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Turning Over the New Leaf. The year begins. I turn a leaf, All over writ with good resolves ; Each to fulfill will be in chief My aim while earth its round revolves. How many a leaf I've turned before, And tried to make the record true ; Each year a wreck on time's dull shore Proved much I dared, but little knew,

Ab, bright resolve! How high you bear The future's hopeful standard on ; How brave you start ; how poor you wear How soon are hope and courage gone! You point to deeds of sacrifice, You shun the path of careless ease ; Lentils and wooden shoes? Is this

The fare a human soul to please. What wonder, then, if men do fall, Where good is ever all austere; While vice is fair and pleasant all, And turns the leaf to lead the year? Yet still once more I turn the leaf, And mean to walk the better way : I struggle on with old unbelief. And strive to reach the perfect day.

Why should the road that leads to heave Be all one reach of sterile sand? Why not, just here and there, be given A rose to deck the weary land? But why repine? Others have trod, With sorer feet and heavier sins, Their painful pathway toward their God-My pilgrimage anew begins.

Failure and failure, bitherto, Has time inscribed upon my leaves ; I've wandered many a harvest through And never yet have gathered sheave. Yet once again the leaf I turn, Hope against hope for one suc. s. s; One merit mark at least to earn,

SILVER-LINED.

One sunbeam in the wilderness,

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was a lovely, bright December morning. The shops were overflowing with pretty and elegant things suggestive of Christmas presents, and the usual gay crowds thronged the New York streets and stores. Master James Desmond, familiarly known as "Jim," found himself walking, he could hardly have told why, up Broadway and toward Eifth around.

Why he was sauntering in this direc-tion, when all his little interest lay in another, will always remain a mystery. Perhaps the luxuries, the famous grapes, attracted bim to take a nearer inspection of their beauty. He was certainly out of place in the neighborhood, and when he flattened his poor, little, starved fea-tures against a pane of plate glass, and viewed the temptations beyond, there was something pitiful in the contrast thus unconsciously shown. For Jim was ragged, bare-footed and dirty; a jacket several times too large for him gave a curious dwarf-like effect to his figure, and his matted, unkempt hair hung wildly over his hungry brown eyes. He kept his cold, dirty hands in the pockets of lis rusty trousers, but there was nothing to feel in them-nothing. He had no money to invest in papers behind him were the back streets, their squalid population, and the garret where his mother was lying sick and penniless. Before him lay the beauties of wealth and taste : so Jim kept on.

From the various restaurants in the neighborhood of the Fifth Avenue hotel came appetizing odors, and Jim walked more slowly and glanced in at the enviable beings seated at the bright, little his stall quite satisfied with having done tables. Despair cannot always be read on the features, or certainly this child's face would have won the pity of one of the elegant persons rustling by. No one saw in him a chance to keep Christmas in a deed of love and charity. Christ presented in the form of a ragged, starv-

ing child is to most people unattractive. So Jim walked on unheeded. Near Thirtieth street his attention became fixed on the handsome equipages dashing down the avenue. Even hunger gave way to admiration, and on the corner he stood still in amazed delight.

At this minute a faint cry of terror reached him, and he looked behind him. A nurse, frightened by an approaching carriage, had started for the pavement, leaving the wagon, in which was a lovely smiling child, standing in the middle of the street.

Jim dashed forward as he took in the situation, caught the back of the wagon and pushed it from him out of harm's way, the plunging, rearing horses just grazing his back and ankles as he followed it. It was done in a second. The child was safe, the carriage had passed by, and Jim stood alone on the sidewalk looking after the departing nurse, whose "merci, merci," was puzzling his re-

turning senses.

Poor Jim! He did not realize the grandeur of his act; but not even to receive thanks seemed strange to his con-

fused notions of politeness.

