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## The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XL. NO. 26.

SOMERSET. PA. WEDNESDAY. DECEMBER 23, 1891.

me. Uncle will come."

a sarl incredulous smile.

WHOLE NO. 2108.

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CHRISTMAS slight sound was heard, and then down brance or desire for the wanderer; and

low shall we keep our Christman, you and I ? The many a Tule tide since we two together Heard childish languer blending merrily ; When the chill smallght gleamed through wintry

You chose a spray all brightly berried over, And as its leaves amid my curis you set, And as the hase from cirlish for does sweps, The woman' heart from trance unconscious leap

Proth-plighted - a two heard the midnight chim is prepared by a And smiled, in youth's guy fearleseness, at tim Easy to wait, with love and life so strong, Easy to wait ! but oh, the years are long ! How shall I keep my Christman ! Here at home I smooth my braids-there's gray amid the gold,

I wear no holly now. The children come And clamor for the merry sports of old; i join the dancers, lead the carul strains, They scarce cun echo in Australian plains Doses wonderful benefit derived How do you keep your Ch istman' Strange win Strange flowers blossom brighter than our lilles

To Cet Sold Hood's Letters come rever ; words grow cold and few ; war, do I wrong you? Life is hard and short, focture is coy and chill, time flies so fast Whee, perhaps, the passing rays to court, Nor hourd our all of sunshine in the past Women will clime to dying dreams, you see, FIRST NATIONAL BANK And mem'ry keeps my Christman Day with me-

Perhaps you bend to resier tips than mine,

And make them smile at anoque English follies.

HOW SANTA CLAUS CAME.

It was Christmas eve, clear and frosty. The sky stretched above, one cloudless canopy of bine, studded with countless gem-like stars, while the silvery moon shed its bright and matchless radiance over all.

The night came on apace, and the many feet that thronged the crowded streets, or entered the brilliantly-lighted stores r saloons, whose tempting wares forbade that any should pass them by, grew less and less; while within the dwellings, whose tall fronts stood up against the quiet sky, many little hearts beat high with hope or anticipation, and many a sion of some coveted treasure.

But it is not with the rich that we have to-do to-night; so, passing the homes of me being seen." affinence and pride, we will pause before

two children-twins-a boy and girl of tones came floating up:

some fine sewing, sat Mrs. Martin; glanc- you will I' ing occasionally at the innocent sports Established, 1877. Organized as a National, 1890. more than one sigh from her lips, she the city.

said, quietly " Come, children, it's time you were to bed and asleep."

glance toward the fire place, where two of both. little stockings were suspended, Nellie, her mother's namesake, said :

Mrs. Martin sighed. Little chance here was for gifts at this holiday time. Peace and harmony again, it was with-Alone in the world, her husband dead and her only brother alienated and wan dering, she knew not where, her utmost tions to his; and the war waged flercer exertions for the last tweive months had and fiercer, until in a moment of ungovscarce sufficed to win for them the bar-It was hard to disappoint their child- agair.

ish faith, and her eyes filled with tears as she answered; sadly : " I am afraid Santa Claus will pass us

die, confidently; " he has never forgotten us before, and I know he won't this time. I mean to call up to him right

ed Mrs. Martin to start; then she resumed her sewing, while Eddie approached the chimney, and in his clear, childish voice petitioned Santa Claus not to forget them, but to bring the overcost. cap and boots so sorely needed, and

generous store, beside. "There, now!" he exclaimed, stepping ed Christmas gift, indeed."

"Now, Nellie, it's your turn."

few presents. Mamma's afraid you'll for- bundles. get us, but I know you won't." Now, mamma," she said, returning

Mrs. Martin smiled through her tears. h r.

