

[illegible]

CHRISTMAS PLATES

Plates Now Ready.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

A MAN was found murdered in the village of Norton, East Tennessee, and the authorities arrested a stranger named Alfred. Of course Alfreds had no business in the community and this of itself partook of the nature of a crime; but, as upon a further investigation of the case, it was found that Alfred and a man named Jenkins had been seen together one morning walking along the road, and Alfred had been found, lying in a field near the briar patch where the body had been found, but as Alfred was handed over to the jury and was, as everyone expected, indicted for murder and imprisonment to await the action of the court.

Alfred was an obscure village dealer in real estate, and the jailer thought he was a person of importance. Old Lias Springer had, in his younger days, been jailer in Norton, and his daughter Ruth had been a girl of exceedingly bright countenance and it was the mysterious

THE PRETENDED TO FIGHT.

of the neighborhood that she was anything. I say mysteriously, for she was a vague mystery to people who were glib in repeating a bit of commendable brag, on the first moment of Alfreds arrest, showed a sympathetic interest in him. He had dreamy eyes, chestnut hair, and was there, in the afternoon, when the corridor was lighted by the sun, he placed her rocking chair near the door of Alfreds cell, and sitting down he let her out if you could keep it?" he asked, one day.

"I pretended to post. Why should I run away and then I'd not anybody to talk to."

"If I stay here to talk to you I hang."

"But a woman would rather talk to a man, even if he is to be hanged for not to talk at all."

"You think I'm odd, do you? That's kind of you. I was in hopes was something besides odd. I can be odd."

"Anybody can't have your sort of odd."

"When, I've got the oddest sort of odd I don't know whether to like or not. Do you know that you are a man I ever met that didn't try to be odd?"

Oct. 17—3m. WILLIAM R. GALE.

GUNS, Breech and Muzzle Loading Single and Double Barrels, Shot Caps, Wads, Shells and all the Fixtures for Breech Loading Guns for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

[illegible]

SMITH & SMITH,
1625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

MUST BE SOLD by Dec. 31st.

Our 50c. Chewing Tobacco cannot be beaten.
Our Cigars, made to order, a big bargain.
Come and see for yourself and that will prove
BOV-T-IF.

WANTED! — Everybody to Know the
SMITH & SMITH
are Proprietors of the PEOPLE'S COAL
WOODYARD. Give us a trial.

THE
CONAL
NEW YORK:
BROADWAY, 1625.
ATLANTA, GA.

AS.

have they discovered my innocent she answered. "Let me tell at I did. I made all the jury- the prosecuting attorney and and hundreds of other people petition asking for your pardon. I went all the way to Nasha- made the governor sign your Don't you think I'm smart?" "You are an angel." "You don't—you think I'm a hap- rattle-trap. I told the go- your hair—think of talking man's hair—and I said: 'Gov- e's got the loveliest eyes you 't, but I must not talk this way, ain't in prison now?' " "I t up and stood with his face toward the driver. 'I must go,' I app- you going very far away?" "far?" "I fear to stay here until I prove that your mercy—" "Use me," interrupted the jailer, into the doorway, "but you nger shut up." "He can stay to dinner, can't he?" "No." "He'd better go."

He did not leave the neighbor- he was shunned by men and upon by women, now that he disgrace of murder without the of hanging. He did not at- o see Ruth. He had sent her

CHRISTMAS.

risks who gift of a Lanks who the party Lanks be- had but a Kansas of partial in the t and parat- Christmas excellent the publi- ment and them with cording erected of Lanks of lights were haze.

So read that eve- their ap- was a sig- except the benefi- Lanks.

Then v- feeling, marked it indeed be-

A R.

Miss S- the Chris- shall be- Jack I- expected Miss S- fetch a s-

First R- ling that Second First Christmas

OPTE READ.

SEASON IN DARKEVILLE.

Scott! I've done lost my Chris- mer."—Judge.

TERMS.—Purchases of \$10 or less, cash; that, amount a credit of nine months, to be given on note with approved security.