The door of the house behind him was now opened, and a lady called to him in a very light voice: "Come here, little

Jim entered the frescoed vestibule. and was asked a perfect catechism of questions, all of which he answered imply enough. There was not much to

"I cannot go to see your mother this week, because I have all my time engaged, but next week I will try and find your room. Now, as I allow to come the child you saved, I want you to come our room. Now, as I know who owns back here to-morrow and see its father and mother. They will help you. But I will give you some money now, so that you can get your poor mother what she

The lady gave Jim a little card with her name and address on it, and rolled a five dollar bill in a paper and put it in an old purse which she gave him. Jim felt dazed. He walked off retrac-

ing his steps, from time to time feeling the purse in his breast-pocket, afraid to look at it lest it might take wings or

some one might steal it. After a while hunger again assailed him; and Jim thought of Fulton market and its stores of good things. If he could go there first and buy some food, how surprised his mother would be! might have happened. Jim was no philosopher, neither did he know enough

steak, broiled over a little coal fire in the stove he had left empty in the morning, and in imagination he tasted the soup, thickened with flour and adorned with floating vegetables.

The long, weary walk was mysteriously shortened by the play of imagination, and Jim reached the market, and boldly approached a colossal butcher who eyed Jim sideways as if expecting to see him run off with one of his tempting cuts.

"How much is porter-house steaks?" asked Jim; staring at the meat on the block.

"How much is porter-house steaks?" asked Jim; staring at the meat on the block.

"Thirty-five cents a pound. Who sent you here?"
"No one; I want a steak and a piece

for soup; and hurry up, will you?"
"Come, get out, I'm too busy for fun."
"Won't you give me them? I've got
the money here;" and Jim touched his

pocket. "Let me see it." Jim took took out his purse and exhibited his prize.

hibited his prize.

"I guess you can have the beef," said the butcher, proceeding to cut the steak, while Jim watched admiringly. The knife went straight through the firm, red flesh and solid, yellow fat, then a piece was chopped small for soup, the whole was wrapped in coarse brown paper, and Jim put it carefully under his arm, while the butcher changed the bill. He gave Jim several half dollars and quarters in silver, which bulged out the sides of the worn pocketbook, and threatened to burst it in pieces, Jim started out of the building, passing

quickly along the narrow, dirty streets which led to his home.

He was quite unconscious of having been watched while in the market by several boys as ragged as himself but much older. While thinking of the price of coal by the pail, and the capa-city of the old one that had gone many times too often to the corner grocery, Jim's hat was knocked forward over his eyes, and his arms were held to his sides, while a hand sought to reach his inner pocket, where safe and warm reposed

Jim kicked and screamed, and freeing himself by a desperate effort, dropped his beef, and fought to defend his more aluable treasure.

The struggle was too unequal to last long, and by the time Jim's strength gave out, and he stood panting, bleedto keep the tears from running down his pale cheeks, a policeman had seen the crowd and was bearing down upon it.

Jim hardly felt the rough grasp on his poor, old jacket, or the jerk that ac-companied it. The boy whom he had fought was much worse off than him-self, for Jim had the most to lose, and a Babel of voices was telling some remarkable stories to the policeman. What Jim realized was that his money had disappeared, and that he and his antagonist, followed by a crowd of boys, were being led off to the station-house.

There, invention reached a climax.
One boy had seen him steal a pocket-

book from an old gentleman's pocket, and get a bill changed in the market lowed and stopped him. He had been roughly handled for his pains, and worse than all, he could not prove his story for the pocket-book had disappeared perhaps Jim had passed it to a confederate in the crowd, who had made off during the fight.

This sounded very plausible, and Jim's story, rendered incoherent by grief and fear, was laughed at as an absurdity. The butcher testified to receiving from Jim a five-dollar bill, and went back to a good thing for society in helping to send a young thief to the island. Jim ate and drank what was brought

and then cried himself to sleep. The next morning he made one of sorry procession of people, who, guarded by the police, were marched into a dreary room in the "Tombs," called a court, and having neither friends, lawyer nor defense, were sentenced to serve various lengths in different prisons.

him in the cold cell at the station-house,

Jim's enemy, the tall policeman, made crushing charge against the little shrinking figure, that was hardly visible to the judge on the bench. Howevere the charge was direct, and the judge. used his own discretion, asking no questions of the prisoner, who was quite too overwhelmed to have answered them had they been put to him.

Jim went mechanically where he was told to go, a spiritless, helpless creature at the mercy of superior strength. It did occur to him on his way to the prison-van to make a dash through the crowd and get home, but a side glance at the clubs and their owners discouraged him.