Nellie. He doesn't listen to the old peo-"Very well, mamma. What shall I I am forgiven." ask him for ?"

emotions that overpowered her. I might offer him my forgiveness and her.

say you will !"

of it, surveyed it gloomily, "And this is the place to which she It was a joyful Christmas morning that has been driven," he murmured; "he dawned upon that little household. must be dead, then. Has poverty softeved her heart, I wonder, or would she open eyes of delight upon the brimming still drive me from her with harsh and stockings and the mysterious bundles

bitter words? I have enough to lift them | beneath them; and then, as their eyes all to happiness and plenty; may I show- wandered from them to Uncle Eddie, er it upon them, or must I be a wanderer who had stolen near by unperceived. once more? If I only had some sign- Nellie ran to her mamma with a cry of some means of knowing whether my re- joy. turn would be welcomed-whether on there is a fe-ling of tenderness, of longing in her heart for me? One word of inti- ful things beside !" mation that the past would be forgotten

and make us both so happy." As he stood there, irresolute, his eye fell upon the low roof, and a sudden and

and forgiven, would reconcile us again

novel idea entered his mind. "The children will doubtless be petitioning Santa Claus for Christmas gifts; and how I should like to play the part of the good saint in their behalf, and farexceed all they could ask. With my ear to the chimney I could hear all they say; reaches me, I will go to her acknowlheart. There will be no one passing this

email wooden paling fence enclosed the gentler accents of his little niece. Then

The blinds that protected the two small | bring Uncie Eddie back to mamma? She | flatten their noses, as they perch first | The lanitor and two scrub women also windows had been drawn close; and in wants to forgive him-she cries for him upon one ill clad foot and then on the made successful calls. He had to coma low chair, with her eyes bent upon every day. Oh, d'ar San's Claus, say other like little cranes They feast their promise with the latter on 50 cents hand, add she held up a short, shining England usually by a portion of the

of her children, while a pensive antie ful tears, and almost involuntarily, he and they are glad of it. last from the painful reverie into which his little niece; and then sliding noiseshe had fallen, and which had drawn lessly down, sped with rapid steps toward An hour had passed, and Mrs Martin

The children ceased their play and ly over the past. Three years before she came to her side; then throwing their had been happy in the fove of a husband lent individuals will attend to this good arms about her neck and casting a bright and a brother; now she had been bereft work. It certoinly should receive atten-

for what we want, and then we can go to and although a word from her, fitly spo- dren. ken, would have sufficed to pour oil on the troubled waters and restore all to held; and taking sides with her husband she added her reproaches and recriminaernable pussion she bade him leave her house, and never darken her doors

Bitterly had she since repented the words when it was too late to a call them and miles separated her from the brothby to-night, my darling. He is very lit er she had loved so dearly. And when, tle likely to find his way into our poor at the end of two years her husband died, leaving his business affairs so com-"Oh, yes, he will, mamma," cried Ed- plicated and embarrassed, that in a few months afterward she had been driven to this meagre home, and despite her utmost efforts destitution stared them in the face, the bitter sting of poverty added to her grief and remorse, until it seemas if a foot crushing the crisp snow, cause el that life was too great a burden to be borne; and her heart yearned to aching for the return of that wandering brother, and the southing balm of peace and rec-

"Oh, that my sweet Nellie's childish fancies might be realized !" she murn orwhatever toys he could spare from his ed, sadly; "that there was some good spirit to bear my love and repentance to my dear brother, and restore him once more to my arms! That would be a bless-

Even while she spoke a low knock The little girl advanced timidly, and s unded on the door. Rising from her bent her face down, with grave earnest- seat, she drew the bolt with trembling haste, and threw the door open, to be "Dear Santa Claus," she called, sweet- confronted by a man, mutiled up so as to ly, "please come to-night and bring us a be unrecognizable, and his arms full of

" Will you allow Santa Claus to fulfill the desires of the dear little ones who BOOT AND SHOE HOUSE. to her mother with her little face radiant have asked in such loving faith to night." with the trust her words had inspired, he said, with a grave sweetness; then, you ask him for something, and then stepping into the room, he laid his bune'il come, I'm sure He won't disap- dies down on the table, and pushing hi cap from his brow, be confronted

" I have come back to you, Neltie," he "You will have to ask him for me. said, holding out his arms, " for from the lips of my little niece I have heard that

A low cry of joy broke from the lips of But Mrs. Martin didn't hear her in the the widowed mother as she fell into the

Upon the low roof of the cottage a Nellie's voice, but no word of remem-, and blessings.

the chimney came the words, earnest and with all the old bitterness sweeping o'er ma afresh. I was about to turn away from you once more, when again her sweet With bated breath Nellie histened voice came floating up to me, with its back to her mother, who, in the violence loving petition for 'Uncle Eddie.' In of her grief, had not heard aught that my joy and excitement I answere I her, and then harried away to fulfill her re-"Mamms," she whisp-red, "Santa quests I have returned again; will you Olans was there, I know, for he answered | bid me stay ?"