ELIZABETH M. BOYE
Administrator

S. M. Eves, Auctioneer.

Maryland and State Archives
SATURDAY MORNING.....

A MESSAGE BY MR. LINCOLN'S
SENATE—Hon. John Usher, of La-
who was Secretary of the Inter-
dent Lincoln, writes to the St. Lo-
sent in reference to a message ad-
prepared by Mr. Lincoln on his re-
"Hampden Roads conference in the
"Hampden Roads conference in the
James river the cabinet was con-
-d in it for approval a measure

RESS & Co.

145 HIGH ST.
80 S. PRYOR ST.

T CHAMPION CITY.

Christmas Blowout in the Spread
Eagle Theater.

HERE were several unique features connected with the observation of one Christmas eve at Champion City during the time that I was editing the Clarion there, and I may add, cutting hair in the then prevailing a style, dealing in hides and pelts, leading the choir, selling land, and teeth with neatness and dis- otherwise making myself as well as ornamental.

Christmas tree was erected in the Spread Eagle theater, and there the chivalry of the settlement as- at even-tide, and "Bright the one o'er fair women and brave I so appropriately remarked the preceding issue of the Clarion.

Conclusion of the regular pro- which was interspersed with stut fits by Rickety Watkins, the were distributed. I do not member the character of any of except those in which I was ly interested. I distinctly re- member, that Col. Conright, a member of the old hooch, who had ception to one of my editorial sions, hung a neatly written invi- the tree for me to call at his y time during the week and y nose pulled. I forgot to ac- three days later the colonel me and made his word good. eight months before, three san- als in a neighboring town had copartnership for the purpose opering the world anew with ls. They purchased a double of advertising space in the for six months, paying therefor ee and pills.

their peculiar talents might in their renown in the days of the Great, they were not ap- in the degenerate present, ill syndicate collapsed in five eaving me with several bushels of pills. He recognized the eonopathic pills and had never icated, I won the gratitude of scribes without taking any

CHRISTMAS EVE AT CHAMPION CITY.

When I made each a Christmas box of pills, entertainment concluded with all hanging of paralytic John y Dr. Slade. The physician just learned of the discovery by City scientist of the efficacy hanging as a remedial agent treatment of locomotor ataxia lysis. He recognized the efficacy of my entertainment offered an opportunity for familiarizing lish with this method of treat- at the same time providing with a thrilling spectacle. Ac- y, a temporary galleys was on the stage, and upon this poor rous daily hanged while the ere turned down to a yellow

Realistic was this bit of acting on the little children shouted approbation. The experiment rnal success in every particular hat it seemed to exercise no ill effect whatever upon Mr.

we all went our several ways, as I also appropriately re- in the Clarion, that "it had in- been good to be there."

TOM P. MORGAN.

PROVERB FOR THE DAY.

and in the hand is worth two-

He Did Without It.
Sweetest—Will you come up to Christmas gathering to-night? I there.

Teddy—With pleasure. Am I to bring anything? You might pray of mistletoe.—Puck.

He Had Nothing Left.
Footpad—There is no use tack-ling fellow.
Footpad—Why?
Footpad—He's been buying presents all day.—Judge.

direct from the Swamps
set, by T. W. ELIASON,
TO THE FARMERS of Kent
Queen Anne's counties. If you
save money purchase your
Farn from
J. K. ALDRIDGE &

one's own compensation on this business in fine London orator and a multitude of ex- through Strand, around the heart waxes from those see this Christmasman from char of the an overhel- But we should leave this vast e- lage where the day past relief; and the nineteenth the flavor more red. The villa- olved church the old the neighbor- none for cannot be resembling green, you Acres for and the father enter the plain into hands has with elus- mistletoe been sac- save the down the mind the during the Season; I before you under this symbols of old Druids the Christ- As the your choi- Norman in- and the- lie then n- but a play of rank a- imbedded Celt or Sa- of Christ- at the se- sage who memorate and each its nativ- where ho the carol- door swing In they to- old the- Bethlehem will to m- the sun v- with tid- ing that light an- grave of the resur- man the ing sum- I have ch- Christmas brought i- spirit and- America. Centuri- watche- in the d- Egyptian in the h- of Decem- the bands of centuries- burst forth hem the sun whe- logs of E- the resur- into life beauty a- holiday hosanna- Providence row's fa- with the proclaimed Bethlehem to man?" Clara's elants? W- lace her- Dora— here. Clara— Dora— —what sh- side of P- Weekly. Genero- a pray- have't an- give him- of the th- Papa (v- his eyes) shall G- Aunt Ma-

