The Chestertown Transcript.

ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1891. VOL. XXX—NO. 31

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.

D. B. STEWART COMPANY,
INCORPORATED SEPT. 29, 1890.
(Succeeding D. B. Stewart & Co., established October, 1883.)

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:
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COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
118 E. Pratt, Street, Near Light.

We solicit consignments, and by prompt attention, perseverence and energy, hope to merit a liberal share of the future shipments of our friends and the public.

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WILLIAM P. IRELAND,
(Late of Crew & Ireland)
FRUIT, PODUCE AND LIVE STOCK
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
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S. F. CREW. M. L. COULBOURN.
CREW & COULBOURN,
WHOLESALE PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
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FRUIT, PRODUCE,
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Established 1876.

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Commission Merchants,
GRAIN, FRUIT, BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, Etc.
Member of Corn and Flour Exchange.
No. 222 South Charles Street,
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Reference.—Honest Return and Personal Attention.

J. R. NYCE & CO.,
—:PRODUCE:—
Commission Merchants,
123 SOUTH STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

SPECIALTIES:
Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Game, Green and Dried Fruits.

REFERENCES.—Third National Bank, Baltimore, Md.; National Valley Bank, Staunton, Va.; Commercial Agencies.
Correspondence Solicited. a9-6m.

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—WITH—
WRIGHT & LONEY,
successors to Wright & Sparks,
FLOUR, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette, Sts.

RECORDS & GOLDSBOROUGH,
118 Light St., Baltimore, Md.
Wholesale LIQUOR DEALERS,
IMPORTERS OF
Wines, Brandies, etc.
PURE RYE WHISKEYS A SPECIALTY

Jas. W. Stevens. R. Nelson Stevens.
STEVENS BROS.,
Grain, Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
303 S. CHARLES STREET,
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FRAME HOTEL.
LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.

THE undersigned, having moved into the "Maxwell Property," in the town of Millington, and having thoroughly fitted up the same, would announce that he is prepared to accommodate both permanent boarders and transient visitors with good and comfortable rooms and beds.

MY TABLE
will be furnished with the best the market can afford.

MY STABLES
contain good and reliable horses; attentive hostlers, and a plenty of food. Travelers conveyed to any part of the Peninsula. Terms moderate. Give me a call.

SAMUEL MALLALIEU,
Jan. 27, 1887. PROPRIETOR.

For a Beautiful and Well-Selected Line of
Dry Goods!
—VISIT—
H. L. CHEW.

HE ALSO HAS IN STOCK A LARGE AND COMPLETE LINE OF
NOTIONS,
and Plain and Fancy
GROCERIES.

Don't forget my line of BLANKETS and QUILTS.
EGGS and BUTTER Wanted for cash or trade.
H. L. CHEW.

FALL AND WINTER
DRY GOODS.
LOW AND MEDIUM-PRICED
Dress Goods
25 TO 65 CTS. FOR WOOL GOODS.
5 TO 15 CTS. FOR COTTON GOODS.

FINE DRESS GOODS
From all over the world. Range of Prices, 75 cents and up.

SILKS—BLACK AND COLORED,
In all the Fashionable Makes.
Colored, 50 cents a yard up.
Black, 75 cents a yard up.
We only sell all-Silk Goods.

VELVETS, PLUSHES, TRIMMINGS.
All Colors, Styles, Prices.

LACES, LACE CURTAINS.
Laces by the yard of every kind.
Lace Curtains, from $1.00 a Pair up.

DOMESTIC COTTONS, FLANNELS.
Cottons at Wholesale Prices. All Widths in the best makes.
Flannels—any Quality you may want, in Colored, White, Embroidered, Fancy.

LINENS.
Only Pure Linens sold.
Table Linen, 50 cents a yard up.
Doylies, 50 cents a dozen up.
Napkins, $1.00 a dozen up.
Towels, $1.00 a dozen up.
All kinds of Linens by the yard.

BLANKETS, QUILTS.
Largest variety in any Store.
Colored Blankets, all Prices.
White Blankets and Quilts for Double and Single Beds, Cribs.
Comforts—Clean Cotton and Eider Down filled.

