The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM IN—ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1892. VOL. XXXI—NO. 32

ADVERTISING RATES:

One square (8 lines nonpariel type), 3 or less insertions—$1.00. Each subsequent insertion 25 cents.

☞ Yearly and Monthly advertisements at moderate rates.

JOB WORK of ALL KINDS

DONE AT MODERATE PRICES.

☞ Orders sent by mail will receive prompt attention.

Address all business communications to the TRANSCRIPT, Chestertown, Md.

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

WILLIAM W. BECK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Chestertown, Maryland.
Office with M. deK. Smith on Court Street.

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

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.

H. T. FAUNTLEROY. JOSEPH BASIN, JR.
H. T. FAUNTLEROY & CO.,
Commission Merchants,
320 Light Street, Baltimore, Md.
Shipments Solicited of Grain, Fruit and General Produce.
REFERENCES—City National Bank, Baltimore, Md.; Planters' Nat. Bank, Richmond, Va., and Mercantile Agencies.
Sept. 15, 1892—y.

D. B. STEWART COMPANY,
INCORPORATED SEPT. 25, 1890.
(Succeeding D. B. Stewart & Co., established October, 1883.)
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.
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.
Reference, by permission, Merchants' National Bank, Baltimore.

WILLIAM P. IRELAND,
(Late of Crew & Ireland)
FRUIT, PODUCE AND LIVE STOCK
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 115 Callowhill Street,
PHILADELPHIA

J. R. NYCE & CO.,
—:PRODUCE:—
Commission Merchants,
123 SOUTH STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.
SPECIALTIES:
Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Game, Grain and Dried Fruits.
REFERENCES.—Third National Bank, Baltimore, Md.; National Valley Bank, Staunton, Va.; Commercial Agencies.
Correspondence Solicited. a9-6m.

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,
BALTIMORE, MD.
REFERENCE—Merchants National Bank

1830 to 1892.
IN BUSINESS 62 YEARS.
The Price, in PLAIN FIGURES, marked on every article.
ALWAYS FULL VALUE FOR THE PRICE
HAMILTON EASTER & SONS,
23, 25 & 27 Baltimore St.
White Marble Building—Near Light St.,
BALTIMORE,
IMPORTERS, JOBBERS & RETAILERS
—OF—
DRY GOODS,
Offer to the readers of this paper a very large stock of the best class of Goods, including all descriptions of DRY GOODS required by HOUSEKEEPERS.
Dress Goods, Silks, Velvets, Laces, Dress Trimmings, Shawls, Ladies' and Misses' Wraps, Furs, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Embroideries, Notions, Corsets, Flannels, Cloths and Woolen Goods for Men's and Boys' Wear, Blankets, Domestic Cotton Goods from all the best Manufacturers.
Our stock will compare favorably in extent, variety and good taste with any house in the United States.
Samples sent when we receive plain instructions of what is wanted and about the price required.

IRON Bound and Rattan Bushel Baskets for sale at J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.'S.

I. WM. HINES WITH LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,
HEADQUARTERS
—FOR—
10, 12 & 15-DOLLAR SUITS,
Latest Styles,
Latest Makes,
Newest Shades,
Newest Materials.
—ALL—
Our Own Manufacture
WORKMANSHIP, FIT AND WEAR GUARANTEED.
CHILDREN'S SUITS $5,
ALL WOOL (GUARANTEED).
LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF THE BEST BALTIMORE-MADE CLOTHING,
Nos. 10 and 12 East Baltimore St., Near Charles.

SHINGLES.
Worked Flooring, Etc.
BUILDING LUMBER.
GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.
414 Light Street Wharf,
BALTIMORE.
WRITE US FOR PRICES.

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.

For Over a Century It Has Been
THE LEADER
LEA'S
FLOUR!

WM. S. CULP,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
COAL and WOOD,
—ALSO—
LIME and BALED HAY.
☞ COAL ALL SIZES. ☜
WOOD SAWED and SPLIT for cooking and kindling, delivered at short notice.
☞ Orders left at CHARLES S. SMITH'S promptly attended to.
WILLIAM S. CULP,
March 19, 1891. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

L. C. ZIRCKEL & BRO.,
1821—1829 Canton Avenue, Baltimore, Md.,
SOLE AGENTS FOR
Tower's Oiled Clothing, Hats, Etc.
Metropolitan Rubber Co.'s
Rubber Clothing and Mackintoshes.
LYCOMING RUBBER CO.'S
EXTRA FINE QUALITY
Rubber Boots and Shoes.
THE LYCOMING
NON-SNAG DUCK BOOT,
The Best in the World.
Write for Discounts. j16-tf.