Nov. 7, 1885.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lawrence, Kansas, under President Glabe-
 ment to have been
 return from the
 February, 1885:
 return from the
 covered, and be
 which, he had

ing construction trains from
 Suquehanna river, and for the
 been carrying freights for ship-
 don, Aberdeen and other place
 ment was a contingent and fer-
 Abingdon, Harford county, fo
 on Monday a consignment of
 shipped from Aberdeen to Chi
 cars are run to Canton and fer-
 Point. Three engines are in
 Baltimore and the Susquehanna
 for the line beyond the Susqueh
 by construction trains. The o
 pany say that the bridge across
 will be completed within the

Price, in Pl

THE LIGHTS OF
 CHRISTMAS

HE lights of
 Christmas burn
 now here on
 earth with so
 genial a flame
 as in the illu-
 mination of
 a fireside; but there is a fine
 reason for absence from home
 brightest and best of annivers-
 arizing oneself in the streets of
 in the eve of Christmas, a spe-
 cial part of the great Christmas
 expectation, happy, smiling bu-
 dowing in counter currents
 Bond street, Holborn, the
 and eddying and whirling
 sharing Cross and wheel with
 armed with the glow reflected
 thousands of sparkling facets,
 to city of a million homes and a
 churches blaze forth with
 lights from basement to roof,
 almost to belfry, the mystic spell
 necessary becomes wondrous,
 ming complete.

When Christmas dawns, one
 have the bewildering maze of
 city for some old English vil-
 le the beauty and traditions of
 possess a cameo-like unity and
 of the farther this shrine is re-
 on the peak and rosem of the
 17th century the sweeter will be
 of the anniversary and the
 solvent of its old-time incense.

Age green, buttressed by the
 arch and manse at one end, and
 mostely and smithy forge at
 the noble hall half visible in
 on the peak and rosem of the
 17th century the sweeter will be
 of the anniversary and the
 solvent of its old-time incense.

rough stone temple to whose
 prior tender and sympathetic
 lent a grace and freshness
 feters and footsoms of holly and
 and where Christmas has
 tedly celebrated for centuries
 on the spot, the Saxon dwell-
 "papistical" worship or dur-
 fiable War of the Roses. My
 sets mainly in the misty past
 service, for Celts, Britons,
 Danes and Normans have

gathered from the remnants of
 ical groves blend the *credo* of
 tian with the worship of Bel?
 day declines and you have
 eence between the hospitality of
 hall and the festivities at some
 to the latter, for Christmas is
 y under the patronizing smiles
 and fashion, while in the soil-
 home of the descendant of
 axon you shall see the greatest
 anian anniversaries celebrating
 ame heart with the first of
 n. Cromwell's soldiers com-
 ed at the same morning altar)
 claiming the day in honor of
 ity. In the midst of the fete
 spitality reigns with gladness
 are heard without and the
 ngs wide open for the singers,
 troop, and as they thank of
 ners this in the cave of com-
 and, of peace on earth, good
 man, the blazing yule log of
 vshippers illumines the room
 ngs of scarce less import, tell-
 on this day the source of all
 life has emerged from the
 the winter solstice to break
 ands of death and restore to
 fructifying spring, the ripen-
 mer and golden autumn.

osen England for the *best* of my
 s scenes, for there one is
 into closer sympathy with the
 traditions of this great dual
 y than in our modern

es before the shepherds
 their flocks on the Syrian hills
 dawn of the Christian era the
 priests had traced the zodiac
 avens and blazoned the 25th
 ber as the day of the deliver-
 the sun from the darkness and
 the winter solstice, and for
 before the light of Christianity
 from the grotto of Bethle-
 fels altars of the Orient, the
 els of Germany and the yule
 Britain celebrated this day as
 rection of nature from death.

