "He meant Elise, not you!" She brings. by the color that swept over the face of Elise, sitting on her other hand, that she he added, presently, "that money has also had heard; and it was not till they wings.' were standing aside and letting the procession go by, while she sipped her iced water, that she looked up and said: "Now you have been very kind, and I have had a breath of air, and we will go back, and you shall take out Elise, for I know you ct is, the air was so close I had to take echance—"

"The fact is nothing of the sort," said

"The fact is nothing of the sort," said down with her.

"The main that all the information in an anticular who knows?—she held out her hand—

"There it is," said Don. "I think we may venture." And he went hurriedly down with her. "Mrs. Templeton," he meant to ask her all the time. But the fact is, the air was so close I had to take the chance-

Don. "The fact is that you are as inac- said, leaning over, "we have been hearing cessible as a Grand Llama. And it does the music further out. Not quite up to me good to take you out directly under Faust, but very sweet. You have no idea Mamma Templeton's eyes - How are you how the sound goes over the head in this

"I don't know what Mamma Templeton has ever done to you," said Polly, pouting into her fan, for Mr. Berkeley had looked round at them, and so had Rosamond Beale,

tern of a desirable parti-a young broker her back her seat on the other side of Polly. making his commissions. How can she tell It was just then that Mrs. Arlington's voice you on what day a lucky deal may-She rose over the tuning of the fiddles : doesn't believe in lucky deals? Nor you, it's a pity; she is so charming, and Don is non plus. Why, let me tell you, there are tremendously epris; and any one can see as many currants of luck and ill luck as she is in love; and neither of them worth a to do so—they seemed on such terms. And pitchy blackness, there are of cold air and warm air. And I penny! But Elise—" And as the fiddles while the bell pealed insistently on the She stood still a am in one of the lucky currents. I keep in it, too-straight sailing. You do not beand going along beside her. "Mrs. Tem- in the foyer, and if, after all, it might be pleton's frown is proof to the contrary? Elise-But what do I care for Mrs. Templeton's not frown on me."

that she had to stoop and adjust the ribbon of her slender shoe and let the posture excuse the blush. "I think," she said, learn that Don Hollister had made a lucky straightening herself with a pretty hauteur

we will go back now."

deal more to say."
"If you please, I will go back." "Then I shall say it on the way."

half under her breath. 'All the good in the world!—Fine house again," as Tom Perkins stopped to speak to them. "Eames in great shape to-night. Seen Calve? In Mrs. Houghton's box.

the good in the world !" as Mr. Perkins took himself off. "Have you seen Calve?" asked Polly. "No, I have not. I asked him if he had.

I see something infinitely more delightful to me to look at, and you know it!' 'But if you please, Don—'

"Yes? I please anything, Polly, when "Oh the orchestra are taking their places! Don't you hear! See; every one is go-

breath," said Don, planting himself against | ised to be maid of honor at Nanny Dunce's | I grieve to say, that he was a first-class | -she seemed to have thought of everything

emocratic Hatchman

STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION.

BELLEFONTE, PA., DEC. 25 1896.

NO. 51.

the wall, and taking her fan as if he were examining the painting, but bending his keen glance over it and upon her. "You are guarded so like blue china, and you will be forbidden to speak to me after we go back, and it is now or never with me,

VOL. 41

"It will have to be never," said Polly, looking down, and very white. "Great heavens, Polly! You are going to faint!" he exclaimed.
"No. I am not," she said, getting herself together with an effort. "Why should

I faint-" "Because Polly darling-because your heart is stronger than your will-"Prople faint only with weak

hearts. No, no, Don, don't be foolish. Oh, the curtain is going up-" "All right-"We shall miss the scene!"

