## A CHRISTMAS NIGHT VISION.

Twas Christmus Eve- and Harry Hall, His wife and chistren three, Sat in their wretched little room In abject massery. They had no lire, they had no food, Their frames were almost bare, And the sad group a picture formed Of hopeless, blank despair.

"I wish old Santa Claus would come,

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Mamma," cried into sue, "For I am cold as I can be And very hungry ico. But then you know he will not come Till we are all in bed. So let us go, and then perhaps He'll bring us clothes and bread."

And so the wretched family

And so the wretched family Went to their bed of straw, And Harry Hall, at dead of night, A blessed vision saw-A vision of old samta claus Rependshing the lire, And landed down with everything His sad heart could degire.

Upon his shoulders, broad and strong Large packages he hore. Containing wholesome bread and clothes— And near him on the floot. A sack of coals was open while. From which with jooks clate. He flied, while pulling at his pipe. A southe near the grate.

It was a blissful, blessed dream That Harry Hall slept through, And best of all, when morning broke, He fourd the vision true, A brother, who had years before The ocean gone across, Had just returned in time to be Poor Harry's Santa Claus.

And now a word to Santa Claus, The generous and true, And then I'll have accomplished Tay end I has in view, Remember in these panic times That many girls and boys Want bread, and used, and clothes, and fire, As well as sweets and toys.

So don't forget, old Santa Claus, The picture drawn above: And when you start on Christmas Eve Upon your work of love. If you would bring a throb of loy To many an aching heart, Put food and clothes, and coals, as well As candles, in your cart.

#### OLD MONEY BAGS.

steel.

"This is the way it stands. Mr. Beggs," he was saying one day to a man in his office, " a poor man is no man at all, and a rich one is a fool if he spends what he has. My motto is, get money. Get it honestly, if you can. If not-get it, and keep it."

with a mean twinkle in his watery eyes. "Ye got it and kept it, Mr. Fint. On, you're a sharp one-a reg'lar knife edger, you are.

"In my younger time," continued Mr. Flint, with a hard smile at the other's compliments, "I had some wild notions about generosity. But I soon got over that folly. I lost money by it. If people will be poor, let them go to the almshouses. If they are too proud to do that, let them starve and get out of the way. Charity! Humbug! Why should I be robbed for the sake of a set of lazy rascals who are never satisfied?"

al of these sentiments by a series of inarticulate crouis.

"Now, there's a fellow," continued Flint, pointing at the shabby clerk, "whom I took out of a charity institution when a boy. I fed him, clothed him, and taught him a good business. But was he gratefulf Not hel He complained of hard work, and had vague ideas on the subject of pocket money. But I have crushed all that nonsense out of him. Haven't 1 Jacobi"

"Eh," said the shabby clerk; starting at the sound of his tarsh voice, but not turnhis head. "Ob res, he has crushed mel Oh, certainly!" His depresed manner and careworn face sufficiently attested the wuth of his words. "Now," said Flint, turning suddenly upon his friend, and nearly upsetting him with the shock, "What did you come here for to night! Not to be sociable. Not you. Yoh are up to some game, Simon Beges; I see it in your face. Perhaps I know what it is alreadyr But out with it, anyway." "What a knowin' 'un you are !" croaked Beggs, rubbing his lean hands together, "What as up and down suck-Beggs shifted uncasily in his chair, and seemed very uncomfortable. "Your coughter is a very fine gal," he quavered; 'an uncommon fine gal. She ought to have a good husband, one as would be very low in' and kind to her."

value of money and the utter worthlessness of everything else without it. Therefore, in choosing a husband for you, I bie. Now, go to bed, you begger! Be off. have cast aside all romantic and unprace d'ye hear?" ticable considerations, and secured for you -money!"

death, and she sat staring at him with wide before the fire, with an expression of doubt | er caue. open, frightened eyes.

his voice growing dryer and harsher as he proceeded, "is no very handsome object to look at, I admit; but he is rich and a driveling old dotard; and the woman that marnes him con easily control both him and his money, if she will."