Does it detract from the
 and splendor of the Christian
 that all nature joins in its
 its to that infinite and benign
 e which heedeth the spar-
 ell and the sun in its course
 same care and solicitude that
 ed from the angelic skies of
 m: "Peace on earth, good will
 GEO. W. VAN HORNE.

All Provided For.

Arranging the Christmas pres-
 e'll put mamma's pearl neck-

And Mable's diamond earrings

And George's gold watch here.

And Edith's diamond bracelets

shall we do with them?

Lay them on the piano along-

papa's Christmas card.—N. Y.

Only Too Willing.

Six Year-Old—Papa, there's

ny use of his arms. I'd like to

for a Christmas present some

ings I got last year.

With tears of parental pride in

—So you shall, my boy—so you

give him that nice little drum

ry sent you.—Chicago Tribune.

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service between
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there distributed
officials of the com-
the Susquehanna
last time.

—OF—

VALUA

LEASEHOLD P

THE undersigned, un-
of an order of the O

ates, \$2.00.

CHRIST'S DAY.

trumpets and the vied
rs up to cheer the wood;
when storms of winter fret,
christmas bloom lest we forget
y of doing good.

ay, when every bosom thrills
such a joy as stirr'd
se Men when, above the hills,



ow the Star whose glory fills
caustifies the Word;
dlders leave the field of strife,
attle flags are furled,
the marts where trade was rife,
oves a mercy-loving life,
rrible world.

avors are in all that's said,
sets do not oppress.
to return we've counted dead—
oth smooth the path we tread
pecial tenderness.

of golden gladness, ring!
ream of plenty flows,
ld has gifts to surfeiting,
our Brother Christ is King
ules the hearts He knows.

CHARLES EUGENE BANKS.

A Slight Delay.

inklerly—"The boy has just
h that lovely Christmas pres-
for you to-day, dear. He is
in the hall now.

y—How kind (kiss) and
il of you, dear. (Kiss, kiss.)
ying to see what it is. (Im-
y? Why don't you have the boy
inkerly (embarrassed)—The
—darling, it has come C. O. D.

THERE ARE MEN AND MEN.



I am very sorry; but we are all
stetoe.

issam—"Dear me! Isn't there
to take its place?
Well, madam; that depends
man.—Puck.

A Great Present.

are you going to give Santa
Christmas?" asked auntie.

s I'll give him my stocking."
May.

Santa Claus doesn't care for
tie returned.

said May, "then he can fill
ere it back to me."—Harper's
ople.

CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING.



—Sun and Shade.

Measure for Measure.

ot the right sort of feeling,
but at Christmas I like to give
duable presents as I receive."

L. My wife is going to give
undred-dollar dressing gown,
to give her a hundred-
eck to pay for it."—Life.

CHRISTMAS EVE—AN ALARM.



—What wuz dat? Didn't you
fin?—Life.

Staving Them Off.

—How do you feel over Christ-
man?
—Very poorly. I find I am
as a matter of necessity,
creditors a Christmas dinner.—

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ance of the actual cost of the li

The NEW READERS are NOW

COLIN F. S'

Dr

GE,

TOWN.

REPAIRS furnished for any st

J. K. ALDRIDGE &

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James A. Shaw
Public Auctioneer
use door in Ches-

10th, 1885,
P.M.,

BUILDING

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James A. Shaw
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Oct. 17, 188

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No. 4 North Char

BALTIMORE

Jan'y.

The

is no flatterer
make it tell a
Magnolia Flor
er that aims
looking-glass.

CHRISTMAS PAGE.

Plates Now Ready.

THE NATIONAL PRESS & CO.

NEW YORK:
73 WARREN STREET.

