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The Chestertown Transcript.

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J. H. C. LEGG,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
213 ST. PAUL Street, Baltimore, Md.

Prompt attention paid to all professional business. Nov. 21-tf.

DR. T. H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIC,

Office Main street, opposite Voshell House, can be found in office every day from 10 A. M. till 12 M., and from 7 to 8 P.M. Sundays excepted Special attention given to women andchildren. May 3, 1888—tf.

C. P. GILPIN, DENTIST,
Chestertown Md.,
MAIN STREET, ADJOINING CAHALL'S STORE.
OFFICE HOURS:—8.30 to 12 A.M.; 1 to 4 P.M.

Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past. Nov. 29-tf.

WILLIAM P. IRELAND,
(Late of Crew & Ireland)
FRUIT, PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 309 North Front Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

C. WRIGHT SPRY,
—WITH—
WRIGHT & LONEY,
seccessors to Wright & Sparks,
FLOUR, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics' Natic Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette, Sts.

THE BEALL & BERRY FEED CO.,
SUCCESSORS TO
BEALL & BERRY,
General Commistion Merchants,
—FOR THE SALE OF—
Grain, Flour, Mill Feed, Baled Hay and Straw, Potatoes, Etc.
Office and warehouse, No. 4. Camden street (new number 15), Baltimore, Md.
Consignments solicited, upon which Liberal Cash Advances will be made.
Telephone 965. May 19—y.

Country Produce Wanted.
CASH PAID for COUNTRY PRODUCE,
—SUCH AS—
BUTTER, EGGS, CHICKENS, &c.
by S. FRANKLIN SMITH,
10 2m. CHESTERTOWN, MD

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.
D. B. STEWART & CO.,
GENERAL
FRUIT AND PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
Dealers in Produce and Foreign Fruits,
118 E. PRATT ST., BALTIMORE, MD.
ORDERS AND CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.
We report all sales daily and send checks every Monday; oftener if desired. We refer to our present shippers, among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also The People's Bank of Baltimore. Jan 1-y

Jas. W. Stevens. R. Nelson Stevens.
STEVENS BROS.,
Grain, Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
303 S. CHARLES STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
REFERENCE—Merchants National Bank

RECORDS & GOLDSBOROUGH,
118 Light St., Baltimore, Md.

Wholesale LIQUOR DEALERS,
IMPORTERS OF
Wines, Brandies, etc.
PURE RYE WHISKEYS A SPECIALTY
Per Steamer Meteor.

SIMMONS & DAVIS NO. 1 HEART
SHAVED
SHINGLES!
AND URQNAHART
No. 1 SAWED SHINGLES.
Large Stock Direct from Plymouth, N. C.
FOR SALE BY
T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

I. WILLIAM HINES,
OF CHESTERTOWN,
is now located in Baltimore, Maryland, with the well-known firm of
I. HAMBERGER & SONS,
Fine Clothing and Tailoring,
122 East Baltimore St.,
ADJOINING B. & O. R. R. BUILDING,
and will be glad to see his friends and acquaintances. Sept. 26—tf

From now until Christmas we will present to every Cash purchaser of Clothing to the amount of $15 or over, an Elegant
STEM-WINDER SWISS WATCH!
I. HAMBERGER & SONS.

Dry Goods, Fancy Notions,
This Space is Reserved for Wright's Cheap Store, who is Daily Receiving New Goods for Fall and Winter. Special Low Prices will be the Great Attraction.
Boots and Shoes, Stylish Clothing.

LIKES,
L.B. & CO. M'F'S OF B.B.M.G.
BERWANGER & CO.

When purchasing Clothing, spend your money to the best advantage by dealing with the manufacturers.
LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,
Are manufacturers of the Best Baltimore-Made Clothing for the fine Retail Trade, and offer the largest assortment of Suits and Overcoats for Men, Youths, Boys and Children, at the one moderate profit on the manufacturers' cost.