Beggs grinned and chuckled as if he had listened to the most glowing panegyric possible. The girl made no reply. Once while he spoke, she turned her eyes toward the clerk at his desk and then was motion-

"Come," said Flint, with s grim attempt at jocularity, "he has but half a dozen years in him at best, and then a rich young widow, eh, Jessiel"

"I would rather die, as my mother did a thousand, thousand times rather 1 " said trembling hands upon his arm.

shaking her off. "Once married, you will lang at this folly, and thank me for disregarding it. Now go up stairs and

moment. Then, seeing the iron deter mination in his tace, she turned, and with child!" a low sob, left the room. When she was gone, the clerk, who had been standing near his desk with clenched hands and eyes, for a long, breathless moment. Then,

#### A CHRISTMAS STORY.

# Roger Flint was a hard man-hard as

"and ye got it," quavered Mr. Beggs,

Mr. Bezgs expressed his entire approv-

plans'I have formed for your benefit, All have struck bim; but he restrained himself | er one, who wandered hither and thinker your life I have kept before your eyes the and cried in a threatening voice; "Jacob Stirling, if you are a foil, don't

Jacob made no reply, but went slowly

and satisfaction, strangely mixed, upon his "Simon Beggs," continued her father, features, fell into a reverie.

which he vainly endeavored to render as harsh and stern as usual, said:

"Jacob, have you seen Jessie this morn-

Jacob answered: "No." "Then," exclamed Fint, suddenly breaking down, "she has left us - for to him. what? Jacob ! Jacob ! See, here is a "Jacob note which she left upon my table ! Read

With a shaking hand, Jacob took it and read:

"My dear, dear tather-doub'y dear to me now that I have left you-try, o i, try to believe that I am not so sin'ul as I seem! Jessie, in s low, choked voice, putting both did-to obey your withes, but had not the Try to think that I strove hard-indeed 1 strength to do it. Ob, my dearest now "Nonsensel" retorted her father, harshly that by my own weakness and wickedness dry your eyes, for the matter is settled, 1 which has made us all so wretched, and her in shelter her tenderly from the world ell you." She arcse, and looked fixedly at him a be your own good, gentle self again. Be scep her from her own thoughts, end be kinder to Jacob-poor Jacob -for I loved a brother to her. God knows she will him, father; and fergive, oh, fergive your

The two men stood staring at each other, with a fearful thought burning in their that his only wish was that he might see flushed countenance, hastily resumed as if he tait dashed it aside with his clench-

on broad thoroughfures and in narrow byways, perng with eag r eyes into the faces of all they met. But no hace of her they sought a sanxiously was found Night after might they placed a light in the office window, yaguely hoping that she might The girl's face had grown as white as sed than ever. And Mr. Fint, standing it expressed, return to them. But the nevaway, looking more careworn and depres [ see its shummer, and, teeling the longing Avance, in Roger Flint, had so sapped

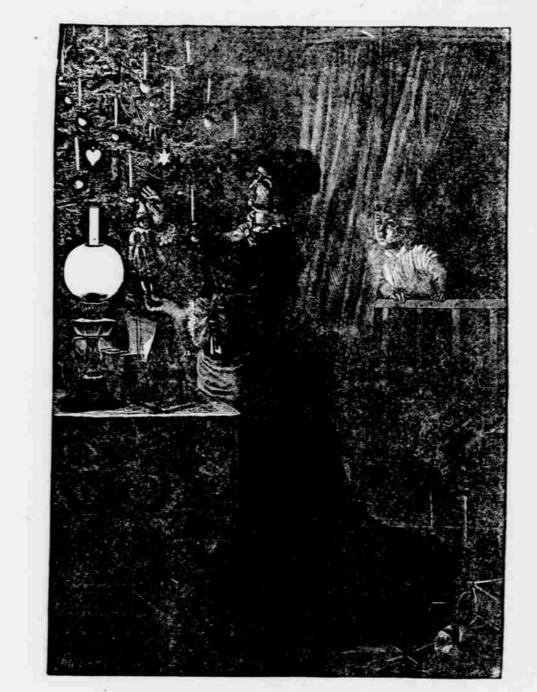
and usined his nobler feelings, that when Reyward, twisting her dear little face into A week rolled on, and one morning Rog- it was torn out of him, at one flerce clutch er Flint entered his office, and in tones it left him weaker than a child to bear his trouble. Worn with fatigue, heartsick with truitless expectation, he broke down completely; and took to his led with no wish to rise again. And Jacob Stirling mo e manly in his patient sorrow than he had ever ocen before, sat by and tended