"Well, the scene is here. and your part is to tell me here now if you are going to marry Mr. Goldmarck—"

. You have no right to ask me!" "Every right! The right of the love I

"You can't say I haven't tried to prevent your saying this?"
"I don't intend to say anything about it. But I can't endure the life you lead me any

longer!"
"The life I lead you!" Exclaimed Polly, still in their undertone. lead you a better one if—" "And I should "If you agreed to find life with love better than life with a thousand useless lux-

uries-' "But I am used to the luxuries. I don't

"then you admit it all, Polly?" "I admit nothing-give me my fan, please-except that I am a worldling. Oh, the other—well, pretty Polly Templeton | I know it," retreating before his joyous acknew best what she had to be sorry for; cent. "But I can't do without the carriage one; and what superb horses—black Hasthe red dyed her cheek in a more vivid and servants and dinners and dances. All sans, every one; and how good this said Elsie, presently. Stain than the frosty air could give as she the love in the world won't buy season wind was, and this motion. And What affair was

"But you have the fan alread ..." "Never to have another! Oh, really, it is quite absurd, our losing the music so !" your heart it would be infinitely sweeter

For a moment a passionate glow suffused

"It might be heavenly love musicall our

But it was only a moment's thought began to move forward so rapidly that perforce he had to join her. as they leaped and plunged and stood up the middle of the scene, unless we want in their traces; the next moment the last the house to rise at us. You will have to be

"It is spoken," said Don. "Remember,"

'So has love. There is a song-" she hummed, in self-supporting bravado, "'Love plumes his wings to fly away." half contempt; and in another moment-

part of the house. Won't you come and try it yourself? These seats are torture-chambers! And it's my last chance-I am off, you know, to Honolulu to-morrow." And Mrs. Templeton rose with much commo-It is quite true I am not her pat- down the aisle again Mr. Goldmack gave "Yes. began to scrape again Polly was struck with a wild wonder if Don Hollister could he said, returning the glass have been acting a part with her out there

That was all two years ago. Her stepfrown?" his voice very low, but close be- mother had taken her over seas that spring, side her ear as he bent his head. "You do and there had been a gay career at a foreign court, more than one impecunious prince in-The color flamed over Polly's face, so quiring about her dot, and withdrawing when told that she had only her step-mothdeal in sugar, and another in P. D. Q. bonds, and none knew how many more in "Oh no, I think not. There isn't the State loans, in telephone, in real estate scrape of a fiddle yet. And I have a great | caught in a current of luck, in fact, for he could write his name to six ciphers; and not the least spoiled—same old Don—first to put his hand in his pocket, hardest rider

"What good does it do you to talk so?" to hounds. And had she heard—it was Tom Perkins talking—that Goldmack had gone all to flinders? And was she bid to the house-warming? Don had an old housemiserly dead and gone uncle's-been an elephant on his hands—the house, not the down the left? Black and pink.—All the uncle. Some old grandfather bought an abandoned fort of the government down the coast, and had built a dwelling-house on the front, and used the rest for warehouses in his West India trade, and others had built on gables and wings. And now Don had it restored; everything the best old colonial-days of considerable splendor. you know; stables full of thorough-breds, kennels full of hounds, old drawing-rooms tapestried and damasked. Quite a change

"Yes," Polly said, her mother had an

"Of course you will go, Polly" puffed her step-mother. "There is no rather think Tom Perkins.

about it. I have written Mr. Hollister so. He ought to have asked me too. But Elise Bonney makes a good chaperon. suitable marriage hers, I hear," said Mrs. are said to make out as far as the reef of Templeton.

"Well, yes, some thought so," said Tom. And here she was, on the high seat of the sleigh, beside Don Hollister; and the whole thing had flashed over her before he had brought his horses down to earth, and they were sweeping along over the crisp snow, the wind rushing by them, the sunset dying out in red, the twilight coming in purple, here a young new moon, and here a half-guessed star, and showers of belltones scattering all about. "Well," said Don at last, turning to look at her, "isn't this fine? Isn't this better than that close car? Isn't this sweeping along on the tail of a comet—a cold comet? Why, Polly, is this you?"