MEN'S AND BOYS' CASSIMERES.
CLOTHS FOR SUITS, PANTS, COATS.
LADIES' DRESS CLOTHS, COATINGS,

LADIES,' MEN'S AND CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY, TIES, HANDKERCHIEFS, GLOVES.
ALL KINDS OF FURNISHING GOODS.

WHITE GOODS, EMBROIDERIES, SHAWLS, NOTIONS, CORSETS, JACKETS, WRAPS, GOSSAMERS,
AND
EVERY ARTICLE A DRY GOODS HOUSE SHOULD HAVE.

Our regular customers know us as a Fair-Dealing, One-Price House, that sells at Low Prices.
Persons ordering Samples cannot be too particular in specifying what they want, and about the Price they wish to pay.

HAMILTON EASTER & SONS,
23, 25 and 27 E. Baltimore St.,
NEAR LIGHT,
BALTIMORE, MD.

J. HERMAN IRELAND'S
Insurance Agency,
Kennedyville, Maryland.

Fire! Lightning! Life!

INSURE YOUR HOMES!
INSURE YOUR STOCK!
INSURE YOUR LIVES!

I represent only first-class companies. My rates are low and all losses promptly paid. To all persons desiring insurance I ask them to write or call and see me.

J. H. IRELAND,
Kennedyville, Maryland

C. M. LUCAS
has a Beautiful Selection for the
Holiday Trade!
such as Waltham, Elgin and Waterbury Watches, Chains, Finger Rings, Ear Rings, Scarf Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Collar Buttons, Breast Pins and Baby Pins. A nice assortment of Clocks. We still keep the old reliable 18K Wedding Rings. Those who have bought them with the W. as trade mark on the inside, can recommend them to be just what we said about them. Also, the famous
Rogers & Brother Tripple-Plated Ware,
such as Tea, Table and After-Dinner Coffee Spoons, Cake Baskets, Breakfast and Dinner Castors, Cream Pitchers and other things in silver.
Will REMOVE the first of the year next door, the same store now occupied by W. H. Lambert.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE TRANSCRIPT $1.00 per year.

Have Your Dealer Supply You With
LEA'S FLOUR,
FARINA,
TABLE CORN MEAL,
HOMINY,
Hominy Grits.
THE WM. LEA & SONS CO.,
WILMINGTON, DEL.

Purify The importance of keeping the blood in a pure condition is universally known, and yet there are very few people who have perfectly pure blood. The taint of scrofula, salt rheum, or other foul humor is heredited and transmitted for generations, causing untold suffering, and we also accumulate poison and germs of disease from the air we breathe, the food we eat, or the water we drink. There is nothing more conclusively proven than the positive power of Hood's Sarsaparilla over all diseases of the blood. This medicine, when fairly tried, does expel every trace of scrofula or salt rheum, removes the taint which causes catarrh, neutralizes the acidity and cures rheumatism, drives out the germs of malaria, blood poisoning, etc. It also vitalizes and enriches the blood, thus overcoming that tired feeling, and building up the whole system. Thousands testify to the superiority of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier. Full information and statements of cures sent free.

Your Blood

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria kills Worms. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.
Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Gives healthy sleep and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

Castoria.
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

FRANK A. ROCHESTER

Is pleased to inform his many friends and patrons that we are prepared to exhibit the Largest and most Complete line of Clothing, including All the Latest Styles and Novelties for MEN, YOUTHS, BOYS AND CHILDREN.

LOWEST PRICES.

Our TAILORING DEPARTMENT is stocked with the Choicest Foreign and Domestic MATERIALS, and we GUARANTEE A PERFECT FIT AND ENTIRE SATISFACTION. All goods are our own make, and we are widely-known as the Manufacturers of the Best Baltimore Made Clothing. Hoping you will favor me with a call.

FRANK A. ROCHESTER,
—WITH—
LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,
LEADING ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS AND TAILORS,
Nos. 10 and 12 East Baltimore St., Near Charles.

Sheep Dip or Thymo-Cresol,

Known also as "THE COLD WATER DIP," is a very highly concentrated fluid preparation, absolutely non-poisonous, and which mixes instantly and thoroughly with water of any temperature, forming a milky liquid, which, for cheapness, convenience, safety and efficiency, is unrivaled as a Sheep-Dip, Cattle-Wash, Insecticide, Disinfectant, etc. One or two applications in a year to Sheep not only keep them in health, but also increase the growth and improve the quality of the fleece to a surprising degree.

