# Democratic Matchman.

# Bellefonte, Pa., December 25, 1903.

SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS TIDE. The spirit of the Christmas-tide Is busy everywhere, And loving thoughts for friends and kin Fly swiftly through the air.

Forgotten are the petty strifes And sorrows of the year. For brains and hearts unselfishly Are bent on Christmas cheer.

Oh, spirit of the Christmas-tide, We beg of thee to stay In hearts and home through all the year

And greet us day by day. Teach us to give good gifts to all, Kind words and service sweet; Thus will the Christ-child's mission find A tribute fair and meet.

Then earth will grow a paradise. And heaven seem so near That reverent hearts at quiet hours Its melodies may hear-

"Glory to God, and on earth peace Peace and good-will to men.' Oh, Christmas spirit, fill our hearts And go not out again !

## THE HOLLY.

Ye who have scorned each other, Or injured friend or brother. In this fast-fading year : Ye who by word or deed, Have made a kind heart bleed, Come gather here ; Let sinned against and sinning. Forget their strife's beginning, And join in friendship now Be links no longer broken ; Be sweet forgiveness spoken Under the Holly Bough

Ye who have loved each other. Sister, and friend, and brother, In this fast-fading year ;

Mother, and sire, and child, Young man and maiden mild, Come gather here ;

And let your hearts grow fonder. As memory shall ponder Each past unbroken vow ; Old loves and younger wooing Are sweet in the renewing,

Under the Holly Bough. -Charles Mackay.

THE EVOLUTION OF A SANTA CLAUS.

Sampson Wright was a reporter on the Tribune. He was a very good reporter, too, which conveys that he did whatever he was told to do, with as much more as possible, and did it well, and demurred

This afternoon, however, he came danger ously near falling short of his record. The room was abandoned by all save himself; but he had unwisely lingered; and was squatting before the open drawer of his little deal table, giving the mixture that it contained a hasty looking over a (typical masculine "setting to rights;"he was accredited with doing this every Fourth of July and Christmas), when Jones, city editor, bustled in.

"Ah-Wright ! 1 was attatu 1 u histor you. I want you to go down to Sunny-side Mission tonight and make a first-class side Mission tonight and make a first-class Kate ? Was Kate here ? Great Scott, "Ab-Wright ! I was afraid I'd missed have a Christmas tree, you know, and a Santa Claus, and all the ragged kids of that end of town will be there. It ought

orth a gounle of

addresses were made. the audience began to fidget; they preferred to see rather than to hear, but the calico curtains closing off the farther balf of the platform parted not. on him ?" Accordingly a quantity of loose plaster. They concealed the tree-all but its tip. Evidently there was a hitch in the pro

with its covering of whiting, was "crunch-ed up," and sprinkled over the unlucky gram. Another address was made; the speaker was nervous, and seemed to be talking against time. Finally she fizzled Sampson's cap and shoulders. "Now, his nose ought to be reddened,"

out, and retreated from view, to the sound or suppressed laughter from behind, and criticized Mrs. Jones.

"Hold still,,' she commanded. She dabbled at Sampson's nose and impatient catcalls and stampings from be-

beek-bones with a substance which he Something was wrong, and Sampso deemed it incumbent upon him to find out could feel taking the skin off. what. So he pushed his way to the door, "Lovely ! What is it ?" congratulated and circuiting the exterior of the build.

the spectators, admiringly. "It's brick-dust !" enlightened Kate.

Sampson groaned to himself. How he must look ! Mrs. Jones-he knew her by sight-berself opened to him. "Oh, yes—Mr. Wright, isn't it ?" she queried. "Come in, quick. Go 'way boys !" and with Sampson inside she has-the local the door upon the cluster of body got a hand-glass ?" she besought.

tily closed the door upon the cluster of errand street Arabs striving to peer within. "I think there's one in the cupboard," "My husband told me he had sent you. But what do you think ! We're in the replied Kate. "But we may need it again, she added, wickedly.

"Thank you," acknowledged Sampson, shortly. "I think it would be better for me to remain in ignorance."