Likes, Berwanger & Co.,
ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS,
10 AND 12 E. BALTIMORE ST.

COAL AND WOOD

WE will call the attention of the community to our stock of Coal and Wood. And we will just say—probably it will be to your advantage to call and examine our stock, and get our prices before buying elsewhere. We are glad to say that we are still handling the
LEA WHITE ASH COAL,
which is the best Coal for general use that we can buy, and will sell at a small margin for the Cash, but all bills which are not settled within 30 days, interest will be charged from day of sale. We also give
2240 POUNDS FOR ONE TON.
Our office is on Cannon street, near Princess
My prices for JULY will be $5.25 for Egg and Nut and $5.50 for Stove.
J. T TWILLEY,
July 18, 1889.—tf.

HOLIDAY GOODS!
JUST RECEIVED,
And are now ready for inspection consisting of
DRESSING CASES, WORK BOXES, SHAVING SETS, WRITING DESKS, FINE FRENCH MIRRORS, SCRAP AUTO. AND PHOTO. ALBUMS, MUSIC ROLLS, PERFUMERY-STANDS, AND BOOKS,
Yes, Books of nearly every description. Juvenile, Bibles, Prayer and Hymn Books. We have the goods, and the goods have got to go. We cordially invite all to look before making their purchases.
M. A. TOULSON.
Dec. 12, 1889. DRUGGIST.

THE VERDICT
—ON—
LEA'S
TABLE CORN MEAL,
HOMINY
AND
Hominy GRITS,
IS
"BEST."
AND THEIR USE SUSTAINS IT.
The Wm. Lea & Sons Co.,
WILMINGTON, DEL.

For 1890.
Consider *Scribner's Magazine* when you are deciding upon your reading matter for next season. The subscription rate is low—$3.00 a year.
The standard of the Magazine is high,
Its spirit progressive,
The illustrations are interesting and of the best.
There is not space here to give even a summary of the features to appear next year, but among other things there will be a NEW DEPARTMENT and ADDITIONAL PAGES, and groups of illustrated articles will be devoted to the following subjects:
African Exploration and Travel,
Life on a Modern War Ship (3 articles),
Homes in City, Suburb, and Country,
Providing Homes through Building Associations,
The Citizen's Rights,
Electricity in the Household,
Ericsson, the Inventor, by his Authorized Biographer,
Hunting,
Humorous Artists, American and Foreign.
There will be 3 serials.
Robert Louis Stevenson will contribute in 1890.
Each subject, and there will be a great variety this year, will be treated by writers most competent to speak with authority and with interest. Readers who are interested are urged to send for a prospectus.
Twenty-five cents a number; $1.00 for 4 months.
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,
743 Broadway, New York.

GREAT
Over Stock Sale!
CONFIDENCE
—BEGETS—
CONFIDENCE;
and because we have always made it a rule to give our trade something better than we promised for the money, their confidence in us grows right along. Here's a hint or two on Men' Suits: Lots have been cut into; other lots sold way down, but still we have 3,000 too many and they're to go.
$10, First-class Cheviot and Cassimere Suits were $15, now only $10.
$15, Splendid Cutaway and Dress Suits. Many were $18, $20 and $22, now only $15.
$20, Elegant Imported Cheviot and Cassimere Suits, now only $20. Cost you $30 elsewhere.
These are hints of what we are doing at
OEHM'S ACME HALL.

Boys' and Young Men's Clothing.
We clothe more boys and young men than any other 3 houses in the trade. Why? Simply because we give best values for bottom prices.
FOR THE LITTLE BOYS—
Knee Pants Suits, Norfolks, Knickerbockers and all other elegant styles. Prices $2.50 upward.
FOR YOUNG MEN—
4-button Sack Suits, 3 button Cutaways, Walking Suits, Prince Albert or Prince Charles Styles. Price $5.50 to $20.
You would hardly believe it possible to gather such a stock and styles as we show, unless you beheld our wonderful assortment of Boys' Clothing. Moreover, we clothe YOUR BOY from hat to hose at
OEHM'S ACME HALL.

