

A Christmas Carol

(Continued from preceding page)

made a show of, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't live in a menagerie, and was not a horse, or an ass, or a cow, or a bull, or a tiger, or a dog, or a pig, or a cat, or a bear. At every fresh question that was put to him, this nephew burst into a fresh roar of laughter; and was so inexpressibly tickled, that he was obliged to get up off the sofa and stamp. At last the plump sister, cried out:

"I have found it out! I know what it is! Fred! I know what it is!"

"What is it?" cried Fred.

"It's your Uncle Scrooge-o-o-o-ooge!"

Which it certainly was. Admiration was the universal sentiment, though some objected that the reply to "Is it a bear?" ought to have been "Yes."

"He has given up plenty of merriment, I am sure," said Fred, "and it would be ungrateful not to drink his health. Here is a glass of mulled wine ready to our hand at the moment; and I say, 'Uncle Scrooge!'"

"Uncle Scrooge!" they cried.

"A merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the old man, whatever he is!" said Scrooge's nephew.

Uncle Scrooge had imperceptibly become gay and light of heart. But he and the Spirit were again upon their travels.

Much they saw, and far they went, and many homes they visited, but always with a happy end. The Spirit stood beside sick-beds, and they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were close at home; by struggling men, and they were patient in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was rich. In almshouse, hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in his little brief authority had not made fast the door, and barred the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts.

"Forgive me if I am not justified in what I ask," said Scrooge, looking intently at the Spirit's robe, "but I see something strange and not belonging to yourself, protruding from your skirts. Is it a foot or a claw?"

"It might be a claw, for the flesh there is upon it," was the Spirit's sorrowful reply. "Look here."

From the foldings of its robe, it brought two children; wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, miserable.

"Spirit! are they yours?" Scrooge could say no more.

"They are Man's," said the Spirit, looking down upon them. "And they cling to me, appealing from their fathers. This boy is Ignorance. This girl is Want. Beware them both, and all of their degree, but most of all beware this boy, for on his brow I see that written which is Doom, unless the writing be erased."

"Have they no refuge or resource?" cried Scrooge.

"Are there no prisons?" said the Spirit, turning on him for the last time with his own words: "Are there no workhouses?"

The bell struck twelve.

Scrooge looked about him for the Ghost, and saw it not. As the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley, and lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming.

STAVE FOUR
The Last of the Spirits

"I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come," said Scrooge.

The Spirit answered not.

"Ghost of the Future!" Scrooge exclaimed, "I fear you more than any specter I have seen. But as I know your purpose is to do me good, and as I hope to live to be another man from what I was, I am prepared to bear you company, and do it with a thankful heart. Will you not speak to me?"

It gave him no reply. The hand was pointed straight before them.

"Lead on!" said Scrooge. "Lead on!"

The Spirit stopped beside one little knot of business men.

"No," said a great fat man with a monstrous chin. "I don't know much about it, either way. I only know he's dead."

"What has he done with his money?" asked a red-faced gentleman.

"I haven't heard," said the man with the large chin, yawning again. "Let it be to his company, perhaps."

This pleasanter was received with a general laugh.

"It's likely to be a very cheap funeral," said the same speaker; "for upon my life I don't know of anybody to go to it. Suppose we make up a party and volunteer?"

"I don't mind going if a lunch is provided," observed one gentleman.

