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can only be cured by a thorough purification of the blood. If this is neglected, the disease perpetuates its taint through generation after generation. Among its earlier symptomatic developments are Eczema, Cutaneous Eruptions, Tumors, Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas, Purulent Ulcers, Nervous and Physical Collapse, etc. If allowed to continue, Rheumatism, Scrofulous Catarrh, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Tubercular Consumption, and various other dangerous or fatal maladies, are produced by it.
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The Christmas Tree.

The Christmas bells in many a clime
Their joyous peals are ringing,
And sweet in cot and palace chime
The children's voices singing.
While here we see the Christmas tree
Its gay fruit bending o'er us,
We, glad of heart, will bear one part,
And swell the Christmas chorus.

We bless his birth, who came to earth,
And in his cradle lowly
Received the earliest Christmas gifts,
The Christ-child, pure and holy.
To him we raise our thanks and praise
For all the love he bore us;
For his dear sake our hymn we make,
And swell the Christmas chorus.

And while we strip these laden boughs
Of all their shining treasure,
He from above will look with love
Upon our harmless pleasure.
He gave our friends, our joys he sends,
He ever watches o'er us;
He bends his ear our song to hear,
And loves our Christmas chorus.

Still "Peace on earth, good-will to men,"
The heav'nly choirs are singing,
And "Peace on earth, good-will to men,"
Thro' earth to-night is ringing.
We catch the strain with sweet refrain
That angels sung before us,
And join the song with heart and tongue,
The holy Christmas chorus.

A GLAD NEW YEAR.

BY MISS JULIA EDWARDS.

Pale, toil-worn and sad, Widow Dulu Walker sat at a hired machine, making fine shirts at one dollar a dozen, earning barely enough to pay the rent of her one little room, for the machine, and bread for her sickly child, with a pint of watered milk once in a long while for the poor little thing—only six years old and never well from its birth.

Her own diet was bread and Croton water, for every cent above the calls we have named had to go for the lamp which she burned at her toil till long after midnight. Meat she never tasted, a fresh egg was beyond her reach—she had no strengthening food, and it was no wonder she grew even more thin and pale day by day.

When she married Stephen Walker against the will of her wealthy father, the former was a dashing young broker in Wall street—handsome and ambitious, but rash in speculation and careless in expenditure. Her father disowned and disinherited her, but for one year she was unutterably happy. Then reverses came suddenly upon her husband—loss after loss drove him to desperation, and within two weeks after a girl baby was born to her, Dulu Walker was the widow of a suicide. Her husband took his own life and did not leave enough for his burial expenses.

In her wild agony the poor widow, not then eighteen years of age, wrote to her father for help.

His answer was prompt and brief. These were his words:

"You made your own fate—abide it. I have not a penny for an ingrate."

She sold her jewels, all but her wedding ring, and buried her poor husband as well as she could. She gave up the elegant flat they had occupied and took a small room, looked for work, got it after long waiting, small as it was, and for five years just existed.

"Isn't it almost Christmas time, mamma?" asked her wan little daughter one day, when the widow let the machine stop a moment, for she was so tired she could hardly move the treadle.

"Yes, Jessie, Christmas comes tomorrow, and I shall buy a nice pie for you and all the sweet milk you can drink. I have saved twenty-five cents on purpose."

"Dear, good mamma—you shall have half of it."

And the little girl brightened at the thought.

"Ours will be a dreary Christmas, dear, and a sad New Year, for I dare not stop work for a single hour.—Even on Sundays—God forgive me, I cannot help it—I have to work, or we'd perish."

"Poor mamma! And you are hungry how—I khow it—you gave me the last bread in my milk."

"Never mind, my darling, I am on the last shirt of four dozen—I will take them to the store, get money, and buy more bread and pay the rent. It is due to-night. I have to pay it every week or we'd have no home."

"I know it, mamma. That cross old man is always here after it when the time comes. I hate him, he's so ugly!"

"You must not hate any one, dear Jessie. God has made him so."

"I wish He had made a better man while He was about it!" said the child, whose very misery had made her wise and old for her years.

The widow smiled.

She was used to such quaint sayings from those little white lips.