SUBSCRIPTION to the TRANSCRIPT One dollar.

FAY'S TWO CHRISTMASES.

[Copyright, 1892, by American Press Association.]

"TOMORROW is Christmas! Tomorrow is Christmas!" cried little Fay, clapping her hands as she danced along the sidewalk in the softly falling snow. "Did you know tomorrow is Christmas, Fido?" And Fido jumped and barked and rolled in the snow, and bounded up again, and ran scurrying off, saying as plainly as he could that he knew something delightful was at hand.

Fay had seen the Christmas tree and had been told how wonderfully beautiful it would be on the morrow, with its lighted tapers and wonderful presents, and fancy had pictured a paradise, and little five-year-old Fay was surely the happiest child in grim old smoky St. Louis.

"Did you know Christmas is coming tomorrow, sir?" she asked the white haired old man as she skipped along by his side.

"Why, to be sure it is! To be sure it is!" said he as an unwonted glow warmed up his heart again, and they walked along several blocks while she told him over and over again what she was going to have on the Christmas tree. Presently he said, turning to her:

"Where do you live, little one?"

"At Twenty-fifth street and Cleveland avenue," said she glibly.

"Well, you had better run home," said he: "here we are at Grand avenue, and papa and mamma will grow uneasy if their little one stays out too late, and it is already growing dusk. Yonder is that church, you see; keep your eye on that, and you can find your way home."

And as he saw her with a goodby go dancing through the snow he went on to his own home, the happier for the short glint of sunshine from the little one's curls.

"Grand avenue! Grand avenue! I have never been so far as Grand avenue before!" and she almost ran into a decrepit old woman bent with age who was plodding through the now blinding snowstorm.

"Hello, little golden curls! Where are you going this evening?" she asked.

"Going home to our Christmas tree," said little Fay as she clapped her hands gayly. "Won't you come and go with me?"

"Oh, no. I have a more beautiful one. Come and see mine," said the old woman, while her eyes gazed keenly at the necklace little Fay wore.

"I must hurry home," said Fay. "I live down on Cleveland avenue and Twenty-fifth street."

"That is just where I am going," said the little old woman, "so we will go along together." And asking about the Christmas tree she started Fay to talking, while they went on and on and on, and it kept growing darker and darker till they could scarcely see each other, and Fay asked if they were not almost there, and the old woman said, "Yes, they were," and then she

SHE ALMOST RAN INTO A DECREPIT OLD WOMAN.

told Fay she would carry her if she was tired, and lifting her in her arms she did not seem such an old, decrepit creature at all as she went stalking through the snowstorm, while little Fay fell asleep thinking of Christmas.

* * * * * * *

The morning papers that Christmas morning called upon all generous people to add to the happiness of Christmas morning and help to heal two wounded hearts by restoring to them their little daughter Fay, with "blue eyes and golden hair." The evening papers found clews and chased them down, and thus it went day after day and week after week, but if the earth had swallowed her up little Fay could not have disappeared more completely.

* * * * * * *

Winter snows melted away and watered the earth for the coming of spring flowers; spring flowers blossomed into fruits of summer and were succeeded in turn by the falling of autumn leaves. Winter had whitened the northern fields once again, when on the edge of a rolling river close to the limpid waters of the Gulf of Mexico, where the sun still shone with warm, bright rays and the zephyrs still fanned the fragrance of the orange tree, a band of strolling gypsies were encamped. Dark browed and swarthy visaged they were, from the child playing in front of the tent to the old dame crooning over a wild melody. But there was one exception; a fair—very fair—little girl of perhaps six years, with matted, tangled hair that still showed its gold, and with eyes of heaven's deep blue that seemed to have a world of thought in them, lay in the warm sunlight on the edge of the camp, dreaming dreams and thinking thoughts she dared not utter. In the weary tramps for the past year she had learned well the lesson that she must obey each nod and beck and keep her thoughts to herself. And so she lay dreaming and hearing nothing of the talk going on in the tent till she heard the words:

"Day after tomorrow will be Christmas, you know."