FURNISHINGS.
It's surprising what a little cash and a clearly expressed letter will do (if you can't call in person) towards fitting you out stylish and comfortably with Neckwear, Shirts, Collars, Cuffs and all the requisites and neat things of a gentleman's smaller wardrobe. Guarantee you a clear saving of one-fourth at least.
COME TO SEE US when in the city, whether to buy, to look or to rest. Our great establishment, with all its conveniences, is at your service. And remember, our Clothing and Furnishings Stock is the largest in the South, and we save you ¼ to ½ on every purchase you make.
OEHM'S ACME HALL,
5 & 7 West Baltimore Street,
ONE DOOR FROM CHARLES ST.

[*From the Ladies' Home Journal.*]

SANTA'S WONDERFUL JIG.

BY MRS. A. G. LEWIS.

(*Continued from last week.*)

Then round tables, "squares," with "rare inlaids" and "queers"
Of every description addressed him, and tears
Kept starting afresh, as old friends long agone
Were lovingly mentioned. He knew every one,
Old Santa—God bless him! He never forgets
The stockings and darlings who've once been his pets.
His old loving heart swells up bigger each year
To make room at Christmas for every new dear.
The orchestra perched on the old piano
Struck "Auld Lang Syne" smartly. The fiddle and bow
Kept time with the voices which joined in the strain.
Old Santa sang too, again and again.
They swelled that old chorus as though 'twas their last,
The old clock was singing so loud and so fast,
And the pendulum thumped out the time with such force
No wonder the "relics" all sang themselves hoarse.
Their voices gave out. But they lost not a minute,
For up flew the lid of an old-fashioned spinet
And played such a hornpipe as never before
Led off the fair damsels and gay squires of yore.
Then the giddy old relics declared one and all,
"We'll wind up this night with a grand antique ball."
So knights and fine ladies stepped down from their frames
All powdered and ruffled. Staid squires and grand dames
Chose partners and formed in tine for a dance
The like of which never was heard of in France,
For divans and sofas with chairs formed in sets,
And three-legged tables in long pantalets
With chintz over-dresses and ruffles of lace
Led off the first figure at quite a smart pace;
While Santa led out the old Louis Twelfth chair,
The high "double decker," with grand courtly air.
The "relics" all struggled to keep up the time,
Forgetting they'd all long ago passed their prime;
While tables and arm-chairs, though clumsy and big,
Were bound to keep up in this wonderful jig.
The old clock and bookcase, though frightfully tall,
Cut "pigeon-wing" figures the liveliest of all.
The spirit of mischief the orchestra seized,
And they whipped up the time just as fast as they pleased.
The dancers stepped livelier, like lightning they flew—
They "balanced" on one foot, they "chased" on two;
They "cast off" on three legs and "shuffled" on four,
And whirled in swift *pirouettes* like mad round the floor.
Though tired and breathless and ready to drop,
They found to their horror that not one could stop.
Like the cork-legged victim they could not keep still:
On, on they kept dancing in spite of their will.
Soon joints became weakened and elbows gave way;
The legs that had held them no longer would stay.
Though some were of one, two and three legs bereft,
They still kept on dancing with what they had left.
Their forms began thinning, as elbows and arms
Flew off one by one. Bereft of their charms,
All wigless and ruffless the poor squires and dames
Regretfully tried to dance back to their frames.
The debris of joints, arms and wigs in a pile
Grew larger and larger, but still all the while
The dancing grew faster, and faster they flew,
As high and still higher the heap of wrecks grew.
Yet louder and faster the music went on.
The "relics," alas! were indeed almost gone.
At last, like a bolt from a thunder-cloud sent,
A cry and a crash through the sitting-room went:
Piano and orchestra, spinet *en masse*,
Broke into fine fragments like brittles of glass,
And all that was left of the "relics" was found
Piled up in this strangely funereal mound.
How Santa was rescued no mortal can tell,
Yet we know he's still hearty and jolly and well,
And nimble as ever at climbing. But Jake!
A pretty smart kind of an artist 't would take
To draw up a picture of how the man stood
And gazed at that mountain of *queer* kindling wood.
But his solemn face changed by degrees to a smile,
As with shovel and basket he scooped up the pile.
And he said, "Bless the chicks! It's the curiest way
That I'm clearing the room for their games Christmas day.
The chil'ren won't grieve for this truck very much,
But how these ole duffers got smashed beats the Dutch.,'