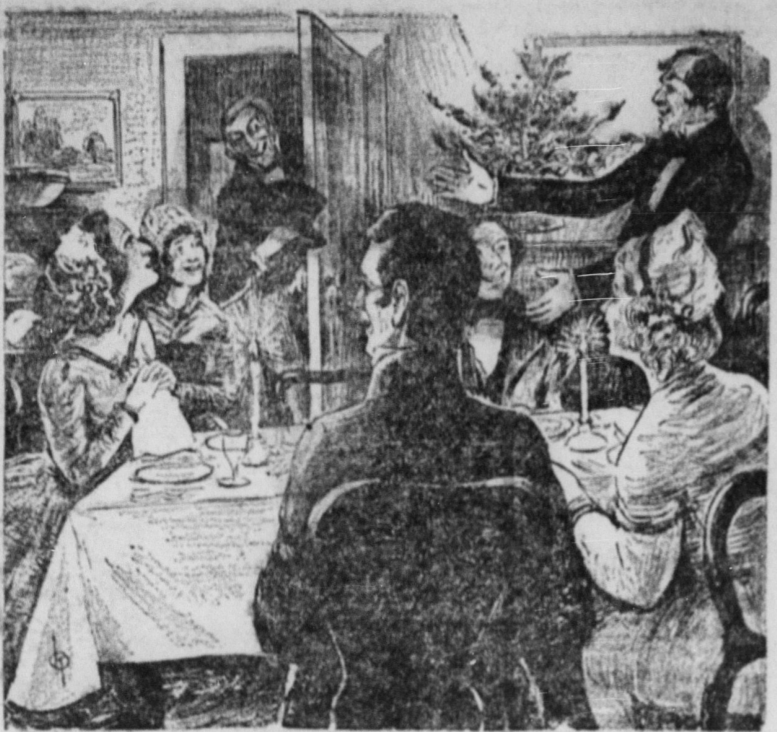
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Scrooge and the Phantom came into the presence of this man, just as a woman with a heavy bundle slunk into the shop. But she had scarcely entered, when another woman, similarly laden, came in too; and she was closely followed by a man in faded black.

"Open that bundle, old Joe," she continued, "and let me know the value of it. Speak out plain. I'm no afraid to be the first, nor afraid for them to see it. We know pretty well that we were helping ourselves before we met here, I believe. It's no sin. Open the bundle, Joe."

But the gallantry of her friends would not allow of this; and the man in faded black, mounting the bench first, produced his plunder. It was not extensive. A seal or two, a pencil-case, a pair of sleeve-buttons, and a brooch of no great



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value, were all. They were severally examined and appraised by old Joe.

The laundress was next. Sheets and towels, a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver teaspoons, a pair of sugar-tongs, and a few boots.

"And now unto my bundle, Joe," said the first woman.

Joe went down on his knees for the greater convenience of opening it, and having unfastened a great many knots, dragged out a large and heavy roll of some dark stuff.

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"Ah!" returned the woman, laughing and leaning forward on her crossed arms. "Bed-curtains!"

"You don't mean to say you took 'em down, rings and all, with him lying there?" said Joe.

"Yes I do," replied the woman. "Don't drop that oil upon the blankets, now."

"His blankets?" asked Joe.

"Whose else's do you think?" replied the woman. "He isn't likely to take cold without 'em, I dare say."

"I hope he didn't die of anything catching?" Eh? said old Joe, stooping in his work, and looking up.

"Don't you be afraid of that," returned the woman. "I ain't so fond of his company that I'd loiter about him for such things, if he did."

"Spirit! said Scrooge, shuddering from head to foot. "I see, I see the case of this unhappy man might be my own. My life tends that way, merciful Heaven, what is this?"

He recoiled in terror, for the scene had changed, and now he almost touched a bed; a bare, uncurtained bed, on which, beneath a ragged sheet, lay a something covered up.

"If there is any person in the town who feels emotion caused by this man's death," said Scrooge quite amazed, "show that person to me, Spirit, I beseech you!"

The Phantom spread its dark robe before him for a moment, like a wing; and withdrawing it, revealed a room by daylight, where a mother and her children were.

She was expecting someone.

At length the long-expected knock was heard. She hurried to the door, and met her husband; a man whose face was careworn and depressed, though he was young.

"There is hope yet," he said. "If he relents," she said, amazed, "there is! Nothing is past hope if such a miracle has happened."

"He is past relenting," said her husband. "He is dead."

"To whom will our debt be transferred?"

"I don't know. But before that time we shall be ready with the money; and even though we were not, it would be a bad fortune indeed to find so merciful a creditor in his successor. We may sleep to-night with light hearts, Caroline! Yes. Soften it as they would, their hearts were lighter. The children's faces, hushed and clustered round to hear what they so little understood, were brighter; and it was a happier house for this man's death!"

"Let me see some tenderness connected with a death," said Scrooge. They entered Bob Cratchit's house.

Quiet. Very quiet. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one corner, and sat looking up at Peter, who had a book before him. The mother and the daughters were engaged in sewing.