He was very warm, in his cushion and his overcoat. The lamp-wick whiskers tickled his chops and interfered with his breathing, but he dared not touch them for fear of peeling the mucilage. When he opened his mouth, it seemed to him that

his face was cracking. He could not see his feet, and Kate and Mrs. Jones, with the others tittering behind, conducted him, stumbling, upon the platform, and sta-tioned him at the tree, on the inner side of

the calico curtains. Then Mrs. Jones, leaving him, scampered back, and so abruptly that there must have been an error of judgment, the curtains were jerked apart, revealing Sampson standing beside the tree, and frightened at the exposure !

A mighty howl of laughter went up from the strennons crowd in front. "Git on 't de whuskers !"

"Call de cops !" "Ain't dat a bay-winder, do" !" "Gracious me, do say something ! ex-horted Kate. from the shadow of the tree,

"Say good evening ?" 'Good evening,' Sampson forced himself

make deep and impressive, but which sounded to him like a squeak. 'Ya-a-a-a-a-ah !" jeered the critical

Oh, how, with a burning hatred, Sampson hated that mission, and how he longed

Kate valiantly came to the rescue, advanced to the fore of the platform. 'I'm sorry to have to state that by reason of a severe cold Santa Claus has lost his voice,' she explained, smilingly. 'So we'll

'Dat's de stuff !'

andom lifted a little package from base of the tree.

ing, she passed the package up to the Sampson, who loweringly accepted it, and with rebelling fingers held it out before drain and lay on soft brown paper to ab him. Joseph slouched forward, grabbed the package, at the same time giving Sampson a punch in the cushion, and amid

"I'm afraid we can't get any flour, at Kate, without hesitation, giving his arm a this time of night," ventured Kate. "Why not crunch up some plaster, and throw it much hopes of you, though, at first; you were so grumpy.

'Somehow, I had a mighty good time,' confessed Sam. 'But how did you happen to be there?'

"Entirely through accident,' she an-swered. 'I was feeling kind of blue, and I went with Mrs. Jones, to cheer myself up.' "Lucky you did !' asserted Sampson.

Neither referred to the late breach. unless this remark might be taken to allude to it. The breach seemed to have closed of itself. "The one drawback in the program,

proceeded Sampson, 'is, that you and I didn't get anything-any Christmas present. Of course, Santa Claus himself ought not to expect any, but I should have hid a doll, or an crange, up my sleeve, for you.'

'Y-yes.' murmured Kate. "So, if-if you'll take the only thing that's left, besides the tree, for you, you can have him, Kitty,' suggested Sampson, tremulously.

"You know there are two things left, besides the tree,' purled Kitty. 'We might exchange--if you want me, Sam." Sampson bent closer.

"I'd like to seal the bargain,' he said. softly. "Do you mind brickdust?'By Edwin L. Sabiu, in the Pilgrim.

# Dainties for the Christmas Dinner.

A Plain Hickory Nut Loaf .- Two-thirds of a cup of butter creamed with two cups of sugar; add a cup of sweet milk, three eggs beaten separately, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder mixed with three cups of sifted flour and a cup of hickory nut meats cut in slices and sprinkled with flour. Add the beaten whites of the eggs last. Bake in a moderate oven about an hour, or until a broom splint thrust in the centre comes out smooth and clear.

OLY-KOOKS .- Beat to a cream one cup of butter and two of sugar. Break in two eggs, beating vigorously, add half a cup of hot milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, and sifted flour to make a stiff batter. Beat well. Adda cup and a half more of hot milz and more sifted flour, until the batter is as stiff as can be beaten with ease. Cool to lukewarm, add a yeast cake dissolved in a cup of water, a little more flour, and then

beat until the batter blisters. Cover and set in a warm place about twenty-four hours to rise. If set about 10 in the moruing it will be usually well risen by 9 of the next morning. Dredge the molding board with flour and turn the batter on it, remembering the dough must be as soft as can be handled and the less handling the better. Roll the dough in sheets about three-fourths of an inch thick and cut in round cakes

Now with a sharp, thin knife cut a slit in each cake and insert in the centre a plump raisin, a bit of sliced citron and a lump of sugar or a teaspoonful of any rich preserve. Wet the edges of the slit and press together closely. Let the doughuuts rise for half

an hour or until quite light and cook in a kettle of smoking hot fat. This may be lard or lard drippings. It should be hot enough to color a bit of bread a light yellow as soon as it is dropped in. The oly-kooks take about ten minutes

to cook-longer than an ordinary doughnut on account of the fruit in the centre. They should be a tender, golden brown when done. Lift out with a skimmer,

sorb the fat. Roll in powdered sugar and when cold set away in a stone cake jar. Old-fashioned cooks sometimes soak the serve them with preserved peaches. In gold print.

they an

A "Lost" Christmas Gift.