So the stifling van was finally changed for the crowded boat, and Jim's spirits rallied a little in the pure air; and the view of the buildings on the excited his curiosity. Their exterior immensity was to him wonderful, but far more so were the narrow limits of the interior.

Perhaps, had Jim been the guilty little fellow described in the papers that committed him, the monotony of life in a reformatory would have seemed to him just punishment. But, feeling outraged by the indignity put upon him, Jim was like a caged animal.

The forced habits of order and cleanliness were like shackles on his limbs; even the food was tasteless. When he thought of his mother and his utter powerlessness to get to her, he burned and shook with rage; and then, to comfort him, would come the memories of his last free day. The walk up bright agin a hidrant and an awful bunch Broadway, the gay throngs of hat py, growed on his head and he didn't know Broadway, the gay throngs of har py, free people, the horses, the wagon he had pushed out of danger, the kind voice questioning him about his mother, the lovely money given him for her, the nice beef-but here Jim's pleasant

first to the market?"

Surely the idea was a good one. His to change the bill, even had he first the time.

particle of his heart in it. His natural disposition, kind and cheerful, was disposition, kind and cheerful, was hardening under injustice; he was thin and white in his uniform, and cutting his hair close to his head had deprived him of his chief charm—his wild, elfish expression. His brown eyes were larger than ever, but they were full of unspoken griefs and suppressed tears.

It was during working hours on the twenty-third of December, and a number of benevolent people who had

ber of benevolent people who had brought little gifts for the children's Christmas festival entered the long factory to see the work in progress. The boys sat before the stocking-looms, a double row on each side of the room, Jim, unconscious of observation,

rapidly moved his shuttle, and having finished a stocking, quickly passed it to the boy on his right. "That little fellow is helping his

neighbor," said the warden to one of the visitors. "He can do more than is required of him in the day, and the other cannot do as much. So you see he isn't altogether hopeless, although

put up for stealing."
"The visitor approached Jim for a nearer inspection of the child, "not altogether hopeless," and having watched him for some minutes, said aloud: "I cannot see how he works so rapid-ly. I know I never could do it!" It

was a woman's sweet voice.

Jim's hands stopped as if suddenly petrified; for a minute his heart seemed to cease beating; then, with all the blood in his body rushing to his cheeks, every nerve thrilling, Jim sprang from his bench and stood before his kind friend of the Fifth avenue adventure.

"Oh, don't you know me? That
bill you gave me, they said I stole it,
and they put me here! Oh please take

me away. I want to see my mother. The words came with the force of pent-up torrent, dashing away all obstractions. "My poor little boy!" and Jim felt human arms around his neck as the lady recognized him. "What have they done to you? We have hunted all

"I know it; but my little man will live perhaps to see some good come out leg, then I am alive. I will try that, of his sorrow; for you were brave, and Can I? Yes, there it is, lifted up, you have been generous even here. So, I'm all right!" The Senator says that Jim, as you were innocent of wrong, you can forgive those who injured you, and then all will be so pleasant after this, for we are always going to keep Christmas together."—Graphic.

A Man With a Movable Heart, Dr. Elias Thomas, the man who posesses the faculty a transferring his heart from place to place in his body at will. give an exhibition before the students at the medical college. Dr. Thomas says that he was born in Calcutta, India, and is thirty-nine years of age. He has recently been studying medicine at the College of Edinburg, where he took his degree. Beginning his experiment, he made a peculiar wave action of the abiominal muscles fifteen or twenty times. The abdomen was examined and found to be perfectly soft and natural. Then, after a momentary contraction, there was made to appear a complete shield of ribs, covering two-thirds of the front of the abdomen. Previous to this the heart was felt and found to be in its proper place, beating naturally. Imme diately afterward Dr. Campbell, Col. Rains and Dr. Black placed their hands over the left lumbar region, whereupon, low down on that side, a large tumor, larger than a man's fist, appeared under the hand, pulsated like the beating of a eart and synchronously with the beat of the pulse at the wrist. After this the umor was taken over to the right side of the abdomen and there felt as before. Then the wonderful man carried the heart back into the chest, transferring it from the left to the right side and back again to the left. Dr. Thomas also gave an exhibition of voluntary heart-stoppage. The heart's action and pulse at the wrist disappeared. He was m ch fatigued when the exhibition was over. He says that his heart is without a pericardium and his chest without a dia phragm,—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