"Stay," she repeated. "That was the Mrs. Martin kissed her little girl with sound I heard then, outside the cottage. On, than't God, who put it into my dar-"Let us hope he will, my love. And ling's heart to speak those blessed, blessnow you must go to bed without further ed words !"

" Amen !" echoed the brother ferrentdelay," and laying her work aside, she arose to see her little ones in their hum- ly; " but for her loving appeal I should have been a second time a wanderer While the children had been engaged through the world. And now, my dear at their play a man had approached the sister, bid farewell to poverty and want cottage from without, and pausing in front from this hour, for I have enough for us

Nellie and Eddie gazed with wide-

"Oh, mamma, mamma, didn't I tell this anniversary night of three years ago you so? Santa Claus has brought Uncle Eddie back to us, and all of these beauti-

Nellie and Eddie have had firm faith in the presence and efficacy of the good saint ever since then; and peace and plenty has flowed uninterruptedly in the train of that joyful night, when so welcome a Santa Claus came to the Martins

Do Not Forget the Poor Children.

The three little words that are mighty in their conjuring power at this time are "Christmas is coming," and various are the elevator boy. who give and those who take the sylla- you." childish voice might be heard importun- ea. my error, and wring, on this Christ. hies ring like a chime of silver joy bells. ing the good St. Nicholas for the posses- mass eve, happiness joy, and peace to her Each letter seems to glisten with the dia- office boy in a cheery, holiday tone, him, with something clasped in her goes along it means so much. mond dust of Christmas snows, and a which was good for \$2. lonely place, and there is no danger of faint fragrance of pine and hemlock, the "Ah, good morning, madame," said he a tiny cottage in a remote part of the ling with excitement, he drew himself others whose "Merry Christmas" are all sure." slowly and carefully up on the souden way back in the long lane of life, among "I am glad to Very tiny, indeed, it appeared at first palings, and from thence gained the roof. the days that live only in the memory, true christian spirit," she said. "It an- man not have given for freedom of body sight, for it was only one-story high, and He had scarcely secured himself at his and for them the magic words are gurs favorably for my errand." over the low roof the drooping eaves novel post, when Eddie's clear, stordy wreathed in immortefles, and tender and

tiny strip of garden in front, and a plot followed a short silence; and disappoint it most. But alse! many of the poor for the new mission for the natives of tremblingly and tearfully: scarcely larger at the back of the house; ed and sad, he was about to vacate his tots do the dreaming and "choosing" out- Patagonia. I hope I may put you down and here lived the widow Martin and post when, once more the soft, silvery side gay windows full of toys and treas- for \$107" ures and good things by the smooth "Dear Santa Claus, won't you please plate-glass barriers against which they her the money. eves and have empty hands and stom- apiece. The man's eyes grew heavy with joy- achs, but for all that Christmas is coming

vaguest expectation, who will not be look of annovance crossed his face. gift-giving, for whom something should voice. civic associations and thoughtful benevo- et in your pocket?" tion at this joyful season, and there is A dispute, trivial in its commencem at | but little time to spare to further consider | had arisen between the two men; both the subject of how best to do it, but set about half past six. He dragged him-

Executions in China.

"For the minor offenses the punishment in China is beating on the mouth with a bamboo," says a traveler who has just returned from the Flowery Kingdom. "It is terrible to see the mouths of women swell as the cane is laid on, and of men, too. When sent to jail they must supply their own food and that of the jailor, or they are allowed to sturve. If they have not sufficient blankets they are allowed to freeze to death. There are different methods of execution. One is what would correspond with our hanging, but it is different. The victim is put against a poet and a rope is thrown around his neck. Then it is pulled till the breath of

cutting to pieces by inches, which is done when the sentence of death is for the murder of a father or mother or some other near relative. First one ear is taken off, then the other, next the tongue is taken out, and so on. A third death is by starvation. I have seen a man ovced in the public streets and allowed to end his life by this method, not being permitted to touch either water or food. Sometimes a small boy will bring him a little opium, which helps to lessen the suff-ring and brings about a more speedy

the head by the sword, and the extraordinary perve of these Chinese is shown in this more than any other. I have seen two men beheaded, one placed before the other It to k three strokes of the sword to kill the first, and while the operation was going on the second knelt down with his neck outstretched waiting his turn. Thinking that the process was slow, he turned to the executioner and asked if he was going to be much longer with the first. Then, when the executioner came to him, he stretched his neck again and waited for the blow, which completely severed his head from his body."-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Christmas Within Sight.