At the approach of the first Christmas after the wedding, a certain bride, desirous of giving her best beloved something made by her own affectionate but inexperienced hands, manufactured a truly wonderful nightshirt. It was made of pink-and-white outing-flannel, trimmed with lace-edged ruffles, and was further embellished with rows of elaborate feather-stitching.

The surprised husband expressed a proper amount of gratitude, and said—with truth --- that he had never beheld a garment to compare with it; but when asked later why he did not wear it, he replied that it

#### 'Far too good

For human nature's daily food," and that he was saving it for some occa sion that really demanded a nightshirt of more than ordinary gorgeousness. It was just the thing, he averred, to wear if one happened to be convalescing from a broken imb or a long attack of fever.

But one day the husband telephoned that he was unexpectedly called out of town on business, and requested his wife to pack his valise and to have it at the station within the hour, which she did.

Feeling tired after a long day's ride, and having nothing better to occupy his time, the man went to his room at nine o'clock that night, intending to go at once to bed. When he unnacked his valise he discovered that the long-dreaded "special occasion had at last arrived, for there, folded neatly in the valise, was the pink-and-white night-

shirt -- ribbons, ruffles and all. The traveler was slightly bald, and had a sandy mustache, and when he had tied the broad pink ribbons in a bow under his decidedly masculine chin, he made a picture never to be forgotten. He was just about to climb into bed, hoping fervently that no sudden alarm of fire would render it necessary for him to appear unexpected. ly in public, when he was startled by a

loud rapping at his door. Supposing his visitor to be the bearer of an expected telegram, he opened the door to find himself confronted by the last person he wanted to see -- or to be seen by -- in the circumstances. His caller, a man upon whom, for business reasons, he was desirou of making a favorable impression, had discovered his name on the hotel register.

"Good gracious !" exclaimed the aston ished visitor, "are you on your way to a fancy-dress ball ?"

"No," returned the embarrassed victim. 'I'm merely getting ready to go to bed in the nightshirt that my wife made me for Christmas."

The young wife subsequently considered it strange that her husband was never afterward able to recall the name of the town in which he absent-mindedly left that unexampled nightshirt under the hotel pillow

There were seven yards of lace on it, oo," she would sometimes sigh, regretfully, "and four yards of ribbon; but never mind, dear, I'll make you another sometime."-Youth's Companion.

Xmas Tree Game for Holiday Parties

Ten verses from the poets, each one containing a reference to some particular kind of tree, are a requirement for a good Christmas game.

The hostess may search out a set for herself or she may make use of those given below.

Prepare the puzzles prettily by cutting cards for them out of water color paper. There should be ten of these cards, alike in shape and size. At the top of each card is a little tree, sketched in inks, colored oly-kooks in a little Santa Cruz rum and chalks or water color., and a number in

card. The verses are always incomplete, the name of the tree and that of the author vanilla ice cream. Celery Salad.—This consists simply of of the poem being represented in every case by blanks. In playing the game the guests endeavor to fill in the missing words. These are written, not on the question cards, but on slips provided for the purpose by the mistress of ceremonies. Each answer should be numbered to correspond with the card. Here are the quotations: But they shall sit every man under his own vine and fig tree. Bible. Thy children like olive plants around the

January Jurors.

The following were drawn to serve as jurors at January term of court, commencing Monday, January 25th, 1904, and continning two weeks :

GRAND JURORS Henry Zerby, farmer .... ... Haines D. B. Schenck, farmer. Howard William Bitner, laborer. ... Potter James A. Ott, laborer ... .Bellefonte G W Stover saddler .Millheim William Walker, miner. ...Rush William Kunes, laborer, .Liberty W. C. Walk, farmer. ... Taylor George W. Smith, farmer. .Walker John Armagast, farmer... Benner Frank Peters, farmer ... .... Union W. J. Thorsell, blacksmith. ... Haines Gotleib Haag, gentleman.. Bellefonte A. W. Dale, tarmer... ...College Clayton Weaver, miller. ...Miles Clayton Brungart, farmer.. ...Miles Enoch Sweeney, farmer. ...Harris Ira Lyle, weaver.. Benner Thomas Tubridy, laborer. Snow Shoe W. P. Irwin, laborer ... ....Spring C. E. Murray, merchant ... .Philipsburg William R. McClosky, farmer. ...Curtin Milesburg James Gregg, teacher... Elmer Henderson, merchant ... .....Huston TRAVERSE JURORS-1ST WEEK. William Beck, farmer... Walker Henry Weaver, farmer ... .Liberty