"Jacob," he said, one afternoon, a few weeks after her disappearance. "Jacob, 1 it." dreamt last night that our poor gul had come back to us, and I was weeping bitterly to think of all the wrong and sorrow I had broccht upon her young life. And I thought that she put her arm about my dream.' Jacob," he said, suddenly interrupting himself, "I wish I could see her

before I die." Jacob made no answer.

"If she ever returns to you when I am

gone," he continued, with a sigh, "take need it! Tell her that her father loved her, in spite of his sin and folly. Tell her that he never blamed her, but himself, and her, to ask her pardon before he died. Will you Jacol?"



"My child," he cried, weeping bitterly, "A dream, dear father, "sobbed the girl;

"Tell hum," said the tall young man,

all sorts of shapes to keep from crying. "One night, I came here and found 100. you were tent on marrying her to that hi- cup ed the centre of the floor. drous old crow friend of yours. When I knew that it was for his money, I was the tack part of the room told the hour sure that you would never soften to any of eight. The young woman put aside entreaty she could make. I was mad. I raved and stormed awful, and then

Her old boy, otherwise the tall young man, nodded admiringly.

"I asked him if nothing could be done to save her from the misery which you were driving her. 'Let her elope,' said he, in his dear stupid way; 'let her leave the old in the eyes of the gentle, devoted wife, neck and whispered; 'All a dream, dear his dear stupid way; 'let her leave the old in the eyes of the gentle, devoted wife, father; be comforted, for it was all a rases, and it he loves his child, as most Then htype repeated her whisperings, and men, however hardened, do, he will relent, And so we planned between us how it should be done. I persuaded her to meet storm, and step by step nearing his home him, unknown to you, and at last he con- in safety. Already she seemed pouring him, unknown to you, and at last he con-sented. My husband," laying her hand proudly on his arm, "whom you have never seen, was the man she ran away with, and our home was her asylum. She pined for her father who was n't deserving of her love; she pinod for the home that five miles distant and return at orghtfall. had never been a happy one, and-and" -here the little creature sobbed and storm were apparent, but as the day drew langhed together - "we have brought her back to you, this bright and merry Christmas day, and never, never wrong her so

The second s

A dreadful night -- O, a dreadful night !" muranment the young wife with a shudder, as screening the pane with ther toud from the bright finderht she attempted, but is vain, to pressivate the storm and darkness without. 'G d grant he may dear," and with this heartfelt petition she turned from the window, sealed herself and took up her knitting.

Cheerral, homelike was the sepect of that hundle apartment. Near the fire, whose brisk blaze filled the room with a radey glow, sang the waiting 'tea-kettle; your daughter nearly distracted because while a deatly spread supper table oc-

Slowly and distinctly the tall clock at her task, and once more went to the window. The tempest had not in the went home and told my old boy all about least absted, but raged with the fury of a thousand uncaced hons, and seemed still increasing. Fourfull indeed way that evening's elemental waafare over that bleak Canadian plann!

"Yet he comes not-my husband. Merciful heaven befriend me !" Tears gathered in imagination the wife beheid the sturdy form of her beloved nobly breasting the ness for surrounding blessings. About noon of that day he had left home on foot intending to transact business in a village At that time no signs of an immediate near its close the clouds began to gather thick and heavy, and the mow to fall in huge, feathery flakes. Faster and faster it descended, till all the air second filled by one mighty ava anche. Three hours had passed, and the storm god in all hus terrible fury was yet abroad.