A Small Boy on Christmas. Ryder's boy has written the following mposition on the subject of Christmas Christmas comes every year and it is the best day in the year exceptin' fourth of July which is a better day to fire off guns and pistols Hookey fired off an old gun one fourth of july and it kicked him much for two hours Christmas is the best time to get presents my sister Lacy hung up her stockin and I put a mud turtle in it and she was fearful mad you thoughts would reach a point beyond which all was despair and passionate full of things William Bradshaw eat so much Candy and puddin one Christmas much Candy and puddin one Christmas problem, "Had he done wrong in going after he died I should like to see old Dudley the truent offiser in a grave and so would all the boys I should like to mother would have had to send him out have it Christmas and fourth of july all

Mr. Bowman, of Owasso, Mich., went mended good beef soup and steak. At the time, diamonds would have been as possible. Now, Jim had visions of a late of the great workshops, the long dininginto the woods and abode in a hut be-

TIMELY TOPICS.

The mustache is again the subject of legislation in France. Clerks in the national bank are not permitted to wear

A Glasgow paper gives a list of up-ward of 150 failures in Glasgow and the west of Scotland directly and indirectly traceable to the stoppage of the City of Glasgow bank. The total liabilities of the Scotch firms who have been dragged down are \$125,000,000.

Mr. E. Kingsley, the engraver who has achieved much success, some of his best work appearing in Scribner's Monthly, work appearing in Scrioner's Monthly, was formerly a compositor in a newspaper office in Massachusetts. At one time he gained a precarious living by designing fantastic cigar-box labels and engraving illustrations of local manufactories. When Professor Champney, the artist, went to Northampton, Mass., Mr. Kingsley took drawing lessons of him, and then visited New York to study anatomy. His success in a short time became so marked that he returned to his work as an engraver

A woman's hair has suddenly turned white in Milan. She was a mother, and was going from church with two children, one of whom could walk, while the other was held in her arms. The one who could walk ran down the church steps into the street where a carriage was passing. As the child disappeared between the wheels, the woman uttered a loud cry and fell insensible, with the other child in her arms, on the ground. The child under the carriage was picked up unhurt. The mother, when she was restored to her senses, found her hair had turned perfectly white.

In sugar refineries large iron cylinders called boneblack filters are used. They are usually about twenty feet high and five feet in diameter. Two men went into one of these vessels in a St. Louis refinery to coat the surface with tar, as a refinery to coat the surface with tar, as a preventive of rust during a season of disuse. They sat on a suspended board and put the tar on with brushes by the light of a lantern. The lantern fell to the bottom and broke. Instantly the cylinder was converted into a flery furness. nace, the tar on its sides blazing furiously and a hole at the bottom providing a draft. The men were completely

the lady recognized him.

What have they done to you? We have hunted all New York for you, my poor child. Your mother is nearly well. I found her as I told you I would, and she is only worried now about you. We would not give you up, but I never thought of finding you here, So many people are searching for you; the boy's father wants to see you; and, Jim, we will go home as quickly as possible, Just think," for Jim was orying now as if his happiness would kill him, "in two days of things as will be here, and snoh lots of things as will be on the tree for you."

But they had no right to send me there!" sobbed Jim, feeling somehow that the wrong done to him could never the solution says that Senator Gordon was wounded five times while fighting as a colonel in the battle of Sharpsburg. The fifth ball entered his cheek and brought him to the ground. As he began to recover his senses he says his thoughts ran as follows: "I have been struck in the kead with a six-pound solid shot. It has carried away my head. On the left side there is a little piece of skg! left, But the brain is gone entirely. Therefore, I am dead, And yet I am thinking. How can a man think with his head shot off? And if I am thinking I cannot be dead. And yet no man can live after his head is shot off. I may have consciousness while in the little fellow is fasten-like kates, which the little fellow is fasten-like kat off. I may have consciousness while dead, but not motion. If I can lift my every stage of this soliloguy is indelibly stamped on his mind, and that in his exhausted state the reasoning was carried on as logically as ever a man reasoned at his desk.