For Ticks, Lice, Scab, Mange, Screw-Worms, Thrush, Scratches, Wounds, &c.

For all Skin troubles, and for ridding all kinds of Live Stock from parasites, it has no equal. It is also wonderfully effective in many infectious and contagious diseases, such as

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA, SWINE PLAGUE, CHICKEN-CHOLERA,

In such cases it is administered internally as well as externally. It is used and recommended by the leading Veterinarians in both hemispheres. Its uses upon a Farm are innumerable. Hon. John E. Russell, Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture of Massachusetts, writes, under date of October, 1886, "Your DIP is not only excellent for Sheep, Dogs, Fowls, etc., but it is the best possible dressing for diseased hoofs of horses. I have used it for thrush, bruises of the sole, and wounds, with great effect. It is also an excellent stimulant for the coronet, to increase the growth of the hoof, in cases of contraction and slow growth. If I did not keep Sheep, I should have it on hand for stable use."

For sale by the trade generally. For further information apply to

LILLY, ROGERS & CO., Druggists,
No. 108 E. Baltimore St. and No. 6 North Ave., Balto., Md.

—FOR SALE IN QUANTITIES TO SUIT BY—

R. F. PARKS, C. F. STAM, M. A. TOULSON,
Nov. 5, 1891—y. Chestertown, Maryland.

LOOKING AT THE SHOPS.

"I *must* have money," said my wife,
"The shops I want to see.
Shell out your cash, dear Hubby mine,
And quickly give it me."

I, like a husband fond and true,
Obeyed her on the spot.
"Sweet wife" quoth I, "take care of this,
'Tis all the cash I've got."

"O, never fear, you cautious pet,"
She gayly made reply,
"I'll guard this gold and silver like
The apple of my eye."

She viewed the coin with loving eyes,
Confessed it was enough,
Then slipped it in an open purse
Outside her little muff

She chucked me underneath the chin,
She kissed my martial chops,
And off she tripped right merrily
To contemplate the shops.

While she was looking through the glass
And thinking what she wanted,
A gentleman crept slyly up,
And with her purse levanted.

"'Twas all *your* fault,' said she to me,
In tones of angry pride.
"When I am looking at the shops,
You should be by my side."

—*Buffalo Express.*

A GOOD CHRISTMAS STORY.

"What! Forty dollars more? Forty dollars only for trimmings! My mother never spent so much on any dress. And you have the dress. I hate to seem cross, my dear, but with so many business men failing every day, one sees the wisdom of economy. Explain, my dear."

"Well, papa," said Emma, "it is just this. Madame Farine says that I need ten yards of a trimming at four dollars a yard. There were other things to get. I'm ashamed to ask, but I was obliged to do so."

"Very well, my dear," replied the merchant. "There is the money, but I don't think you'll need any more before Christmas. Times are not good, you know, and—dear me! Forty dollars for trimming! Women are getting worse than ever."

Emma Rome slipped the roll of notes into a purse with a feeling that it was dearly bought; but fate had placed so many women in the condition of beggars, and it is so customary to do as Emma did, that she almost wondered at the little pang which shot through her heart. Besides, her father seemed to forget the matter soon, and she knew that he was called rich—that, actually, forty dollars was but a small sum for him. So, breakfast over, and Mr. Rome off for mysterious regions, known as "down town," she dressed herself becomingly and started on her shopping expedition. On the way thoughts of her new dress ran through her mind. She intended to wear it on an occasion which to her seemed very important. Some one was to be present whose opinion she valued—some one she herself admired very much. Did he admire her.

She had asked herself the question over and over again. She had even pulled away the petals of a marguerite one by one, counting them as they fell with the words, "*He loves—he loves me not!*" And there were to be many handsome girls present, and she was not vain. Oh! she must look as well as possible.

Thus absorbed, she suddenly found herself several blocks below her destination. There was nothing for it but to walk back, and the way lay through streets filled with miserable tenement houses. The fashionable girl hurried along until all at once she found a sort of barricade across the street. The middle object of this barricade was a sewing-machine, to which, on one side, clung a woman, on the other a man. The woman was crying; the tears splashed down on her hands. An attendant crowd of residents contemplated this scene with interest, and Emma Rome became perforce one of their number.