Adam Cowher, blacksmith. .Worth George R. Price, farmer. Worth Conrad Immel, laborer. ..Gregg A. C. Ripka, farmer..... ...Potter F. D. Young, laborer .... Patton E. H. Zeigler, farmer .. .Miles Collins Baumgardner, farmer ...Spring Henry Confer, farmer ... .Boggs John E. Foresman, laborer. .Howard Frank Beals, clerk, ...Rush David Dutcher, mechanic .... ...S. Philipsburg Benjamin Breon, lumberman.... ....Gregg Claude Gette, bookkeeper ..... .Philipsburg John W. Oyler, farmer. Curtin B. F. Blair, farmer.... ...Patton F. C. Croyle, blacksmith ...... .Philipsburg Joseph W. Marshall, farmer.. .....Benner John A. Heckman, farmer ... ..Potter A. J. Gorton, gentleman. Philipsburg James McClincy, farmer .... ... Union Joseph S. Smith, shoemaker .. Snow Shoe William Zeigler, farmer .... .Miles Halfmoon George W. Fisher ... Jasper Steel, farmer .... ....Huston Henry Snavely, lumberman .. .Walker James Noll, lime burner ..... Milesburg George Walk, laborer ..... Rush J. S. Auman, miller .... .Centre Hall R. B. Treister, farmer ... .....Potter W. B. Snyder, superintendent. ...Snow Shoe Samuel Hoover, farmer ... ... Taylor Miles P. Heaton, farmer ... ...Boggs S. M. Miller, gentleman ...... Philipsburg Thomas Shaughnessy, carpenter.....Bellefonte Frank Smith, painter .... .Ferguson Harvey Bowersox, farmer .... Ferguson James Winklebleck, farmer .... ..... Haines John Eisle, painter..... Snow Shoe Snow Shoe Robert A. Lucas, laborer ... William Ripka, carpenter.. ....Gregg Millheim M. S. Fiedler, gentleman ... Fred Bartley, gentleman .... .....Boggs Elmer E. Swartz, farmer ...Spring Charley Hess. farmer.. Rush August Newman, merchant ..... .Milesburg Alonzo Grow, merchant..... ...Burnside TRAVERSE JURORS-2ND WEEK.

Charles Reese, farmer .... .. Boggs George B. Shaffer, merchant ... .: Penn John W. Beck, laborer ... ...Howard J. G. Platt, merchant ... .Philipsburg Charles Heickel, laborer. .....Liberty Warren Ward.Imerchant. .Ferguson Isaiah Beck, farmer..... Halfmoor W. A. Sandoe, tailor ... .Centre Hall Foster Williams, clerk. Bellefonte P. J. McDonald, railroad boss. .Unionville

J. H. Gross, merchant tailor ...... Bellefonte

Spring

.Rush

.Spring

Snyder Tate, ice dealer.

Paul Musser, laborer ...

Theodore B. Haupt, cigarmaker...

# "We were ready to get down and for a man, when you appeared !" declared a chorus, fluttering around him. "I ?" stammered Sampson, replying to crowd. "Yes, you; certainly," purred Mrs. ones. "You'll need more stuffing—ah, adding. I should say-than would Mr. Lukes," and she surveyed him with cal-culating eye, "but I don't see any reason

why you wouldn't do just as well as he." 'But--'' began Sampson, in a tone of objection, and backing toward the door of "Do, Mr. Wright ! Do! You don't know how thankful we'll be to you !"

'Hurrah !'

Thus encouraged, Kate turned, and at

'Joseph Zalinski,' she called.

With a glance half mocking, half plead-

great applause from fellow urchins ran back to cover. Dirty little brute !' growled Sampson.