[THE END.]

[*From the Ladies' Home Journal.*]

CHRISTMAS AT GUTTORMSON'S.

BY KATHERINE B. FOOT.

Gustave Guttormson walked slowly up the wharf at Portside on that brilliant June morning, looking utterly discouraged and tired—as he was. He had pulled his hat-brim down over his eyes as if to shut out the pleasant day, and with his hands in his otherwise empty pockets, was going to his wife and six children. He had been off on a three weeks' cruise—after months of hard luck—and he had come back now with the worst luck of all—not only empty pockets, but what was next thing in Portside to the mark of Cain on his forehead—the men had declared him a Jonah.

"It's no use, Thompson," the captain had said—for that was his name among his mates—"it's no use; you'd better try another harbor, for you can't sail from this one any longer; you can't be a hull crew, you know, and the men won't ship on the same vessel with you any longer. They say you are a sure-enough Jonah."

"Dot's de biggest fool talk," said Guttormson. "I had bad luck, I don'd deny, bud I say too, dot it isn'd me dot's a Yonah, bud had dere's doo mooch rum on board wid bode dose schooners wot I was in dot god cud trough on de Georges. I heard de steamer vistle plain 'nough, bud couldn't ged a big boad 'roun' in two seconds all by myself—an' every oder feller on de boad was dronk bud me. Dot's de reason I didn'd go down and stay dere, but was thrown up wen de oder went down."

"May be," said Captain Wilder. "Perhaps that's all so. I don't misdoubt it myself, but you can't ship with me again, 'cause you an' me can't navigate alone, and it's just as I tell you about the men. Now here's this cruise a dead loss, an' there ain't no reason for it, 'cept what the men say, *you're* aboard."

"De fish didn't bite, dot's de reason," said Gustave.

"But why didn't they. They allus do, you know, this time o' year."

"Vell, dey didn'd, dat's all," said Gustave.

"That's so, they didn't; well, I'm sorry, Thompson, but it's just as I tell you—you'd better light out from here and go where you ain't a Jonah."

So, as has been told, Gustave walked off to his home, his wife, and six hungry children, his heart heavy enough, for he knew what it meant to be a "Jonah" in Portside.

No vessel would ship him, unless they were a hard lot of men, quite reckless whether they went to the bottom or not; it would be hard even, and perhaps impossible, to get even a dory mate to fish off shore; and all that meant starvation; it was no wonder that Gustave went home with slow steps and heavy heart. His home was a forlorn little cottage of two rooms and a tiny ell; it was a trifle off the street and surrounded by heaps of shells, old seaweed, a broken down boat, and what looked like the collection of refuse tin cans of the entire neighborhood. As he neared the door, four children rushed to meet him.

"Hi, daddy!" they cried, as they swarmed about him, holding his legs, trying to grasp his hands, and shouting and yelling all the time. But Gustave did not make the usual answer to their advances; he simply walked on as well as he could with four children hanging on to him, and said impatiently:

"Ged oud, children, ged oud."

They hardly understood him, for he was always kind and jolly with them; they had never slunk away and hidden themselves when they heard his steps, as so many of the fishermen's children did, for Gustave was temperate and always kind to his wife and children. He was temperate, but he did once in a while drink a glass of beer, but never anything stronger, and that very seldom. The children let go of him, and looked frightened, and followed him as he stepped inside the doorway, when he flung his hat on the floor, and sat down heavily in the nearest chair.