Scarcely ever in her life before had Emma Rome been in close contact with actual misery. Poor, to her, simply meant not rich. Now she was amongst rags and dirt and misery, forced to stand still for a moment and look at it. At first, the only emotion it excited was disgust. But as she was about to seek a passage through the squalid crowd, words fell upon her ear that arrested her attention.

"Forty dollars I've paid you on that machine, and now you'll not give me time. I only ask time. I'm an honest woman. I'll pay you. Man, do you know it's all there is between us and actual starvation? Let me have the thing back. It's but ten dollars I owe you."

"You've owed that two months," replied the man. "Come, let go, missus. I don't want to hurt you. I've got to obey orders. 'Money or the machine,' was what the boss said."

But the woman did not relinquish her hold. Still clutching the machine she turned her agonizing eyes upon the bystanders.

"Forty dollars," she repeated, "and the machine but fifty, and he's taking it. I never failed until Jim broke his leg, and his work stopped, and his wages with it, and I'd doctor's bills and all."

"No, that she didn't," cried a voice from the crowd. "I'm knowing to her honesty."

"And he'd better be off with his cart," cried a man who had stalked out of the entry of the house near which the crowd had gathered, rolling up his sleeves.

"Look here, good people," exclaimed the man who held the machine, "I don't want to do this. I obey orders or lose my place and my bread and butter. She'd better go to the boss and talk to him—not to me."

"I've been," said the woman. "He's made of stone. I told him he'd starve us. He will. There, what is the use of my fighting like a drunken body in the street—a decent woman! They've more than the worth of the thing, God knows; but they've the power. Take it." And she let go her hold and covered her eyes with her hands.

But in the place of these rough, red fingers, others, dainty and small, and well gloved, came down on the cover of the machine. Emma Rome had pressed forward, and now spoke:—

"Stop," she said. "Will you let this woman keep this machine if I pay you ten dollars?"

"Them's the boss's orders, Miss;" replied the man, "and I'd be glad to do it, too."

Then, while the crowd gathered close, and the woman who had told her piteous tale sobbed with joy, Emma drew the sum named from her purse, received a receipt, which she gave to the poor woman, and experienced for the first time the delight which the performance of an utterly unselfish act brings with it.

Moreover, when the machine had been borne up stairs, Emma, who had exchanged a few words with its owner, followed her to her miserable room, noted its poverty, heard all the bitter tale. It was a true one—the hot tears told that.

"But I don't mind anything now, Miss," sobbed the narrator. "Now the machine is my very own, I don't mind how hard I work. And the only great tug is the landlord—four dollars a month for rent."

"As much a month as a yard of that trimming," thought Emma, with a little pang.

She questioned the woman further, and found that her landlord "lived down stairs." And before she turned from the door she emptied her purse and had paid three months' rent in advance.

"Your husband will be well and at work by that time," she said; and there were no regrets for the lost fringe as she took her way homeward. Nay, she was not even stung to the soul when Madame Farine remarked, with a glance that said volumes:

"The black lace from your old grenadine dress? Certainly, since it is your taste."

The dress, however, was not unbecoming, despite the refurbished lace, and Emma wore it to the party. She was quite conscious that ever woman of her acquaintance knew what the dress was trimmed with, but her conscience whispered to her that she had done right. Moreover, the light of the better thought was on her face. Somehow Arthur Maine found himself more than ever before attracted by it, and as she drove home that night, *Emma felt the marguerite which had said to her "he loves," had been no false prophet.—Our Dumb Animals.*

THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

Old Scrooge is never so much out of fashion in the beautiful processional weeks between Thanksgiving and Christmas. This is the season of good feeling, of loosened purse-strings, of unselfish planning, of conspiracies into which malice does not enter, of the holiest of mysteries. To and fro on the avenues and streets the children flit like fairies, pausing entranced before shop-windows which recall of the *Arabian Nights*, and eagerly discussing the possibilities of the pence in their dimpled hands. Could their generosity measure out their gifs, papa, mamma, the governess, the nurse, and all the troop of cousins would be remembered at this happy time by every free-hearted child.