arms outstretched to receive her; then, are again, right on the threshold of the "Papa, is so telling Santa Kaus about "Oh, that some good angel would as she partly raised herself, and looked Christmas holidays. It seems but as my sled, cause I fink he knows already? guide my brother's wandering footsteps with questioning silence into his face, he | yesterday when the Christmas festivities | Papa, can I come in ! back to me." she faltered, brokenly, "that drew her to a chair, and sat down beside set the whole world aglow with evidence All the demons of darkness recemed to ask his," that I might once more have a "Two days ago, Nellie, I came back to the most enjoyable festival in the history merchant lit his room up cheerily and Should be carefully considered, essympathizing heart to love and to lean my native city, impelled by a longing of human joye and human blessing. The opened the door. One—two—three little pecially when they contract Coughs and always injurious. You take no chances which I could not resist, to look upon it recurrence of another Christmas so near onestumbled in like "blue-eyed handitti" Colds. Croup is the demon of childhood, She bowed her head upon her hands o see more. I inquired for you, and af- at hand will awaken all the old joyous and captured his heart. Was there as many a fond mother knows. Do not and wept, while the child, slipping from ter some searching, found where you anticipations which attach to this grand money enough in the United States mint allow a Cough or Cold to run on. Whethher side, again stepped forward to the had gone, and an bour ago stood in front and ancient holiday. Housewives will to buy one of these treasures?—and he er young or old, it may be the forerunner where. Max Kurrs, Na 82 Federal Street, of this house. Much as my heart hun- be busy from now until the night before thought he had lost all "Dear Santa Claus," once more she gered for reconciliation to you, the old Christmas preparing for the feast of the He put that which was in his pocket ly recommend all readers to use Pan-Tina pleaded, won't you please bring Uncle spirit of pride held me back from enter- day following, and hopeful hearts, in away, and went out and sung chorals the celebrated remedy for Coughs, Colds Eddie back to mamma? She wants to ing on an uncertainty; and as i was just young and old bosoms, will swell with the children, and when his boy and Consumption, costs 25 and 50 cents, ed the door) - Have yer had yer Christforgive him-she loves him-she cries for shout to turn away, leaving the experi- expectancy as to what jolly old Saint asked him: "Paps, was there ever a Trial bottles of Pan-Tina free at G. W. mas dinner yet, little boy " him every day. Oh, dear Santa Claus, ment untried, the novel idea occurred to Nicholas will bring to them. The time Christ-child?" be answered: "Yes; and Benford's Drug Store. me to crawl up to the chimney and listen, between this and Christmas will soon ever since there have been Christ chil-What made the little one start back, if perchance the children might have speed by, the gladdest day of the year dren;" but the boy only smiled and said. The man who economises Christmas.

## An Ideal Christmas.

It was Christmas day; anybody could There is something pathetic in the life tell it; sleigh bells rang out more crisp of every man confined within prison and clear than usual; the sun was bright- walls, and this pathos becomes more iner, the air was sharper, men stepped more | tense when all the outside world is glad briskly along the streets, the chimes with the joy that comes in the Christmas sounded sweeter; and if that wasn't time. Remorse must weigh reavily on enough to convince the most skeptical, convicts at this time. Forgetfulness of he could look at the heading of the morn- all the past would be a blessed boon to

and, indeed, Christmas. Mrs. Scriggles they, too, were free and happy. isn't awake yet, either; I'll get ahead of The warden of a State prison tells the her this time. Merry Christ-" "Scriggles, has the servant got that fire | vict:

"I don't know, my dear; I was just

"Scriggles, I would like to have \$5 to clad little girl of about twelve years, her ey left from last night?" "Yes; I kept \$25 exclusively for Christ- as I passed.

time to meet the new up-stairs girl. "Good mornin', Mr. Scriggles. Merry

Christmas and Christmas gift." "Certainly, Bridget, here's a couple of deliars for you." kitchen when he arrived at the door.