"They're almost tearing down the build The cat-calls and the stampings were incessant, and growing in vigor. "And you've come just in nick of time to help us out," continued Mrs. Jones. to the blinking Sampson. to utter, in a voice which he essayed to

to kick the tree over (preferably on top of Mrs. Jones) and savagely flee !

do away with any address, if you'll excuse him, and set to work distributing the gifts.

Why, the notion was preposterous ! He the Santa Claus of Sunnyside Mission ? Yet how could they guess that he had

"bah-ed" in disgust at them and their "Come, Miss Callaway: you plead with

right ;" and noting his apparent despon-

dency. Jones continued, smoothly : "My wife seems to have got much interested in the mission, and asked me to be sure and send somebody who would write the affair up in a bright way; so I told her I'd send you. She'll look out for you and give you any information you may lack." Then, evidently considering the matter closed. Jones withdrew. Sampson muttering something not at all complimentary to Mr. Jones' wife, shut his drawer with a bang, and stuffing a roll of copy paper into his bip pocket stalked out.

Nothing could have been more repugnant at this particular time, to Sampson's mind than the idea of going to such a place as Sunnyside Mission. Was a wishywashy Sunday-school entertainment an adequate Christmas eve diversion for a strong man? And was a mission termed "Sannyside" the resort to fit in with the mood of a jilted lover ? Well, not jilted, exactly; but anyway, all was over between Kate and himself.

Hopeful that either he would receive no assignment, or else would be able to shift his work upon some other shoulders, he had determined to spend a Christmas eve of riotous living which would smother his pangs and start him on the road to destruction. When he was quite a wreck, then Kate would be sorry.

But all was spoiled. He must go Sunnyside Mission, and stay from A to Z. He could not cunningly write it up, out of his head ; he could not send a substitute to represent him. No; Mrs. Jones (drat Mrs. Jones !) would be there ; Mrs. Jones would be looking for him; and if he did not appear in person Mrs. Jones' husband, in capacity of city editor, would be asking: Why ! 100033

Bah !

And it was "Bah !"-and worse than "Bah !" every step of the way, after dinner that evening, to the mission. in."

"Santa Claus !" jeered Sampson. "Christmas tree !" sneered Sampson.

"Dirty little brats !" snorted Sampson. "Just watch how quick they trade off the things they get for a cigarette or a chewthat is, those things their mothers and fathers don't grab and pawn for a drink !"

Thus holding a disconnected and exceedingly unpleasant conversation with himself, Sampson reached Sunnyside Mis-

He turned in and plumped himself into moroseness barred him from seeking Mrs. Jones, or from speaking to anybody, whosoever. He resented his own presence; he resented the presence of the others around about him; he resented even the modest decorations, symbolic of the sea-

The plain board benches of the little mission filled rapidly, and soon people were standing in the rear and along the aisles. Sampson looked with disapproving eyes upon his neighbors ; despite their efforts to spruce up for the occasion, still considerable grime was visible about their fairly beaming with anticipation, if not Mrs. Jones, briskly. rsons. The fact that their faces were with soap, made no difference to Sampson, in his attitude of censor.

He bated them, and himself, and Mrs. Jones; and charity was not in him. He 0111 E. 33 4 CT 11

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were gone through with; one or two short sprinkle him with snow."

he would not hesitate a second Sampson responded with a glum : "All Kate, sweetly, walking forward from corner where she had been sitting.

'There ! How can you resist !" chor-

ing rapped at the small side entrance.

"What's the matter ?" inquired Samp-

"Why, we've lost Santa Claus !" laugh-

ed Mrs. Jones. "We're afraid he's been sand-bagged,"

supplemented a second woman, facetious-

Sampson was conscious that the little

room, which seemed to lead upon the plat-

form, was full of women and that he was

"Pshaw ! That's too bad," he said.

'But maybe he's only stuck somewhere,

"You see, it's this way, Mr. Wright,,' resumed Mis. Jones. "The man who was going to be Santa Claus ought to have been

here at half past seven, and now it's half

past eight, and he hasn't come, and the

poor people out in front are getting impa-

We can't wait much longer," chimed

tient, and we don't know what to do."

ing, as it is," added a third.

'You'll do it, won't you ?"

rose the chorus, hemming him in.

hot and cold by turns.

"But-" again attempted Sampson,

son, now, on the scent of news, overlooking

most dreadful state !"

his mood.

the only man.

in a chimney.'

in another.

