The Chestertown Transcript.

$100 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1891. VOL. XXX—NO. 32

LEWIN W. WICKES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Chestertown, - - Maryland.

DR. GENESE.
Of Baltimore, will attend at Betterton every Saturday for all duties pertaining to Dentistry.
March 26, 1891.

DR. W. E. BARNARD,
—Dentist,—
has located permanently, and will be in attendance daily from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., at the residence of Mrs. M. J. Howard, Still Pond, Md., for all duties pertaining to Dentistry.

DR. T. H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIC,
Office Main street, opposite Voshell House, can be found in office every day from 9 A. M. till 12 M., 3 to 4 P. M. and from 7 to 9 P. M. Sundays excepted.
Special attention given to women and children. 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,
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OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:
D. B. Stewart, Pres.; R. G. Nicholson, V-Pres.; G. W. Berry, Treas.; T. G. Newton, Jr., Secy.; H. P. Stewart, Att'y.
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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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(Late of Crew & Ireland)
FRUIT, PODUCE AND LIVE STOCK
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 115 Callowhill Street,
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S. F. CREW. M. L. COULBOURN.
CREW & COULBOURN,
WHOLESALE PRODUCE
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—IN—
FRUIT, PRODUCE,
318 N. Front St., Philadelphia.
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Established 1876.
E. T. COMEGYS,
GENERAL
Commission Merchants,
GRAIN, FRUIT, BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, Etc.
Member of Corn and Flour Exchange.
No. 222 South Charles Street,
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123 SOUTH STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.
SPECIALTIES:
Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Game, Green and Dried Fruits.
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—WITH—
WRIGHT & LONEY,
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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.

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

Makes the Weak Strong
The marked benefit which people in run down or weakened state of health derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves the claim that this medicine "makes the weak strong." It does not act like a stimulant, imparting fictitious strength from which there must follow a reaction of greater weakness than before, but in the most natural way Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, purifies the blood, and, in short, gives great bodily, nerve, mental and digestive strength.
Fagged Out
"Last spring I was completely fagged out. My strength left me and I felt sick and miserable all the time, so that I could hardly attend to my business. I took one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it cured me. There is nothing like it." R. C. BEGOLE, Editor Enterprise, Belleville, Mich.
"I derived very much benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I took for general debility. It built me right up, and gave me an excellent appetite." ED. JENKINS, Mt. Savage, Md.
N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy anything else instead. Insist upon having
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.

SONG OF CHRISTMAS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands:
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born.
With glad jubilations
Bring hope to the nations!
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun:
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

Sing the bridal of nations with chorals of love,
Sing out the war vulture and sing in the dove,
Till the hearts of the people keep time in accord,
And the voice of the world is the voice of the Lord!
Clasp hands of the nations
In strong gratulations;
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace,
East, west, north and south let the long quarrel cease;
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and good-will to man.
Hark! joining in chorus
The heavens bend o'er us;
The dark night is ending and day has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

CHRISTMAS ON AN OLD PLANTATION.

BY REBECCA CAMERON.

My grandfather lived on a rice plantation on the Cape Fear river, in the section known as "The Neck," a region noted for open-handed hospitality, wealth, refinement and culture. He owned a large number of negroes, and was an amiable, easy-going master, much more interested in literature than in rice planting, and preserving in his daily life many of the habits of his English ancestors.

The Christmas holidays on his plantation lasted from Christmas Eve—always a half-holiday—until the Yule log burnt in two after New Year's Day. The first work done in the New Year was the selection by the negroes of the Yule log, or—as they all called it, the "Christmas back-log," for the next Christmas fire.

The driver* marshaled a gang of the best axe hands, and down they went into the swamp to select the biggest, knottiest, most indestructible cypress tree that could be found, which was felled with great ceremony, while the hands chanted a part of the "Coonah" song:

"Christmas comes but once a year,
Ho rang du rango!
Let everybody have a share,
Ho rang du rango!"

When the tree was cut down the butt end of the stock was measured the length of the hall fireplace, "up to de great house," and cut, or sawed off, then hauled down to the canal and anchored where it would get thoroughly water-logged during the ensuing twelve months.

The object of this was to keep it from being burnt too soon; for as long as the Yule log burned the whole plantation force had holiday.

