The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, DECEMBER 24, 1896. VOL. XXXVI—NO. 33.

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Teeth extracted by local anesthetics and comparatively without pain.
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. 26-tf.

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EXTRACTING TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.

To prevent needless delays, patients may, in person or by mail, make engagements for any hour or date desired, if not already engaged.

I will be at Rock Hall, every Thursday and may be found at the residence of Mr. Bartus J. Wilkins, Jr. All persons desiring first-class work are invited to call.

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Office on Main street, with Dr. J. T. Twilley.

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ATTORNEY,

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Money for several clients to loan.
Office in the same building as the TRANSCRIPT. a6 3m.

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Chestertown, Maryland
Office opposite Court House.

CLARENCE W. PERKINS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Room 2, Glenn Building, 12 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md., will attend the regular terms of the Circuit Court for Kent county.
All business intrusted to his care will receive careful and prompt attention.

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FLOUR, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE
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We handle Live Stock, and have all facilities for this line of trade. We solicit the patronage of shippers, and guarantee to make prompt returns. Give us a trial and be convinced.
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IT IS THE Old Reliable. ALWAYS Uniform, ALWAYS GOOD. **Lea's Flour**

MONEY versus CLOTHING!

The Largest Stock of Clothing in Chestertown

MUST BE IMMEDIATELY TURNED INTO CASH.

There is only one way to do it, and that is to convince the people that at

T. S. BORDLEY'S CASH CLOTHING HOUSE

you can buy Clothing for LESS MONEY than you can buy it anywhere else. During the balance of the season we will sell our entire stock of Fine, Perfect-Fitting Suits and Overcoats, for the Spot Cash, and at prices which have never before been quoted in this town. We quote a few prices below, in order to give you some idea of how we have cut prices:

FINE ALL WOOL CLAY WORSTEDS,	Former Price	$12 00,	now	$8 50
BLACK ALL WOOL THIBETS,	" "	10 00,	now	7 50
PLAIN ALL WOOL HAIR-LINEN,	" "	12 00,	now	8 50
ALL WOOL, MIXED CHEVIOT,	" "	8 00,	now	5 99
ALL WOOL CASSIMERE.	" "	10 00,	now	7 50
DICKUP ALL WOOL KERSEY,	" "	6 00,	now	4 75

OVERCOATS.

Blue and Black Kersey Overcoat, former price $10.00, now **$7.50.** I have nearly 100 Men's Overcoats in Cassimere, Chinchillor, Cheviot, Plain and Fancy Weaves; Blue, Black and Mixed Colors, which have been selling from $7.50 to $15.50. These have all been placed in one pile, and you can have your pick for **$6.50.** The great bulk of these Overcoats, at this price, is far below the cost of the material, and upon examination, will prove the lowest-price Overcoat you have ever seen. I have a full line of Double-Breasted Pea Jacket, both coat and vest, all wool, silk velvet color, stitched with silk and splendidly made, worth $7.50, I have reduced them to **$5.00** for both coat and vest.

Children's Clothing.

We have about 200 Children's Suits and Overcoats, the price of which we have cut all to pieces. For example, we have bunched together about forty suits that have been retailing for $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00, and now only ask **$1.50** for your choice, either for Suit or Overcoat; and our All Wool, Double Seat and Knee Suits, cut in proportion.

Never before in the history of this town has Clothing been offered so remarkably low as I am offering it now. If you want to convince yourself of this fact, visit every clothing store in the town, get their lowest prices, and then come to me and let me quote you the Lowest Cash Prices you have ever had.

I must turn my entire stock into money before the season is over, and there is only one successful way to do it, and that is to undersell all competitors. If you must have Clothing this season, don't put it off too late, the prices I am now quoting won't let them stay long, the best styles and patterns are soonest to go, and the sooner you come, the better choice you will have.

Respectfully, etc.,
Thomas S. Bordley,
Dec. 10, 1896. Cash Corner Clothing House.

MELITOTA.

—HAS THE—
Cheapest Cash Store
—IN KENT.—

300 RED CEDAR & LOCUST POSTS
THAT MUST BE SOLD AT ONCE.

5 Tons First-Class Hay
—AND—
6000 Lbs. Corn Blades.
I can furnish
Pork at 5 Cts. Pound.
Those who need it will see me at once.