"And he took a child and set him in the midst of them."

Where had Scrooge heard those words? He had not dreamed them. The mother laid her work upon the table, put her hand up to her face.

"The colour hurts my eyes," she said.

The colour? Ah poor Tiny Tim! They're better now again," said Cratchit's wife. "It makes them weak by candlelight; and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home, for the world. It must be near his time."

"Past it rather," Peter answered, shutting up his book. "But I think he has walked a little slower than he used, these few last evenings."

They were very quiet again. At last she said, and in a steady, cheerful voice, that only faltered once: "I have known him walk with—I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder, fast indeed."

"And so have I," exclaimed another. "So had all."

"But he was very light to carry," she resumed, intent upon her work; "and his father loved him so, that it was no trouble; no trouble. And there is your father at the door!"

Bob was very cheerful with them, and he spoke pleasantly to all the family. He looked at the work upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit and the girls. They would be done long before Sunday, he said.

"Sunday! You went today, then, Robert?" said his wife.

Displays Open For Inspection

(Continued from Page 1)

"What a delightful boy!" said Scrooge. "It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!"

"It's hanging there now."

"Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it."

"Walk—er!" exclaimed the boy.

"No, no," said Scrooge. "I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the direction where to take it. Come back with him in less than five minutes and I'll give you half-a-crown!"

The boy was off like a shot.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's!" whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands, and spluttering with a laugh. "He shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim."

He dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present, and walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one with a delightful smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant, in a word, that three or four good-humoured fellows said, "Good-morning, sir! A Merry Christmas to you!" And Scrooge said often afterwards, that of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears.

He had not gone far, when coming on towards him he beheld the portly gentleman, who had walked into his counting-house the day before.

"My dear sir," said Scrooge. "How do you do? I hope you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you. A Merry Christmas to you."

"Mr. Scrooge?"

"Yes," said Scrooge. "That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness—here Scrooge whispered in his ear.

"Lord bless me!" cried the gentleman. "My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?"

"If you please," said Scrooge. "Not a farthing less. A great many back-payments are included in it. I assure you."

"My dear sir," said the other, shaking hands with him. "I don't know what to say to such munificence."

"Don't say anything, please," returned Scrooge. "Come and see me."

"I will!" cried the old gentleman.

"I went to church, and walked about the streets, and patted children on the heads. In the afternoon he turned towards his nephew's house.

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. Nice girl! Very.

"He is in the dining-room, sir, along with the mistress. I'll show you upstairs, if you please."

"Thank-ee. He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining-room lock. "I'll go in here, my dear."

"Fred!" said Scrooge.

"Dear heart alive, how his niece by marriage started!"

"Why bless my soul!" cried Fred, "who's that?"

"It's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when he came. So did the plump sister, when she came. Wonderful party, wonderful games.

But he was early at the office next morning. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late!

And he did it; yes he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes behind his time.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice, as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I am very sorry, sir," said Bob. "Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge, "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," he continued, leaning from his stool, and giving Bob a dig in the waistcoat; "and therefore I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it, holding him, and calling to the people in the courts for help and a strat-waistcoat.

"A merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family."

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe, for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset.

He had no further intercourse with Spirits, and it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless Us, Every One!

Howard-Beech Creek Highway Link Seen

(Continued from page one)

John B. Miller residence west of the Beech Creek bridge.

This may not be the route finally determined upon, as no announcement has been made by the authorities concerned, either at the Clearfield office of the Highway Department or at the commissioners' office in Bellefonte. Nevertheless, it is reported that this stretch is being definitely concentrated upon for advertisement of the contract for bids before the end of January next, as the federal government has designated Route 220 as a military highway. It is no secret that as soon as Route 64 is ready, as it will be by the elimination of the old rough, narrow macadam between Beech Creek and Howard, the change of Route 220 from Nittany Valley to Bald Eagle Valley will be made, affording a straight line through the latter valley from Tyrone to Williamsport.

The construction of the route laid out the past summer from a point immediately east of the bridge across Bald Eagle Creek west of Mill Hill through the former McClintock farm, with a new bridge over Fishing Creek to intersect with Route 220 at the present curve near the Country Club lane is understood to be in planning, building, and erecting the scene and their homes annually draw hundreds of interested spectators.