A day or two before Christmas the back-log was hauled to the house and given a bed in the sand, so that the surface-water could drain off. Christmas morning, the moment the misguided fowl "crowed for day," the back-log was carried into the great holly-wreathed hall; the massive brass and irons were dragged forward on the wide, ample hearth, a bed of wet ashes was carefully prepared, and the huge log laid on it; and then an artistic fire of fragrant, resinous lightwood and seasoned oak was built up against it, and the revels had begun.

The week before Christmas—ah! what a deliciously busy and expectant season it was!

The fanners† full of eggs, that were carried into the store-room, gave promise of endless puddings, pies and cakes; while sundry tantalizing whiffs that were borne to us whenever we ranged near the door—and, who could keep away?—made us all long with childish eagerness to shorten the days.

Busy days they were, indeed. Holly and mistletoe had to be wreathed for the hall, dining-room, library and ball-room. Candle papers were to be cut and dipped in melted spermaceti. Cake papers of most elaborate design, were to be originated by aunt's artistic fingers. All the china, silver and glass had to be washed and polished; all the finest, oldest, oddest things in the house plenishing were brought out to do honor to the great festival.

The linen closets were ransacked, and dozens of the finest damask cloths and napkins sent down to the hall closet. Relays of sheets, pillow-cases, blankets and counterpanes were put into readiness for the impromptu beds that were going to be made up wherever there was room for a man to stretch himself.

Christmas Eve came at last, and found the house filled with guests. We children were scrubbed within an inch of our lives, so as to be clean for Christmas, mammy well knowing the impossibility of getting one of us to consent to the daily bath next morning. Then there was a great flitting about to hang up the stockings, and mammy must take notice just whose stocking it was that hung at the foot of the bed, and whose hung on either side of the fireplace, and on the bureau knob; while mammy's own stocking, by universal consent, was given the best place in the room, and hung on a chair right before the fire-place. Then we were tucked into bed, quite sure we would lie awake to see Santa Claus, but only rousing when at four o'clock the horn at the quarters blew a long, clear blast; and we felt the floor shake as the men staggered through the hall passage with the great back-log.

By the time our stockings were emptied and examined, grandpa, fully dressed, had come out of his room into the hall where the servants had set out all the materials for making egg-nog on a gigantic scale. A fanner of fresh eggs, great dishes of sugar, and the cellaret of liquors. When the eggs were beaten to the required degree, viz., until the yelks were the color of rich cream and the whites adhered steadily to the dish when it was turned upside down, the whole was put together in the gigantic china punch-bowl, relic of ancestral feastings across seas in "ye old countrie." I would not dare to say how many eggs, or how much brandy and rum went into the concoction of that bowl of egg-nog.

When it was pronounced right, a waiter of glasses was filled and handed round to the assembled company; and then "the stand"—a great circular, claw-footed mahogany table—was lifted out on the wide front piazza, the flaming sconces were lighted, and the egg-nog bowl, surrounded by pyramids of tumblers, placed upon it. The driver, lurking somewhere in the shadows, began to beat a furious tattoo on a drum; and, as if by magic, all at once the house was surrounded by a sea of torch-bearing negroes, all the hands from the quarters, who had come over to wish "ole master" a happy Christmas, and to receive from him a glass of egg-nog apiece.

My grandfather knew every one of his negroes, big and little, by name; and his greeting was always personal to each. They came up in couples, according to age and dignity, and the unvarying formula was: "Sarvant, Master: merry Christmas to you, an' all de fambly, sir!" "Thank you, Jack, merry Christmas to you and yours!"

The "drinking Christmas in" is at last ended; the negroes returned to the quarters, and after breakfast reassembled again to "git Christmas," as they phrased it. All the family gathered on the front piazza, which was strung with hampers filled with all sorts of things for Christmas gifts. Grandpa invariably gave money, fifty cents in silver to the men, a quarter to the women, and a shilling and sixpence, respectively, to "the chaps" (half-grown boys) and little children, who, in plantation parlance, were called "the trash gang." The ladies distributed the contents of the hampers. Gloves, comforters, Madras handkerchiefs, printed cotton handkerchiefs, balls, tops, knives, pipes, shawls, aprons, cravats, caps, hoods, all sorts of things that experience had thaught their owners the negroes most delighted in. Barrels of apples, and great waiters piled up high with gingerbread and cakes, were divided out, until the last little bow-legged tot had been made happy.