A: length calunces could be maintained by the waiting wife no longer. Hope and trust had died within her bosom.

Vainly did she endeaver to persuade terself into the behef that the fierceness of the storm had prevented her husband from leaving the village-she would not be deceived. He would never voluntarily abandon her thus to ioneliness and awful uncertainty. No, the a-surance was all too undoubted, that the cold and the tempest had overpowered him on his way, and he had sunk amid the drifting snows to per-

Suddenly she pansed, while every feature speaks desperate resolve. See, she hurriedly envelopes herself in cloak and hood, and now with firm steps moves towa d the door. Upon what is she determined? Surely she will not expose that frail form to the strife that rages without I But yes; she lifts the latch, and uncloses the door. On the instant a furious blast drove a portion of the snow, which had secumulated against the panels, to the opposite side of the room. Unable to compete with its rape, the agonized wife shrank back, and applying her whole strength to the door forced it sgain to its place, between herself and the rough element with-001

She waited but a moment, however, the next she had rushed forth, closed the door behind ber, and was plunging wildly down the snow-filled path

The storm was' over, the clouds were beginning to break, and let down the rays of the moon, whose broad disk had just risen above the horizon. But while the snow had ceased to fall, the cold had grown more intense, and the wrath of the wind was nothing spent.

Ooward toiled the solitary female through the blinding, suffocating snow,

And, with a load cry, the veried figure fell at the old man's side and took his head to her breast

"my little child!"

"all a terrible dream, it seems, Forgive me for leaving you."

ac meally. "Listen, you had old creature, "said Mrs.

DIN ADE NAY SELLER pm. g leave as fallant:

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"Like yourself, for instance," returned Mr. Flint, with an ironic smile. "Well, 20 OB."

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shel" groaned Beggs.

lups! Gracious!

breathless and creatfallen.

know the value of a scul?"

"Suppose," continued Beggs, more essily than ever, "suppose, for argeyment's sake, 1 was to want her for my wife, what tittle sum would you feel disposed to give heri

The smile teft Mr. Flint's face, and a gram frown succeeded it.

"Not one cent, sir!-not one cent ! " he answered sharply. "Take her as she is, or let her alone. I'm in no hurry to part er. with her. She earns her own living and more, and is a good daughter to me beaides. Mr. Beggs shrunk into his shrunken seif

at the other's vehemence, rubbed his head feebly, and groaned. Then, if such a dingy old scarecrow could be said to do so he brightened up and crouked: "Oh, she earns her own livin', do shel And morel Not as I would expect her to do that after we was married. Oh, no I And morel See here, Mr. Flint, I'll take her if she's

willin'. Mr. Flint's face expressed considerable satisfaction as he answered: "She will be willing. She will do

whatever I think best for her. Jacob, go call Jessie." The clerk, who had been rattling the papers on his desk in a strange, nervous

way, got hastily off his stool and left the Presently he returned with a pretty,

mild-eyed young girl, who came and seatand shaken him that presently he shambled ed herself silently at her father's side. If ever features of stone made a miserable off home. When the door rattled behind him, the attempt to look kind, Roger Flint's did clerk got down from his stool and approachthen. And when he spoke, there was something very like tenderness in his grating hand. voice, absolutely.