In the home a great many innocent surprises are in process of accomplishment. Mamma has kept a note-book for months, and in pages has jotted down the unconscious speeches of this and that member of the household, wishes, which are great helps in the holiday season, when nobody's gift should be a misfit, but each should receive the very thing for which he or she most earnestly longed.

As the crisp airs of December deepen the color on the maiden's cheek, and the first snow-flakes flying through the fields are precursors of sleigh-bells and toboggans and all sturdy winter sports, the home lines are more closely drawn. Our pleasures are more intimately associated with the fireside; old Boreas raging without, but heaven's own peace within. Summer disperses family groups, while winter unites them in a sweeter friendliness. And the holiday season, coming before the whirl of social engagements and of church activities has fairly begun, is the jewelled clasp upon the circlet of family life. For the next few days and weeks the thoughts of husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, parents and children, are set upon how best to please one another.

And ever there is in the midst the radiant figure of a child, the benignant face of a mother, and in the distance the ear that listens can hear the angels sing.

Whence, then, a note that jars, a discord in the harmony?

Is it not, dear friends, that in the holiday season we often attempt too much? Desiring to be liberal, are we not sometimes unjust? Do we not suffer that to become a tax which ought to be pure enjoyment? and are we not departing from the true spirit of Christmas giving when we allow the element of cost to obtrude itself arrogantly?

The real value of a gift is in the love that prompts it. A flower may mean more than a diamond, a tiny book or picture more than silver or gold, if it carry with it a sweet sincere thought.

The moment that the idea of reciprocity enters into the mind of giver or of receiver a gift is cheapened and vulgarized. To bestow a gift because one *ought*, or because it will be expected, or because it will pay off a score, or for any reason except for love's own sake, is to rob the holiday season of its richest opportunity, and defraud it of its most unique charm.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Story of Christmas Day.

I never like a Christmas to pass without telling to some one a thrilling incident which happened at my house just eight years ago this coming Christmas. Perhaps I have told it to you, but I think not. We had just distributed the family presents Christmas morning when I heard a great cry of distress in the hallway. A child from a neighbors house came in to say her father was dead. It was only three doors off, and, I think, in two minutes we were there. There lay the old Christian sea captain, his face upturned toward the window as though he had suddenly seen the headlands, and with an illuminated countenance as though he were just going into harbor. The fact was he had already got through the "Narrows." In the adjoining room were the Christmas presents waiting for his distribution. Long ago, one night when he had narrowly escaped with his ship from being run down by a great ocean steamer, he had made his peace with God, and a kinder neighbor than Captain Pendleton you would not find this side of heaven.—REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE in *The Ladies' Journal.*

She Thinks Christmas Will End Us All.

Mrs. Charles P. Johnson, of Wyandotte, Kan., has organized a band of Adventists who have fixed Christmas day as the end of the world. She has about 800 followers already.

TO PURIFY
Your blood
Take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

ETIQUETTE OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS

BY EUGENIA H. SIEBERS.

Time on his endless cycles is bringing near the great festival of the year, with its good cheer, outpouring of love and good will, and thoughts of offerings and gifts, and fortunate is he who has a large purse to open, and happy the family who have but to ask and be given. But it is not to all that fortune comes knocking, so, much thought must be given and ways devised for the carrying out of cherished schemes concocted in kindness and love for family and friends. Who shall say that the very planning and stretching a dollar to its utmost capacity in order to carry out the various little projects has not a pleasure of its own? As joys or pleasures earned have a distinct value above all others. This question of giving and receiving is one of many phases and has its difficult as well as delicate side. Tact and good judgment are very necessary factors to enter into any solution pertaining to certain instances. To some persons the fact of receiving a present at Christmas is a bore or a nuisance, as it involves a return favor. Again, to give a much richer friend a present might appear to be seeking for a more valuable one in exchange.

If one had been the recipient of favors, however, it is timely and appropriate to return in a measure the courtesies by doing what one can at this season, and under these circumstances it is understood all round.