From the piazza, in a straight line to the store-room, filed all the negro women who were wives, "to draw Christmas," which meant getting an extra allowance of meat, rice, molasses, coffee, sugar, flour, dried fruit, and anything of the sort they chose to ask for, to make their holiday feasting. The week before there had been a great hog killing, so that fresh pork would be in abundance for every cabin at the quarters. Then everywhere revelry had full swing. The gentlemen, headed by "ole Master," went deer-hunting, with a large pack of hounds and out-riders, returning to a "great dining dinner"—a special phrase that seemed to heighten the magnitude of the feast to the negroes.

The evening closed with a dance in the ball-room. Uncle Robin, dressed in my great-grandfathers regimentals, and looking, of course, supremely absurd, was the head fiddler, and a remarkably fine one, too. It was delightful to watch him ascend the musicians' stand, bowing with great ceremoniousness to the friendly greetings of the neighborhood gentry, from whom he was quite sure of a perfect shower of gold and silver pieces in the pauses of the dance. "Big Ben" and "Cousin Hannah's Ben," who played second and third fiddle to the old autocrat, followed with due humility behind him, quite certain of as many reproofs from him as they got quarters from the young gentlemen. The banjo player was a unique—a great, big, heavy, awkward-looking fellow, black until he looked blue—and a typical negro; the very last man on the plantation that you would have suspected of having a note of music in him. But just give him a banjo! Dan tuned languidly, with half-shut eyes, struck a note or two to test the strings, and then—if you had one drop of dancing blood in your veins you belonged to him till he chose to stop.

All the negroes came over to the house "to look on," and it would have been hard to tell which half of the company—those indoors or out—had the merriest time. Somewhere about midnight there was a general distribution of hot apple-toddy and rum-punch; and after that came the Virginia reel, and the ball was ended.

The second day after Christmas the John Coonahs* began to make their appearance. Sometime in the course of the morning, an ebony herald, breathless with excitement, would project the announcement: "De John Coonahs comin'!" and away flew every pair of feet within nursery precincts.

There they come, sure enough! A long, grotesque procession, winding slowly over the hill from the quarters; a dense body of men (the women took no part in it, save as spectators) dressed in the oddest, most fantastic garb, representing birds and beast and men; Ragged and tattered, until "ragged as a Coonah" was a common plantation simile; with strips and tatters of all sorts of cloth, in which white and red flannel had a conspicuous part, sewed all over their clothes in tufts and fringes. They were, indeed, a marvelous spectacle. Rude imitations of animals' heads, with and without horns, hid some faces; pasteboard masks covered some; while streaks and spots of red, white and yellow paint metamorphosed others; and immense beards of horse-hair, or Spanish moss, were plentiful.

The leader—for there seemed to be some regular organization among them, though I never could persuade any negro to explain it to me—was the most fantastic figure of them all. A gigantic pair of branching deer horns decorated his head; his arms bare to the elbows, were hung with bracelets thickly set with jingling bells and metal rings; similar bells were fastened to the fringes of rags around his legs.

The banjo, the bones, triangles, castanets, fifes, drums and all manner of plantation musical instruments, accompanied the procession. One of the Coonahs, generally a small and very nimble man, was dressed in woman's clothes, and though he danced in frantic zeal, never violated the proprieties supposed to be incumbent upon the wearer of skirts.

Once before the hall-door, the leader snapped his whip with a crack like a pistol-shot. Everything stood still for an instant; we dared not draw a breath, and could hear the tumultous beating of our hearts as we pressed closer to mamma or grandpa.

The awful stillness is broken by another resonant crack of the whip; and at the instant the whole medley of instruments began to play, and, with their first note, out into the open sprang the dancers. Those weird, grotesque, even hideous creatures embody the very ideal of joyous, harmonious movement. Faster and faster rings out the wild barbaric melody; faster and faster falls the beat of the flying feet, never missing the time by the space of a midge's breath. One after another the dancers fall out of line, until only the woman and the leader are left to exhibit their best steps and movements.

About this time one of the dancers, a hideous travesty of a bear, snatches a hat off of the head of the nearest pickaninny, and begins to go around to the "white folks," to gather the harvest of pennies with which every one is provided. All the while the dance was in progress the musical voice of the leader was chanting the Coonah song, the refrain of which was taken up by hundreds of voices.

As the wild chant draws to a close, out of the hall door run a bevy of white children with laps and hats full of nuts, raisins, apples, oranges, cakes and candy, and scatter the whole among the crowd. Such a scramble as follows! The last fragment gathered up, all at once the leader cracks his whip, and whirls round with his face from the house, and the crowd marches to the next plantation.