"Christmas gif', Massa Scriggles." "Certainly, Arabella; here's \$2 for John H ---." Breakfast was eaten, and Seriggles pre-

said was horrid, and she gave him a cane following me eagerly. to add to his collection, which numbered over a dozen. He then took the street car down town. his face was the look of utter hopeless. Yule log.

bootblack. "Chris'mus gif '." "Yes, Sam; here's a dollar for you." "Christmas gift, Mr. Scriggles," said

"Christmas gift, Mr. Scriggles," said his

Possessed with this idea, and tremb of gay carols, pervade them. There are chair. "Merry Christmas to you, I am maybe you'd be glad to see me. Ain't tainly accertained; but there was a com-

"What can I do for you, ma'am ?" might also be touched by your hand. A voice reached his egr, followed by the sacred recollections rise in their stead. "I am working in the cause of charity." look was going out of his face: his eyes The only purely Christian observance. It is the little children who will enjoy she replied. I am soliciting subscriptions

At about S o'clock Mr. Scriegles concluded to start for home. As he reached "I wouldn't give this to anybody on of the children of the parish. In the rested upon her lips. Rous ng herself at made the answer which had so surprised. There is a large host of children whose the sidewalk he felt in his vest pocket, earth but you, father. You used to early ages the bishops sang them among hope of a "Merry Christmas" is the then in his trousers pockets. A slight really and truly love little Johnny-

reached by the ordinary methods of "Merry Christmas," said a cheery still sat with her head bowed, upon her be done. Probably the churches, church . "Oh, how are you, Brown ; yes, to be

"Any change ?" "Not a red." When Scriggles reached home it was

"We must ask good Santa Claus first were prout, high-tempered and hasty; to work and provide for this class of chil-self wearily through the door and flung over his face. "My little boy." himself on the lounge. "Did you have a pleasant Christmas?" asked his wife.

> his face to the wall. Christmas Chimes.

was a young man, but what of that. He toward him and kissed her again and make his life a success, and now at thirty he started. He had been generous and ber tears. open-handed, but never reckless; he had worked honestly, but now he wished he | door, "I will never forgit you, father- | Men and Women." had done as others did-saved himself never." He would pay every debt, but it left his. It was the voice of a true heart. May too, when his wife expected friends to peace. - Youth's Compansion, visit them, and presents to be made, and the children were to have a Christmas tree and he was to have been Santa Claus. How could be disappoint them all soand to-morrow they would know! And Alice was so proud of her fine home and beautiful children-not purse-proud or

extravagant, but just proud and thankful for what she believed to be her own. He locked the library door and sat down before the uncurtained window, It was a grand night. The pale, cold, moonlighted skies looked far off and tranquil-far, far above the petty strife and turmoil of life; the stars looked so pure and peaceful, but cold and inexorable. The rained merchant thought of the Star in the East as of some old fable. There was no Christ child born in a manger. What folly! He clenched the hand in his pocket over something that

was hard and metallic. Then there came suddenly to his ear a sad, sweet strain of music, so faint, so sweet that it might have been a lost echofrom the song the Chaldean shepherds song when they watched their flocks by night, and as the weird strain died away with a soft, imploring melody, he remembered that on this night his children were to practice the Christmas anthems, and it was their fresh, young voices be heard, and a few minutes later a hand rattled the door-knob, then a small voice How the years roll around! Here we came in through the key-hole.

of affectionate regard-the inspiration of fice any before that little voice. The

-Detroit Free Press.

A True Heart.

many of them, but memory is keenest pagan ceremonies at times of good feel "Ha!" cried Mr. Scriggies, as he leaped then, and we do not know with what out of bed, "beautiful day! beautiful! heartaches they recall the time when made their own ceremonies conform to

following pathetic incident of a life con-

I was passing out of the prison yard one bitterly celd Christmas morning. the year, the early fathers thought best going down to see about it. Merry Just outside the gate and cronching close to harmonize it with their Christian to the high stone wall, I saw a thinly festivities. give to the church. Have you any mon- face and hands blue with cold. She put "Mummers," a band of people who go out one of her thin hands to detain me about in masks in England, and enact mas. I'll leave the five on the dressing "If you please, sir-" she said, and everthis play was in the days of the

stopped, fingering nervously at the Saturnalia, in the Christian days it has He skipped gayly down stairs just in fringe of her shawl and timidly glancing usually been the story of St. George and down.