What was that? Christmas! She had not heard the word for a year! What memories it brought rushing, crowding back upon her brain! Christmas! Could she ever forget? She could see the Christmas tree now, and the snow falling upon the streets of the dear old city, and Fido, too, and at last a little, bent and decrepit woman, who became a tall, strong woman so quickly and so mysteriously. It all seemed so strange, and so far, far away now.

When the hour for sleep came she was still thinking and thinking, and she received a slap from the hard hand of old Nancy for heedlessness, and she crawled off into a corner of the tent and cried softly to herself.

But she could not sleep. The picture of a kind, manly face, and the warmth of a mother's fond embrace remained and abided with her. Hour after hour passed in this way till at last she could stand it no longer. Slipping on her shoes and stockings, and taking her little worn and ragged cloak, which reminded her of home, she went quietly and cautiously into the moonlight and over to the wagon road.

Which way should she turn? Surely home lay this way, and she ran along up the road, and for the first time in, oh, so many months laughed aloud in her glee. A rabbit ran along with its queer, long leaps in front of her, and stopped once or twice to gaze back at her with its great gray eyes, and she laughed again in the moonlight and went tripping along. The moon sank lower and lower as she kept up her journey hour after hour without flagging, and presently the eastern sky began to redden. The birds began to twitter on the boughs, the cows to low away off over the hills, and all nature gave notice that it was waking up from its slumbers for another day's life.

But nothing in animate creation was as happy as Fay. She was free—free as the breeze that tossed her tangled curls back and forth. And she was going home—home to papa and mamma. Could anybody be as happy as she?

"Howdy do, little bird?" she chirruped. "Are you very happy, and is it going to be your Christmas tomorrow? Howdy do, you great big round sun? I see you coming up over the hills away off yonder. Quit hurting my eyes when I look at you. Do you know that Christmas is coming tomorrow?"

Once in a great while she would pass a farmhouse, and when the sun was well up above the horizon she came to where a man was walking across the road with two great steaming buckets of milk.

"Hello, little girl—where are you going?" said he.

"I am going home," she said with a smile.

"You are out pretty early," he returned. "Don't you want some milk?" And taking his cup he filled it for her, and then he did it again, laughing as he left, saying, "You must like good sweet milk."

Fay nodded and smiled and tripped along. After awhile she came to a railroad track. Ah, that is the way to go home surely, she thought, for railroads go everywhere. But how could she ride? The past twelvemonth had taught her financial wisdom among the traders she had been with, and she knew that riding upon the train cost money, and she had not even so much as a penny. But she dismissed the thought of trouble and tripped along the track, plucking little flowers by the wayside and laughing aloud, overjoyed at the sound of her own glad, free voice.

When she came to a long bridge, with the great beams lying very far apart for her, her heart beat a little more rapidly as she began stepping upon them, but she kept bravely on and clapped her little hands gayly when she got across. Soon she came to a little strange house, but no one was there, and she sat upon a beam to rest. It was a very queer looking little house, and looked like a great round tub set upon immense posts. After awhile she heard the hoarse whistle of an engine; then came the rumble of a heavy train, and the great iron horse, with his carriage, stood puffing and blowing right by the side of the strange kind of house, and a big iron pipe swung itself over to the housetop, and she could hear water running.

Ah, if she only had money to pay for a ride! It was so far and already she was so tired. And she looked at the strong engine till she could hardly see it, for the tears would fill her eyes in spite of all her efforts. But just then a great gust of smoke and steam came out and enveloped her, and to her it became a kind faced old man, with great, long white beard, and as it wrapped its soft arms around her it said:

"I am the Spirit of Steam. As soft as I am, I draw this immense train of cars. But for me they would lie here helpless and useless. When I am called I respond with joy, and I leap through the air, whirling this great rumbling train after me by the weight of my little finger. Climb up the steps and get on my train. I will take care of you, and I will carry you home to papa and mamma, and the Christmas tree that was to be so very long ago shall come back again."

And wrapped in the arms of the Spirit of Steam she climbed up the steps of the great engine and lay down in a corner. It was very black and dirty with coal, but she was so tired, and when a great strong man sprang into the engine and it started off with a snort the Spirit of Steam folded her in his arms again and sang in her ear such a sweet and soothing lullaby that her soul floated far away into dreamland while she was carried swiftly over the country toward the land where Santa Claus greets Christmas amid snow and ice.

