

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Christmas Eve—and how the wind did blow, to be sure! Bob Armstrong said to himself, as he bent his head and plunged along through the deep drifts, that he never knew it to blow so hard. Not that Bob could remember very long—only fourteen years; but it seemed to him as if he had been living in this beautiful world of flowers and snowflakes a great while; and, as I said, he was sure he never knew the north-east wind to whirl him about so furiously, nor the sleet to sting so sharply, as on this particular evening. And Bob knew something about snow and sleet; for like every other healthy boy, the skate and the "sled" were his chief winter enjoyments.

He tried to whistle, but the wind fairly blew the time back between the red lips, pucker up into a round O, and he could only pull his cap down over his ears, and slumber out to the storm. Now Bob was on his way to a Sunday-school Christmas festival, and it would have been a very nice story to have kept him at home, or to have driven the shine out of his eyes, or the cheerfulness out of his boyish heart. They didn't often have festivals at this little Methodist chapel, where his father and mother sat in a straight-backed pew each Sunday morning, and he took his place afterward in the row of sturdy little fellows who were his classmates. The older members of the church had talked the matter over, and the women rather opposing the plan, and the sisters favoring it, until at last it had all been settled in the cheeriest manner possible, and it was announced that, on the evening before Christmas, the chapel would be lighted and trimmed, there would be a tree, and a small present for every one who came. The tickets of admission were accordingly given out a week before hand, and how many times Bob Armstrong had taken that piece of pink paper and read the print upon it, during those seven days, I wouldn't attempt to say.

The chapel with its tiny lights was in sight, and Bob's eyes grew still brighter, under the red light, as he saw the twinkling lights through the arched windows. In a moment more he was standing on the doorstep, and looking into the brightly lighted room, when he caught sight of a small figure beneath one of the windows. As he looked, it moved slightly, and he saw that it was a girl, with a faced shawl, thin arms, and long, gaunt wrists, clinging to the window sill. She was standing on tiptoes, and looking with wide-open eyes at the gay scene within.

Bob, like the true little knight he was, felt a surge of pity come over him at the sight of the poor creature. He saw that she was going in to all that warmth and comfort—the fire, and the shawl, and the light, and the cheer, and she a girl! He jumped down into the snow again, and stepped on to the porch, and the storm roared round her, and she was so intent on the view through the window that she did not see him until he was close at her side. He called out a red mitten and touched her shoulder.

"The girl, when he guessed to be of about his own age, started back with a frightened cry under his touch, and looked up at him without moving farther, watching to see what he would do.

"Hold on—I say!" cried Bob, putting out the red mitten impulsively. The girl stopped. Bob glanced toward the window, and he could see the festoons of ivy, and the hanging gracefully across the pane inside, and beyond them, the topmost twigs of the tree. At the same instant there was a soft knock at the door, and the girl stepped in, accompanied by the sweet notes of the little organ, such as Bob had always thought the angels must have in heaven now-days, instead of harp.

"You must have a ticket, to get in," he said with a friendly smile, and here she came, and she said, "I'll go home."

"The girl took the ticket with a dazed look, not believing her good fortune. She did not understand, and she was so frightened, she drew his offer and gift in herself. But she was a girl, you know, and a great strong boy, and then, what was she to do? She was a girl, half pushing, half leading, he brought the girl to the steps, whisking the snow from her shawl with his cap, opened the door, and led her inside before she fairly knew what she was about, and—shut himself out into the storm.

No, the superintendent did not rush after him and draw the door shut, for the trustees, makers. Nothing extraordinary happened at all, and Bob lost his festival. But do you think he mourned over it, or suffered from the cold, or his way back, or the way back of the shepherds suffering, on their way back to their sheep from Bethlehem?

At any rate, Bob told me privately that when he got back, and he told his mother why he was late, she was after him with her hat that stormy night; and he sat on the floor playing with his bit of a brother who wasn't big enough to be out; and he saw his father's eyes glisten, and he felt his kiss upon his forehead, as he told him this story—why, it was, perhaps, the best Christmas eve he ever had!

"THEY HAD BETTER STAY AWAY."

A German Aspirant for Office Meditating a Scheme of Vengeance.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"I like to know about some office under Cleveland?" he said as he beckoned a lawyer across the street from the door of his saloon.

"Well, I don't know. You see, I've elected der boys began to drop in here. One of 'em he says: 'What a bostmaster you will make for Detroit? By George! I wish I was you.' Well, der bostmaster, you see, and I treat der crowd to beer. Pooty soon der crowd comes in, and one of der boys calls out:

"Let dis convention come to some order. We vas now in der presence of der next boss of der gustion house. I call for three cheers for Carl Dunner!"

"Then he says out: I feels all right, and it seems right to set oop der peer."

"I see."

"Well, almost every night a gang comes around tomy place to shake me by ter hand, and somebody says:

"Hip! hip! hurrah! Carl Dunner vas suit der coming administration! He picks out der fattest office for himself, and he remembers his friends mit der lean ones."

CHRISTMAS DAY.

The Christmas chimps are pealing high through the solemn Christmas morn'g, and they ring the bells, prolong like echoes from an angel's song.