Miss Fancher's Case.

Doctors-not only of medicine, but of divinity and the laws-are prone to disagreement, and it is not surprising that they should disagree in respect to so curious a case as that which Miss Fancher, of Brooklyn, is reported to be. That unfortunate young lady has been an invalid for many years, and out of that condition has grown a variety of endowments to which a mystical and supernatural origin is ascribed. is said to subsist without any food worth speaking of, andto be able to read letters without opening them. She sees things afar offwhich are hidden from the grosser vision, and is sometimes uplifted with the spirit of prophecy. Incredulous persons, of course, bluntly assume that hese manifestations are illusions, the fruit of deception or hallucination, but there are a great many who believe in them, and a few who are courageous enough to assert their belief. It would, of course, be easy to apply scientific tests to the supposed supernatural pow-ers of the young lady if it were worth while, and herself and her friends desired it; but it is not worth while, and they are said not to desire it, so the case will doubtless have to take its place among other pathological and psychological puzzles which have from time to time bewildered the faculty and overwhelmed the lay mind with confusion. - New York Tribune.

Circumstantial Evidence. In the year 1660 two men named Perry and their mother were hanged for the murder of a man who had never been murdered at all. Mr. Harrison, Lady Campden's steward, having been collect-ing his rents, suddenly disappeared. John Perry accused his mother, himself, and his brother of having robbed Mr. Harrison in the previous year, and of having again robbed him and murdered him on the night when he was missed. The mother and Richard Perry denied length pleaded guilty to the first indictment under some pressure of policy. The other indictment was not then proceeded with, on the ground that the body was not found. But John persist-ed in his story, and at the next assize they were all tried for murder. John then retracted his confession, and said he must have been mad. Nevertheless, they were all condemned. Some years after Mr. Harrison appeared alive, and thus accounted for his mysterious absence: After receiving his rents he had been set upon by a gang of ruffians, car-ried to the sea-side, put on ship-board, and sold as a slave to the Turks. After his master's death he escaped, and with great difficulty working his way, first to Lisbon, and thence to Dover, he arrived in England, as our law-book coolly says, "to the surprise of all the country.— Good Words.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE, Origin and History of a Beautiful Custon

The beautiful custom of giving presents to children by means of the Christmas-tree originated in the Protestant districts of Germany and the north of Europe, where the anniversary of the birth of Christ was celebrated with all birth of Christ was celebrated with all sorts of sweet observances. For a long time it was customary for Knecht Rupert, a character who still flourishes in some villages of North Germany, to bring the Christmas-tree and its accompanying gifts to the dwellings of the children. Knecht Rupert, in his attire, was the very embodiment of winter—a fantastic figure enough. He wore a white robe, high buskins, a mask with venerable white beard and eyebrows, and an enormous flax wig. Usually he had two attendants, also masked and disguised, and helping him to carry the numerous toys which were sent to him by the several parents for distribution, His visits were made between early can-His visits were made between early candle light and bedtime, and when he threw open the front door of a German cottage on a snowy and frosty night and entered with the Christmas tree rising above his shoulders and hung with lanterns and ornaments, he was a great and overpowering personage indeed. The children were at first frightened by his appearance and the wild attire of his servitors; then transported with admi-ration of the lovely things with which Knecht Rupert was necklaced, girdled and overhung; then thrown into anxiety by the questions he put to the parents a their presence concerning their behavior during the year, and at last moved to joy or disappointment by the rewards they received for their good deeds or their faulty ones.

