

A MOTHER'S XMAS STORY.

Mother and I were sitting by the fire on Christmas night. Twenty happy years we had spent together, almost alone, for father died before I knew him; and we had never been rich, and were perhaps a little selfish, for we loved each other so heartily that we could scarcely spare time from each other for the few of our own class whom we came across, who being better off than ourselves, and holding themselves rather higher, seldom seemed to need our help or sympathy. We had plenty of poorer neighbors whom we loved and who loved us, but they in no way interfered between us or made the happiness we felt in being together less complete. It was only in the last year that a new strong interest had come into our lives, and this Harry brought; and on New Year's day he and I were to be married. From the first moment when he brought me home to mother, having picked me up from the muddy pavement, where I had fallen bruised and helpless in the midst of a crowd, she seemed to take him into her heart, and never from that day did she let one jealous feeling come between her and me. Of course, she was to have with us; even Harry could not have made a home with me without her, and the only thing she ever did which for the moment we thought hard, was when, a week before, she had insisted on Harry's going home for Christmas. "Go to your father and mother, Harry, and leave Janet with me," she said. "You and she hope to be together all your lives; give us old folks one more chance of feeling you are our own." And Harry, with a look at me to see what I thought, had agreed.



"COME AND SIT HERE, JANET."

So that Christmas evening Mother and I were alone. There had been something in mother's manner all day which I could not understand. She seemed to have something on her mind. She was loving and tender to me, so tender that I thought that no one had ever had a mother like mine, and yet sometimes when I spoke to her she scarcely heard me. But we had a quiet, happy day; we always were happy together—and late in the evening mother sat down in her chair by the fire and said: "Come and sit here, Janet, on your little stool, and put your head on my knee. I have a story to tell you to-night."

"A story, mother dear? Oh, that is lovely, like being a child again!" "It is a true story, Janet, of your life and mine. I have never said no—my child and I have loved each other all these years—no, I am not afraid."

"What could you be afraid of, dear mother?" "You shall hear and judge," she said, putting her hands on my head, and then she began: "When I was young, younger than you are, I was engaged to be married. My home was very unhappy, and when Andrew West-... came and asked me to marry him I was ready, to receive the ground he trod upon. He had been coming backward and forward to our house for some time on business with my father, and I believe that from the very first day he saw my misery. We were—and to my remembrance always had been—poor, but if I had been a boy my father would have passed thousands a year. I never wondered that he hated me, that my mother mourned and fretted from morning till night, that he brought me up to feel guilty of a crime, and I did feel it in my inmost heart. It was no marvel that, when Andrew asked me to marry him, I looked upon him as an angel of deliverance. I loved him with an intensity which amazed and frightened him. It was in vain he tried to make me sober and reasonable. It was in vain he told me that such worship was wrong and foolish, that it gave him no happiness, while to me it must bring disappointment. I could not listen, and at last I married him. He said little about it after awhile, but he went away, and once more my life was desolate. He said he would come back, but he never did. He wrote to me often, kind, tender letters, but they chilled my heart; and then one day he wrote to tell me that it must be all over between us. He told me how he had striven to hold fast by his old love for me, but he could not; the mere effort pained him, the thought of my passionate devotion filled him with dread. He could never return such love, he could never endure to have it lavished upon him; once for all he would give it a death blow; when his letter reached me he should be married."

"I had another lover then, Janet, and I almost hated him, but before many weeks were over I became his wife. He loved me always, but we quarreled. I could not pretend to love him, and he grew reckless; our home was miserable, and within a year he died. I was too ill to know what happened for a long time after that. Strange faces passed before me, strange voices spoke kindly words of pity, and once every day it seemed to me that Andrew came and stood by my bed. When at last I woke to reason again, you were beside me. Oh, how I loved you! How passionately I loved you. You seemed to me to be all the world, and you saved my life!" "My husband had not left me in poverty, I had no need to work, and I spent my whole life in watching over you. I made no friends, for I cared for none. I forgot the miseries of my father's house; I forgot my quarrels with my husband; I forgot even my love for Andrew, and was nearly moved when I heard that death had visited his home as well as mine, and that he was indeed desolate, for his wife had died and left him childless. Three happy years passed away almost without a cloud. You grew and thrived. Every day seemed to my delighted eyes to give a new charm, a new beauty to my treasure; and then in the midst of my joy you fell ill. Day and night, night and day, I watched by your bed—never, Janet, give me no thanks; it was selfish love! It was all in vain that doctor and nurse argued with me. I would not leave you, I was fevered and must run the course, day and night. If you should recover, my strength would be needed when you could appear and call for me; but I would not listen, and one night as I sat beside you all the room grew dark, and I knew no more. When I awoke I could not rise from my bed, but I undressed with trembling tears to be taken to