150 Test Water White Oil, at 12c. per gal.; the Best Brands of Salt at $1 per sack; the Blue Label Whitewash Lime, best on earth, $1.10 per barrel.

WE HAVE ON HAND
100 BARRELS OF THE BEST FAMILY FLOUR!
AT PRICES THAT WILL ASTONISH YOU.

Come and see us. I will take in exchange Eggs, Butter, Poultry, Hogs, Calves, Sheep and Cows.

M. M. RASIN.
June 25, 1896. MELITOTA, MD.

Here We Are for Business!
WATTIE McKNETT,
The Urieville Blacksmith, Wheelwright & Machinist,
announces to his fall trade that he is not to be outdone by any man in Kent county, in prices, quality of work or promptness.

Repair Work a Specialty.
Horseshoeing 50 Cents;
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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Gas and Oyster Shell **LIME** GAS LIME.
Oyster Shell and Gas Lime and Oyster Shells sold in 1 ton lots and upwards, delivered to any point by rail or water.
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The CHEAPEST and Best FERTILIZER FARMERS can use. Write for Prices.
J. W. APSLEY, Agent for Kent Co.

OUR Made-to-Measure Suits AT $10.00, ARE THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
MORTON C. STOUT & CO., Baltimore & Liberty Sts., Baltimore, Md. MERCHANT TAILORS

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Improved Homœopathic
Remedies.

Munyon's Rheumatism Cure seldom fails to relieve in 1 to 3 hours, and cures in a few days. Price 25c.
Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure is guaranteed to cure all forms of indigestion and stomach troubles. Price 25c.
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Munyon's Kidney Cure speedily cures pains in the back, loins or groins, all forms of kidney disease. Price 25c.
Munyon's Blood Cure eradicates all impurities of the blood. Price 25c.
Munyon's Pile Ointment positively cures all forms of piles. Price 25c.
Munyon's Asthma Herbs are guaranteed to relieve asthma in two minutes. Price 25c.
Munyon's Cold Cure prevents pneumonia and breaks up cold in a few hours. Price 25c.
Munyon's Cough Cure stops cough, night sweats, allays soreness and speedily heals the lungs. Price 25c.
Munyon's Nerve Cure restores overworked and overstrained nerves to a healthy condition. Price 25c.
Munyon's Headache Cure stops headache in three minutes. Price 25c.
Munyon's Vitalizer imparts new life, restores lost powers to weak and debilitated men. Price $1.00.
A separate cure for each disease. At all druggists, mostly 25 cents a vial.
Personal letters to Prof. Munyon, 1505 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., answered with free medical advice for any disease.

R. BERGEN'S
Great Cut Prices!

As Christmas is nearing, to reduce my stock I will sell all goods at a reduction of

25 PER CENT

consisting of

LADIES' CAPES
in plush and cloth.
Coats for Ladies & Children

MY STOCK OF
DRESS GOODS!
is very large, now is the time to buy a bargain. Also, a nice line of
PLAIDS FOR WAISTS!
A Large Stock of
Blankets, Quilts, Comfortables
The Balance of Our
MILLINERY STOCK
will be closed out at greatly reduced prices.

We have just received a big line of Fancy Handkerchiefs, Bureau and Stand Scarfs, and a nice assortment of other goods suitable for Christmas Holidays.

Remember, when in want of bargains, go to
R. BERGEN,
LEADING MERCHANT of Kent Co.

SAVE YOUR MONEY.
The best place in Kent county to buy these goods is in Chestertown, and the Safest and Cheapest Shop is
BARTLEY'S
—FOR—
Furniture, Carpets, Oilcloth
RUGS, WALL PAPER,
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Next door to Old Bank, down town.

W. H. KELLEY & SON,
LOCUST GROVE, MD.
Blacksmithing & Wheelwrighting
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
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FARM WAGONS, DEARBORNS & DAYTONS, of our own make constantly on hand.
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS of All Kinds
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Fur Manufacturers.
Established 1846.
Write for Estimates
ON REMODEL AND REPAIR WORK.
ALBERT SIGMUND & SON,
103 East Baltimore Street.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to one and all, is the season's greeting of the TRANSCRIPT. That Old Kris may come laden with a joyous abundance for the little folk is the Xmas-tide wish of the TRANSCRIPT for its hosts of little friends.