* * * * * *

A week went by. Jessie had her pie and milk on Christmas, and even a ten-cent doll, dressed by her weary mother, added to the little girl's joy, but three days later exhausted nature gave way, and for three days the machine had been idle, while the hapless widow lay helpless on her wretched bed attended only by her her little child. When the miserly landlord came for his rent, there was no money to pay him.

"You've got to bundle right out of here!" he said in his usual gruff tone. "I keep none but paying tenants."

"Be merciful for my child's sake!" moaned the widow. "In all these years I have paid up without fail; I am sick now—at least let me stay here to-day. It is the 'New Year.' I am very sick and weak."

"Yes, and likely to die here. That would hurt the rent of the room. Tenants are afraid o' ghosts, though I'm not. You've got to go."

"Merciful Father in Heaven, is there no help for the widow and the orphan!"

"Go 'way, bad man—go 'way! You make my mamma cry!" screamed little Jessie.

"She'll cry in the poor house before the sun sets," growled the sordid wretch.

"Brute! Beast! She will rest within an hour in as fine a house as all New York can boast of!" cried a voice fierce with anger, as an old man of noble look strode forward.

"Father—my own father!" gasped the widow, striving to rise.

"Your once cruel but now repentant father!" he sobbed, as he knelt by her bedside and drew her thin form to his bosom, while he kissed away the fast-falling tears. "I have looked for you and advertised for you these three years in all the papers," he added.

"I was too poor to buy papers," she said.

"Is this my dear gran'pa?" asked Jessie, approaching him timidly.

"Yes, my darling—what is your name?"

"Dessie, gran'pa. Please make that bad man go—he made mamma cry!" and she pointed to the landlord.

"Your bill." sternly demanded the father.

"Two dollars, and cheap enough at that," growled the man.

"Take it and go. In less than an hour my daughter will be in comfort and her child will find a new home from whence she never can be ejected. Now leave me alone with my child."

The miser left, and Mr. Fuller, a millionaire, who had found at last he had a heart, summoned his groom and footman and had his daughter carefully carried to his carriage.

Thus it was "A Glad New Year" after all her sorrow.

History of Santa Claus.

The history of Santa Claus—a curious mixture of truth and fable—extends far back into the ancient time. Centuries ago a child was born in Asia Minor who received the name of Nicholas. His parents were of high rank and wealthy, and desiring to express their gratitude to God for the birth of their son, they resolved to educate him for the Christian priesthood. The child was sober and thoughtful, and while yet young both his parents died and he inherited their great wealth. He considered the riches a sacred trust; he fed the hungry, he clothed the destitute, and performed all kinds of good deeds as secretly as possible. As a priest he was greatly beloved; as a bishop he continued his benevolence. After his death the church canonized him and he became one of the greatest patron saints, being revered as the help of the poor, the protector of the weak, and as the especial prtron saint of little children, who were taught to believe that their good gifts came from him. St. Nicholas was the name given him by the monks, and this was familiarly changed to Santa Nic'laus, and finally clipped down to Santa Claus.

The Reason.

"Look here," said a judge to a juryman, "I do not desire to wound your feelings, but why don't you put on a clean shirt?"

"Because my wife has been very busy for several days, and I have had no one to sew on buttons."

"Hasn't your wife had time to sew on a button?"

"No, sir."

"What's the matter, the children sick?"

"No sir, children somewhat dirty, but in good health."

"What is your wife doing that keeps her so constantly employed?"

"Well, you see, several days ago our minister came around and said that by such a time he had to have two hundred pairs of breeches to send to the heathen, and my wife—good soul that she is—has been busy ever since. Just wait, judge, till she gets through, and then I'll come around and dazzle this court with the whitest shirt you ever seed!"

THE man who gives a barrel of flour to a starving family never puts his name down for a thousand dollars for the renovation of a popular church, in order that it may appear in the public prints. And it may also be said that the man who makes it his business to donate sums of money to churches and cyclone sufferers, and puts his name down for publication, and not merely as a guarantee of good faith, never sends a barrel of flour to a starving family. And the moral of this little fact should teach us that there is a great deal of difference between genuine and autograph charity.

