# The Iluntingdon Journal． 

| gdon J | w A | w Advertisement |  |  |  | The Sloker＇s 3uagat． Sweot，Resting Home． <br>  5ill 1 | EAvational Department． |
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|  |  | SOMETHW OFHNTRESTTOTHE OLD FOLRS，ANDTO TKEBOHS A箅$\qquad$ |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  | $\begin{gathered} \text { AM I M: BROTHERS KEEPER? } \\ \text { os } \\ \text { Setoot Tros too iow. } \end{gathered}$ |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | Feathery hakes are falling，faineFrom the skics in softest way， |  |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |  | Thern is ov proetiext wislow in payimg a |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  | men | $\frac{1}{r-2}$ |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | － | $5-2$ |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | Soon the trees，as far as any That elves have wreathed with sno Will be planted－oh ！so many， Will be planted－oh！so many， | and feeling areat deal umere like erping，than anything，elso he cund think of．The |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | noter |  |
|  |  |  |  | That，however，he determined not to do， come what wond． ＂Just then he heard sieigh bells－－the | io box．Chubby？＂he asked ＂Ferythiny but my sled．＂，iis Cinub <br> br＂D）sen do we tive |  |  |
| Professional Card |  |  | Ind tie coilirern，，inatieng dancin |  | out of a crack in the left hand curner | lese eurtaim，the pring at sed the brigit eged thist $n$ rabiong the phees |  |
|  |  |  |  | ever heard in his life－and in a moment up cantered eight reinder，just like the one on his sled，only no bigger than grey－ |  | the ennel chirric form the zuriel | and |
| $\mathrm{B}^{\text {ROWN }}$ \＆BALBE，A |  |  | Flake－like falling from above－ Curistmas is so sweet，my darling |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | hinsalf，a funny old fellow，dressed fromheadd to foot in shagey sray fur，and look．ing fat and stumpy enonght to be Chubby＇s | Yet he looked the box all over aymin， holding his lancern elose down，and hinat． |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | ing every corner．There was nothing there but Cubby sled ＂Ilave gou lost anything？，sial CTusbor． |  |  |
|  |  | and＇75 rather bulky to bandle，we have hadthese twenty－fonr numbers bound in FOUP ELE－GANT VOLiMFS， | The needles have dropped from her nerveless | own brother．As he dashed by Chulby cailed out： |  |  |  |
| Pem |  |  |  |  |  | Went thent with the intut | Hy y |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | little man，standing up and lookiag all about． ＂Idid，＂，ssid Chubby a little frightened， | clear．＇ <br> There＇s mine，＂sail Clubby |  | 边 |
| b．orlady， |  |  |  | ata |  | IT1 fool＇en．＂he zrouts．－ifiliny don＇： kecp their fingers offor thinge |  |
|  |  |  |  | ＂Oh，you did？Yes，a boy of course ： I might have known it was a boy．Can＇t stop to talk．Got miles and miles to ride． | $\begin{aligned} & \text { what Mr. Marsh said when he was so kind } \\ & \text { to me in the store. He said it was a time } \end{aligned}$ |  |  |
| J．GREENE，Dentist <br> noved to Leister＇s now build |  |  | The clock is tieking the moments on， Whitec the sears in her aged eyes slaml shine． If only from out the silent worth－ The world of shadows which mock her so－ | stop to talk．Got miles and miles to ride． Call around day atter to morrow if you Call around day after to morrow if you | to do good for Jesus＇sake，becau＊e Christ mas was Jesus＇birthday；and I shonid | 为 |  |
|  |  |  |  | vant anything． <br> ＂Yes，yes $; \mathrm{I}$ know．You want to ask thbut presents．It＇s all right，all right |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | would be a real Christmas present，then ； and |  |  |
| Eal， |  |  <br> St．NICHOLAS FOR 1876 |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | The Christmas－eve it has passed at length ； <br> A glorious day from the night is burn The shadows are gone from earth away， | Run right home an and good lad．＂＂havent any houe，＂eaid Chubby； ＂I＇m going to sleep in the crate back o＂ ＂ | then． <br> Santa looked at Chubby in a moment with glistening eyes．Then he stooped |  |  |
|  |  |  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { The shadows are gone from earth away, } \\ & \text { And the bells are ringing for Christmas morn. } \\ & \text { But ah! by the broad old chimney-place } \\ & \text { The angel of death keeps watch alone, } \end{aligned}$ <br> The angel of death keeps watch alone | ＂I＇m going to sleep in the crate back＇，the elamp store，and I just wanted a hisch；that＇s all sir．＂That＇s fine idea？Why，＂A hitch！＇That a | with erlistening eyes．Ghen he stooped and took the sled from the magic bos．It <br> was the heaviest load he had earried that |  |  |
| $\text { City } \mathrm{D}$ |  |  |  |  |  | Phe moteret totione reil |  |
|  |  | den | For straight to the Christ－child＇s beckoning A longing spirit hath gladly flown． | your sled would be smashed to pieces，andyour theck broken，in no time．What＇syour name er＂Chuby Ruf＂， | Phils h hase．When he cate bers he walked very brikkly and the sober look was gone from his tiace |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | Wha story－Tuller． |  | ＂Chubby，＂said he．＂would yon like ahome for a Christmas present ？＂，＂I should likie it very much，if it was a |  |  |
| J．Prankuin schock，Atore |  |  | CHUBBY RUFF＇S DR | ＂Chubby Ruff．＂ <br> ＂．Tisn＇t on my list；that＇s a fact <br> Haven＇t any home bey |  |  |  |
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| V NVIS blatr atarn | ND |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | EEkLY GRaphlc．＂ |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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| ding． |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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|  |  | ＂JON OF ICELAND＂，BY BAYARD | sto |  |  |  |  |
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| 1R．A．orbison，Attorney－a 12．Patents ebtained，Olicee， 321 Hili | Travellers＇Guide |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | Pensilivanta rail road． |  |  | and landed in ine next block．Ag |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | filled his pack and skipped through a scuttle． And so he went on with his work - now And so he went on with his work－now here，now there ；now on the roof，now |  |  |  |
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| Hotels． |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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