He hadn't known her, then! He had forgotten how she looked in these two years! He hadn't supposed she would come! Why had she? What a fool-she had been to come! "I was so busy with the horses," he explained. I don't know what difference Christmas weather makes to them. But it insist.' seems to make some. You know, there's a tradition that the beasts in the stalls fall on their knees at the first cock-crow in the Christmas night. You are shivering. Not half enough wraps, coming out of that steaming Pullman. We will take the short cut of the bay road." And aware that he will he was talking against time, in a nervous dread of his dropping his reius—of anything, everything—she stammered out that and torches, the dignified Bullion and the she was warm, too warm, and how lovely it superior footmen leading the way, she rewas-sunset and twilight and moonlight mained sitting beside the hall fire with she thought to herself the drive would "Beastly place, anyway!"

never end, and wished to goodness trol her tongue she had answered, "but to ring in all Christmasse and every happy to meyer to be she had never come, and could not have supposed you were to be day and doing at the Old Fort. You have told if she were in the middle of her presentation to Queen Margarita or of the storm she had encountered at sea, when solution to the storm she had encountered at sea, when solution is the mistress here to welcome us!"

better grow used to it, Mrs. Hollister, for we shall have to keep it ringing all the should one suppose that? Why, I was enthe grooms jumped down and began run- gaged to Dr. Bonney-" "No. If you said what I believe is in ning along beside the horses, the gates were thrown open, and they drew up where brick and stone and timber were mingled in a low pile of picturesque outline upon the darkening sky, lights and fires blazing from windows, and "Welcome to the Old Fort!" Don said, as he lightly swung her down, and was gone to receive the rest of "And not—" There!"

the laughing and exclaiming party.

"Isn't it all as I said?" asked Tom Perkins, as they stood in the great hall, trans-"It could not be Romeo and Juliet very lock forest, with here an antler reaching with you Polly?" she was regnant over wit and worth and wealth.

The count has been also been and a noise in town, where a mailed hand and arm, wealth.

The count has been also been and looked and hard and arm, wealth and looked down room after room with far beyond, as a heavy curtain swayed and "We can't go down now," he said, "in parted, with glitter of gold and silver vessels. Servants were passing round some hot cup of greeting, and Elise Bonney, teartime she had been beside Don Hollister patient with me a few moments more. I jing off her gloves, was already brewing tea in subterraneous seclusion! They won't go flashed before her. It was in the foyer am not patient with you when you confess at a little table inside the mantel of the during one of the interminable waits of that the ideal is so unimportant to you, the great chimney. Don himself stood before the lamps hung along the first passages, the first thing that passes your lips in this bring them back on a circle-" house." And then, still half dazed, she was with the rest flocking up the broad low stairs, and in her room alone at last looking out on a steely stretch of starlit sea! close at hand, half without seeing it, and through which Don had come, where wholly wishing she had defied her step- a flight of stairs with lanterns hung along

mother and staid at homa. The fire on her hearth was crackling; her box was unstrapped; a maid came to And then she began to grow red and redder under his eyes and their look, half passion, the reef startled her. Presently she heard "What possesses the transfer of the bell-buoy on the reef startled her. Presently she heard" "What possesses below the possesses the transfer of the bell-buoy on the reef startled her. Presently she heard" "What possesses below the possesses the transfer of the bell-buoy on the possesses the them flocking down the stairs again. What were they going to wear? She opened her door a crack to see. Yes, that was Elise Bonney in a low black waist, a black chifher diamonds. Then she could wear her hurried she wondered why the sight of down the wind, ringing the peal for Christmas eve; the bell-buoy on the reef seemed and let the love go, if she had had a chance frosty air, its message of good-will began to prick her conscience for ill-feeling, and her conscience became as unruly as her usual emotions. She forgot she had dismissed Mr. Goldmarck. "It is you," she to the left—he said the left; she would reup her dark hair, cheeks red as an autumn leaf, eyes glittering like the stars outside sold yourself for a mess of pottage and never got it!" And then, the parish bells hind her—she heard no sound. And all coming again, she stayed her thoughts, at once the wall was wet beneath her hand. learn that Don Hollister had made a lucky and in a humbler frame said a little prayer trifle more magnificent, and she presently found herself beside Dr. Bonney at the and left; and when she observed that she sat directly opposite Mr. Hollister, at first she thought it was an accident of the cards, and then a stupid joke of Tom Perkins's, and then that at a round table, and such a huge round table, it might have no signi- a rat in a hole. ficance; and angry with herself for noticing it at all, she turned to Dr. Bonney a thousand fears clutching at her heart with the sweetest interest in his remarks concerning frozen oxygen, and never glanced recent parts. There were chambers to strength. She dared not move, for she store powder, with long narrow corridors, knew not what might be at her feet—what