Some time during the Christmas week the negroes had a grand ball. There was a very large and comfortable servants' hall attached to my grandfather's kitchen, and in it the ball was held. It was made gay with holly and myrtle boughs, myrtle-wax candles in the ball-room sconces lighted the scene, aided by the immense silver branch candlesticks, the crowning glory of the great drawing-room. Not seldom the ball was opened by "young master, hisself," who danced either with his mammy, the driver's wife, or some newly-wedded bride.

But, meanwhile, the Yule log has been slowly burning out. Uncle Tony, coming in to mend the fire, discovers that the log is only two chunks now. When the family go to dinner he will carry one chunk out, extinguish the fire upon it, and lay it in the path between the house and the kitchen. The next morning he will put it away in the corner of the wood-house to start the next year's Christmas fire. But while it lies in the path it is a sign well understood. Over the plantation has flown the news, "De back-log done burn in two, an' Cousin Tony lay um out!"

The long merry festival has ended. The negroes will dance and frolic all night long, and to-morrow, at daybreak, the overseer's horn will blow; each gang will muster under its head man, and the plantation work begin.

* One of the negroes, who was selected by the overseer as a superintendent of the working force, or "field hands."

† Fanners were large, square split baskets, holding about two-and-a-half bushels, and were for carrying rough rice from the fans to the mortars.

* I have been unable to discover the origin of the Coonahs, and do not know in how many of the Southern States they were known. My impression is that the custom was introduced into South Carolina by the slaves who accompanied Governor Sir John Yeamans from Barbadoes, and from there were brought by his descendents into North Carolina, when they resettled his old colony on the Cape Fear River. They were confined altogether on the low country, or tide-water region. The Coonahs were an institution principally known on the South Carolina, Georgia and Florida coast, and New Orleans.

CHRISTMAS NOTES.

Christmas cards were first published and issued from Summerly's Home Treasury office, London, in the year 1846. The design of the first one was drawn by J. C. Horsley, R. A.

The skeleton in the closet just now is apt to be a jointed doll.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Says Santa:
"For the child of the North, a rose from the summer land far;
For the child of the South, a snowflake a flash like a star;
For a child of the West, a lark with the glad sunrise light:
For the child of the East, a whip-poor-will song and good night!"
Says Santa.
—*Wide Awake.*

Never look a gift horse in the teeth. It is also wrong to look a Christmas gift in the price mark.—*Somerville Journal.*

Don't quarrel with your best girl just to sneak out of buying a Christmas present for her. Don't start out to buy a $300 musical box for her, then compromise with yourself on a thirty-five-cent box of notepaper.—*Philadelphia Call*

From the editor's almanac: About this time plant Christmas poems—in the wastebasket.—*Boston Post.*

The old "Shepherd's Kalendar" has this much to say about Christmas weather: "If the sun shines clear and bright on Christmas day it promiseth a peaceable year from clamors and strife, and foretells much plenty to ensue; but if the wind blow stormy toward sunset it betokeneth sickness in the spring and autumn quarters."

The Gift of Gifts.

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by NIGHT.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a SAVIOUR, which is CHRIST THE LORD.

And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying; Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste and found Mary and Joseph,
AND THE BABE
LYING IN A MANGER."

A Priceless Jewel.

"Contentment, that balm against the ravages of worldly unrest, where can it be found, and what is its price? Not silver or gold, but patient striving with a thankful heart will bring it to the soul who desires it, and in its possession lurks the charm to chase away unhappy visions, to still unwise longings, and to open the inner vision to the peaceful delights of the home, the friends, the advantages which may be ours. And so, through all the phases of human happiness we may go, finding always that its true essence is something that must be gained without money and without price."—*Harpers' Bazar.*

THE TRUE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

Has the spirit of Christmas come to you? I do not mean the spirit of Christmas as evidenced by the dainty things from the Christmas tree, the plums in the pudding, or the rich juice of the gravy; but I do mean—are you ready to put out your hand to her whom you have thought did you an unkindness?

Are you ready to ask forgiveness for the thoughtless word spoken?

Are you ready to overlook what seemed to you a slight? And are you ready to ask that each one near and dear to you may be joyful and happy, and that the stranger at the gates may not be forgotten?

Unless you can do all this the Christmas spirit is not in you.

And if it is not, then, my dear woman, get down on your knees and pray to that little Child who came on earth so many years ago that he might bring to it light and joy, and ask him to open your heart to the light and love of kindness.