Mrs. Jones.

Jones.

scape.

celebration ?

used the older women, triumphantly. "Much as I should like to oblige you all," started Sampson, framing his words to apply generally, so that Kate might feel herself relegated to the ordinary level, "-this Santa Claus business really is impossible. I'd have stage-fright."

"Nonsense ! A reporter having stage-fright !" scoffed Mrs. Jones, as one who by virtue of her relationship to the profession ought to be judge. "Say 'please' to him, Miss Calloway.'

Sampson was quite at sea as to whether or not Mrs. Jones was egging on the young lady, in malice aforethought. Could she suspect that Kate and he had been more than friends? And if so, how embarrassing she was making it for both of them ! "Please, then—if that will do any good," spoke Kate, calmly.

"There 1" cried the chorus.

"I can't ! I never spoke from a platform in my life," protested Sampson, resolutely

ignoring Kate, and addressing the audience collectively. "But you won't have to say a word, if

you don't want to," asserted the chorus. "No; we'll have Miss Calloway go out with you. and explain that your tongue is frost-bitten, and that you can't talk; and she can hand the presents to you to give away, too, if you like, if it would make it

easier for you," persisted Mrs. Jones, tightening on his lapel. 'Please-Sam," reiterated Kate, mis

chief now creeping into her accents. "I'm too thin !" he blurted.

Kate was making fun of him. 'Nonsense !" accused Mrs. Jones, for

the second time-and still grasping that lapel. "Hurry up, ladies. We'll fix him out in a jiffy. For goodness' sake, somebody go and tell the people that Santa has arrived, or they'll certainly break the floor

"We haven't much to disguise you with," apologized Mrs. Jones, while the various women bobbed here and there. 'Mr. Lukes was to come all prepared, or else we'd have had a costume ready to put right on."

The first thing they did to Sampson was to double a long seat-cushion, and by means of a rope which was providentially by in the wood closet tie it against his stom

ach. The rope passed around him several times, and cut into his back. However, a seat by the wall, near the door. His he did not complain. And when his overcoat was buttoned, in a strained fashion, across the cushion, he appeared quite

portly. "If any buttons come off your coat, we'll "born on " whisget Miss Callaway to sew them on," whispered Mrs. Jones, pointedly. "Now what else ?" she demanded of her assistants.

"I'm manfacturing some whiskers for him," informed Kate. She approached with a collection of rav eled lamp wicks in her hand. "Only, I don't know how to stick them on,' she confessed.

"There's some mucilage in a bottle on the lower shelf in that cupboard." said "You won't mind a

little mucilage, will you, Mr. Wright ?" "Ob, no," sighed Sampson, helpless. "We haven't any wig, so he must keep on his cap," decided Mrs. Jones, as, amid 

But this, however, marked the highvater of Sampson Wright's indignation. Henceforth the tide was to ebb.

'Hattie Kirk," called Kate.

Hattie proved to be an agreeable change from Joseph. She was a really neat miss of seven, and when she dropped a bit of a courtesy to Santa Claus he almost smiled gelatine and dissolve this in a cup and ouebehind his lamp wick fringe.

For a time Sampson maintained his wooden image attitude, neither unbending, figuratively, nor bending, actually. The atter was simply impossible, by reason of quarters of a pound of granulated sugar the indignities to which, he imagined, he was being subjected.

Perhaps Joseph was the worst of the lot; perhaps, on the other hand, Sampson was getting used to his environments; at any rate, presently he caught himself waxing good natured. He fought against it, but

to no avail. He tried to be blind to the fact that these children of Sunnyside Mission-ragged, grimy children, many of them, from hovel and street-were, after

all, beneath their rags and grime much like other children. They watched, they grew again the usual talk about "the obligations excited, they rejoiced; little things pleased of the season, the burden of shopping, the them; Christmas was for them as much as for anybody.

Conners, about to take it, and one Patsy was lost. He was Santa Claus within, as well as without !

so witty that he wondered at them, him self; he even tried a har of a carol ! He ful kindness in a more childlike spirit. If laughed, regardless of the cracking muclithe children and mothers and age, and fathers laughed with him. He did not ting an unwise precedent," from all sugmind, moreover, when they laughed at gestion of barter, it would cease to be a

him approvingly. As a climax, he picked a wee Italian his whiskers. She ran back very much delighted, and with a smudge of brickdust on

her cheek. This innovation of the program awakened such enthusiasm that Sampson felt it devolved on him to kiss other children, also. By the time the tree had been strip-ped, and the last of the gifts disposed of, most of the brickdust had been transferred from his own countenance and distributed. in spots, among the crowd !