An Irishman in St. Louis went into a telegraph office and directed a dispatch for Baltimore. After watching the lady operate for half an hour, he modestly asked if she would soon send it. She replied that the message had been sent half an hour, to which Pat responded: "How the devil can it be gone when there it is hanging on the hook yet, while you are clickin' and fiddlin' with that little brass play-toy there."

The New Year.

The trade in diaries is active.

Everybody makes good resolurions and notes them down in a diary, in their very best handwriting, with the pauses all properly put in.

JAN. 1, 1885.—A fine day. Resolved not to smoke, drink, or chew for the space of one year. Not to speak cross to Mary Ann, though Mary Ann is dreadfully aggravating at times. Must pay back that twenty-five dollars cheated out of Sammy Smith in the horse trade. Buy no new clothes until debts are paid, and black own boots. No soda this year. Try to keep temper when wife asks for money. Not stay out at clubs later than ten o'clock. Lodge nights get home at eleven. Not to swear if the steak is underdone. Not to look butcher-knives and daggers if the coffee is too sweet. Not to kick wife's cat when she makes her bed in best coat. Not to throw bootjack at Simpson's dog. To give five dollars to missions," etc., etc.

At the end of the year the individual who has made and recorded all these good resolutions will be amused to look over the list, and he can count on the fingers of one hand those he has kept, and not make use of his thumb in the computation.

The new year holds out flattering promises. What glorious possibilities may lie hidden within the next twelve months! What wonderful things may happen before another first of January shall roll round! We all look for something better than we have known.

"Next year," says the busy merchant, as he lifts his aching eyes from the long rows of figures, which represent the profit and loss of his business—"next year I will take a longer vacation. Next year I shall be better situated to enjoy life than I am at present. Next year I'll have more time for pleasure."

The new year sees the world in gala dress. The great cities put their best foot forward, and the shop windows glow and glitter with holiday goods. The remote recesses of the of the earth are ransacked for novelties to please the eye of man and tempt the money out of his pocket. The animal, the vegetable, and mineral kingdom all contribute. It is a treat to walk the streets of a large town and look at the display.

Everybody likes to do it, from the wife of the millionaire, who has but to sign her name to a check to secure anything out of the stock she may fancy, to the poor sewing girl who counts her money by pennies, and who could not afford to buy the very meanest thing in all those splendid windows without economizing in the bread which constitutes her daily food.

The new year begins in bills. A good many of them, too. And they're always larger than you expect. And you always go over them carefully, thinking the tradesman must have made a mistake. And you always find, to your sorrow, that every detail is painfully correct.

Your wife wants a new cloak.

Bridget wants an increase in wages.

All your boys want sleds, and new skates, and comforters.

All your grown girls want pianos, or to take lessons in painting.

The price of coal goes up. Your grocer tells you that apples are dreadfully scarce, and eggs impossible to get. The milkman's well gives out, and consequently milk is two cents on a quart higher.

The women hunt the drygoods stores for bargains on things "marked down."

You button your new diary securely within your breast-pocket, and go forth to wrestle with the world, and keep your good resolutions, and if succeed in keeping half of them, you are a braver man than the average.—Katie Thorn in Centreville Holiday Bulletin.

Mamma Gets Tired.

"What is in those big brown paper packages that came to-day, mamma?"

"Oh, nothing, child; nothing but—but soap."

"Then why don't you let me see it?"

"I don't want to open them until wash-day."

"But Jane is out of soap and is going to the grocery to get some?"

"I forgot. It is not soap in those bundles, but starch."

"When does Christmas come, mamma?"

"Next week."

"Who brings the presents?"

"Santa Claus."

"How does he get in?"

"Comes down the chimney."

"But we have no chimney in the parlor where the Christmas tree it to be."

"No, I forgot; he comes up the heater flue."

"But how does he get through the little holes?"

"He is very small, and can squeeze through anywhere."

"But dolls and carriages and drums and sleds are not small. How does he get them through?"

"Oh! please don't bother any more; mamma is tired."