"What is it " I asked.

The cook was just emerging from the him something for Christmas. It ain't dren at the window are delighted to much, and I didn't s'pose you'd mind throw their half pennics. any if he had it. His name is Mister Again, in Great Britain the priests of

convict-a man notoriously bad. I went servance of the winter solstice with great sented his wife with a bonnet, which she back into the prison grounds, the child solemnity, and allowed also some of the

ness the faces of prisoners for life so | There is a cheer and generous hospi-"Mornin', Massa Scriggles," said his The child sprang forward to meet him, to think of it. In the places where such the hot tears streaming over her white a thing is really burned, when it is cut face. He stepped back, sallen and seem- and dragged along to be placed on the a - if one word of tender remembrance their significance to mankind. For those "Yes, of course; here's a dollar for lingly angry. No word of welcome came hearth, and lighted from the embers of

> "I-I-came to-say Merry Christscariet fires of holly berries, and an echo to the lady whom he found seated in his mas, father," she faltered. "I-I thought glish children, have descended is not cer-

you giad, father ?" Christmas! Christ! What would that and soul?

The convict's head dropped. The hard were moistening. His little girl went on in all these glad, gay ceremonies is the "And I-I-brung you something,

Her trembling fingers began unwrap- their songs. The "Carols" are sung now bit of old ribbon.

their clergy. mother said you did-and so-" The man fell to his knees with both

hands clasped over his face.

"I did love him," he said, hoursely. "I hands and her mind traveling sorrowful- societies, Sunday schools, benevolent sure. Do you happen to have a car tick- love him still; bad as I am, I love him that of carrying a branch of Christmas "I knew it," said the child, going closer, "and I knowed you'd like this, now

that Johnny's dead." "Yes," said the child, "he died in the poorhouse only last week, and there's rite celebrating the day of Christ's birth no one left but me now. But I ain't gives the children an especial claim upon goin' to forgit you father. I'm goin' to the day which belongs to the Holy Child, reply, as he flopped over on his side, with stick right by you, spite of what folks and one of the appellations of whose pa-

out of here. I'm going to try. I don't the Child Christ. furget that you are my father, and-and He had failed in business. True, he He put out one arm, drew the child

"Mind," she said, before closing the Christmas plant, says a writer in "Little

Christmas Presents.

A novel and pretty way of distributing Christmas gifts is to set your dining table as you would for a meal. Put on your choicest cloth, and at each one's accus- The people did not worship the one true tomed place set a soup-dish. The center | God, but they believed in certain evil of the table may have some pretty deco- spirits, and these spirits they worshipped rations arranged to suit the fancy; a pot and tried to please. For these spirits of tall ferns would be lovely. Festoons they set apart the cak trees. of evergreens and holly may hang from chandelier or lamps, as the case may be. they built their altars in oak groves, All the small gifts can be put into the There they prayed and sarg their hymns dishes while others may be neatly ar- of praise. Dressed in long white robes ranged in front. Such gifts assleds, rock. these Druids marched in procession to ing horses, etc., should be placed where the oak trees and cut off the mistleton the chair oscially stands. Let some one with knives of gold. After saying a have special charge of the arrangements. prayer over it, they cut it in short pieces When all is ready, the bell may be rung, and gave it us a New Year's gift among as at dinner time, and the household the people, who kept it carefully. called together. In this way the older folks may share the surprises and pleas-

Let us whisper a word or two more to Yes, public confidence, that's the keyour young readers. Perhaps you are note of our successful advertising. The happy; perhaps you have all that you day for fooling the public is past, and we can wish to make your cup of joy run | wouldn't do it if we could. Consumers over; but stop and think a moment. Do are never "fooled" when they buy Kiein's you not know some one who may be less celebrated "Silver Age" or Duquesne Ryes. fortunate; whose Christmas will be These famous brands of absolutely pure empty and dreary, unless some one else whisky are now known and sold everywhich may be you brightensit? Re- where from the Atlantic to the Parific member, even in your gladness, that "it glope. Every day swells the long list of is more blessed to give than to receive." enstomers. Why? Because the whiskies The giving of one little token to some named stand solely on their merits. Lead-

The Little Ones

of an untimely death. We can confident. Allegheny.