"Dick," said the engineer to the fireman as their train went thundering across the prairie, "is this some joke of yours?" and

"HOW ON EARTH DID SHE COME THERE?"

he pointed to a fair face partly covered with tangled curls, which lay sleeping in the corner.

"How on earth did she come there?" asked Dick. And the blank amazement in his eyes was too genuine to be counterfeited.

The two men sat gazing at each other. Each was sure that he had been in that corner within five minutes, and they had been running for twenty miles—ever since they had left the little water tank just outside of R——.

"Don't you remember," asked Dick, "that I put your coat in that corner after we left R——?"

"Yes," was the slow reply, "I do. And she is lying on it there now. How did she get here?"

But neither had any explanation to offer. Each in his heart thought perhaps it was a warning of coming danger or some sort of supernatural visitation to watch over them, and determined to keep the little one on the engine to the end of their run, if possible. Careful examination, which showed a weak piston rod and gave opportunity to repair it, and the sight of an open switch, which saved the train, confirmed them both in their opinion, and the little waif slept on undisturbed.

FAY'S HOMECOMING.

When the trainmen reached the end of of their division they learned that two freight wrecks had caused a demand for crews, and so they were ordered to continue straight through to St. Louis.

Want of sleep the night before had had its effect upon their strange passenger, and not till they were again whirling away across the country did a little form rise in the corner and a little voice come forth through the dusk, saying:

"Is it Christmas yet?"

"No, my little lady," said Jack Burns as he and Dick turned quickly and looked at her. "Who are you, how did you get here, and where are you going?"

"I am Fay," said the little girl, "and the Spirit of Steam helped me up on the engine here, and I am going home.

"I am very hungry," she added presently, "and I haven't had anything to eat since I drank some milk long before I came here."

Before she finished speaking the choice of Dick's lunch basket was before her. A good supper was soon finished, and the cold rain and sleet outside, joined to the warm blaze of the coal inside, caused the eyes to droop, and soon she was curled up in the corner asleep again.

"Well, it does knock me out," said Dick. "What do you think it means anyhow?"

"I don't know," said Jack dreamily. "There is something uncanny about it all. She will unfold her wings and quietly fly out the window before we know it, I guess."

* * * * * * *

It was nearly daylight when little Fay opened her eyes and sat up. It was snowing, and the flakes were coming down thick and fast, and the sight made her heart leap for joy. The weather was just like that of a year ago, and she remembered every circumstance connected with that fateful Christmas eve. On and on went the train.

After awhile they entered the suburbs of a great smoky city, for now it was broad daylight, and even the sun was trying to come up, and she could see the interminable row after row of houses, with the smoke from their chimneys curling upward in the still air. Presently they came up to another station, and she heard a voice back on the train call out "Grand avenue."

"Grand avenue! Grand avenue!" whispered the Spirit of Steam as it came in through the cab window and wrapped her in its arms. "This is your place! Come down the steps and I will hold you in my arms."

And when the old engine pulled out from the station, and Jack and Dick found their strange passenger missing, they looked at each other, but said never a word.

And Fay was standing in a snowdrift. It was very cold, and she followed two men going up over the hill. She remembered Grand avenue and the kind old gentleman who had told her to run home, but how could she find her way? And while she was thinking, and her fingers and toes were growing cold and her lip was beginning to tremble, she heard the chimes of the church and saw the spire that the kind old gentleman had pointed out to her, and away she went on the wings of the wind!

In fact, the wind would have to have very large wings and work them with prodigious force to go half as fast as she did. And when she did get into the yard of the old house it seemed as if she would never be able to reach the door, for Fido would not let her by, but just pushed her down and played with her and kissed her and just barked and barked till he cried. And when she couldn't get the door open and ran and knocked on the window, and saw papa and mamma sitting by a Christmas tree just like the one a year before, and they both sprang up and screamed and ran to the door, and she felt their loving embraces and tender kisses, her heart ran over with tears of love and happiness.

Ah, but wasn't that a Christmas! It would take a thousand yule logs to equal in Fay's eyes the little lighted tapers hanging from the limbs of the evergreen tree; it would take hundreds of wassail bowls to compare with the sugar plums and candies that delighted her eyes. And then the dolls, and the wonderful watches with real hands, and the tin tigers and lions that looked so fierce you could hardly recognize them, and the candy mice and pigs that deserved to be eaten and met their deserts, and Noah's ark, with so many animals that you could not tell what half of them were, and ever so many wonderful things besides!