"Why, Gustave," exclaimed his wife, "are you sick," and she came out of the inner room with her baby in her arms.

Gustave looked up. "No, Jorgina, I ain'd seek, bud de men say I'm a Yonah, dod's wad's de madder."

Jorgina knew well enough what he meant; she had lived fifteen years in Portside, and she, in common with other wives, held two things in constant dread—the winter voyages to the Banks, which left every year so many widowed and fatherless, and the run of ill luck following any man, which gave him the dreaded title of "Jonah."

"Oh my, no; dey couldn't call *you* 'Yonah,' Gustave, you ain't dad sord."

"No, I *ain'd* dod sord," he said, shaking his head wearily, "bud dad don'd make no difference—de men say I'm Yonah an' so Yonah I be."

"My goodness!" said Jorgina,, "den wad vill we do?"

"Vell, dod's vat I wand to know," said Gustave. "I don'd know myself." He reached out his arms for baby Olga, and when he set her on his knee he said, "Is dere any money lefd?"

"Dere isn't one bid," said Jorgina, sorrowfully. "I thought you'd bring some. Dey told me the Mary Ann was outside."

"Well, it was hard luck dis dime, yust like de odder, and now they say id's me. I dell you wad Jorgina, dis 'Merica ain'd wad I 'speeded 'tall. Here we ben here now fifdeen year, and I ain't god nodin', an' now I'm Yonah."

At that instant a light step came round the house, crunching the shells. A bright face looked in at the doorway. It was that of a woman perhaps thirty-five, and it was a strong, helpful face as well as a bright one.

"Why, Gustave," she said. "I have been so lucky to find you here. I was down on the wharf a minute ago, and Captain Wilder told me you've had bad luck again, and it's too bad—but you're the man I want above all others. My cousin is going out from here to-morrow, on a cruise in his little yacht, and he wants an extra hand; he had to put in here to put off a man who has been drunk ever since they left Long Island, and I thought of you at once. I was so afraid the Mary Ann wouldn't get in in time. Will you go? May he go so soon again, Mrs. Guttormson?"

"Ah, Miss Grace, I am so dankful," said Gustave, but he twirled his hat round in his hands, "dey say, Miss Grace, I'm a Yonah sure; would de odders led me go?"

Miss Grace laughed. She was the Portside doctor's daughter, and, her father said, a better doctor than he was, for she attended to souls as well as bodies. "Now, Gustave, you know that is all nonsense, and Mr. Warden will be glad to get you—such a sober, steady fellow as you—don't mind the Jonah nonsense. Come up to our house in an hour, and Mr. Warden will be there; and here—it was a poor cruise, wasn't it?—just borrow this from me until you come back," and she put in Jorgina's hand a bill she had held concealed in her own while she had been talking, and Miss Grace, in her own happy way, turned it aside by saying:

"Jorgina, why do you speak English to Gustave when you're alone?"

"I don't know," she said. "De chillun all speak English, an' mos' all de peoples round here, an' all de men, and so Gustave and I, we speak it too; an' oh, Miss Grace, you are so kind to ged Gustave a place wid de yentleman."

"Oh," laughed Miss Grace, "you will never speak English, Jorgina, until you stop saying 'y' for j or g. Now never mind about Jonah, and come up soon, Gustave," and she turned away, but as she turned she said to herself, "I wish it wasn't such a real trouble, this fastening Jonah on a man. Poor Gustave, he will have to go away from here."

And when she got home she said to her father, who was just getting out of his buggy at the door: "Well, poor Gustave is branded as Jonah—and I don't know what they will do next."

"That's bad," said the doctor, "but won't George take him?"

"Oh, yes, and glad to; but that's only for two or three months, and he hasn't a cent, and has lost his share in the schooner entirely—Captain Wilder told me—for he raised money on it when the last cruise came out so poorly."