ness,"
"Monopolies early in the family," said

sea-whether to blow up boats of enemies' A very ships, or whether a way of escape—for they the bell-buoy-"

"We have never thoroughly examined them. I should get lost in them myself. They will be walled up solidly by-and-by; but a man can't do everything at once.

"This is delightful," said Elsie. "How very interesting!" cried Mabel Palmer. "Why, we're not safe in our beds!"

"Oh, I think so," said Don. "Oh, how I should like to explore them sighed Mabel.

why not?" asked Harry Boylston.
"Oh populars !" said Don. "We have "Oh, nonsense!" said Don.

something better to do."
"You can't have," cried Mabel. "I move we adjourn to the underground pas-'The motion is seconded and carried,'

said Harry. "No, no, no," said Don. "I veto it. veto it. It is all a folly. No, no."
"Now, Mr. Hollister." said Mabel,

"I really think we shall have to organize an exploring party," said Mrs. Apple-"And then a relief party," said Mr. Hol-

"For my part," said Mrs. Bonney, will hold the fort above stairs." And Polly said nothing. But when the gay party had disappeared with lanterns

"It was so nice that you could come," What affair was that of hers, Polly asked herself. And before she could con-

"Before I went away?"

"Of course I was. To the best, the-"Why, Polly Templeton, I believe-I really-I declare-I ought to shake you!

formed by the Christmas green into a hem- in the world! Why, what's the matter

"Oh. nothing, nothing," said Polly. "Only I didn't mean to come. But mamblazing fires, with flower-laden tables, and | ma hurried me off so I hadn't a chance-" "Why, there's Don himself! I thought you were miles underground!"

"Not I. With a warm fire and lovely

ladies besides it, to spend my Christmas eve Polly with a cup, saying, I must bring you and I told Bullion to keep to the left and "Oh!" said Polly springing to her feet.

"If I had known that! I thought it would be so dark and so far—" And she flashed across the hall to the door the walls was disclosed, and gathered up her skirts and disappeared.

"What possesses the girl?" cried Elsie, "What possesses both of you?" cried

Don, following. "Where are you? Remember keep to the left !" Polly heard him. But she had now wrought herself up to such a hysterical fon boa half hiding her snowy neck and pitch with the idea that Don Hollister would think she had come down there, white one, only half as low, and her little now the outlook had changed, to give him white ostrich-feather cape. And while sine another chance, that she would not have been sorry if an earthquake had come and Elise Bonney was so vexing—why Elise extinguished every lamp in these dreadful was down here anyway. The bells of a galleries. Why hadn't she known—why church in the town a mile away came hadn't she thought? and then she never dreamed the old charm of personality could be so strong! As she heard him come they passed.

tion, giving this one and that a cold glare of recognition; and when he brought her in tune with her feeling regarding that of another passage and stepped into it, look in Elise's face; she remembered Mrs. and with her hand on the wall ran a half Arlington's gossip; she wondered, as many a time before, if Don had been playing in those old days, that night in the lover; if Elise had chosen the diamonds and, looking back over her shoulder, there was no light to be seen-nothing but