you. Then some one came forward and sat down beside me and took my hand, and I saw that it was Andrew. It gave me no surprise to see him there. I dimly remembered that I had seemed to see him before when I was ill, and for the moment his presence calmed me. "Mary," he said, in his old, quiet tone, "if you do not do as I tell you you will die; and what is more, the child will die too." "I sprang up with a scream and struggled to go to you. 'My child, my child!' I cried. "She is not your child—she is mine," he said, in that calm tone of truth which had never failed to convince me, and which now pierced like a sword of ice into my heart. "Yes, she is mine! Listen!" His quiet eyes controlled me, his quiet words subdued me. "When you were very ill, dying, they thought, my name was often on your lips, and they discovered and sent for me. On the same day a child was born to each of us, and my wife and your child died. 'We might have hoped for her if her baby had lived,' said the doctor; and I gave my child to you. Can you not bear what I have borne?" "Oh, Janet, my child, his words were healing, and the sorrow that from that hour I tried to bear was taken from me!" "At first, when mother ceased speaking, the world, and love, and life seemed to me to be blank and hollow, but in a few moments I rose from my seat and knelt at her knees. "Oh, mother, dear—my father!" "He died long ago, Janet, do you love me?" "Then, as we kissed each other I knew that in all our lives of happy love dear mother and I had never been so near together."

THE COMPLAINT OF SANTA CLAUS.

The snow lies deep on the frozen ground, And the Christmas night is cold, And I shiver before the time so hoar— Can it be I am growing old? Long years ago when the Christmas chimes Made merry the midnight sky, When the carolers' call filled houses and hall, And wassail and mirth ran high, When the harlequin summers reeled and danced, And the great yule log blazed bright; When the walls were green with a summer sheen, In holly and yew beset; When the faces of all, the young, the old, Were brimming with sparkling cheer— Aye, those were the times when Christmas chimes Were the merriest sounds of the year! I mapped my fingers in Jack Frost's teeth, While the snow was wafting down, And the sleds hung from my beard I flung— My beard that was then so brown! And I wrapped myself in my grizzly coat, And lit my pipe with a coal, From Hecla's crest, where I stopped to rest, On my way from the Northern Pole. My reindeer—O, they were brisk and gay— My sledge, it could stand a pull; My pack, tho' great, seemed a feather's weight, No matter how crammed and full! My heart it was stout in those good old days, And warm with an inward glee; For I thought of the miracles of a thousand hearts, Where the little ones watched for me. So I gathered my sweets from far and near, And I piled my cunningest toys, (Unheeding the evils, for the innocent gift, And the rollicking, roguish boys. But the times have sobered and changed since then, My merriment flags forlorn; My beard is as white as on Christmas night Of old was the Glasgow thorn. Tho' my wrinkled-up lips still hold the pipe, No longer the smoke-wreath curls; But saddest to see, of sights for me— My frolicsome boys and girls! Have grown so knowing, they dare to say— Those protesters wise and small— That all saints deceive, and they don't believe In a Santa Claus at all! Ah, me! 'tis a fearful sound to hear; 'Tis gall in my wassail cup; The darlings I've spoiled, so wrought for and toiled, The children have given me up! My heart is broken, I'll break my pipe, And my tinkling team may go, And bury my sledge on the trackless edge Of the wastes of the Lapland snow. My useless pack I will fling away, And in Germany's forests hoar, From an icy steep I will plunge leagues deep, And never be heard of more. MARGARET J. PRAXTOR.

About this time the newspapers teem with advice to husbands—how to treat wives, what to buy for them, and to be sure to buy something. Immediately following mandatory articles of this kind come suggestions to wives to make home pleasant for husbands during the days of good cheer. So much is done for infants that a little gentle reminder to the big married children may not come amiss; but is the editorial mind a safe one to go to for hints on how to maintain conjugal felicity? Marry! I know not, forsooth! as Shakespeare's people say when they are displeased. Every one must work out the problem for himself.

Merry Christmas is here, with a smile and a cheer. Let all your old troubles and quarrels be ended For the friend that is near have a greeting more dear, And breathe a good wish for the foe who's offended. Though with him was the spite, And with you was the right, In kindness of spirit forgive him to-night For whoever makes peace 'neath the evergreen tree A prince of good fellows, and welcome is he.

The Best Insect Destroyer Known. Hot alum water is the best insect destroyer known. Put one pound in a gallon of hot water and let it boil until all the alum is dissolved. Apply hot with a brush, and all creeping things are instantly destroyed, without danger to human life or injury to property.—Chicago News.