Do you want to make a happy Christmas for yourself and for other people? Then give, and give royally. Royal giving means generously bestowing of the best that you have to those least used to possessing.

Your royal gift may be but a loving message, but be sure if it is given in the name of that little Child it will bring happiness wherever it goes, and, like the water of the fountain, it will return to you with its virtues a thousand times greater, and you will be made better and younger by it. In your joy remember the children, not just your own—they have you to look after them—but think of the little ones whose homes are bare, where life is like a tossing sea.

Remember the sick children. Think of the joy a beautiful toy, a great, round orange, a big bag of candies only to be looked at, will bring to the little ones whose limbs are tied down forever. Think of the great picture-book over which the eyes will open wide—eyes, my friend, that will soon be closed forever in death; and of a great and intense delight felt when a wonderful tree is recognized, or a bird's name is known to the little boy whose life has been spent in the close streets. These are gifts that you will never regret. Give of them—give of your plenty and from your heart, and be sure that to each little one of your own will come special happiness because you have remembered the sufferers among the babies. When that Divine Baby slept so quietly in the stable, the great kings of the earth thought it worth while to bring presents to Him, and surely as you consider the least among these, He will remember you. Let the bells ring out then on Christmas morning and let your heart beat in unison as you know that you have brought joy unto His little ones. Children are God's own angels sent by him to brighten the world, and what we do for these messengers from the sky, especially at that time of the year which belongs to them, will come back to us threefold, like unto bread cast upon the waters.

Remember, the first Christmas gifts were laid at the feet of a child—a poor child of humble parents. Give your gifts then to the humble, to the poor, to the helpless, and thus will your own Christmas be a happy one.—*Exchange.*

Honors to the Brute Creation.

On the first night of Christ's life God honored the brute creation. You cannot get into that Bethlehem barn without going past the camels, the mules, the dogs, the oxen. The brutes of that stable heard the first cry of the infant Lord. Some of the old painters represent the oxen and comels kneeling that night before the new-born Babe. And well might they kneel. Have you ever thought that Christ came, among other things, to alleviate the sufferings of the brute creation? Was it not appropriate that he should, during the first few days of his life on earth, be surrounded by the dumb beasts, whose moan and plaint and bellowing have for ages been a prayer to God for the arresting of their tortures and the righting of their wrongs? It did not merely "happen so" that the unintelligent creatures of God should have been that night in close neighborhood. Not a kennel in all the centuries, not a bird's nest, not a worn-out horse on the tow-path, not a herd freezing in the poorly built cow-pen, not a freight car in summer time bringing the beeves to market without water through a thousand miles of agony, not a surgeon's room witnessing the struggles of fox, or rabbit, or pigeon, or dog in the horrors of vivisection, but has an interest in the fact that Christ was born in a stable surrounded by brutes. He remembers that night, and the prayer he heard in their pitiful moan he will answer in the punishment of those who maltreat the dum brutes.
TALMAGE.

Christmas Conundrums.

When is a Christmas goose like a pincushion?

When it is stuffed.

Why should large dealers in cattle and sheep beware of Christmas Eve?

Because so many stockings (stockkings) are hung then.

What claws never scratch?

Santa Claus (claws).

What young ladies are always welcome at a Christmas festival?

Christmas belles (bells).

What is the wisest thing about the Christmas roast turkey?

The sage.

A New Christmas Game.

For the benefit of those who have become tired of the old-fashioned games usually played at Christmas, we suggest the following.

Gather a party on Christmas eve, or early Christmas morning, and then hunt up a lot of poor people who have no Christmas dinner, and give them one.

The game can be played by any number of persons, and is warranted to make more real enjoyment and merriment for all who take part in it than any other game.
—*N. Y. Press.*

Clerk—"I am very sorry, but we are all out of mistletoe."

Miss Kisam—Dear me! Isn't there anything to take its place?"

Clerk—"Well, madam, that depends upon the man."—*Puck.*

SONG of a barber—Christmas combs but once a year.—*Washington Hatchet.*

SEASONABLE THOUGHTS.

Christmas tide is peculiarly a season of joy and festivity. Its "good cheer" has passed into a proverb. Christmas is the birthday of Christendom. It may, in a sense, be said to be the birthday of all Christians. Those who celebrate no other birthday celebrate this. There are none so poor as not to find ways and means to secure a visit from Santa Claus on Christmas eve, and none so rich as not to long for his visits. The festival is universal—not confined to any sect of Christians, nor to any group of nations. All persons born in peace of Christianity have an inheritance in it. Its celebration is becoming year by year more universal. It is difficult to find a person who does not now keep it as the greatest holiday.

