

and the second sec VOL. XLVIII

CE upon a time,

mas day. The king who was in

erime

DOWER

Was

And with penalties most awful He declared that Christinasitde

From that moment was unlawful

And that woman, child or man Whato making alfie was wedded. And presumed to break the ban Should be instantly beheaded.

In each city, town and village, . From the merchant at his till To the farmer at his tillage; And the hearts of all waxed hard.

Like the fragmentary suct you'd With pastry mingle), marred With innocuous desuctude

All plum-puddings were forbidden;

By live turkeys, unafraid, Every farm was overridden. Not a butcher in the land Could be bribed his trade to quicken

Not a mincement ple was made

So much feared was the comm With a Philadelphia chicken!

Every bless-ed toy was crushed: Every talking doll was strangled;

Fvery squeaking plg was hushed:

All the crocodiles were mangled: And the lowely Noah's arks, Where the cattle all are spotted.

Were snapped up by royal sharks And to cruel flames allotted.

Not one leaf of everyreen, Not one trace of crimson berry Was in any corner seen;

then the people all grew still

ia a country far away.

was made by law a

carouse on Christ-

s all a tyrant should be--

mand),

.

Like the Czar, this very

Or the Kalser, if he

So he spread his edict

could be!

wide

THE CONSTITUTION-THE UNION-AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

Editor and Proprietor.

GIVES WARNING OF STORMS.

Professor Abbe, a Government Meteorola

gist, and His Wonderful Success.

the terrible storm which swept the

southern coast recently and the sed such awful loss of life is Cleveland

Abbe, "professor of meteorology in

the signal service and assistant to

The man who foresaw and foretold

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Christmas dinner, and his eyes start from his head.

everything and

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Whiskers swallowants

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H.H.

NO. 1.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1893.

I'll see if that ornery blue shote git At Yule-Tide

ahead o' me again," and he rushed fur-lously about waving his long pole wildly Heigho, the Winter! the bluff old fellow In meadow and field he roars amain. The maple, that late was deck'd in yellos in every direction except toward the head of the hog. He broke its foot, Has doffed its leaves in the gusty lane. bruised its sides, lamcd its back, and knocked the cu I out of its tail; but Helpho, Sweetheart! I will find thy tippet. Thy dainty hood for thy golden head, And out in the frosty air we'll trip it, And over the stubble gayly tread. the head, with its squalls and grunts, remained intact. There was a door at

each end of the cabin, and Peg held her lamp first at one and then at the Heizho, the Winter! he brings the holly, 'the frolic of Yule's enchanted tree; And the mistletoe - now, by my folly, other, trying in vain to coax or scole the affair to a crisis There will be a-klas for thee and me Heigho, Sweetheart! with a "Hey dow At last Joff hit a stump instead of the derry" We'll suck the wood of its treasures now contrary little beast that was sheltered behind it, and broke off the end of the

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iut oh, there's never a bramble berry pole to which the hammer was fied. Is half so red as thy lip, I vow! -Neily Booth Simmons, in Godey's. Well," growled he, "I'm blessed if I knew what to do next. 'Pears like that shote's been killed before an' kind

CHRISTMAS IN THE COUNTRY "Say, paw," observed little Til, "if I Where the Holiday Is Always Enthusia

was a man I'd shoot it." Jeff jumped to his feet with renewed tically Observed. HRISTMAS prep-arations go on no less vigorously in With the first break of dawn, on

ecountry than

do in town,

energy. "Blamed if I ever thought of that! Git my rifle, Peg; that'll fix him, 之意 The rifle was brought to bear upo the luckless pig, who, seeing no use in 45 further resistance, meekly tumbled over as soon as the idea of the bullet entered its head. As they dragged it to the house Jeff remarked: "Who says spirit of Christmas he hurried dressing, the joly break-is abroad there as well as in to wn. There are great ex-peditions to the woods for running cedar or ground of the tage for the spirit of the tage for the attention from these joys. The olemn silence of the country in winter

Jeff Jackson's young 'uns ain't goin' to bave no Christmas?"-Texas Siftings. IN MANY CLIMES.