Of late years, expensive gift-making has been overdone, the central and animated origin of the pretty custom being lost sight of in he desire for display and that other sordid, but very human ambition, to outdo one's neighbors. Frequently, this mode of making and paying social obligations is a heavy drain upon limited incomes but it must be done to keep up "appearances." This sort of generosity or liberality has an artificial ring to it, and savors too much of the base metal. The true spirit of the beautiful anniversary, *the real Yuletide meaning, lies in the sentiment underlying the outward manifestation.*

It may be trite, but it is nevertheless true, that in simple things we find our surest happiness, life being made up for the most part of little things, uneventful occurrences. If it is the gracious and sacred nature of the occasion we wish to commemorate, surely, the simple, unostentatious gift will just as fully emphasize it as the more elaborate one of gold or precious stones. But this is not an argument against ample, even lavish making of gifts when one has the power as well as the will for so doing, for the generous soul will always do the best that can be done for those who are beloved, but merely a reason for doing one's share, though ever so little, an application as it were of the "widow's mite." Perhaps the most unselfish pleasure derived from giving is in the gift that goes where no possible return can be made. Besides the interchange of Xmas mementoes among the family, there is usually a list of possible recipients outside the line of relatives, over which we are given to pondering: "Shall I or shall I not?" and "What shall it be?"

A girl may desire to give a man friend a Christmas present, as she likes him very much; he may have been attentive to her, taking her out and so on, but this does not involve obligation on her part, for it is supposed that the pleasures of her society more than repaid any exertions on his part. Unless very old friends, or there is a very good and sufficient reason, it is well to repress the inclination, but if it is indulged the offering should be of the simplest. Of course, when made by the giver, it acquires an added sentiment, or should in the young man's eyes.

Any little receptacle for his numerous belongings, such as cigar-case, tobacco-pouch, glove, brush or necktie-case, is appropriate. While in reverse order, his gift to her must come within the prescribed limits of books, music, bon-bons, plants, and always flowers for any and all occasions, and pets of various kinds. *Articles of wearing apparel and jewelry are strictly tabooed in good society between mere friends or acquaintances.* The young, unmarried minister, always the object of more or less (dis)interested affection among the feminine portion of his congregation, is annually made the unwilling recipient of a curious collection of articles, that no doubt caused the consumption of much manual labor as well as midnight oil. How much more grateful would he be if the equivalent of each gift were sent to him in actual current coin of the realm, with the wish that he use his discretion in its disposal for the needs of the parish poor; or very welcome would be some long desired work or book of reference.

When at a loss to know what to give in any instance, either from lack of means or dearth of selection, there are the three kingdoms to resort to, a whole world of living, palpitant and even creeping things at our disposal, if we only would but realize it. A last year's nest on a twig, a bunch of big brown cattails, with their velvet softness of varied tones, a few sprigs of the silvery catkins, gather in early spring; they retain their fullness and beauty through the year; a bunch of milk weed pods that have burst their cells, showing their milky enclosure, all creamy, fluffy down with brown eyes; these things bear on their faces, not dried and unpleasantly shrunken, but agreeable and beautiful hints of the past summer and its delights, and help to make beautiful a corner of the sitting-room or mantel shelf. A present of a pretty kitten, a puppy, a lamp, and so into the higher form of animal life, is always a charming gift and reminder of the day and donor. A bowl of gold fish, a turtle, a canary-bird would delight some one in one's circle of friends. Again, the department of still life is large, and fruit is always with us.

A brown Japanese lava vase, graceful of curve, artistic in hue, picked out with gold outlining the mythical dragons and sea creatures on its bowl, this holding a yellow chrysanthemum or tea rose, both together (vase and flower) not costing over 85 cents, furnish a gift fit for a princess—at once refined and artistically beautiful; such an offering might be given to anyone under any circumstances, without a backward thought of obligation or indebtedsnes to mar its dainty charm. It is a pretty custom also to reserve the present for the New Year day, thus obviating the appearance of expecting a return, and every one likes to be pleasantly surprised on the initial day of the year, making it a happy portent of the coming days and months.