"It's strange," the doctor mused, half to himself. "Here's a sober, steady fellow who has had the toughest kind of luck, while these roaring drunken beasts about here have all had good hauls—and spent almost every cent of it on rum. I don't see into it at all; talk about the wicked not prospering—pooh!" The doctor gave an impatient stamp, and went into the house, and grace followed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Christmas is the festival of the year, and churlish indeed are they who do not find pleasure in the glow and brightness of its manifold enjoyments. It is preeminently the one day of the year when young and old meet together on an equal plane. The pains and achings of old age are forgotten in the joyousness of the day, and Tiny Tims are everywhere among the happiest of God's own children. Depressed in spirits, indeed, must be that person who cannot be happy on this festive day of all the world! Wherever civilization extends, there mirth and good cheer reigns supreme, and if it is Winter outside, it is Summer within the hearts of all. Innocent joy and exultation triumphs over all, and hearts old with years and burdens, are made again young and light by the air of sociability that pervades everything. While to all of us, Christmas has its charms, its significances and its pleasures, it is essentially the feast of the children. Their young hearts long for its coming, while their little feet keep time to its mirth and music. The mysteries that Philosophy and Religion have unraveled as bearing upon the outward observance of the day have no meaning to the children. They know not of them. Enough for them to believe in the reality of the Christ-child, in the merry-eyed and white-bearded Saint that comes to them arm-laden with gifts from fairy-land; enough for them to hear the jingle of the reindeer bells, to picture the shadow of Santa Claus, as they lie half awake and half dreaming, flit across their cosy little room, and then rise in the morning to see the gifts that love and midnight brought them. Happy, indeed, is that childish faith! For the children first, and then for ourselves, let Christmas ever be remembered in our homes. Let the bells ring, the yule-log blaze and crackle on the hearth, and the holly gleam on the wall. Weary centuries have come and gone since the star looked down on the plains of Bethlehem, empires have passed away, suns have risen and set, monarchs and monarchies have lived and crumbled to dust, but the earth is still young, and love and laughter are still left us. Let us recognize all the customs appropriate to the day, and with present, feast and carol impress it upon the minds of our children so that it may pass down from generation to generation to bless the children of our children, and those that come after them.

The Christmas Holly.

In connection with the holly, which figures so conspicuously in all our Christmas decorations, we find a quaint old conceit chronicled, that every holly bough and lump of berries with which you adorn your house is an act of natural piety as well as beauty, and will, in summer, enable you to relish that green world of which you show yourself not unworthy. In Germany and Scandinavia the holly or holly tree is called "Christ's thorn," from its use in church decorations and because it bears its berries at Christmastide. The loving sentiment imprisoned in the holly bough and translatable into every language will never be more happily expressed than in Charles Mackay's verses, "Under the Holly Bough:"

Ye who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast fading year;
Ye who by word or deed
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here;
Let sinned against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now;
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken,
Under the holly bough.
—*Exchange.*

FAT, FAIR AND FORTY per cent. better bargains than any other's are the elegant suits and overcoats we are selling for $9.99 and $14.50. These two prices represent at least $5 more value than usual, and must be seen to be appreciated. Twenty-five per cent. saved to our patrons by our inexpensive yet convenient location. Bell Clothing Co., Kash Klothiers, Pratt St., adj. corner Hanover street.

CHRISTMAS SHARPS AND FLATS.

ARE THERE OTHERS LIKE HER?

"Augustus, dear, I bought something awfully nice to-day in town," remarked Kathrine at dinner last evening in the little Queen Anne cottage on Staten Island, as she looked across the table at her young husband.

"Yes, dear?"

"Yes; I bought your Christmas present."

"What was it?"

"Oh, I can't tell you now. And I bought the present you are going to give Marjorie."

"My present to Marjorie?"

"Yes, and the present you're going to give the baby."