Rule None Entitled to Reward

(Continued from Page 1)

offered with State Motor Police to determine what aid police obtained from any of the claimants in Millinder's arrest and conviction. Apparently Police held that none of the four who seek the reward furnished any information of value.

Upon being notified of the Commission's reported decision in the matter, the claimants may appeal their pleas to court. If they wish, the scenes and their homes annually draw hundreds of interested spectators.

Tressle's formal claim for the reward set forth in great detail his activities in the investigation and outlined the information he claims to have given police.

Other claimants are: Philip M. Budinger, of Mt. Eagle, a commonwealth witness in the trial which resulted in a life sentence for Millinder; Elmer M. Pownell, of Yarnell, who claims to have given police valuable "tips"; and Lewis E. Heverly, of Howard, R. D. 1, who alleged that as a worker on the road job with Millinder before and after the slaying, he was frequently interviewed by police.

In the event any of the claimants should appeal to Court, it is expected that at the hearing, many of the new unknown details of the police investigation would be brought to light. Police probably would be required to show how they came to suspect Millinder and how they obtained facts which led to his arrest and subsequent conviction.

Chemical Lime Transfer Nears

(Continued from page one)

son of the Federal Court in Scranton. The trusteeship was forced by the R. F. C. and several large creditors of the old company.

During the trusteeship the reorganization plan accepted by the stockholders and the court includes back pay to the workmen for wages prior to the bankruptcy. Preferred stockholders will be given National Gypsum stock in a predetermined ratio to their Chemical holdings.

The personnel of the local force is expected to be retained with few or no changes, since the Chemical will continue to be operated as a separate unit of the National Gypsum organization. A large sum of money will be spent enlarging the plant facilities including the construction of a new rotary kiln similar to the one now in operation, which addition is needed to take care of the increased demand for lime. How many more jobs the new construction and operation will create is not known.

Moerschbacher Urges Turnpike Extension

(Continued from Page 1)

senatives who correctly sensed the necessity for extending the road to the seaboard."

The Turnpike extension was authorized in May 1939 by a legislature which did not provide funds for its construction. Recently, Gov. Arthur H. James authorized the State Highway Department to loan the Pennsylvania Turnpike Commission \$50,000 to \$60,000 for a survey of the proposed route.

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Bob was very cheerful with them, and he spoke pleasantly to all the family. He looked at the work upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit and the girls. They would be done long before Sunday, he said.

"Sunday! You went today, then, Robert?" said his wife.

STAVE FIVE
The End of It

Yes! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the time before him was his own, to make amends in!

He was so fluttered and so glowing with his good intentions, that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his call.

"I don't know what to do!" cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath. "I am as happy as an angel. A merry Christmas to everybody! A happy New Year to all the world!"

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clang, hammer; ding, dong, Bell, Bell, ding, clang; hammer, clang, clash! Oh, glorious, glorious! Running to the window, he opened it and put out his head.

"What's today?" cried Scrooge, calling to a boy in Sunday clothes.

"Eh?" returned the boy, with all his might of wonder.

"What's today, my fine fellow?"

"Today?" replied the boy, "Why, Christmas Day."

"It's Christmas Day!" said Scrooge to himself. "I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. Hallo, my fine fellow!"

"Hallo!" returned the boy.

"Do you know the Postmaster's in the next street but one, at the corner?" Scrooge inquired.

"I should hope I did."

"An intelligent boy!" said Scrooge. "A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey that was hanging up there?"

"What, the one as big as me?" returned the boy.

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- PINEAPPLE** Clover Farm Sliced or Morsels **Quart Can 25c**
- FRUIT COCKTAIL** **Quart Can 25c**
- STUFFED OLIVES** **10c & 25c**
- Clover Farm, Double Whipped SALAD DRESSING** **Quart Jar 25c**
- L & S HAND PLACED SWEET PICKLES** **24 Oz. 29c**
- L & S HAND PLACED DILL PICKLES** **Half Gal. Jar 39c**
- COFFEE SPECIALS!**
- Red Cup COFFEE** 3 **Lb. 39c, 1b. 15c**
- GREEN CUP COFFEE** **1b. 25c**

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