Ventilate the Shut Up Houses. These summer resorts who seal their houses up almost hermetically when they leave on their vacations, and then upon returning immediately go back and live in them, incur a great risk, unless the houses have been thoroughly ventilated, and purified.—Exchange.

RULED BY PREJUDICE. Few persons realize how thoroughly they are controlled by prejudice even to their own disadvantage. For many years the treatment of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica and headache has been by some outward application, and, therefore, without stopping to think that the origin of these troubles must, from necessity, be internal; the weary sufferer continues to rub, rub and find no relief. Athliophorus taken internally, and as a proof that this is the correct principle, it cures surely and quickly. The statement of those who have been cured ought to convince the incredulous.

C. F. Bruce, Metuchen, N. J., says: "My mother had the rheumatism in her heart, and was cured by Athliophorus. She says there is no medicine like it." James W. Reed, 4638 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., says: "My mother, although 77 years of age, was entirely cured by the use of Athliophorus." Miss Carrie Patten, Eagle Village, N. Y., says: "My mother was nearly a cripple in her arms, not having been able to dress nor scarcely able to feed herself for three months, being in severe pain most of the time. The acute pain ceased after taking three or four doses of Athliophorus, but she continued to take it until all signs of rheumatism were gone; having taken 27 bottles in all. She has not taken any since last May, and can use her arms as well as ever. A number of friends have taken it, and in every case it has given satisfaction. In case of sick headache, it gives almost immediate relief."

John M. Wolcott, Piffard, N. Y., says: "I got a bottle of Athliophorus for a friend. She at once gained rapidly, and I have not been troubled with the rheumatism since." Every druggist should keep Athliophorus and Athliophorus Pills, but where they cannot be bought of the druggist the Athliophorus Co., 112 Wall St., New York, will send either (carriage paid) on receipt of regular price, which is \$1.00 per bottle for Athliophorus and 50c for Pills. For liver and kidney diseases, dyspepsia, indigestion, weakness, nervous debility, nervousness, constipation, headache, impure blood, &c., Athliophorus Pills are unequalled.

A good fit is the principal part of a suit of clothes, and is what a young man is anxious to have. Don't study long about where you are going to get your suit made, but let Mr. Jackson, the fashionable cutter in the tailoring establishment of W. I. Fleming & Co., Bellefonte, take your measure and you can be sure of getting one of the best fitting suits you ever had. They deal in nothing but first class goods, and their prices are the most reasonable. Try them and you will not regret it.

We quote no leaders in DRY GOODS, but offer everything in the line fully as low as legitimate competition will permit. We have no calicoes at 2 cents per yard, nor Canton flannels at 4 cents, as our regular trade have no use for such goods, but we have a full line of DRY GOODS comprising everything Domestic. Dry Goods and House-furnishing Goods, including carpets, at the very bottom prices, and the cheapest and best line of White and Colored Blankets ever offered in Bellefonte. S. & A. LOES.

J. ZELLER & SON, DRUGGISTS, Bellefonte, Pa. Dealer in

Table with columns for DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY, FANCY GOODS, &c. and DRUGS. Lists various items and prices.

Table with columns for EASTWARD, WESTWARD, and SUNDAY MAIL. Lists train routes and times.

Table with columns for WESTWARD and EASTWARD. Lists train stations and times.

OUR CHRISTMAS GREETING:

—TO— Fathers, Mothers, Sisters, Brothers and All.

The Holiday Season is rapidly approaching and every one is thinking of purchasing presents. You may be debating in your mind as to what you will buy, and where you are going for it. You no doubt want something fine, that will be appreciated. Never before were we better prepared to supply your wants in the line of

HOLIDAY-GOODS-

We have just received a Large Assortment of FINE SILVERWARE, GOLD PENS, PENCILS, RINGS, PINS, CHARMS, HAINS, GOLD AND SILVER SPECTACLES A FULL Line of Silverware, Spoons, Forks, Cutlery, Pocket Knives, Revolver

Advertisement for E. A. GLENN & CO., Centre Hall, Pa. Includes an image of a pocket watch and text describing their products and services.

Advertisement for H. K. HICKS & BRO. Hardware, Oils, Paints, and other goods.

Advertisement for H. K. HICKS & BRO. featuring a large stock of goods and a list of items like stoves and glass.

Advertisement for HENLEY MONARCH FENCE MACHINE, showing an image of the machine and describing its features.

Advertisement for Duff's COLLEGE, featuring an image of a building and text about educational opportunities.