And tender as all mother eyes, The aged man forgets his years, And sees the light in doleful eyes, The sad are cheered by their tears, For Christ the Lord was born today.

TORTURED BY THIEVES.

Horrible Atrocities Practiced by West Virginia Hooded Outcasts.

The second horrible outrage and robbery by hooded highwaymen in the past three days has roused the people of Wheeling, W. Va., to a terrible pitch.

Monday night four men evidently the same gang, broke into the house of Elijah Hurling in this county, a bachelor miner, and finding in his room a valuable store of gold.

Ladies should wear Alop. Noster for the small of the back, as it cures all pains and aches. It is made of the finest ingredients and is perfectly safe.

After a Frightful Fall.

A man named Reighner, in Carlisle, Pa., fell from a high scaffold and injured his leg. For a long time he was unable to get up, and his friends were at a loss what to do.

A FINE HILL.

When the proprietors of the Red Blood Bitter, of this famous medicine, were in the market for a good place to put their goods, they hit it exactly.

A LAWYER'S OPINION OF INTEREST TO ALL.

J. A. Thawney, esq., a leading attorney of Wheeling, West Virginia, writes that he has used the Red Blood Bitter for many years, and he has never failed to cure the most severe cases.

A Good Thing.

"I sometimes wish I could take hold of the soul of Thomas Electric Oil for I tell you it is a grand thing. It is an electric current that can do a good work."

AN ANSWER WANTED.

"Can any one bring in a case of Kidney or Liver complaint that Electric Bitters will not cure? We say they can not, as thousands of satisfied persons can testify to the fact."

Most violent explosions of coughing are stopped by Hates' Honey of Horehound and Tan. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

MEDICAL.

READY FOR EMERGENCIES.—Nothing is so handy to have in the house as Bennett's Caplins Plasters. Highly medicinal. 5c.

CUTICURA REMEDIES.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR EVERY FORM OF BLOOD DISEASE, FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

I have had the Psoriasis for nine months. About five months ago I applied to a doctor near Boston, who helped me, but unfortunately I had to leave, but continued taking the medicine for nearly three months, but the disease did not leave.

BEST FOR ANYTHING.

Having used your CUTICURA REMEDIES for eighteen months for Tetter, and finally cured it, I am anxious to get it to sell on commission.

SCROFULOUS SORES.

I had a dozen bad sores upon my body, and tried all remedies I could hear of, and at last tried your CUTICURA REMEDIES, and in fact, it cured me. J. M. GASKILL.

BEAUTY. For Chapped and Oily Skin, SNEEZE! SNEEZE!

Sneezes until your head seems ready to fly off; until your nose and eyes discharge excessive quantities of thin, irritating, watery fluid; until your head aches, mouth and throat parched, and blood of fever heat.

Complete Treatment, with Inhaler, 50c.

Collins' Voltaic Electric Plasters.

For the relief and prevention, the instant it is applied, of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Colic, Croup, Whooping Cough, and Hoarseness.

KA-TON-KA. THE GREAT INDIAN MEDICINE.

It is made by the Indians. Used by the Indians. It is Purely Vegetable.

KA-TON-KA. Modoc Indian Oil.

THE GREATEST PAIN MEDICINE ON EARTH.

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

FOR SALE OR RENT.

FOR RENT. The Store Room and Dwelling, Nos. 41 and 43 South Queen street, from the first of April next.

VALUABLE RESIDENCE AT PUBLIC SALE.—ON FRIDAY, DEC. 26, the undersigned will sell at public sale at the Cooper House, on West King street, the three-story brick building known as the BRICK DWELLING HOUSE.

PUBLIC SALE OF CITY RESIDENCE. ON WEDNESDAY, DEC. 23, 1884, will be sold at the Cooper House, on West King street, Lancaster, Pa., the following property:

VALUABLE CITY PROPERTY AT PUBLIC SALE. ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1884, will be sold at the Cooper House, on West King street, Lancaster, Pa., the following property:

NO. 1. All that certain three-story BRICK STORE AND DWELLING HOUSE, with a large two-story brick back building.

DWELLING HOUSES. No. 12 and 14, on the west side of North Queen street, and No. 16, on the east side of North Queen street.

HEATERS OF FURNACES.

"BEST" STEAM ENGINE.

KA-TON-KA. THE GREAT INDIAN MEDICINE.

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ELY'S CREAM BALM.

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MERCHANICAL TOYS.

FLINN & BRENEMAN. CHRISTMAS GOODS.

FLINN & BRENEMAN. No. 152 North Queen St., Lancaster, Pa.

HAGER & BROTHER.

WE OFFER THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN LADIES' WINTER WRAPS.

Dress Silks and Brocaded Velvets.

PRESENTS.

HAGER & BROTHER, BOWERS & HURST.

"CHRISTMAS DISPLAY."

BOWERS & HURST'S, Nos. 26 and 28 North Queen St., Lancaster, Pa.

USEFUL AND FANCY GOODS SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

BOWERS & HURST'S.

METZGER & HAUGHMAN'S.

Metzger & Haughman's Cheap Store.

FAHNESTOCK'S.

Metzger & Haughman's Cheap Store.

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LANCASTER AND MILLERSVILLE RAILROAD.

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