She stood still a moment, trying to take her bearing, to think just how much she had turned, just how many steps she had exclaimed to the girl in the glass, tossing gain the main passage and be in the hall when they came back. And she took a dozen steps more, and paused, and veered 'it was you who chose the diamonds, who unawares, and went on a little farther, and She stopped short, with a new terror. to be delivered from evil, and went down There was a sound all about her-singing as calm as Polly Templeton of old, and a in her ears, a low regular rhythm, a muffled beating of surf: it was the ooze of the sea under her hand-the house was close upon table, at whose head sat Don, with Elise the brink, and this was one of the long sea Bonney and Mrs. Applethorpe on his right galleries! And there came another soundthe boom of a bell, droning, heavy close at hand and far away-mystical terrible! Oh, what a Christmas bell, what a Chrismas eve! If at any moment this roof of wet rock should crash in she would drown like

-the slimy thing her foot might fall on, the evil apparition of the long dead smugat Don, and had no idea if she were eating glers, the overwhelming sense that she was terrapin or mutton. But now and then lost and would perish there. Hadn't he Don's voice rose across the murmur of the said they had never thoroughly examined other voices. "Yes," she heard him say, the place? She was faint and dizzy-she "the place is honeycombed with under- was going to drop-no, no, she must ground passages and cells, except the more not let herself! She must call up all her and these the old forefather who bought sea-pool what ledge. She could not move. the fort made use of and extended-con- She could not breathe. She wondered how 'All the better. One can breathe a free invitation for her, but she had half prom- duct explainable only on the supposition, long she had been there—she was so tired

wedding in Rhode Island, and she rather smuggler with a monopoly of the busi- in her life-she was so young; she might have been so happy—oh, what misery! And then she took heart and opened her mouth, giving one halloo and another, "Some of the corridors run out under the that went sailing like bats from roof to roof of countless caverns. And suddenly another cry came—a clear call, answering hers, all confused with echoes: "Where are you?" and then a light and that was Don himself hurrying towards her. And all she could to was do put up her two arms for him to take her like, a child. darling!" he said. "I will never let you go again!" And when he loosened his

grasp about her it was just before he reached the vaulted spot where Elise and Dr. Bonney and old Bullion had stumbled on him. on one another in their various searching. And waiting a few moments. Polly vain-

ly trying to gather her wits, still clinging to Don, half laughing, half sobbing, they went back to the hall, where the others had gathered and Bullion superintended the filling of a huge loving-cup with some sweet and spicy draught, to be sipped as

the tower clock tolled twelve. "I wish you a happy Christmas," said Don, where he stood leaning on the back of the chair, in whose depths Polly sat, white and radiant,—"as happy Christmas as mine, if that were possible. Perhaps you did not think I had any purpose at dinner in placing the lady opposite myself. It is the place belonging to the mistress of the house. And a few moments ago Dr. Bonney, in the presence of witnesses, made that lady my wife. Polly, I wish you joy." And touching the cup to his

lips he passed it to his wife. The tower clock tolled the half hour in the middle of the gay congratulations. "Oh," exclaimed Polly was I down there in the dark only a half hour after all? I don't know when I can hear a bell again without trembling. That bell buoy-"

bell, and have that one hung in the tower day and doing at the Old Fort. You had

Her Wish Came True.

An Incident of a Recent Christmas Which May Be Repeated To-day.

The snow fell in Spruce street as softly as the kisses of angels drop upon the lips of a dying saint. It was an ideal Christmas morning—as white almost as the mantle of purity that wrapped the occupants of Eden before the great transgression.

Inside the house every arrangement for a joyous holiday had evidently been made. An emerald tree, upon which a thousand there are Christian foreign missions. articles of varying size sparkled in the somewhat subdued light, stood in the centre of the room. Wreaths of holly were in a dozen nooks and corners, and some deft hand had twined fir and evergreen into festoons whose grotesque shadows gave a weird appearance to the room. Half-hid- the Reading company for thirty years. den by the bending branches of the tree stood a comical figure of Santa Claus, the patron saint of every Christmas delight.