'That young Mr. Smith is an awful fool. Do you know what he did while we were on the boat?" "No; what did he do?" "He obtained a whisk broom and tried to brush the whitewash, as he called it, off my back." "Nothing very foolish about that." "Not if it 'd been whitewash; but you see it was nothing but my corsets showing through my jersey!"

The Methodist Centennial.

The Methodist centennial conference, last week in session at Baltimore, commemorates the close of the first century and the opening of the second since the organization of the Methodist Episcopal church in America. Prior to 1784 the Methodist church in this country existed in the form of societies, most of them numerically small, gathered around their pioneer pastors and governed by rules and regulations similar to those which obtain at the present day. But these societies, as the Rev. John Wiley explained in his address to the conference, were without the sacraments. They were urgent for these holy services and, to obtain them, petitioned Mr. Wesley to formally establish a church or branch of the mother church in this country. Mr. Wesley, whom the scattered American societies recognized as their spiritual head, deemed the former course the proper one and proceeded to institute the American Methodists into a distinct church. His proceedings took shape in the assembling of a conference at Baltimore in 1784 and the ordination of Bishops Coke and Asbury. This conference assembled on December 24th, and was attended by 60 preachers who had been gathered from throughout the then young and sparsely settled republic chiefly by the exertions of Freeborn Garrison, who rode on horseback from town to town and from settlement to settlement and personally informed them concerning the proposed organization, and urged them to be present at the time selected.

The inception of the Methodist Episcopal church of New England, the parent of the American church, dates back to 1739, when, as John Wesley, the father of Methodism writes, "eight or ten persons came to me in London, who appeared to be deeply convinced of sin and earnestly groaning for redemption. They desired, as did two or three more the same day, that I would spend some time with them in prayer and advise them how to flee from the wrath to come, which they saw continually hanging over their heads. That we might have more time for this great work I appointed a day when they might all come together, which from thenceforward they did every week, viz., on Thursday in the evening." This Mr. Wesley called "the first Methodist society."

The first Methodist society in the United States was established, by a few Irish immigrants, in New York in 1766. In the course of a year or two their numbers had so increased that they wrote to John Welsey to send them out some competent preachers. Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor immediately volunteered for this mission, and these two were followed to America in 1771 by Francis Asbury and Richard Wright. From this humble beginning have grown up the several divisions of the Methodist church whose houses of worship are now found in every village of the land and whose membership aggregates between three and four millions,

Passing Humor.

A French barber's signboard reads thus: "To-morrow the public will be shaved gratuitously."

"And the cloud wedded the shadow," sighed the poet. From which it appears that the bard had just returned from a negro wedding.

An Ohio widower wears five weeds on his hat for as many wives, and just now, as an offset to the weeds, he appears with a flower in his buttonhole.

A Western man at a "praise meeting" said, somewhat enviously, "Brother Lawson can sing better than I can, but by the grace of Heaven I can fiddle his shirt off."

A Missouri newspaper claims that the hogs of that State are so fat, that in order to find out where their heads are it is necessary to make them squeal, and then judge by the sound.

A Texas man has been sentenced to ninety-nine years in the Penitentiary. The Judge would have made it an even hundred, but didn't want to be hard on the fellow for his first offence.

Some sinner has stolen the thermometer from the office of an exchange. The paper informs the thief that it will be of no use to him where he is going, as it does not work higher than 313.

"What are you going to do after you graduate?" said a gentleman to a Williams College student, who is "fitting for the ministry." "Damfino," replied the youth, "preach the gospel, I s'pose."

The writer of a paper recentiy read before the French Academy of Medicine expresses the opinion that one of every 5,000 persons is buried alive, while the official statistics show that the mortality among sailors from shipwreck averages one inevery 4,000. The question has of late been much discussed by the medical body just mentioned, and it seems to be settled that none of the accepted indications of death, with the single exception of the unmistakable decomposition of the body, are to be regarded as perfectly conclusive. It is certain that the possibility of such a frightful death weighs heavily on the mind of many of the French, as, according to to a recent declaration of the President of the Chamber of Notaries, express instructions are given in one will out of every ten to have the testator's heart pierced by a qualified surgeon before the coffin is screwed down.

A Leaf From Life.

FROM THE EVENING CALL.