How Christmas Day Is Observed in Differ-

o' dreads it."

branches of hemlock, codar and pine. In some hicky neighborhoods the holly grows, and sometimes the mistletoe, Christmas is always a season of good wishes and loving kindness. In Amer-ica almost all little children hang up their stockings on Christmas eve, to be filled by kind old Santa Claus. In Ger-many they make more of Christmas than we do in America. Everywhere the Christmas tree is used. A week before Christmas St. Nicholas visits the children, to find out who have been good enough to receive the gifts the Christ-child will bring them on Christ-

nas eve. It is a very usual thing to see on a German Christmas tree, way tong before, must be cut and carried ournals and magazines bewalling the

NOR Stall?

CHRISTMAS' COMIN' tories about the trip in the train, of the country people and their parcels, of the children going home to grandfather's for Christmas, of the parties young people eager for a day's skatin C ALC: NO or coasting, of the crowds of vehicle awaiting the travelers at the stations of the merry greetings, of the spirit of love and good-will that seemed to brood over everything and ever-body. After dinner comes the great event of the day-the svent for which the children fondly believed Christmas eve was first devised-hanging the stockings. Then

'heistmas' comia'. dauchter says ter me. Santy Claus'll brin' 'oo somefin, and I know dess what'll be." An' my wife's a makin' puddin', so its easy for ter see there is the repetition of the never-old always charming poem, "Twas the night before Christmas." This is fol-lowed by anxious conjectures as to how

Christmas' coming Santa Claus will manage his sleigh and reindeer if there is no snow on the hrstmas' conitn'. An' et's bringin' visions

o' ther long ago: Faces that ther grave her hidden dance before me in the snow; ground, and then the little ones are sucked away and left, "while visions Sperits whisper round about me es they

wander to un' fro. Christmas' comin'.

thristmas morning there is a rustle of excitement through the house. Christmas' comin'. Hear ther tidings the air horne upon ther storm, follin' down through all ther ages till they but they are less evident there. Nevertheless thet spirit of Christmas is abroad there as test hurried dressing, the jolly breakstrike on Christmas more far away in quaint Judea to ther earth a king is born " Christmus' com'n'.

kin almost hear ther echo o' ther song thes angels sung When ther shepherds rose ter listen an' old merounds them on every side and

christmas' comin' I kin

tell it by ther children thet I meet. Gazing wide-eyed et ther

greet.

mother earth grew young. ce on farth " Through all ther ages how ther promise glad bez rung. Christmas' comin'.

hristmas' comin' an' my daughter climbin' softly on my knee Asks of Santa Claus is comin', an' she slyly oks of mi

An' P.s. wonderin's hat ter buy her, fer P.s. Santa Claus, you see. Chris mas' comin'

HYDER ALL

CHRISTMAS AND THE CHILDREN.

a Joyous Occasion for Young and Grateful Hants.

Christmas is par excellence the chil-dren's isast. 'I any one doubts it, he has only to compare the holiday in a i muchile Robby, sweetly dreaming in his little tran-die bed Of the morrow with Rs presents, hears a rumbling near nome where there are no children with the celebration where there is ven one olive branch. The more of hese the merrier. One of the times when there can hardly be too big a his head. Wakes and sees the feet of Whiskers dangling in the Open grate uiverful is at holiday time-that is , so far as enjoyment is concerned. open grate, In the financial side of the question lowly, carefully descending: rubs hivey ns may differ. Yet, properly rained children are usually unexact ing little creatures, who have as keen enjoyment in cheap playthings and inexpensive gifts as in the costly pro-ductions of the French and German

