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Bellefonte, Pa., December 20, 1918.

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' onc'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 an' the snow iz 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

'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!

Eut ef you're 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!

-New York Sun.

AN OLD FASHIONED CHRISTMAS DINNER.

If I can by any lucky chance, in these days of evil, rub out one wrin-tele from the brow of care, or beguile the heavy hearts of one moment of sorrow; if I can now and then penetrate through the gathering film of misanthropy, prompt a benevolent view of human nature, and make my reader more in good humor with his fellow-beings and himself, surely, I shall not then have written entirely in vain

Washington Irving did not write in vain. He has gone, but his kindly spirit remains. We honor the neighborhood of his New York home by the name, "Irving Place;" we respect his grave in the old Dutch cemetery at Sleepy Hollow; and we feel his presence along the mossy walks and un-der the cool shadows of his country residence at Sunnyside, where he died in 1859, at the good age of seventysix—one of the most charming per-sonalities, one of America's greatest essayists and story-tellers, one of our most noted travelers, delighted by the rich beauty of rural England, or the fanciful dreams of the Moorish Alhambra.

In a series of narrative essays in "The Sketch Book," first published in 1819, Irving tells of an imaginary journey in Yorkshire by stage-coach, of his chance meeting with a former acquaintance, Frank Bracebridge, and acquaintance, Frank Bracebridge, and of his subsequent holiday visit to Bracebridge Hall, where Frank's father, 'Squire Bracebridge, kept every good old Christmas custom, from the burning of the Yule log to the hanging of the mistletoe and the singing of Christmas carols. The lest singing of Christmas carols. The last essay of the series—the one from which the selections given below have been taken,—tells of the Christmas dinner at Bracebridge Hall, with all the merriment of youth and age and high spirit; a delightful old-time Christmas dinner in the great hall, with a harper to welcome the guests, with boar's head, peacock pie, and Wassail Bowl, with old songs and sto-ries, followed by noisy games and maskings. As we see the high festival, and hear the music and the laughter of the long ago, we realize that one way, at least, in which to be happy is to keep our reverence for things of the past, so that old customs may add to our enjoyment of things of the pres-Lo, now is come our joyful'st feast! Let every man be jolly, Eache roome with yvie leaves is drest,

a lemon in its mouth, which was plac-ed with great formality at the head of the table. The moment this pamade its old walls ring with their geant made its appearance, the harper struck up a flourish; at the conclusion of which the young Oxonian, on re-ceiving a hint from the Squire, gave, with an air of the most comic gravity, an old carol, the first verse of which was as follows: "Caput apri defero Reddens laudes Domino The boar's head in hand bring I With garlands gay and rosemary. I pray you all synge merrily Qui estis in convivio." mock fairies about Falstaff; pinching him, plucking at the skirts of his coat, and tickling him with straws. The table was literally loaded with good cheer and presented an epitome of country abundance, in this season

When I returned to the drawing-room, I found the company seated round the fire, listening to the parson, of overflowing larders. A distin-guished post was allotted to "ancient sirloin," as mine host termed it; be-ing, as he added, "the standard of old who was deeply ensconced in a high-backed oaken chair, the work of some English hospitality, and a joint of goodly presence, and full of expecta-tion." There were several dishes cunning artificer of yore, which had been brought from the library for his particular accommodation. From this quaintly decorated, and which had evvenerable piece of furniture, with which his shadowy figure and dark weazen face so admirably accorded, idently something traditional in their embellishments; but about which, as I did not like to appear over-curious, he was dealing out strange accounts