A picture in one of the German toy books of the time represents the scene

at the moment when Kuecht Rupert appears on the threshold. White, freezing winter is without; branches of trees bent by the wind, muffled travelers, twisted lights in the street lanterns, dogs with their ears down and their tails thrust between their legs, and skurrying snow. Within the cottage there is represented all the warmth and comfort of a village home. The mother holds the door-latch, the father bows to Kuecht Rupert, who, having satisfied himself that he has got into the midst of a highly deserving family, concerning the worth of whose inmates there is on question whatever, is bestowing gifts right and left with captivating gener-

A long, long while Mr. Winter is standing,

Dressed in white furs, in front of the door CHILDREN. Ho, ho! good day, Mr. Winter.
This is not very handsome of you;
We thought you were far away over the strill it suddenly snowed so and blew.
We'l, since you are he.e, you are welcome.
But what have you brought us that's new

WINTER. Hs. I'll soon let you know what I'm bringing First, applies and chest nuts and cake;
The carnival figures, with dancing and singing.
And toys—take great care and don't break!
And was mocate and gloves; and, if you are nice.
Some sleds and some skates for some fun on

the ice.
Plenty of ice To skate on so nice; Plenty of snow And snowballs to throw; And, in January, then, You can build the snow men!

CHILDREN. Hurrah! hurrah! let Winter in! Welcome, kind Winter, hold up your ch So Knecht Rupert went from door to door, always with the lighted Christmas

tree behind him, always followed with gay good-byes and laughter. But by and by in some quarters of Germany he went out of fashion, just as dear old Santa Claus is going out of fashion now in the United States in some families who do not believe in letting children have any such sweet illusions. Instead of intrusting the Christmas-tree and the presents to the care of Knecht Rupert parents began to set up the tree formally in their own homes on Christmas eve, and spread a table in front of it with gifts for the members of their own household. The toy makers of Nuremberg were then in the full blaze of heir skill and popularity, and used to contribute to the pleasures of chil-

dren some most ingenious playthings. Gradually the Christmas tree was in troduced throughout Germany, Sweden and Denmark, then into England, then partially into France. At length it made its appearance in the United States, where many parents adopted it as the tree of Santa Claus, allowing it to be understood by the children that Santa Claus hung the tree with his gifts on chimney to deposit the gifts in the our customs have been transplanted stockings and elsewhere, where they from the old world. would find them in the morning. Ger-man families in America still, for the most part, preserve the notion in the minds of children that the tree is decked by Santa Claus, and in these famiall knowledge of the matter; but at lies it is Christmas eve and not Christmas morning which is the children's most joyous time of all the year. The German picture books give us some pretty ideas of the intense interest of children in the bourgeoning of the Christmas-tree. A colored picture represents the anxious little ones-including the oldest sister with the baby in her arms-waiting and listening outside the door. The flaps of the picture then open and reveal on the reverse side a table crowded with presents and overshadowed by the Christmas tree, with father and mother standing (the former with a pipe in his mouth) on each side of the tree and inviting the children to come forward and look at the beautiful things they are about to

Santa Claus, whose midnight visit is left to be awaited with all the old delicious ecstasy. The tree is made rather a means of exchange of gifts and tokens between members of the household and their friends who are invited in to share in friends who are invited in to share in the Christmas eve festivity. Children make gifts to their parents and playmates by means of the Christmas tree, and receive by it gifts from their parents likewise. The evergreen tree, lighted up with a hundred colored candles and hung and garlanded with brilliant balls and toys, usually occupies the center of a large table (or stands at the back of it), on which the larger and handsomer presents are displayed. Sometimes a plate is provided for each guest and child, which is in the first place filled with nuts and confectionery. Then the presents are laid on top of those, with a card over all inscribed with the name of the intended recipient. Sometimes a number only is written on Sometimes a number only is written on the card, which corresponds with the number attached to a card on the Christ-

mas tree which bears the names both of the giver and the taker of the gift.

Christmas Customs. No two nations, two families, or two persons have the same way of celebrat-ing Christmas, or any other holiday. The Chinese have a feast which corresponds to our Christmas. It is a popular festival devoted almost entirely to the amusement of children, and in offering sacrifices and paying homage to certain deities, male and female, who are supposed to take interest in the welfare of the young. Special honors are paid to the "Seven Star Mother," or "Mother of the Measure," who is supposed to dwell among the seven stars which form the dipper in the Great Bear constella-

the dipper in the Great Bear constella-tion. This goldess is believed to have power to give children long years of life, and her favor is specially sought. The cakes they eat at this time must be round, like the moon; and the cau-dies, of which they devour great quan-tities, are made in all sorts of queer shapes. This Chinese festival takes