Fitting it is that He who came to proclaim peace on earth to men of good will should be honored in a festival of good humor. Christmas is of religious institution. But while its pious features are not forgotten, its peculiarly human features are becoming constantly more prominent. In it we remember not only our own kith and kin, but our neighbors, our fellow-citizens, our fellow-countrymen, and beyond all these all our fellow-beings—only a minute friction of whom we can ever personally know. To asist at such a festival makes us all better—it widens our sympathies. The whole human race is one. Every person is in one way or another dependent upon some one else for everything that makes life tolerable. Commerce, even in spite of wars and aggressions, is every year bringing all branches of the human family into closer relation. Bad as the savage and semi-civilized nations and races are now treated by the highly civilized nations that come into contact with them, their treatment is much better than it was in the past. The world, in spite of cynicism, is getting better. The improvement is sure if slow.

The burning of the Yule log lights up happy homes. The sparks chase away the demons of discontent that seem to haunt many homes at all seasons of the year but Christmas. Many persons, perhaps most mature persons, while watching the sparks ascending, think of friends absent—some temporarily, some forever. The Egyptians were in the habit of having a reminder of death at all their feasts. We require no material coffin at our great annual reunion of families to tell us of the "mourned, the loved, the lost."

A children's festival is sure to be well celebrated. Children are not restrained by the prudential-motives which often prevent mature persons from satisfying their desires. The little folks will have their way. Their fathers and mothers, even if they had to stint themselves in other directions, would be compelled to keep up Christmas in its pristine glory. We are at peace with all the world—indeed, it may be said of the present time as of the morn of the Nativity,

"No war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around."

As a nation we were never more prosperous than now. This will be in fact, as well as in name, a "Merry Christmas."

THE HOLLY BRANCH AND THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

By the common people of England the holly is called "Christmas," from its use for so long a period at that holiday. It was known in ancient times as holy, holm or hulder bush. The name holly is supposed to be a corruption of the word holy, as it was once called holy-tree, and by the Germans "Christdorn," the Danes, "Christorn," and the Swedes "Christorn," seeming to justify the supposition. The use of holly in this city dates back in very small quantities fifteen or twenty years, until now it has risen to seve[illegible] hundred cases, each case equaling [illegible] five barrels. The supplies come from Delaware and Tennessee, the latter, however, not being the best variety. It used to be obtained from Southern New Jersey, but the long-continued cutting has shortened the supply there.

American holly is classed by Gray as an ilex—from a Latin word for the holy-oak—rather than a true holy. The specific name of the true American holly is opaca, and it can be found wild in moist woods from Maine to Pennsylvania, but is more plenty from Virginia southward. It is a tree from twenty to forty feet high, the deep green foliage less glossy, the berries not so bright red and the nutlets not so veined as in the European holly; the leaves are oval and flat and the wavy margins scattered with spiny teeth.

The use of the mistletoe is supposed to be of Druidish origin, probably by way of Scandinavia. At any rate, in early Scandinavian mythology it is related that Nana one of the goddesses, took a shaft or stick of mistletoe to collect tears on, and he who examines will still find them on the fruitful bush of the mistletoe in the form of little white berries. So much for sentiment, and much connected with this peculiar plant is of sentimental character. Unlike the holly and other decorative plants, it has not much to recommend it. A few sprigs are all that is called for, and the entire quantity demanded is not large.

Looking Toward the Sunset.

The world has always treated me well, and every day I feel less and less like scolding and complaining. But yet I would not want to make this my eternal residence. I love to watch the clouds, and to bathe my soul in the blue sea of heaven; but I expect when the firmament is rolled away as a scroll to see a new heaven, grander, higher and more glorious. You ought to be willing to exchange your body that has headaches and side aches and weaknesses innumerable, that limps with the stone-bruise or festers with the thorn, or flames on the funeral pyre of fevers, for an incorruptible body and an eye that blinks not before the jasper gates and the great white throne. But between that and this there is an hour about which no man should be reckless orfoolhardy. I doubt not your courage, but I tell you that you will want something better than a strong arm, a good aim and a trusty sword when you come to your last battle. You will need a better robe than any in your wardrobe to keep your arm in that place.—REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, in *Ladies' Home Journal.*

SURER foundation cannot be laid than the real merit which is the solid base for the monumental success of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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