of the popular superstitions and leg-ends of the surrounding country. He gave us several anecdotes of the fancies of the neighboring peas-I could not, however, but notice a pie, magnificently decorated with pea-cock's feathers in imitation of the tail of that bird, which overshadowed a considerable tract of the table. This, the Squire confessed, with some little antry, concerning the effigy of the crusader, which lay on the tomb by the church-altar. As it was the only monument of the kind in that part of hesitation, was a pheasant-pie, though the country, it had always been re-garded with a feeling of superstition by the good wives of the village. It was said to get up from the tomb and walk the rounds of the churchyard in a peacock-pie was certainly the most authentical; but there had been such a mortality among the peacocks this season, that he could not prevail up-on himself to have one killed. When the cloth was removed, the stormy nights, particularly when it butler brought in a huge silver vessel thundered; and one old woman, whose of rare and which he placed before the bar Its appearance was hailed with accla-mation; being the Wassail Bowl, so renowned in Christmas festivity. The contents had been prepared by the squire himself; for it was a beverage in the skilful mixture of which he particularly prided himself; alleging that it was too abstruse and complex that it was too abstruse and complex that it was too beaktrust and there was a story current of a sexton there was a story current of a sexton the substruct of breaktrust and there was a story current of a sexton the substruct of breaktrust but, of rare and curious workmanship, which he placed before the Squire. Its appearance was hailed with acclacottage bordered on the churchyard, had seen it through the windows of for the comprehension of an ordinary servant. It was a potation, indeed, that might well make the heart of a toper leap within him; being compos-ed of the richest wines, highly spiced and sweatened with reacted apples his way to the coffin at night, but, just as he reached it, received a vio-lent blow from the marble hand of and sweetened, with roasted apples bobbing about the surface. The old gentleman's whole countethe effigy, which stretched him sense-less on the pavement. These tales nance beamed with a serene look of indwelling delight, as he stirred this mighty bowl. Having raised it to his lips, with a hearty wish of a merry Christmas to all present, he sent it brimming round the board, for every one to follow his example, according were often laughed at by some of the sturdier among the rustics, yet, when night came on, there were many of the stoutest unbelievers that were shy of venturing alone in the footpath that led across the churchyard. one to follow his example, according

From these and other anecdotes to the primitive style; pronouncing it "the ancient fountain of good feeling, where all hearts met together." that followed, the crusader appeared to be the favorite hero of ghost-sto-ries throughout the vicinity. His pic-ture, which hung up in the hall, was There was much laughing and ral-lying as the honest emblem of Christthought by the servants to have some-thing supernatural about it; for they remarked that, in whatever part of mas joviality circulated, and was kiss-ed rather coyly by the ladies. When it reached Master Simon, he raised it in both hands, and with the air of a the hall you went, the eyes of the war-rior were still fixed on you. The old porter's wife, too, at the lodge, who had been born and brought up in the boon companion struck up an old Much of the conversation during family, and was a great gossip among Much of the conversation during dinner turned upon family topics, to which I was a stranger. There was, however, a great deal of rallying of Master Simon about some gay widow, with whom he was accused of having a firtation. This attack was com-menced by the ladies; but it was con-tinued throughout the dinner by the fat-headed old gentleman next the parson, with the persevering assidui-ty of a slow hound; being one of those long-winded jokers, who, though rathving. church-door most civilly swung open of itself; not that he needed it, for he of itself; not that he needed it, for he rode through closed gates and even stone walls, and had been seen by one of the dairy maids to pass between two bars of the great park-gate, mak-ing himself as thin as a piece of pa-Whilst we were all attention to the parson's stories, our ears were sud-denly assailed by a burst of hetero-geneous sounds from the hall, in which were mingled something like the clang of rude minstrelsy, with the uproar of many small voices and girlish laughter. The door suddenly flew open, and a train came trooping into the room, that might almost have been mistaken for the breaking up of the court of Fairy. That indefatiga-ble spirit, Master Simon, in the faith-ful discharge of his duties as lord of misrule, had conceived the idea of a Christmas mummery or masking; and having called in to his assistance the Oxonian and the young officer, who Whilst we were all attention to the No Tonic sential. Oxonian and the young officer, who were equally ripe for anything that should occasion romping and merri-ment, they had carried it into in-stant effect. The old housekeeper had been consulted; the antique clothes-presses and wardrohes runnaged presses and wardrobes rummaged, and made to yield up the relics of finery that had not seen the light for several generations; the younger part of the company had been privately convened from the parlor and hall, and the whole had been bedizened out,