place early in October. The Christian idea of Christmas, with ts love, charity and forbearance, is most fully realized in Sweden, where some of the pagan ceremonials are still indulged in. The courts are closed; old quarrels settled; old feuds forgotton; while on settled; old feuds forgotton; while on the Yule evening the shoes, great and small, of the entire household are set close together in a row, that during the coming year the family may live togeth-er in peace and harmony. Isn't there something particularly pretty and ap-propriate in that custom? In ancient Rome all walls of separation were broken down during the Saturnalia, or feast of Saturn, which corresponds with our Christmas holidays; and in Italy, at the present day, masters and servants at the present day, masters and servants not unfrequently meet, and are seated at a common Christmas-table.

In the time of Queen Elizabeth the Christmas holidays lasted over a month;

everybody made merry under the mistlece bough, and fun and frolic raged

furiously. The Germans have grafted many o their ancient religious observances upon their present mode of celebrating Christmas, and all their ceremonies are symbolical. They beat the fruit-trees, or shake crumbs about their roots, that the year may be fruitful, and are much given to processions in which the Christ-child figures conspicuously,

St. Nicholas is the Santa Claus of Holland; in a certain part of Switzerland he has a wife, who is known as St. Lucy. She distributes gifts to the girls, and he looks after the welfare of the boys. In many parts of Switzerland, Germany and the Netherlands, St. Nicholas still distributes his gifts on St Nicholas eve-the fifth of December-

instead of on Christmas eve. In Belgium, on the eve of the gdoo bishop's voyage among the chimney' tops, the children polish their shoes, and filling them with hay, or cats, or carrots, for the saint's white horse, then

put them on the table, or set them in the fire-places,

The room is then carefully locked. Next morning it is opened in the presence of the assembled household, when, wonderful to relate! the furniture i found to be topsy-turvy; while the little shoes, instead of horse's fare, are filled with sweetmeats and toys for the

good children, and with rods for the bad

In France, though New Year is generally observed rather than Christmas for the distribution of presents, it is the Christ-child who comes with an escort of augels loaded with books and toys with which to fill the little shoes so carefully arranged by the fire-place.

In Poland, and elsewhere, it is believed that on Christmas night the heavens are opened, and the scene of Jacob's ladder re-enacted; but it is only permitted to the saints to see if Throughout northern Germany tables are spread, and lights left burning during the entire night, that the Virgin Mary, and the angel who passes when everybody sleeps, may find some-

thing to eat. The Christmas-tree is of German origin, and is the principal feature of Christmas eve, instead of waiting until | the majority of the Christmas festivities they were asleep and coming down the in some parts of our own country. All

> The Rambino is the Santa Claus of Italy, and is a representation of the infant Savior, being nothing more nor less than a large doll very richly dressed and cherished with exceeding care.
>
> The singing of Christmas carols is

very pretty custom still practiced, to some extent, in parts of England, Ger-many and Scotland; and Americans visiting those countries during the holiday season are particularly impresse with the sweetness of the songs that break the stillness of the wintry night, and regret that the custom is not more generally observed.

Our own Christmas-tree comes from Germany; our Santa Claus from Holland; the Christmas stocking from Belgium or France; while the "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year" were the old English greetings, shouted through the streets in the long, long ago.

have given to them.

But in most American homes to-day, where the Christmas tree is hung, it is not hung altogether with gifts from and ague, and shake themselves.

New Year's Bells.

ting, bells, ring, with your mellow din Ring the old year out and the new year in ! Like the voices of birds from the old gray spire Let your silvery music rise higher and higher Floating abroa l o'er the hillside bare In billows of sound on the tremulous air, Let it rise and fall with the fitful gale; Tell over city and wood the tale : Say that to-night the old year dies ! But the watchers look to the eastern skies For the beautiful halo that tells afar Of the welcome rise of the new year's star !