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"Mr. Wright, we simply cannot express our gratitude to you !" declared Mrs. Jones, after the people had been dismissed, and while in the side room she, with a hevy of assistants, was divesting him of his cush-ious. "You made the evening a success !"

"Well, I hope so, I'm sure," responded Sampson; wincing as he cautiously pulled portions of his whiskers from his face. "I

enjoyed it as much as anybody." "And we want you for our Santa Claus next year !' continued Mrs. Jones. "Will you do it ?'

"Oh, do !' chorused the other women.

"Oh, do !' chorused the other women. "Certainly,' agreed Sampson. "And now I suppose you'd like to wash, somewhere; you must feel very sticky, poor man,' commiserated Mrs. Jones. "I'll take him home with me," vol-unteered Kate, quickly, 'and he can sorub himself there; that is, if he'll come,' and himself there; that is, if he'll come,' and she darted at him an appealing glance. Sampson instantly put on his cap, from which the plaster and whiting had been

'Sam, you're just splendid !' avowed

some old Knickerbocker familie often served during the holidays with

celery cut up into small square cubes, spread on lettuce leaves and covered with a thick mayonnaise dressing.

Velvet Cream .- Take half an ounce of half of cooking sherry or any good wine. Soak the gelatine half an hour in the wine and then put it on the back of the stove in

a porcelain or agate kettle and add three and the grated rind of one lemon. Remove from the fire as soon as dissolved and strain. When about lukewarm add a pint and a half of rich cream stirring it gently so that

the custard may not separate. Pour in a mould and set on ice. This makes a large dish full.

Honesty in Christmas Giving.

With the approach of Christmas we hear again the usual talk about "the obligations farce of exchanging presents." We haven't a particle of sympathy with people who And Sampson drolly jerked the string of take this attitude. Christmas and obliga-a jumping jack, to the huge amusement of tion are words which in their true meaning contradict each other, and if any regard gift giving as an obligation and a bore, this is a good year for them to emancipate As the result of the thaw that set in he themselves. Christmas is the festival of found his voice. He joked; he said things childhood, and it is a pity that we cannot accept its opportunities of showing thoughtour giving could only be made spontaneous, freed from routine, from the fear of "sethim. And all the time Kate beamed on burden and become a delight. Once in the year we have an opportunity of expressing friendship in tangible form—why not relassie up in his arms, and kissed her, through joice in it? One woman of our acquaintance claims that a thoughtless, unloving gift is dishonest. In a personal letter she writes : "I have some rather unworldly, and I suppose they would be called silly, notions about gifts to friends. Why, just a tiny card, with the Christ-child illumi-nating it and reminding us what the day

signifies, or some bit of written or printed verse which is sent 'because it made me think of you,' means so much more, and is truly in keeping with the good will which distinguishes the day. If only we would never insult auyone with a gift that is not honest clear through !"—The Congregationalist.

# April 3rd Easter Sunday.

Easter Sunday always falls on the Sunday next following the first full moon on or after the 21st of March. This year full moon fails on Thusday, March 31st, the first full moon after the 21st, hence the first Sunday after March 31st will be on April 3rd, and that will be on Easter Sun-

nansted Vitality. Nervous Debility and Diseases requiring a Tonic Strengthening Medicine. It cures quickly by making Pure Red Blood and replenishing the Blood Supply. Benefit Guaranteed of money refunded. All druggists. 48-41. Benefit Guaranteed or

----Fine quality oysters and high grade ovster crackers at Sechlers.

able. Bible. Tall oaks from little acorns grow. David Everett.

Under the spreading chestnut tree the village smithy stands. Longfellow.

And every shepherd tells his tale. Under the hawthorn in the dale. Mil

From haunted spring and dale, Edged with poplar pale. Milton. A goodly apple rotten at the heart. Oh, what a goodly outside falsehood hath.

Shakespeare. As variable as the shade. By the light, quivering aspen made

Under the shady roof.