The wise parent, knowing how on exthe time of beautiful child-fa th 1st pass, cherish all the sweet bab eliefs as long as they can. They tell onderful tales of Santa Claus, of Kri ringle, of St. Nicholas-the beneficen hristmas saint is the same under an Christmas saint is the same under any any alias—they repeat and teach the blossed ballad of "The Night Before Christmas," they ra'se to the dignity of a state ceremony the business of langing up stockings, and in a general Robby eagerly esway make the most of the sweet, merry mystery surrounding the great holiday

corts him to the table thickly There are some people who depri spread.



and then his pute

WEAR

the chief signal officer," as he was originally designated in 1891, a position which he still holds, with a slight change of title since the trans-

PROFESSOR CLEVELAND ABOR

fer of the weather bureau to the Agricultural Department. The fact that the entire system, of which he is the working head, is the outcome of efforts begun by him while director of the Cincinnati Observatory, makes him a life-saver of unparalleled accomplishment, while, according to Harper's, the destruction of crops and vessels that his predictions. have prevented would have mounted up into the multi-millions. In 1870 our federal government took up the work that Professor Abbe started in Cipcinnati and enlarged it in every direction for practical utiliarian oblects, but it provided only for the application of what little was already known in meteorology. In Professor Abbe's view it is very doubtful whether it is wise to trust the future Whishers tails has scarce good boys are in his trips o'er, boylet the second boys are in his trips o'er, boylet the second boys are in his trips o'er, boylet the second boys boylet the second boys

should have its State weather service, as originally initiated by Gen. fays, with pathes. has traveled storty Hazen, and every college should have thousand miles since ten." Then tells hobby it be'll get him some-thing for his appe-tive the thousand mile

He can have a not ion presents, every nue ejust out o sight? TOWER OF FORTY MARTYRS.

Marks the Scene of Persecution of Chris tians by Mohammedane.

Twenty-four miles northwest of Jerusalem. in one of the richest and loveliest districts of Palestine, stands the ancient town of Rami-



The American

EDMUND LANCASTER

Accustomed to police.

In impish protestation, Lay every toy on earth Invented since creation!

In that barbarian lair— Beyond to-day's solution— They had no easy chair Baptized "Electrocution." The axeman and the block

To hear this parting shot)'. "We found dese on his shoulders,"

Accustomed to poince. And to horrors blackly painted. The Justice of the Peace Looked up and nearly fainted! For there, alive with mirth

A DAR

Were always waiting ready To kill you at one shock.

If only you kept steady. "Say, are you married, sir?" The Justice asked, "or single?" The prisoner, all astir, Replied, "My name's Kris Kringle." The Justice heaved a sigh. And murmured "Poor old chappie! Too bad you've got to die For making millions happy!"

To death was he condem: And put on bread and water: The sentence Heaven contemned. And frowned upon such slaughter. le disappeared by night. Through more than mortal magic: His reindeers helped his flight 7 o times and climes less tragic,

To times and climes like ours. Where Freedom's joyous sway. With banquets, gifts and flowers Makes glad old Christmas Day. o drink we now his health. Whom spoilsports would destroy: And Heaven itself is joy!

AMONG THE OZARKS.

ine, for spruce and fir trees, for ent Countries. Christmas is always a season of good



For 'twas treason to be merry! And one very sweet old dear Superannuated forsil Was imprisoned for a year Just because he asked for wassail!

Every theater was closed. Though the managers were active, And, as might have been supposed, Got up programs most attractive. Not the despot, with a frown a his narrow visual orbit.

His imperial foot put down When the people shrinked for Corbett! Wretched convicts in their cell Were denied their Christmas dinners;

For the monarch, with a yell, Voted viands had for sinners. a poor children (so he said), attered not whose girls or whose boys, Should be delicately fed. No-not even little newsbors.

But the worst has not appeared Upon Christmas Eve, by Himminy! An old man, with snow-white beard, Was discovered down a chimney. Though his hair was stiff with frost,



Yet his eyes were soft and kindly, As if at any cost He'd resolve to "go h" blindly.

They took him into court. A p-liceman on each side of him. Who tooked as if, in short, They had tried to have the hide of him. His arms hung by his side. Where they clubbed him, in their du4-

And the crimson life-blood dyed. the constabulary bludgeon.