BOSTON, - - 145 HIGH ST.
ATLANTA, - 80 S. PRYOR ST.

Price, in Plates, \$2.00.

AT CHAMPION CITY.

Hilarious Christmas Blowout in the Spread Eagle Theater.

HERE were several unique features connected with the observation of one Christmas eve at Champion City during the time that I was editing the Clarion there, and, I may add, cutting hair in the then prevailing style, dealing in hides and pelts, leading the choir, selling land, pulling teeth with neatness and dispatch, and otherwise making myself useful as well as ornamental.

The Christmas tree was erected in the Spread Eagle theater, and there the pride and chivalry of the settlement assembled at even-tide, and "bright the lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men," as I so appropriately remarked in the succeeding issue of the Clarion.

At the conclusion of the regular programme, which was interspersed with impromptu fits by Rickety Walkins, the presents were distributed. I do not now remember the character of any of the gifts except those in which I was personally interested. I distinctly recall, however, that Col. Corkright, a gentleman of the old school, who had taken exception to one of my editorial utterances, hung a neatly written invitation on the tree for me to call at his office any time during the week and have my nose pulled. I forgot to accept, and three days later the colonel called on me and made his word good.

Some eight months before, three sanguine souls in a neighboring town had formed a partnership for the purpose

THE LIGHTS OF CHRISTMAS

THE lights of Christmas burn nowhere on earth with so genial a flame as in the illumination of one's own fireside; but there is a fine compensation for absence from home on this brightest and best of anniversaries in finding oneself in the streets of London on the eve of Christmas, a spectator and a part of the great Christmas hum of expectant, happy, smiling humanity flowing in counter currents through Bond street, Holborn, the Strand, and eddying and whirling around Charing Cross; and when, with heart warmed with the glow reflected from thousands of sparkling faces, to see this city of a million homes and a thousand churches blaze forth with Christmas lights from basement to roof, from chancel to belfry, the mystic spell of the anniversary becomes wondrous, overwhelming, complete.

But when Christmas dawns, one should have the bewildering maze of this vast city for some old English village where the beauty and traditions of the day possess a cameo-like unity and relief; and the farther this shrine is removed from the rush and roar of the nineteenth century the sweeter will be the flavor of the anniversary and the more redolent of its old-time incense. The village green, buttressed by and

CHRIST'S DAY.

March trumpets and the violet Springs up to cheer the wood:
E'en so, when storms of winter fret,
Does Christmas bloom, 'till we forget
The joy of doing good.

Sweet day, when every bosom thrills
With such a joy as stir'd
The Wise Men when, above the hills,

They saw the Star whose glory fills
And beautifies the Word;

When soldiers leave the field of strife,
And battle flags are furled,
While in the marts where trade was rife,
There moves a mercy-loving life,
A charitable word;

When favors are in all that's said,
And acts do not oppress,
But joys return we've counted dead—
His maketh smooth the path we tread
With special tenderness.

O bells of golden gladness, ring!
The stream of plenty flows,
The world has gifts to surfeit,
To-day our Brother Christ is King
And rules the hearts He knows.

CHARLES EUGENE BARKS.

A Slight Delay.

Mrs. Pinkerly—The boy has just come with that lovely Christmas pres-

TWO CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

MAN was found murdered in the village of Norton, East Tennessee, and the authorities arrested a stranger named Alfreds. Of course Alfreds had no business in the community and this of itself partook of the nature of a crime; but, as the case was so brief, let us see what it was.

Here is the case: Alfreds and a man named Jenkins were seen together one evening walking along the road, and the next morning Jenkins was found, with his head crushed in, lying in a patch of briars. At the preliminary trial before a justice of the peace Alfreds declared that he and Jenkins had parted company near the briar patch where the body had been found, but as this declaration was not admitted as evidence Alfreds was handed over to the grand jury and was, as everyone expected, indicted for murder and imprisoned to await the action of the circuit court.