by the Oxonian and Master Simon, into a burlesque imitation of an an-

made its old walls ring with their merriment, as they played at romp-ing games. I delight in witnessing the gambols of children, and particu-larly at this happy holiday season, and could not help stealing out of the drawing-room on hearing one of their peals of laughter. I found them at the game of blindman's-bluff. Maştique mask. Master Simon led the van, as "An peals of laughter. I found them at the game of blindman's-bluff. Mas-ter Simon, who was the leader of their revel, and seemed on all occasions to fulfill the office of the ancient poten-tate, the Lord of Misrule, was blind-ed in the midst of the hall. The little beings were as busy about him as the a faded brocade, long stomacher, peaked hat, and high-heeled shoes. The young officer appeared as Robin Hood, in a sporting dress of Kendal

green, and a foraging cap with a gold tassel The fair Julia hung on his arm in a pretty rustic dress, as "Maid Mar-ian." The rest of the train had been an." The rest of the train had been metamorphosed in various ways; the girls trussed up in the finery of the ancient belles of the Bracebridge line, and the striplings bewhiskered with burnt cork, and gravely clad in broad chieft hanging glavers and full both

skirts, hanging sleeves, and full-bottomed wigs, to represent the charac-ter of Roast Beef, Plum Pudding, and other worthies celebrated in ancient maskings.

The irruption of his motley crew, with beat of drum, according to ancient custom, was the consummation of uproar and merriment. Master Simon covered himself with glory by the stateliness with which, as Ancient Christmas, he walked a minuet with the peerless, though giggling, Dame Mince Pie. It was followed by a dance of all the characters, which, from its medley of costumes, seemed as though the old family portraits had skipped down from their frames to join in the sport. Different centuries were figuring at cross hands and right and left; the dark ages were cutting pirouettes and rigadoons; and the days of Queen Bess jigging mer-rily down the middle, through a line of succeeding generations.

The worthy Squire contemplated these fantastic sports, and this resur-rection of his old wardrobe, with the simple relish of childish delight. He stood chuckling and rubbing his hands, and scarcely hearing a word the parson said. It was inspiring to wild-eyed frolic and warm-heartsee ed hospitality breaking out from among the chills and glooms of winter, and old age throwing off his apathy, and catching once more the freshness of youthful enjoyment. But enough of Christmas and its gambols. Methinks I hear the ques-

tions asked by my graver readers, "To what purpose is all this; how is the world to be made wiser by this talk? Alas! is there not wisdom enough extant for the instruction of the world?

If, however, I can by any lucky chance, in these days of evil, rub out one wrinkle from the brow of care, or beguile the heavy heart of one mo-ment of sorrow; if I can now and then penetrate through the gathering film of misanthropy, prompt a benevolent view of human nature, and make my reader more in good-humor with hi fellow-beings and himself, surely, surely, I shall not then have written entirely in vain .- By Washington Ir-

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is the Statement of a Well-known and Prominent Lady of Johnstown, Pa.

It is strange how people will complain and try so many remedies, pay such large doctor bills, seeking relief when they can go and get Goldine as I did, and I think, find the same re-lief. I had such a bad stomach, in fact, I was afflicted with about every-thing the a woman could have I thing that a woman could have. I had so much work to do that I could had so much work to do that I could attend to but very little of it when I commenced using Goldine about ten days ago. Now if any of my friends want to know what it has done for me, if they will call on me I will be glad to tell them of the great good it has done me. I was weak, had head-aches, my limbs would ache and I would get so dizzy, well, I could not begin to tell you of all the complaints I had. People can't really believe that one could be helped as much as I have been in such a short time. Nev-ertheless, it is true. Mrs. W. M. MILLER.

Mrs. W. M. MILLER, 619 Franklin St., Johnstown, Pa. For sale at Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa. 63-50

AT THE

BOOK WORK,

TRY MY SHOP-

P. L. BEEZER.



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JOHN F. GRAY. & SON, Bellefonte 43-18-1y State College

And every post with holly.

Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke And Christmas blocks are burning; Their ovens they with bak't meats choke,

And all their spits are turning. Without the door let sorrow lie, And if, for cold, it hap to die,

Wee'le bury't in a Christmas pye,

And evermore be merry. -Withers's Juvenilia. The dinner was served up in the The dinner was served up in the great hall where the Squire always held his Christmas banquet. A blaz-ing, crackling fire of logs had been heaped on to warm the spacious apart-ment, and the flame went sparkling and wreathing up the wide-mouthed chimney. The great picture of the erusader and his white horse had been profusely decorated with greens for

profusely decorated with greens for the occasion; and holly and ivy had likewise been wreathed round the hellikewise been wreathed round the hel-met and weapons on the opposite wall. A sideboard was set out just under this chivalric trophy, on which was a display of plate that might have vied (at least in variety) with Belshaz-zar's parade of the vessels of the tem-ple; "flagons, cans, cups, beakers, goblets, basins, and ewers;" the gor-geous utensils of good companionship that had gradually accumulated through many generations of jovial housekeepers. Before these stood the two Yule candles, beaming like two two Yule candles, beaming like two stars of the first magnitude; other lights were distributed in branches, and the whole array glittered like a

firmament of silver. We were ushered into the banqueting scene with the sound of minstrelsy, the old harper being seated on a stool beside the fireplace, and twang-ing his instrument with a vast deal more power than melody. Never did Christmas board display a more good-ly and gracious assemblage of countenances; those who were not handsome were, at least, happy; and happiness is a rare improver of your hard-favored visage. The parson said grace, which was

not a short familiar one, such as is commonly addressed to the Deity. There was now a pause; when sud denly the butler entered the hall with some degree of bustle; he was attended by a servant on each side with a large wax-light, and bore a silver dish, on which was an enormous pig's head, decorated with rosemary, with

long-winded jokers, who, though rath-er dull of starting game, are unrival-ed for their talents in hunting it down. At every pause in the general conversation, he renewed his banter-ing in pratty much the converse conversation, he renewed his banter-ing in pretty much the same terms; winking hard at me with both eyes, whenever he gave Master Simon what he considered a home thrust. The latter, indeed, seemed fond of being teased on the subject, as old bache-lors are apt to be; and he took occa-sion to inform me, in an undertone, that the lady in question was a pro-digiously fine woman.

Wassail chanson.

I asked no questions.

digiously fine woman. The dinner time passed away in this flow of innocent hilarity, and, though the old hall may have resounded in its time with many a scene of broader rout and revel, yet I doubt whether it ever witnessed more honest and genuine enjoyment. How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles! the joyous dispo-sition of the worthy Source was nor sition of the worthy Squire was per-fectly contagious; he was happy him-self, and disposed to make all the world happy. When the ladies had retired, the conversation, as usual, became still more animated. The Squire told sev-

more animated. The Squire told sev-eral long stories of early college pranks and adventures, in some of which the parson had been a sharer. I found the tide of wine and was-sail fast gaining on the dry land of sober judgment. The company grew merrier and louder as their jokes grew duller. Master Simon was in as chirping a humor as a grasshopper filled with dew; his old songs grew of a warmer complexion, and he began to talk maudlin about the widow. He even gave a long song about the woo-ing of a widow which he informed me he had gathered from an excellent black-letter work, entitled "Cupid's Solicitor for Love." This song inspired the fat-headed

This song inspired the fat-headed old gentleman, who made several at-tempts to tell a rather broad story out of Joe Miller, that was pat to the purpose; but he always stuck in the middle, everybody recollecting the lat-ter part excepting himself. The par-son, too, began to show the effects of

good cheer, having gradually settled down into a doze, and his wig sitting most suspiciously on one side. Just at this juncture we were summoned to the drawing-room, and, I suspect, at the private instigation of mine host,

whose joviality seemed always tem-pered with a proper love of decorum. After the dinner-table was remov-

ed, the hall was given up to the younger members of the family, who, prompted to all kinds of noisy mirth

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Mrs. Johnson gave the above state-ment October 21, 1907, and on Octo-ber 18, 1918, she added: "I am very glad to confirm my former endorse-ment of Doan's Kidney Pills. No one knows better than I what a wonder-ful benefit they have been to me, for they cured me of a serious kidney trouble."

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