The mistletoe had not been forgotten either. "Everybody who is caught under mersion was witnessed by a large crowd of it will be kissed," said the sweet voiced people. The baptized converts are the re-woman who stood upon the table to sus-sult of the revival services that have been im pend it from the high chandelier; "the progress in Flemington for several weeks. children and husband with the rest. And possibly some one will kiss me too." A Bible lay open on the mantel, at the story of the Wise Men and the Star.

flung wide open so as to admit the reassuring sun, were partially drawn and bowed. The wax tapers on the tree looked in vain for the kindling match. Not one of the gifts, each bearing the prospective recipithe donor, had been disturbed. The min- that she was a girl instead of the fashionable iature fountain at the tree, which had young man that she looked. played musically the night before, was now as mute as a stone. It was as if some Galatea at her loveliest; it was on account of the absence of the vital spark, more in-

animate, more ominous and more chilling. The nurse came in with the three little tots, but in the presence of some dread influence they could not open their lips, Neither the figure of Santa Claus nor the marks on the part of the whip swallowed, it bead work on the trees aroused their enthusiasm. The dolls stared at them with wide open eyes, but the appeals were futile Behind the group stood the dark figure of a man, about whose eyes still darker circles were seen. The animate and inanimate objects in the room were in accord. Both were pathetic in their despair.

The snow outside fell as softly as the kisses of angels upon the lips of a dying saint, folding the earth in a mantle as fine as that which wrapped the occupants of Eden before the great transgression, but there was no Christmas cheer within. Between the moment that the midnight stars blazed more brightly in reiteration of their holiday message, and the rising of the sun that not even the snowflakes could hide, that the danger to employes on street railthe sweet-voiced woman whose deft hands had twined the evergreen and fir, and suspended the mistletoe in the air, had sighed just once and begun her long journey alone. Her presentiment had come true. Some one—Death—sweet angels—had kiss ed her as she stood under the mistletoe.

-The White House will not be teetotally dry under the new administration. The whine of the office-seeker will abound. -Record.

-Don't give your husband a pair of rocate by giving you a new shaving stand.

-Coats are worn longer than usual. This is not a fashion note. It's an indication of hard times.—Philadelphia Record.

Now comes the merry time of year When boys on fish-horns toot

An I grown up folks not far from here
Begin to resolute. Spawls from the Keystone.

-A switch engine killed aged Mrs. John Carey, a coal picker, at Plymouth.

-The President has appointed A. J. Mo-Quiston are postmaster at Saltsburg.

-Berks county, which a century ago had 2000 Quaker residents, now has less than 50. -J. D. Franklin, of Sedalia, Mo., was awarded to York county mail route con-

-President Dolan expects all miners of the Pittsburg districts to be in line next week accepting the 60-cent rate.

-Franklin county will have a great fair next year if the enthusiasm at a preliminary

meeeting in Chambersburg is a criterion. -Fifteen imprisoned drunkards at Reading have petitioned the mayor to shorten

their sentences so they can enjoy Christmas. -For murderous assault on Henry McCoy at Hagerstown, Md., Thomas Bird and Charles Turner, colored, have been arrested

at Columbia -Trinity Lutheran church, Chambersburg, has called to its pulpit Rev. J. Henry Harms, of Savannah, Ga., who has accepted

-John Fetterman, of Banks township, Indiana county, had several ribs broken and sustained other injuries from a log rolling

-Young Vincenzo Friezo died at Bethlehem of wounds accidentally inflicted by his friends, Benedetto Saffiero, while out

gunnirg. -In the icy Allegheny river at Pittsburg 15 colored converts were baptized, and one of them, a woman, fainted when she return-

ed to the shore. -Burglars blew open the safe at Samuel Swartz's creamery at Spring Grove, near York, and secured about \$11. The explosion

wrecked the office. -Abraham S. Whitman, of Reading, who began work on the Jefferson Democrat in 1838, celebrated the seventy-sixth anniver-

sary of his birth on Monday. -In a fit of absent-mindedness and apparently half asleep, Mrs. Calvin Garlick walked against a moving freight train at Carlisle on Monday and was nearly killed.