The jailer in an obscure village is often a leader in society, and the jailer's daughter is naturally a person of much moment. Old Lias Springer had, during many years, been jailer in Norton, and his daughter Ruth had declined several good offers of marriage. She was exceedingly bright of countenance and it was the mysterious

SHE PRETENDED TO POUT.

host of the neighborhood that she could parse anything. I say mysterious, for parsing was a vague mystery to many people who were glib in repeating this bit of commendable brag. Ruth, from the first moment of Alfreds' imprisonment, showed a sympathetic interest in him. He had dreamy eyes, waving chestnut hair, and was therefore innocent. In the afternoon, when the jail corridor was lighted by the sun, she often placed her rocking chair near the door of Alfreds' cell, and sitting there sewed and talked to him.

"Would you let me out if you could get the key?" he asked, one day.

She pretended to pout. "Why should I? You'd run away and then I'd not have anybody to talk to."

"But if I stay here to talk to you I shall be hanged."

"Yes, but a woman would rather talk to you, even if he is to be hanged for it, than not to talk at all."

"What an odd little creature you are, Miss Ruth."

"Oh, you think I'm odd, do you? That isn't very kind of you. I was in hopes that I was something besides odd. Anybody can be odd."

"But anybody can't have your sort of oddity."

"Oh, then, I've got the oddest sort of oddity. I don't know whether to like that or not. Do you know that you are the only man I ever met that didn't try to flatter me?"

"I didn't know it, but if I may, why I must be thankful for the distinction."

"Oh, you must, must you, Mr. Narcasm? Why don't you tell me something about yourself?" she asked, after a moment's pause.

"I have—I have told you that I am innocent."

"Oh, that isn't anything. Anybody can be innocent. Where do your people live?"

"I haven't any people."

"Well, where do you come from?"

"I have come from a place where there was no happiness to a place where nothing but misery and disgrace can be expected."

"You make me sad when you talk like that, Mr. Alfreds."

"I would expect you to inspire me with sadness."

"I don't think I ought to expect that. But you are not without friends, Mr. Alfreds. Most all the ladies in this town are interested in you."

"Women are ever interested in a man who is about to be hanged," he replied.

"Oh, don't talk about being hanged. I don't see how they can hang you, you are so nice." He laughed. "I don't; I really don't. Now if you were some ugly, good-for-nothing thing, it would be different. You follow my advice: When you are taken into court look just as pleasant as you can."

"Unfortunately, Miss Ruth, the jury will not be composed of women."

"Well, don't you fear. I think it will come out all right."

But did it come out all right? The court met three days later, and after a very short trial Alfreds was sentenced to be hanged. It was no surprise to him. He was to meet death sixty days later, on the day after Christmas. It was dark when he was taken back to his cell, and he clung to a hope that Ruth might come to console him; but the weary hours passed and loud-mouthed dogs layed the turn of night. Morning, and still no sympathetic face, no voice of soft encouragement. Weeks passed. Ruth was away on a visit. Christmas morning. The day was bright. A man came in with the prisoner's breakfast.

"Do you think the weather is likely to change between now and to-morrow morning?" Alfreds asked.

"Because if it should cloud to-day will give me my last glimpse of the sun. Has the young lady returned?"

"No, not yet."

"When do you expect her?"

"Don't know. I'm hired to chop wood and work about the place, and not to listen to the news of the family."

"Will the hanging be public?"

"As public as out of doors can make it."

"Do you think there'll be many people present?"

"Oh, certainly. People look for amusement during the holidays."

"I must say that you are cold-blooded."

"And why shouldn't I be; why shouldn't I hate every man that's unfortunate?"

"Why should you be the question?"

"Because I served a term in the penitentiary."

"What had you done?"

"Told the truth."

"What, they sent you to the penitentiary for telling the truth?"

"Yes, they asked me if I committed the forgery and I said that I did."

"Oh, you are a satirist."

"Well, I must go and split a piece of knotty wood. Fires must go even if Christmas do come. I suppose you can take care of yourself to-day, and as for to-morrow, why, the sheriff will have to take care of you."