"But, my dear, I—"

"Oh, it is just lovely. You will see it on Christmas Eve. And I bought the present you're going to give me, and—"

"But, really, Kathrine, I should like to choose my own present to—"

"Oh, I know it is just what you would have thought of; and I saw a lovely thing which I am going to get for Marjorie to give you, but you'll have to give me the money for it, dear; I spent all I had. And I want to get your present to sister Jessie, too, and—"

Augustus said something right there, but as he said it to himself it wouldn't be fair to repeat it. He is wondering to-day if there are any other young (or old) husbands in this city whose wives have so thoughtfully taken upon themselves the selection of the family Christmas presents. He wonders if all women are built on that plan. Perhaps some of *The Sun's* readers may enlighten him.—*N. Y. Sun.*

UNDER THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

She (coyly)—Now you must only take one, George.

He (gallantly)—But one from one leaves nothing, Mable. Let's make it one each and tie.

She (blushing)—It's very sudden, George, but you may ask papa.

CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR.

Mamma—No, Tommy, you can't have any more pudding; it will make you sick.

Tommy (sulkily)—Well, haven't I got a whole year to get over it?

LOOKING AFTER HIS OWN INTERESTS.

Harry (to his best girl)—Are you going to give your pa a Christmas present?

Mattie—Yes, but it's awfully hard to pick out a suitable one.

Harry—Give him a pair of slippers, dear, I noticed he always wears his boots during the evening.

Which colors are popular for the Christmas season souvenir?

Answer—The Turkey dyes.

THE CHRISTMAS SPOON.

One of the pleasantest and perhaps one of the most desirable of old-time customs which should be perpetuated, is that of presenting to the mother or ladies of the household at Christmas a silver spoon. The custom was introduced in the seventeenth century, and was much in fashion in England and on the continent, particularly among the nobility and upper classess; and it came to be of considerable significance and importance, inasmuch as the donors vied with each other in securing for their wives or other friends such specimens of silver as were not only of considerable intrinsic value, but of rare and unusual pattern and of exquisite finish. And so each spoon came to be in a certain sense historic; at least it would always be a souvenir of the particular Christmas festival when it was presented. The matron of middle life would have suggested much of her family history and experience by simply looking over her Christmas spoons. Besides, these gifts came to be valuable heirlooms, prized and handed down the family line as witnesses of high social position, if not of wealth and antique lineage.

The demand for Christmas spoons from high quarters very naturally stimulated dealers and silversmiths to exercise their genius and skill in designing and executing unusual forms and patterns, many of which were very fanciful and suggestive. These spoons of course bore the name of the recipients, as well as the date of bestowal and any other legend which the occasion or fancy of the giver might suggest.

Is not this a good time for all our refined and artistic people, who are supposed to be possessed of considerable Christmas sentiment, to revive this beautiful custom of giving the Christmas spoon?—*Ex.*

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

The Mistake People Make That Costly Gifts Can Evoke It.

Know all men by these presents, is an old legal form which has come to have a new meaning in this dispensation. It is by the spirit of brotherhood exhibited in giving presents that we know the Christmas proper, only we are apt to take it in too narrow a way. The real spirit of Christmas is the general diffusion of helpfulness and good-will. If somebody were to discover an elixir which would make every one truthful he would not in this age of the world patent it.

Indeed, the patent office would not let him make a corner on virtue as he does in wheat; and it is not respectable any more among the real children of Christmas to make a corner in wheat. The world, to be sure, tolerates still a great many things that it does not approve of, and, on the whole, Christmas, as an ameliorating and good-fellowship institution, gains a little year by year.

There is one hitch about it, and a bad one just now, namely, that many people think that they can buy its spirit by jerks of liberality, by costly gifts. Whereas, the fact is that a great many of the costliest gifts in this season do not count at all. Crumbs from the rich man's table don't avail any more to open the pearly gates even of popular esteem in this world. Let us say, in fine, that a loving, sympathetic heart is better than a nickel-plated service in this world, which is surely growing young and sympathetic.—CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, in December *Harper's.*

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