Christmas Customs.

Christmas is a festival that seems to be more particularly the property of children than any other; not that everybody does not join in the celebration with all their hearts, but that children, in honor, perhaps, of Him who became a child are given the chief part in its peasures.

In Cornwall, on Christmus eve, the children are allowed to sit up till midnight, and to have a taste of cider, too: and in Devoushire they go, with their father and all the family and friends, out into the orchard with eider and a cake, placing the latter in the crotch of one of the branches, and throwing the other over the tree. This is evidently the relic of the old pagan rite, bearing every appearance of the ancient sacrifice, a sacrifice to propitiste the tree to continue its fruitfulness, although why it should be offered on Christmas eve is not ex-

Indeed, there are many heathen our tome that have been grafted upon our way of keeping Christmas. This will be understood when it is remembered that the early Christian fathers found it hard to keep their flocks from joining in the ing and jollity. They therefore wisely the same occasion, so that if their people must celebrate, they could be celebrating Christian facts. Thus the old Roman Saturnalia, a time of great merry-making to speak mildly, coming at that season of

From the Saturnalia are descended the some rude play before the doors. Whatthe Dragon, old Father Christmas, crowned with holly and carrying a wassail bowl, "Well, if you please, sir, I'd like to introducing St. George, a Turkish knight, know if I can go inside and see my-my a huge scaly dragon, and a doctor to bind father. He's in there, and I've brung up the wounds, to all of whom the chil-

the new religion borrowed from the I recognized the name as that of a life | Drulds for their Christmas use, the obcustoms of the ancient Saxons to be ab-Going to my office, I sent for the con- served. Thus from the Drubls we have vict. He came, sullen and dejected; in the mistletce and from the Saxons the tality about a Yule log which warms one

from his lips for the ragged, trembling last year's log, put away for that purpose, little creature who stood crying before every wayfarer raises his hat to it as it companiment of Christmas dear to Enpany of "Waifs" as early as the year 1400, and it is understood that they were then strolling players on hantbops and other

wind instruments; and that is all they are to-day. "Carola" The singers have a picturesqueness as the glimmer of their lanfather. It was all I could think of and terns illumines them by flits and starts "Mr. Scriggles said certainly, and gave all I could get. I live to the poorhouse in the darkness on the snow, and their voices have a sweetness half stolen from curl of yellow hair, carefully tied with a church choir on Christmas Eve, and often on Christmas morning by certain

> share, being the principal ones to enjoy them; while with the "Mummers" a little girl goes, having no other part than green. The Christmas-tree, which is the most positive feature of children's Christmas nowadays, was not much known, if "Dead " cried the man, rocking to and at all, among the English speaking chilfro, still on his knees and with his hands dren until after the good Prince Albert The very fact that Christmas means a

In all these things children have their

say, and some day maybe I can get you tron saint is Kris Kringle, which means

The Mistletoe. had started out with a grand sweep to again. I silently left the room, and they parasites. The mistletoe is a gray, were alone together for haif an hour. thread-like plant, and you will sometimes years of age he was worse off than when Then the child came out smiling through see it about the streets for sale at Christmas time, for, like the holly, it is a

There are many different kinds of mistletoe, but that which grows on the family penniless. And in the holidays, Christ give it the benediction of His oak is the most famous in English his-

In England, although the people think a great deal of having the mistletoe of the cak to deck their bouses at Christmas, it is not allowed in the churches. Many, many hundred years ago the mistletne was a sacred plant in England.

These priests were called Druids, and

Confidence !

evidence that the goods are just as represented—the purest and best obtainsble. A poor whisky is never chesp, but which sell respectively at \$1.50 and \$1.25

Tramp (to little Willie, who has open-Little Willie-No: we're just going to

while a bright spot sprang to either their requests to proffer to Santa Claus. will soon be here, and may it be one of he was glad, and looked with fond eyes for sake of a New Year's blow-out takes. I can get some of the estables left over. I did so, and heard first Ed lie's, then joy to all who live to greet its rising sun into the face that represented his world. time by the forelock just a week too Little Willie (feeling of his stomach) | -Their ain't going to be anything left.

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