We come on dis 'ere cove A sickin' up a riot in de chimley near de stove -He snows he can't deny is ' what a nerve he's got!" (Surprised were all beholders



" Jeff, what kind o' Christmas do you " Jeff, what kind o Christmas to you think our young 'uns are goin' to have to-morrow," and Mrs. Jackson clawed a handful of wet commeal from the wooden bowl, tossed it from one hand to the other till the shape of the "pone suited her, slapped it into the bake oven, covered its iron lid with coals, then stood with folded arms looking ro-sly at her husband. Jeff, who was equally good-natured

and good for nothing, grinned as he re-plied: "Now, Peg, don't go to gittin' rantankerous. I reckon our young 'uns ain't above an' beyon' eatin' corn pone 'tis Christmas.

"Where'll they git corn pone much onger;" said Mrs. Jackson, diving under the bed and raking out some corn and husks into the middle of the floor. 'Do you see that, Jeff Jackson? That's the end o' our corn crop -just about a peck o' nubbins, an' them's mighty ligh all shucks." Jeff looked thoughtful. Pulling a

stalk of tobacco from a pole above his stalk of topacco from a pole above his i ead, he rolled up a leaf and tucked it into his mouth, answering pleasantly. "I'll tell you, Peg, what let's do for Christmas; let's kill the shote." "I won't have that shote killed," snapped his wife: "it's the last one of

snapped his wife: "it's the last one of 'em, an' I'll keep it if I die." "But, Peg, that air shote has jist rooted itself plumb fat, an' I low 'twould eat mighty well, if you warnt so scrumptions. It's a misable nice little critter, an' if you say so, I'll down it quicker'n lightnin"." "Well, if you're bound to kill him, I ideas, the young uns mought as well s'poss the young 'uns mought as well chaw him up for Christmagan' git their

rengeance out o' him for rootin' up their gruber peas." The butcher knife was whetted. Jeff stood in the door scratching his head in hopeless perplexity. "Say, Peg," ven-tured he at last, "how 'm I to kill the committe"

varmint?" "Knock it in the head, of course; don't you know nothin'?" "But, Peg, this 'ere field's got nigh

about forty acres in it, an' I don't see ow I'm goin' to git any closer to him than I am now." "Paw," said little tow-headed Tom,

"here's a hammer that may pounds up the coffee with." "All right, Bub," said the delighted father, "I'll kill that small hog before he's a minute older;" but just as ho made the dive that was to be so fatal to

the pig, the startled animal ran under him and sent him sprawling to the "Peg," whined he, "can't you hold a light so a feller can see suthin? Blam-

I can see a stiffe in this moon-Mrs. Jackson flew around for a mo-

Tear a strip o' rag off o' that poke, uick." Mrs. Peg, proud of her im-rovised lamp, held it up over her head

And so in some way all over the Christian world on the eve of the 25th day of December the birth of our Lord is celebrated. Everywhere the Christmas chimes are ringing out the mes-sage the angels brought to Bethlehem: "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

A Christmas Card.

A Corristmas Card. I have no purse of gold, my dear, With which to buy you dainty things: The purse is empty, and the gold Has fown away as if on wings: So, sweetest wife in all the world, The you possess the greater part. I'll give to you on Christmas Day Another fraction of my heart

MOTHERHOOD is woman's throne.