He passed out, and a merry voice was heard. The prisoner's blood leaped. Ruth had returned. All smiles and airs of gayety, she entered the corridor; and she was not alone; the sheriff and the jailer were with her.

"Mr. Alfreds," she cried, "I have brought you a Christmas present. Here is your pardon."

"Open the door," said the sheriff. Before Alfreds' swimming eyes the iron bars were shadow like work.

"Come on into the sitting-room," said the girl; and she led him out.

He sat in a rocking-chair. A long time passed before he said anything.

"And have they discovered my innocence?" he asked.

"No," she answered. "Let me tell you what I did. I made all the jury-men and the prosecuting attorney and the judge and hundreds of other people sign a petition asking for your pardon, and then I went all the way to Nashville and made the governor sign your pardon. Don't you think I'm smart?"

"I think you are an angel."

"No you don't—you think I'm a hazardous rattle-trap. I told the governor about your hair—and I said: 'Governor, he's got the loveliest eyes you ever saw,' but I must not talk this way, for you ain't in prison now."

He got up and stood with his face turned toward the door. "I must go," he said.

"Are you going very far away?"

"No."

"How far?"

"I am going to stay here until I prove to you that your mercy—"

"Excuse me," interrupted the jailer, stepping into the doorway, "but you are no longer shut up."

"What he can say to dinner, can't he, papa?"

"No, he'd better go."

Alfreds did not leave the neighborhood. He was shunned by men and frowned upon by women, now that he had the disgrace of murder without the romance of hanging. He did not attempt to see Ruth, and had sent her

"I BRING YOU A PRESENT NOW."

word not to attempt to see him. A detective came from a distance and after a time an arrest was made. A man was brought to trial, and the proof was so strong that he was convicted; and, given to frankness and the truth, he acknowledged that he had committed the murder. Shortly after sentence had been passed upon him he turned to Alfreds, who stood near him, and said:

"I thought you suspected me when I brought your breakfast to you last Christmas morning, nearly a year ago."

It was another Christmas morning and the day was bright.

"May I come in?" Alfreds stood in the door.

"Oh, surely, if you are not afraid of me."

He sprang toward her and caught her hand. "I bring you a present now," he said, "the present of my soul."

The jailer stepped into the doorway and said: "Come on now, you young folks. Dinner is ready."

OPHE READ.

CHICKEN SEASON IN DARKEYVILLE.

While their peculiar talents might have won them renown in the days of Alexander the Great, they were not appreciated in the degenerate present, and the pill syndicate collapsed in five weeks, leaving me with several bushels of beautiful pills on hand. As they were homeopathic pills and had never been medicated, I won the gratitude of my subscribers without taking any risks when I made each a Christmas gift of a box of pills.

The entertainment concluded with the partial hanging of paralytic John Lanks by Dr. Slade. The physician had but just learned of the discovery by a Kansas City scientist of the efficacy of partial hanging as a remedial agent in the treatment of locomotor ataxia and paralysis. He recognized that the Christmas eve entertainment offered an excellent opportunity for familiarizing the public with this method of treatment and at the same time providing them with a thrilling spectacle. Accordingly, a temporary gallows was erected on the stage, and upon this poor Lanks was duly hanged while the lights were turned down to a yellow haze.

So realistic was this bit of acting that even the little children shouted their approbation. The experiment was a signal success in every particular except that it seemed to exercise no beneficial effect whatever upon Mr. Lanks.

Then we all went our several ways, feeling, as I also appropriately remarked in the Clarion, that "it had indeed been good to be there."

TOM P. MORGAN.

A PROVERB FOR THE DAY.

"A bird in the hand is worth two dollars."

HE DID WITHOUT IT.

Miss Sweetest—Will you come up to the Christmas gathering to-night? I shall be there.

Jack Reddy—With pleasure. Am I expected to bring anything?

Miss Sweetest—No; but you might fetch a spray of mistletoe.—Puck.

HE HAD NOTHING LEFT.

First Footpad—There is no use tackling that fellow.