And when at last she lay so sweetly restful in mamma's arms, with papa looking fondly down, every bell in the city seemed to know it and shouted out the glad tidings as loud as its brazen throat could yell, only gradually quieting down in its excess of joy to join at the close in the harmonious refrain—"Peace on earth! Peace on earth!"

HARRY W. COCKERILL.

THE HOME OF SANTA CLAUS.

[Copyright, 1892, by American Press Association.]

Far off in the north, where the winter winds blow
With a fierceness they never have here,
Where Nature is clothed with perpetual snow,
And the sleighing is good all the year,
I traveled this season without any guide,
Which I found was a bad thing to do,
For, walking along where I dared not to ride,
Why, I stepped in a hole and fell through.

"Fell through into what?" do I hear you inquire?
It is lucky I still live to tell,
For roasted I'd been had there been any fire—
Down a chimney it was that I fell.
And who owned the chimney you never could guess,
Nor could find it, though far you should roam;
The place is a secret, but I will confess
I had dropped into Santa Claus' home.

It's needless to say that I made a great noise
When I tumbled down there in a heap;
I scattered a lot of old Santa Claus' toys
And awakened him out of his sleep.
He raised up his head and he rubbed his round eyes,
Then he gazed while I made a low bow,
And you could not manifest greater surprise
Should he come down your chimney now.

"Now what does this mean?" he exclaimed with a frown,
"What intruder is this that I see?"
His pardon I asked, though I said I fell down,
And was sure that he couldn't blame me.
He smiled, shook his head and proceeded to say—
For he couldn't be cross should he try—
"You'll come down a flue in a quieter way
When you've gone through as many as I!"
And then, as a mark of his hearty good will,
He desired me to tarry awhile.
"My home," he continued, "is built in a hill,
And extends underground for a mile.
Perhaps its large rooms you would like to explore
To perceive where I make all my toys,
And gaze at the thousands and thousands in store
To be given to good girls and boys."

The rooms were ablaze with electrical light,
And the lamps were of many a hue—
Some orange, some green, there were tints soft and bright,
And ten thousand in red, white and blue.
There were evergreen trees filled with gifts without end—
Here a doll, there a toy or a book—
Which Santa had hung till he made the boughs bend,
Just to see how attractive they'd look.

"Don't think," he remarked as we started around,
"I alone make the toys which you see;
I rap, and small fairies come forth from the ground,
Who delight to do service for me.
They work with a will, either daytime or night,
Ever ready to come when I call"—
Then thump went his cane, and up came a sprite
Who escorted us down a long hall.

The first room we entered was filled with tenscore
Of these fairies, all working on dolls;
There were dolls on the tables, and dolls on the floor,
And new dresses hung round on the walls.
The fairies were making them look very choice—
The most costly could, some of them, talk,
And while I was looking one raised up its voice,
Saying, "Mamma, please take me to walk!"

The fairies nor Santa their smiles could repress,
And he said, "They are cute little elves;
I notice sometimes, when they make a nice dress,
They will wear it awhile on themselves."
He nodded and bade them a pleasant good day,
Then we heard a low chattering noise,
As, leaving this room, we continued our way
To discover some things for the boys.

Attention was drawn by a rattle and hum
To a room down the hall on our right.
We peeped in and saw twenty gnomes round a drum
They were beating with all of their might;
And some of their brothers were busy with tops,
But their work with their sport they divide,
For when one is finished a gnome on it hops;
Others spin it and give him a ride.

The next room we came to was packed full of sleds;
In the next they were making baseballs;
There were sheep, cows and horses, with moveable heads,
And toy stables all fitted with stalls;
Balloons and expresses, and cars that will run,
Many puzzles and numberless games,
And things new and queer that would cause endless fun—
But I promised I'd not tell their names.

Through room and through hallway thus onward we passed,
Seeing toys of all possible sorts—
Some made and some making—arriving at last
Where old Santa receives his reports.
His messengers go to all parts of the land
To learn what the children desire;
The list of the good ones he keeps safe at hand;
That of bad ones he throws in the fire.

My host was as busy as busy could be,
For the season of presents was nigh;
So, thanking him much for his kindness to me,
I reluctantly bade him goodby.

FRANK J. BONNELLE.

CHRISTMAS KEEPING.

American Ways—Customs of Our English, Dutch and French Progenitors.