image or doll representing the Christ-child, while below are sometimes placed other images representing an-the decirate of department that there gifs" we called them when I was a bey. is with out-pread wings. After the are great abors on foot the day before it didn't and doesn't have much refl ree is lighted the family gather round t, and sing a Christmas hymn. Christmas. The kitchen is a veritable ment of culture in the spelling and the hive of industry. The mince meat has sound thereof. But the people who t, and sing a Christmas hymn. In France may be almost universally In France may be almost universally seen representations of the manger in which thrist was born, with figures of Mary, Joseph and the child Jesus, and cattle feeding near by. Often these representations are decorated with flowers, and lighted candles burn softly before them. In Norway the people have a delightful custom of putting on the roof of the barn, or on which Christ was born, with figures of Mary, Joseph and the child Jesus, and cattle feeding near by. Often these representations are decorated with flowers, and lighted candles burn coftly before them. In Normal burn, anting on the roof of the barn, or on a pole in the yard, a large sheaf of sheat for the birds, who fully appre-Outside of the kitchen there is at Outside of the kitchen there is an

iate their Christmus feast. air of subdued mystery. There have In England almost every one who can been restrictions laid upon nearly every member of the family concerning his or ilo so has a family party on Christmas ve. Young and old join in the games, many of which belong especially to her free access to some part of the it-house. The eldest boy, whose chie The interval of which belong especially to christian time. From the celling of the rooms a large bunch of mis-ty to is hung. In Holland the little burch girl puts her worden show in the chimney-place ready for gifts, just as the title American girl hangs up her to go near the linen-closet, where the title to go near the linen-closet, where the title to go near the linen-closet, where the title title to go near the linen-closet, where the title title to go near the linen-closet, where the title title to go near the linen-closet, where the title title title to go near the linen-closet, where title ti the little American girl hangs up her stocking.

Everything in the house is in a state of shining cleanliness by the time the day falls. The house is fragrant with odors of sprace and pine and looks a very bower of greenery by the time that the tinkle of the sleigh bells or more probably the rattle of the wheels

-for in these degenerate days snow does not always come for Christmasnnounces the arrival of the guests. From the city come the scattered nembers of the flock, who would travel announces the arrival of the guests. From the city come the scattered members of the flock, who would travel any distance rather than miss assemling for Christmas under the home Featherstone. "Ah, I see; you want what he will do.

roof tree. They come with laden arms and gay greetings, bringing in a rush of cold air and a fresh influx of the Christmas spirit. They are full of

ing dear o Santa Claus, and say that when a child earns that the saint is a myth he loses portion of his faith in his pa ents uthfulness and in their instructions When he sees old concerning other and more succeed mysteries. The objection seems of little force. If the story of the Christmus saint is told, as are the tales of fairles gn mes, and other sprites, the child's serious faith is seldom shaken by the radual awakening to the perception hat the beloved Santa Claus is only another myth, a parable, like that of Jack Frost, who paints the colored leaves of autumn with a touch of his chilly finger, and backs the lakes and streams by a blast of his ley breath. It is not wise for the father and mother who tell the Santa Claus fiction to in-sist upon its trathfulness as they do upon that of the Babe in the manger us they will readily learn to grade he emphasis they place upon either

the joy of Christmas should never the minds of the children. Never t a switch find its way into the Christas stocking. The punishment of such mortification and disappointment ay seein merited in the eyes of the other. It would not, could she for a noment enter into the feelings in the lepth of the childish heart wounded the cruel rebuke. There is no ilt-I say it advisedly-worthy of so oltter a penalty. On Christmas, "the sweet o' the

car" to the little ones, let there be no hadow of pain, of rebuke, of sorrow that the elders can by any effort spare e the young hearts.

A Few Christmas Dont's. Don't give a bottle of perfume to

dy un ss you are sure it is the sort prefers. Don't send a box of ruled writing aper to a newspaper correspondent she would rather write on the paper in which the grocer does up his tea. Don't give a cookery book to your vasherwoman; she would much rather

ave the ingredients. Don't send a barrel of your best apeles to the queen: she would never ac mowledge the receipt of them. Don't give a new pair of ill-fitting gloves, or a just-bought fan that you ind you don't like, to people who you think will appreciate these things. They won't appreciate them,-Goo Housekeeping.