Second Footpad—Why?

First Footpad—He's been buying Christmas presents all day.—Judge.

the old hostility and smithy forge at the other, the noble hall visible in its park, and ancient farmhouses neighboring near, make up a *mise en scene* for a charming Christmas that cannot be surpassed. Watching the assembling worshippers flocking park and green, you follow on, pause in God's Acre for a look at the old yew trees and the billowy soil where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep, and enter the rough stone temple to whose plain interior tender and sympathetic hands have lent a grace and freshness to the clusters and festoons of holly and mistletoe, and where Christmas has been sacredly celebrated for centuries save when Cromwell's soldiers put down the "papistical" worship or during the pitiable War of the Roses. Your mind dwells mainly in the misty past during the service, for, like Britton, *Seasons, Dances and Songs*, "I do not before you on this spot, many of them under this same roof, and do not the symbols gathered from the remnants of old Druidical groves blend the *credo* of the Christian with the worship of Beil?"

As the day declines and you have your choice between the hospitality of Norman hall and the festivities at some old farmhouse where the Saxon dwells, hie then to the latter, for Christmas is but a play under the patronizing smiles of rank and fashion, while in the soil-imbued home of the descendant of Saxon or Saxon you shall see the greatest of Christian anniversaries celebrating at the same hearth with the first of pagan festivals (as you saw them commemorated at the same morning altar) and each claiming the day in honor of its nativity. In the midst of the fete where hospitality reigns with gladness the carols and the feast of the great and the door swings wide open for the singers. In their troop, and as they chant of a Saviour born this day in the cave of Bethlehem, and of peace on earth, good will to man, the blazing yule log of the sun worshippers illumines the room with tidings of scarce less import, telling that on this day the source of all light and life has emerged from the grave of the winter solstice to break the icy bands of death and restore to man the fruitifying spring, the ripening summer and golden autumn. I have chosen England for the *locus* of my Christmas scenes, for there one is brought into closer sympathy with the spirit and traditions of this great dual anniversary than in our modern America.

Centuries before the shepherds watched their flocks on the Syrian hills in the dawn of the Christian era the Egyptian priests had traced the zodiac in the heavens and blazoned the 25th of December as the day of the deliverance of the sun from the darkness and bands of the winter solstice, and for centuries before the light of Christianity burst forth from the grotto of Bethlehem the fire altars of the Orient, the wheels of Germany and the yule logs of Britain celebrated this day as the resurrection of nature from death unto life. Does it detract from the beauty and splendor of the Christian holiday that all nature joins in its homage to that infinite and benign Providence which heedeth the sparrow's fall and the sun in its course with the same care and solicitude that proclaimed from the angelic skies of Bethlehem: "Peace on earth, good will to

their death, immediately being will raves till the er, till we reaster, w. w. h.	Oct. 17—3m. WILLIAM R. GALE. GUNS, Breech and Muzzle Loaders, Single and Double Barrels, Shot, Caps, Wads, Shells and all the Fixtures for Breech Loading Guns for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.,	JOHN F. HOWARD, P. S.—We also have on hand a full line of HARNESSES, Double and Single, Hand Made and Machine Made, and make to order anything in our line. JOHN F. HOWARD, Nov. 7—11. Saddle & Harness Works.	Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M. TERMS.—Purchases of \$10 or less, cash; over that amount a credit of nine months will be given on note with approved security. ELIZABETH M. BOYER, Administratrix. S. M. ESOL, Auctioneer. 6631-18.	Direct from the Swamps by T. W. ELIASON, JR. TO THE FARMERS of Kent and Queen Anne's counties. If you wish to save money purchase your Fodder from J. K. ALDRIDGE & Co.	lected with great care and will be sold at LOW BOTTOM PRICES! No trouble to show goods. Give us a call. WROTH & ALDRIDGE, Oct. 17, 1885. CHESTERTOWN.	vance of the actual cost of the The NEW READERS are NOW COLIN F. I. aug 29. REPAIRS furnished for any J. K. ALDRIDGE
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