CHRISTMAS was an honored day of festivity in our country from the first, for Dutch, English and French Huguenots all brought the happy custom with them. Feasting was the common characteristic of all, but its degrees and kinds varied. The Dutch—mild and moderate in most things—made their Christmas keeping a somewhat prolonged festival, often taking more than a week, indulging in all the "good things" that they desired or could procure, and consuming an amount of "strong waters" that would have meant excess to any temperaments less phlegmatic than theirs or had less time been taken in the consuming.

The old Dutch family recipe books contained rules for many compounds requiring delicate manipulation on the part of the cooks, as well as a good deal of the comprehensive faculty known as "judgment." Indeed one can but conceive the greatest respect for the mental powers of the woman whose "crullers" and waffles were always light and crispy, notwithstanding that baking powders and egg beaters were things unknown; that even "pearl ash" was of home manufacture, and the right quantity of sour cream, which was to balance the alkali, as well as its due degree of acidity, had to be determined in each individual case. It is not so very easy a matter to find a good cook even in these days of "perfection ranges" and all manner of ready made preparations to help her. Yet it appears to be a fact that early in the Seventeenth century good cooks were the rule rather than the exception among the wives and daughters of the well to do inhabitants of the New Netherlands, and Christmas was the season upon which their best powers were expended.

English dishes of about the same date do not so favorably impress the modern reader. Boars' heads, blazing in rum, geese and ducks simmering in their own grease, and huge joints of beef or pork were flanked by meat "pasties," by rolls of boned veal hidden in layers of pork fat and then roasted before the fire so slowly that the fat was all absorbed in the meat, and saddles of "five-year-old mutton, sodden with cabbage and vinegar," do not seem particularly attractive to modern palates. Grand "Sir Loin," plum pudding and mince pies—descendants of the ancient meat pasty—are almost the only dishes that have survived the years and now appear upon our Christmas tables. What digestions and what heads must these old time English have possessed!

When one reads of the enormous quantity and solidity of the viands and the amount and strength of the fluids which formed a Christmas dinner of 200 years ago, and of all the rough, not to say (in our Nineteenth century eyes) disreputable merrymakings which followed the dinner, one almost ceases to wonder at the Puritan revulsion of feeling which led to an effort to replace a season of gluttony and drunkenness by one of religious feeling and temperate festivity, calling it "Thanksgiving" and holding it in advance of the season which, from the time of the Romans and perhaps before them, had been kept as a heathen festival, and still retained some of its old characteristics after it had been adapted to the new religion.

The French were ever more temperate than their neighbors and very early manifested the talent which has made them the tutors of all the rest of the world in table matters.

To the French Huguenots Christmas was a day of rejoicing, thanksgiving, family festivity and neighborly greeting. They drank almost no strong liquors, and their mild, pure wines served but to aid digestion and impart gayety to the spirits. Rarely indeed was drunkenness known among them. The giving of gifts was a more prominent feature of Christmas time with them than with the others. Among the English and Dutch the gifts, irrespective of toys to children, were nearly always of something to eat or drink. A haunch of venison or a cask of home brewed ale was a favorite gift in the parent isle, but here was succeeded by a turkey or a barrel of cider, while among the Holland colonists some special forms of cheese and "cookies" or a few bottles of choice imported wine were most usual.

The Huguenots, whether from thrift or native taste, were prone to offer gifts of more permanent value. They were poor of course, most of them having had to leave their possessions behind them when flying from the persecutions of "Louis the Magnificent." So their gifts were seldom costly, but some have survived even till today in the possession of their descendants—cobweb laces made by delicate fingers, painted fans and screens, and embroidered footstools and cushions.

The United States, being the most cosmopolitan of all nations, has a right to adopt the best customs from all the world and has freely availed itself of the privilege.

To the roast beef and plum pudding of old England it has added the jolly Santa Claus of Holland, the gay present giving of the French and the solemn Christmas music of the Germans. If there be other good things elsewhere, let us appropriate them all. Are not we the "universal Yankee nation?"

HELEN EVERTSON SMITH.

She Didn't Indulge.

They were enjoying a moonlight walk in the park. His was a nature strongly tinged with romance. Her nature leaned decidedly toward the practical side of life.

"Is this not positively enchanting?" he exclaimed rapturously. "We can now drink to our fill of the beauties that nature has so lavishly bestowed upon this lovely retreat!"

"Yes; but, George, I don't drink," replied the young lady prosaically.—New

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8209-0470