Fuller Briars - Say, bubby, I'm Santy Dishaway-I hear, Hobbie, that you Caus. See? Somebody stole my clo'es an' reindeer. Jus' give me a nickel an' ot a train of ears for Christmas and bey had an accident. Teil me all about I'll give yer twicet as many things Spriggs for some petticoat trimming;" I'll give yer twicet as Both (in tears)-Well, home-made nex'Chris'mus.-Judge Bobby-I can't say a word. You e. I am one of the officers of the road.

loes.

Love is the only thing that has a perennial root, and that death capaot touch.

Cities force growth and make men talkative and entertaining, but they make them artificial

M. The of perhaps 5,000 inhabitants. It is principally interesting to travelers from the fact that the Towar of the a styl Forty Martyrs, which tradition dalares to mark the scene of the sacrithe pantry is as hollow as his stomach was before. tice of many noble Curistian lives to the fury of Mohammedan persecution, is situated here. A spiral stairway leads to the top of the tower,

the blesses littles where a magnificent view is afforded, go back to bed: When he wakes up in the work, he'll find a reindeer at he blesses in the peaks of Samaria to the blue Mediterranean beyond, and on But aliast when up the chimney he attempted to sml perb landscape is dotted here and fry bis utmost, that hig dianer he can't seem to elevate.

VIII Robert, thou hast done this evil. Whiskers says to little Rob: Think ye, ye can here detain me, other boys and girls to rob? sy, may, thou (50) shalt have no presents, lest thou lets me go 122 right now." , cold and frightened, shivers, doesn' dare to make a row Whiskers follows thro

his head-

the parlor, picks up Robby's Christmas tree. Thinks he'll sell it to he "Uncle" for two dol lars, maybe three; Waves good-bye to little Robby as he shuffles down the path, Then makes tracks for Oklahoma to avoid his papa's wrath. --Farm. Field and Fireside.

Scientific Toys, If a paterfamilias of 1792 could be

faithful forty have not been pretliewed to roam around here for a few ays, in this holiday season, he would robably demand to be returned served. Very Different.

whence he came with all possible hasts, claiming that we are a generation of sorcerers. For even the toys exhibited in the shop windows, and destined for A young minister had gone to the home of his boyhood to preach, says an exchange, and of course the vil-Christmas presents to our little ones, lager would impress the venerable ghost as him. lagers were full of curiosity to hear the products of sorcery. The tiny loco-motive drawing its train of cars would

lever 1

R

At the close of the service one of the deacons engaged the young frighten him seriously; and as for the lectrical devices, he would flee from preacher's wife in conversation. "It was a strange coincidence," hem as from Beelzebub himself.

said he, "that your husband's text was the one from which his father preached his last sermon in this pulpit."

TOWER OF THE FORTY MARTYLS.

here by white villages or shadowed

the cool mountains. It is a mat-

or of regret that the names of the

"Indeed!" said the lady. "Well, that was strange. I hope," she continued, "It wasn't the same sermon." "Oh, no," said the deacon, in a leprecatory manner. "His father was a dreadful smart man."

The Moon and Madness,

A short time before Dr. Churcot lied he said in a lecture that semiientists had for more than fifty cars ridiculed the idea that the full f the moon was a dangerous time for and people. Better informed men-re coming back to that old-time ution, said Dr. Charcot, as the reult of increased learning on the subect of earth tides, similar to the

Wife-And how was the sick man then you left him this morning. ack? Jack (absently - About \$20

Time Flirs.

It is good to have the brain packed Old Mr. Knight-My boy, yet, full of images from the wealthy past. nouldn't keep such late hou s. Pari (night-I don't sir, and I can't, Guev're always flying by met

vscillation of sea tides. Faith and trial are good friends. Not Much Improvement Man need not be violent to be stror g

The man that makes a character makes More persons, on the whole, are ocker than he was last night -humbugged by believing in nothing | udge. than by believing too much.

After Christmas,

Mrs. Buffer - "Certainly;

Spriggs, who gave me mine, told me

Mrs. Muffer-"And I thanked Mrs.

Mrs. Buffer-"That's a nice shoe bag of yours. I had a present of one like