-Mother McCloskey, of Farmington township, Clarion county, is probably the oldest living person in Pennsylvania, and one of "It is the most tuneful of all the Christ- the oldest in the state. Like most persons mas bells that ever rung. We will give the light house board a louder and a better entage. -At Big Run, Jefferson county, Saturday

afternoon, William Britton, an Englishman, was stabbed to death by an Italian during a quarrel at the hotel in that place. After he killed the man, the Italian fled, and has not yet been captured. -A 17-year-old boy named Welleroth has

been dismissed from the Williamsport schools for practicing hypnotism on the other scholars, with demoralizing effect. Welleroth discovered his hypnotic power during Prof. Day's stay in that city. -Rev. John H. Prugh, of Pittsburg, has been appointed one of 50 clergymen to visit

Major McKinley at Canton, O., on December 30 and urge him to be careful to appoint the best ministers and consuls to fields where -Clinton G. Hancock, the well known general passenger agent of the Philadelphia and Reading railroad company, died at

Philadelphia Sunday night of rheumatism of -Rev. C. S. Long and Rev. Mr. Cooper immersed five converts in the Bald Eagle creek at Flemington, Friday evening. The im-

people. The baptized converts are the re-

-Bertha Roderman, a pretty young miss, aged 19, was arrested at McGee's Mills, Clearfield county, Friday, while on her journey And still the air of the house did not from Punxsutawney to Altoona, in search of eem in exact keeping with the festive en- a lover who had deserted her. Before leavvironment. The shutters, instead of being | ing Punxsutawney she stole fifteen dollars from her mistress and also took a suit of clothes from an inmate of the house. She then had her hair cropped short, put on the male attire and started on her journey. The ent's name with the season's greeting from girl broke down when arrested and confessed

-One evening last week, Preston Sipes, of creating power had fashioned an exquisite Licking Creek township, Fulton county, image but had forgotten to endow it with turned one of his cows into the garden to eat the breath of life. More beautiful, because the loose cabbage leaves which were there. of its seasonableness and suggestion, than | Shortly after turning her in they noticed she would not eat, and in a short time she was dead. William Vallance skinned the animal and upon investigating the cause of her death found sixteen inches of the butt of a buggy whip in her throat. As there were no tooth is a mystery how it got there. Some are inclined to think it was run down her throat by an evil disposed person.

> -In the report of railway statistics appears the statement that there were thirty-two passengers killed on the street railways in the State during the year ended June 30th last. The number of passengers killed on the steam railways operating in Pennsylvania with a mileage of over 19,000 was only 37. On the street railways in the United States there were more than three times as many passengers killed as employes, while on the steam railways there were thirteen times as many employes killed as passengers. These figures indicate ways is much less than on steam railways, while the danger to passengers is much greater.

-Another terrible warning against children playing with or around fires comes from Beverdale, a small village near Mt. Carmel. A few days ago the 4-year-old daughter of William Morgan was standing near a fire of chips that had been thrown on hot ashes which had been emptied on the ground by a neighbor. The child's dress caught fire and in a moment she was enveloped in flames, ace curtains unless you wish him to recipand and despite the efforts of a 2 and a 6-year-old brother, they were unable to quench the flames, and then notified their parents, but before they arrived on the scene the little girl was so badly burned that she died at five o'clock the next morning, after suffering untold agony. Her body from head to foot. was so badly blistered that it was almost impossible to remove the child to her home, the pain being so intense.