"Jessie,"he said, "havs you ever thought soul?" he said, raising his eyes. of marry ng2" "If I have, father," answered she, with a slight blush, "the thought has been so speedily banished by a determination never

"A girl's whim, and of no weight in the

### A TREE THAT BLOOMS IN MID-WINTER,

his stool and worked away harder than

ed hand, the depressed, shrinking air was gone from Jacob; all that was maply and "Don't seem 'ticklarly 'tached to me, do noble in him came uppermost in his strong sorrow, and he, whose patient drudge he The impatient reply upon Mr. Flint's had always been, cowered before his dilat-

The impauent reprint the opening of the ing eye. lips was interrupted by the opening of the ing eye. "Wretch!" he should, "see what your lady, muffled and furred against the weathaccursed money has done fer you. You What a bright little creature she was! would have made your daughter's life a What eyes!-now sharp and sly as a bird's hell for it! You would have given her, now soft and gentle as it is possible for body and soul, to a thing a thousand times woman's eyes to be. Wha a firm little figmore degraded than a beast for it! You ures carried with an air of dignity that have held it up to her daily as an idol to means just nothing at all What curis! What be worshipped before Heaven! Are you satisffed?

"How do you do, Mr. Jacobel" she said "I meant it for her good-indeed I did," addressing the clerk first of all, and then groaned Fint.

bowing to Mr. Flint. "And this is your triend?" she continued, looking straight "Oh, man, man! what are you now! Old, alone in the world, standing in your into Mr. Beggs' face, as he wriggled to his feet to be introduced "I can't say that I'm happy to know him. Any retagrave, hated and despised by all of your kind ! Now, go to your money and seek consolation in it if you can. Prostrate yourself before it; will it bring her back tion to the Crow family? No, indeed! A very strong resemblance then. Is Jessie up stairs. Mr. Fiinti I will go up and o you, or to me, who loved her footprints on that dirty floor more than you loved her see her, if you please." And with a laugh soulf Pray to it, weep to it; will it make and a shake of the dark curls, she was her what she was? Oh, poor, misled, illout of the room-leaving Mr. Beggs used girl!"

So crying out as if his heart were bro-"I don't like Mrs. Heyward, if that's ken, he sank into a chair and burst into her name," he mumbled, trying to recover tears.

his composure. But she had so startled For a long while the old man stood silent with a bewildered look in his face, then he started toward the door, bareheaded as he was.

"Where are you going?" asked Jacob, ed his master with a bit of paper in his detaining hom.

"I am going to find my child," he said. "Will you write down the value of a brokenly. "I am guing to bring her back and try, through all the years of my worth-"The value of a souil How should 1 less life, to atone for the wrong I have "Oh, don't you?" returned the clerk still mei'

with his eyes doggedly cast down. " "1 For many days after this, people wo :to leave you, that it could hardly be called thought you must, because you sold one just now-your daughter's." It is thought you must, because you sold one dered at two strange figures whom they la'e to talk of that?" "Then, there !" st ust now-your daughter's," Flint started forward as if he would whitehaired old man, supported by a oung- ga. pung in her emotion: "take her."

"I will," answered Jacob in a low voice. Then, arising and going into the office, he sat himself down at his old desk and rested his head on his arms, in gloomy thought. He had been so but a moment, when the door opened and Mrs. Heyward entered, and though the day was dark, a sunbeam seemed to have entered. too\*

The smile left her lips as she saw the aggard face he turned toward her. "What is it, Mr. Jacob? Are you not rell?"

"Yes," he answered, indifferently, "I un well. "And Jessie?" she required with a sin-

rular look. "She has left us," he cried, brokanly. Dou't ask me more." There were tears in the little woman's

yes, and yet sne was laughing, too. "That wretched old father of hers"-"A changed man," he interrupted; "kin-

ler and better in every way, but failing rapidly under the shock " "Failing?" echoed the lady, turning very

pale and trembling very much. Then without another word she turned and ran out of the room.

Night had fallen again, and the old man was lying on his sofa in her little back room, with Jacob sitting silently near him when the door opened, and three persons came in. They were Mrs. Heyward, a tall, young man, and a female figure, close-

y veiled. "Mr. Flint," began the lady, sharply. "you are not the mean, covetous, hard old man you were, are you?"

"No," answered Flint, humbly. "And you would be kinder to your done to her. Jacob, will you go with daughter if you had her back again, would you?"