One thing is obligatory at least, that is to acknowledge by word of mouth or by a few well expressed written words the present received, for we all desire to know of the welcome or safe arrival of our tokens of friendship. It is almost impossible to lay down cast iron rules in the matter of giving and receiving. One must exercise their own tact and good sense. It is pleasant and generally acceptable to be remembered, and it is far better to give a simple thing that may be enjoyed simply than to stain a point to make a good impression. Under the head of useless things are the elaborate Xmas cards, with fringe and ribbons, and the unpractical white gift-books containg dried flowers; happily these senseless *flotsam* and *jetsam* of the holiday season are relegated to the things that were. Sensible people begin early in the season to pick up little artistic, useful and pretty trifles in which the shops abound; to wait until the day is near at hand is a great mistake, for then are the counters and cases filled with trash and the crowds increase, and holiday shopping is indeed a weariness to the flesh and a strain on the nerves, making one wish the holidays were well over, and Christmas gifts abolished.—*The Ladies' World.*

GIFTS WHERE THEY ARE LEAST EXPECTED.

KATHARINE E. FOOT,

Do you want to have a thoroughly happy Christmas? That goes without saying. Then give your gifts large or small, where they are not expected; where no unhappy system of "give and take" prevails. It costs very little to make some people happy. Were you away from home last summer? Was there a lighthouse or a life-saving station near? Or were there fishermen or small farmers far from the towns and the trifles that delight the heart of children and young people, far from everything outside the often too lonely and unattractive homes? Send the magazines of the past year to the lighthouses and to the life-saving station, and to the others also. Pack up the toys that your children have discarded, or, better still, hold them to self-denial and the real luxury of giving by allowing them the choice of having a certain thing themselves or of doing with less; or sharing fairly and generously with the little girls they kept house with on the rocks or in the woods; or with the boys they went fishing with or roamed the pastures beside in the long summer days. They will know what the children most wished for, and will be glad to help gratify those wishes.

Most children are inclined to be generous and to "share up;" so help them to be generous sensibly. Teach them careful, not indiscriminate, giving with justice toward themselves and with thought for others. Anybody can give eternally, if he has money, but it is the cultivation of the heart which teaches one to give with thought and care. The children will learn their most valuable lessons of how to help in the world by beginning young and learning early, and almost without knowing "how to give."

"We often hear that "children live in a world all their own," but only a few rare natures remember, when grown and when old, the unrealized dreams of childhood, which might have been so easily gratified if some one had only been thoughtful enough to find them out. As the children know what their summer playmates most desired, they will eagerly fall into the plan of a box, "express paid," for the far-away home. They, and you elders, also, will get more genuine Christmas out of such a box than in any other way you can possibly imagine. The poor children in large cities have much more done for them than the children who are in some ways better off in isolated country places, inland or by the sea.

We may feel never so kindly toward people, but of what good is it if they never know it? Is not the "outward touch" the inner Christmas spirit? Turn, then, from the satiated crowd at Christmas time to the longing few, and it will surely be a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all.

CHRISTMAS ETIQUETTE NOTES.

BY MYRA SAWYER HAMLIN.

Christmas presents should not be made an obligation; there should be an independence of donor and recipient. It takes a great deal of common sense and independence to accept a costly present from a rich friend, without making any return. And yet what has been no sacrifice for her to make might be an extravagance and sin for you to return. In such a case, it is not only bad morals but bad manners to attempt to give a present of any value.

If your friend has means and wishes to show her affection for you by the purchase of some costly gift, you can best return it by some needle work of your own, a photograph, or any small token of one's thoughts.

If you have money to spend on Christmas presents, do not waste on people who are richer than yourself, but upon those who are *poorer*, or in equal circumstances, or upon children who recognize no obligation, and thank Santa Claus for all.

The sending of Christmas cards has been so much overdone, that in the last few years people of taste have ceased sending them, except in the form of photographs. One can find a large assortment of photographs (unmounted) of famous pictures and people. These can be bought as cheaply as a Christmas card, mounted at *home* and sent to friends at Christmas as a simple reminder of your thought, and yet at the same time something which by Valentine's day will not be so much waste paper. To a musical friend, a photograph of Mozart, Mendelssohn, or Wagner; to a friend who is fond of painting and artists, the head of Michael Angelo, Leonardo, or Raphael, or some copy of some of the great masterpieces. These come in small sizes and may give your friend for the first time an acquaintance with a great work.

Above all, in sending Christmas presents do not send articles that cost and are vulgar and tawdry. A good book, a piece of new music, to friends who like to exchange ideas with you. To others a note written on Christmas day, wishing many happy returns, or a few flowers, entail no obligation, require no work, and do their own work of love as well as costly gifts, and show a delicacy of breeding.

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