Ring the old year out, with its sighs and tears, Its withering heart-aches and tiresome fears Away with its memories of doubt and wrong; Its cold deceits and its envying strong, All its pitiful shams and cold pretens We will heap them together and bind them fast To the old man's load as be totters past. The ills that he brought he may take again; Keep we the joys, let him bury the pain! Ring soft, oh, bells, as he goes to rest Far in the shades of the darkening west

Ring, bells, ring, with a merry din ! The old year has gone with its care and sin ! Smiling and fair, at the eastern gates, Clad in tinted light, the new year waits! Welcome him in with the rosy band, Who wait the wave of his beckoning hand; Hope, with her wreaths of sweet spring

flowers-Joy for the summer's glowing hours, Plenty and peace for the fruitful fall, And love for all seasons-best of all. Ring merrily, bells! O'er the blushing skies See the beautiful star of the new year rise!

Items of Interest. Some canary birds never sing-stuffed

ones, for instance. Man finds his first "rock ahead in life" in the cradle.

A great deal of useless gas is often created by a sharp retort.

There has not been a person hanged in Rhode Island since 1849. Drive your cattle on the ice if you ant cowslips in the winter.

Five hundred thousand kegs of Dutch herring are imported yearly. Slavery commenced in this country with the advent of the Spaniards.

Straining a point does not by any manner of means always make it clear. When is a ship like a scarf-pin? When it's on the breast of a heavy

swell. Ah, yes, Edison's light to the eyes is the light of future daze.—New York

Express. "I don't like winter," said one pick-pocket to another. "Everybody has his hands in his pockets." Extract from a romance: "With one

and he held her beautiful golden head above the chilling waves, and with the other called loudly for assistance." She-"Do you suppose that I have five or six hands, that I can do everything at once, say?" He—"I realize that you have not, my dear, and I realize

that you have five or six tongues A young officer thought to puzzle the editor of La Figaro by asking him when two men of equal age and rank met which should be the first to bow. The editor calmly replied, "The more

polite of the two.' Paper collars were first patented in 1854, but till 1859 met with little favor. In that year 1,500,000 were manufactured. In 1877 300,000,000 were made -an average of more than one box for every man, woman and child in the

'A woven book has been manufactured at Lyons, the whole of the letter press being executed in silken thread. traits, verses and brief addresses have often been reproduced by the loom, but an entire volume from the weaver's hand is a novelty.

A justice of the peace married a couple the other day, and the groom asked him his terms after the knot was tied. "Well," said the justice, "the code allows me two dollars." "Then," the groom said, "here's a dollar; that will make you three." The entire amount of gold in the world

in value in United States coinage. This immense sum is hardly comprehensible to the mind, but if it were put in a solid mass it would measure only seventeen feet high, twenty-eight feet wide and fifty-six feet long. HER RETORT. "Tis happiness," he said, "to let My heart its bounty tell, To breathe the dulcet ut'rances That speak my love so well;
'Tis happiness to freight the tongue

at present is estimated at \$7,000,000,000

With passion's every need "— And then she softly interposed, "'Tis happiness indeed!" An Original Letter of Daniel Boone. An original letter of Daniel Boone is on exhibition in Cincinnati. The letter is the property of Colonel John Taylor, of Newport, Ky., and was addressed:
"To John Overton, of Lincoln county; to be left at Elijah Smith's, Lexington."

The letter reads: July the 20th, 1786. SIR-The Land has Been Long Surrayd and Not Knowing When the Money would be Radey Was the Reason of my not Returning the works however the may be Returned when you pless. But I must first have a Nother Copy of the Entry as I have Lost that I had when I lost my plating Instruments and only have the Short field Notes Just the Corse Distanc and Corner trees pray send me Nother Copy that I may Know how to give it the proper Bounderry a greeable to the Location and I Will send the plat to the offs a medetly if you Chuse it the Expenses is as follows, viz.:

Ragesters fees Chanmen and Marker 11 Days..... ourvistions for the tower..... provisions for the tour). £23 17

You Will also Send a Copy of the agreement betwixt Mr. Wales Overton and my Self Where I red the warrants. I am sir your omble servant, DANIEL BOONE.

The above is a literal copy. The letter is written on unruled paper, in a clear, round hand, very legible and characteristic. The profuse employment of capital letters and the total absence of punctuation marks are notable in the