"Yes. But, God forgive me, it is too

again." When she had finished, Roger Flint slowly arose and, deliberately turning about, pummeled his pillows until he was out of breath. "There," he said, beaming all over, "lies old Roger Flint, that scheming old miser, dead as a door nail. And here, "tapping himself, "Is the new Roger Flint, who, with God's help, will be a kinder and a better man." Then how he laughed! such laughs as hadn't come out of that dry throat in years How he bugged hem all, aye, eqen the young man humself! How he made a perfect, jolly dervish of

"Jacob," he said, stopping suddenly, "I d man."

So had sorrow the power to resurrect those nobler things, buried under many misspent years, and make them live again. So had sorrow the power to lay the first broad stone of a clear wide road to heaven.

The Marror Telegraph .- An interesting experiment in heitography, or signaling by sunshine, was successfully made in the wife was presently restored to anima-Egypt during the recent campaign. Colonel Keyser ascended one of the pyramids near Cairo, and by means of a heliographic mirror reflected a ray of sunshine to Alex-andria, 120 miles away. At that great distance the signals, appearing like pln part of it chafes or rubs the skin of his peints of brightness, were easily ascertain- horse. It is a good ides to keep it well oil-"Then, there !" she cried, choking and ed to be a message from Sir Garnet Wolseley to the Knee'ive.

which was constantly being hurled against her; and ever and anon a blast, fiercer than the others, compelled her to halt for a moment and bury her tace in the folds of her cloak.

It was a dreary waste over which she had to pass; no cottage window sent forth a cheering gleam; only a snow-covered plain and barren trees in the distance could be seen.

And now, when nearly a mile lay between her and home, the wife feit herself exhausted and benumbed by cold to a degree that she could proceed no further. The sharp winds pierced her garments as if they had been but a role of muslin, and put to the torture every fibre of her trame. Her limbs refused longer to obey her will, her breath was gone, her very heart's blood seemed turned to ice She tottered and fell, and the same blast that bore her down wrapped her in a shroud of snow.

But exerting herself to the utmost, she rose to her feet again, for her last glance had rested on a dark object a short distance In advance, and the possibility of it being him she thought nerved her to make one more effect. Fixing her eyes upon the object which had attracted her attention, she struggled forward, and reached it just as

her remnant of strength was expended. It was radeed her husband! He had contended with the elements, until chilled. weared, and almost breathless, he had sunk down in the path in order to recover himself for a further effort. No thought of peristing had passed the strong man's mind; but no sooner did muscular action cease than the letnargy which, but for timely breaking, would have ended in death, was upon him. All sense of suffering fled, gay colors floated before his sight, and the sound of the angry blast seemed sweetest music.

How long he had remained thus he knew not, when suddenly the voice of his wife exclaimed, "Thank God, we die together !" sounded faintly in his ears; and the same instant he felt her prostrate form and encircling arms. These quickly aroused them to a sense warmed the congealing life-current, and sent it lightninglike through its channels.

The knowledge of the danger-the cortain death-to which his idolized companion was exposed, and from which he alone could save her, at once raise htmself above the power of failgue and cold. Starting to his feet, he folded her insensible form to his bosom and bore st foward their home, as if she had been the merest infaut.

The blast to him was but a zephyr, the snowdrifts but unresisting air. He paused not until the cottage was reached, where tion, and both to happiness. Each had saved the other from a fearful death.

EVERY farmer or teamster should examine his t am harness often to see that no ed, so that it will be pliable and soft. Take good care of the dumb animals.

unself about the room!

owe you a great debt, accumulated in long years of harshness and cruelty. I'm going to pay that debt, Jacob, every penny of it. And here"-leading torward his blushing daughter, "is the first instalment." Theu, turning to the others, he continued: "I have worn spectacles, made of the lowest passions of my heart, all my life. They have blinded me to all the good and gentle things of which this world is full, But they are gone, broken, cast ande forever, and ohl my friends, 1 am a happy