Of branching palm, star-proof. Milton. The beams of our house are of cedar, he rafters of cypress trees. Bible.

A half hour at least will take wing in working out the answers. The question cards are passed from hand to hand until everybody is familiar with them. When all players have finished the slips are

gathered up and pronounced upon by the party-giver. The prizes can be simple Christmas gifts of any nature, boxed and bundled up beyond recognition. The worst guessers should receive similar bundles, which, when unwrapped, reveal cheap copies of children's nursery books, printed on linen, or children's toys, such as woolly dogs, jumping-jacks and the like.

The name of the entertainment, Christmas Tree Social," requires no elucidation.

# To Change the Game Laws.

The state game commission will try and secure the passage of the following amendments to the game laws at the next session : First. That there shall be no gun used

to kill or assist in killing deer that propels more than one metal bullet or pellet at any one shot from a gun or any one discharge of powder.

Second. That the seaon for killing deer hare, rabbit, pheasant, grouse, woodcock and quail shall open at same date of same month of each year.

Third. That no one person or persons shall kill or assist in killing more than one deer in any one lawful season.

have in his possession more than twenty pheasants, grouse or woodcock, quail each n one lawful season.

Fifth. That there be a liberal bounty paid for each and every weasel, hawk and owl killed in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to be paid by the township in which said weasel, hawk and owl are killed.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Jacob Bergstresser, photographer.......Walker Harry S. Kreamer, gentleman......Snow Shoe Daniel Long, laborer ... ...Miles W. H. Odenkirk, clerk .Centre Hall A. W. Kennedy, bookkeeper... ....Rush W. W. Neese, gentleman ... ...Gregg F. S. Ocker, clerk. Bellefonte Christian Robb, farmer .. Liberty J. B. Hazel, merchant.. .....Miles Martin Neidigh, farmer ... .Ferguson Thomas S. Hazel, clerk. .Bellefonte W. F. Rishel, farmer. .....Gregg ...College W. H. Mokle. tinsmith. J.; W. Conley, clerk ..... . Bellefonte Sylvester Slagle, optician. State College R. D. Butler, farmer ... .Howard Daniel Eberhart, carpenter. Bellefonte L. C. Bullock, laborer ..... .....Huston Samuel Ard, gentleman. ....Penn Elmer Boop, farmer.. .Gregg Hiram Thompson, farmer. ..College James T. Foust, carpenter ... ...Gregg Harvey Vonada, farmer .... .Walker William Forcey, laborer. Philipsburg Michael Corman, farmer. Walker Milton Shuey, Scarpenter.. .: Ferguson

## Plus X Gets Over 45,000,000 Francs.

Wealth of Leo X111 that Had Caused Much Comment in Rome, 9,250,000 Francs Found.

According to the Iribuna, the vatican ad sudden wealth poured into its coffers last week. For some time ceatain sums, which were known to be possessed by Pope Leo, were looked for without result, the search toward the end becoming somewhat feverish.

Cardinal Gotti, prefect of the proganada, accompanied by Monsignor Marzolini, one of the late pope's secretaries, drove up to the vatican and, getting out hurriedly, be-gan tugging at a heavy object in the carriage. Assistance was offered, but it was refused and Cardinal Gotti and Monsignor Marzolini, between them, carrried the mysterious object to the apartment of Pope Pius. They were immediately admitted and remained for two hours.

Intense curiosity was aroused by this act, as it was believed to have some relation to the missing wealth, and the wildest rumors were circulated. It soon became known, however, that the bag contained 45,000,000 francs \$9,000,000 in bank

When Cardinal Gotti entered the presence of the pope, he sank to his knees and, pointing to his burden, said :

"Your holiness, the lamented Leo, just hefore his death. confided to me the monney, which I now lay at your feet, saying that if I succeeded him I was to use it as I thought best, but if another took his place, I was to turn the money over to him, after a period of four months had elapsed. This I now do in the presence of Monsignor Marzolini, who has been the only other person to share the secret.'

The pope was much affected. The Tribuna goes on to relate that just about the time this scene was being enacted in the papal apartments an electrician, while removing the haugings in the late pope's chamber, in order to get at the electric light wires, found in a hole in the wall several bags, which were carelessly tied. These bags, when opened, were found to contain 9,250,000 francs \$1,850,000.

Fourth. That no person shall kill or