I lent my love a book one day;
She brought it back; I laid it by;
'Twas little either had to say—
She was so strange, and I so shy.

But yet we loved indifferent things,
The sprouting buds, the birds in tune;
And Time stood still and wreathed his wings
With rosy links from June to June.

For her what task to do or dare?
What peril tempt? What hardship bear?
But with her—ah! she never knew
My heart and what was hidden there!

And she with me so cold and coy,
Seemed like a maid bereft of sense;
But in the crowd all life and joy—
And full of blushful impudence.

She married! Well, a women needs
A mate, her life and love to share;
And little cares sprang up like weeds,
And played around her elbowed chair.

And years rolled by, but I, content,
Trimmed my own lamp and kept it bright,
Till age's touch my hair besprent
With rays and gleams of silver light.

And then, it chanced, I took the book
Which she perused in days gone by;
And as I read such passion shook
My soul—I needs must curse and cry.

For here and there her love was writ
In old, half-faded pencil signs,
As though she yielded—bit by bit—
Her heart in dots and underlines.

Ah! silvered fool—too late you look!
I know it; let me here record
This maxim: Send no girl a book
Unless you read it afterward!

Christmas Lay Sermon.

A feast of good-will is a blessing, be its origin what it may. The race is richer for the wealth of human kindness poured out at Christmas, whether we regard the day as the centre of the Christian year or the survival of a pagan tradition. And in these nineteen hundred years of our observance it has certainly come to mark the triumphs of Christianity.—For it is history that the fairest heights of civilzation have been reached and its future gains promised in the name of that faith.

Dr. Holmes once said, indeed, that Christianity is the flag under which nations sail, not the rudder by which they steer. Of course it is true that no nation proposes to itself to test its principles and practice by the spiritual stands of Christ. But it is equally true that a breath more subtle than the wind, a force more steady than the hand upon the wheel, takes the craft upon a wiser course than the steersman saw written on his chart. It is like that spirit in "The Ancient Mariner" which slid beneath the keel, and "made the ship to go." Always is man building better than he knows, and through his very straits and errors and follies advancing to a nobler manhood. Always a divinity doth shape our ends, rough hew them how we will.

The believers in the old faiths discerned this truth, and beheld its workings; but it is the new faith which is fullest of the spirit of advancement. It is Europe and America which are in the van of progress, not Asia and Africa. And it is in Europe and America that the sense of human fellowship shows stronger with every recurring Christmas. On the surface, indeed, there is much to make a doubter discouraged. Are these melancholy strikes, he will ask, these endless bickerings between capital and labor, these hordes of tramps, these tenement houses swarming with their horrible population, these miles of palaces, this prodigality of fashion, the signs and tokens of human brotherhood?

But the keeping of Christmas is the answer to such doubts. Blind and unwise as much of our benevolence is, the benevolence is never so conspicuous as then. Year after year the methods of helpfulness become more enlightened and successful, and the impulse to helpfulness stronger. The effort to make poverty less poor, ignorance less imbruted, misery less wretched, drunkenness less general and debasing, is a modern effort, and the fruit of the modern faith. About such social questions as tax the best wisdom of nations, as the establishment of good government in Ireland, or the pacification of discontent in Russia, there is this element of hope, that it is but lately that anything like a fair discussion of the subject, anything like a recognition of the fact that these malcontents had a real grievance, has been possible. Once the knout or the constable, the dungeon or the scaffold, would have been thought the fit reply to complaints which now reach the ears of sovereigns or challenge the wisdom and conscience of legislators.

Self-interest is everywhere aggressive enough still, and blind enough to the good of the community. But when it seeks its own, in some strange way it promotes the interest of the race. Alva crushed the Netherlands through his iron will, and gave a new kingdom to the world, whose soil grew noble virtues that still quicken heroism, devotion and unselfishness. The race could not spare from its history the harvest of great ideas and actions which were sown in the bloody seed-time of the French Revolution. Out of an awful war America won a peace on higher condition than her sons had dreamed of when they took up arms. We may call it Providence, the genius of the time—what we will—the spirit of good-will to man shapes all the deeds of men above their weak intention, and that is the spirit of Christmas which we celebrate.

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