REPAIRED A WRONG.

Caleb, the driver, had been speculating upon the white haired stranger on the seat beside him ever since the stage left the railway station. He wanted a square look into his eyes before venturing a "feeler," but the big slouched hat prevented that. Now, in sight of town, on the slope ahead of them, the stranger thawed and began to question, loosing Caleb's tongue volubly.

"And that's the orphanage," he continued, pointing to a sightly white building in the midst of a grove of evergreen trees on the brow of the slope ahead of them. "Joshua Hanson's money started it, but they have hard work to keep it going. Always hampered for funds; unlucky from the first start, 15 years ago. They had a fire, then they were robbed of a round sum"—

"Robbed? Who would rob orphans?" interrupted the stranger.

"Well, nobody expected it of Dick when he was trusted with the money. He got into wild company, and it went in some kind of speculation that was to double it. Served a sentence in state prison for it. Too bad. I suppose he's gone to the dogs since. Precious few ever get over that disgrace. Pity. I knew Dick from a boy. He was awful good hearted."

"Yes. Robbery of orphans was a fine proof of goodness," returned the old gentleman, with cutting sarcasm.

"Well, he only meant to borrow the money," said Caleb.

"Poor excuse to cheat the fatherless," persisted the other with severity.

"There's Milicent Roundaway on her way to the orphanage," pursued Caleb as the stage reached the level beyond the slope. "She's taught the children to sing like nightingales for Christmas. There's to be a tree in the church and a big time."

The stranger seemed to regard the young woman in a long fur trimmed garment ahead of them with interest.

"She's done a power for them first and last, and they worship her," said Caleb. "Queer she don't get married," he added reflectively as he touched up the grays, "but I don't know a man in Waverly good enough for her."

With the last words the grays dashed round the curve and brought up in fine style before the Waverly hotel. The lounge watched the stranger climb down from his perch. Caleb was ahead of him, tumbling his big trunks off with an air of "knowing the whole business, if he liked to give it away," the porter told the others.

The stranger was christened the Mystery very shortly. He had meals sent to his rooms. "J. H. Afterforth" on the hotel register was as noncommittal as his ponderous, strapped trunks. Always with hat drawn down, he took long, lonely walks around the town and its outskirts. He might be a harmless lunatic, it was conjectured, until he was seen to go in and out of the orphanage several times, when it got round that he was a rich, eccentric relative of one of the children, who, if he found all things on the square, was likely to give them a handsome Christmas donation. In fact, Mr. Melladew, the superintendent, admitted that he had hopes a new friend had been raised up to them.

* * * * * * *

The church on the hill above Captain Roundaway's place was the center of attraction on Christmas eve. Curious rumors were afloat, although the tree committee had been personified caution, that three ponderous trunks were to turn tell-tales, and that the Mystery was to have not only a finger but both arms and shoulders, up to his ears, in the festivities. The live oaks and pines right and left of the church, girdled by Chinese lanterns, kept up mysterious noddings and whisperings, and those in a position to peep through the tall windows upon the dazzling sight within sent thrilling bulletins from time to time to their less fortunate neighbors.

The air was mild, as if it had been filtered of frost for the occasion. The path of light from the church reached clear down over the snow to Captain Roundaway's piazza. He stepped out of his door into it; then his wife; then Milicent. Others ahead, more behind, hurrying, converging from all points, laughing, chattering, wondering what the evening was to bring forth, and all passing into the church until the seats and aisles were full.

Once inside they found themselves in a bower of evergreens, and, of all things, two Christmas trees, blazing away in splendor! One, the usual size, hung with the usual quota of Waverly's Christmas presents, was completely overshadowed by the other, which towered roofward, a very monarch of the woods, wearing its royal honors not unconscious, but with the air of triumphant, tantalizing mystery.

Everybody, from Mr. Merrivale, the minister, to deformed Billy Bowline, the peanut vender, was bowing and smiling to everybody else. The orphans were in the front pews in gala dress. There was much craning of necks and wondering over the tall tree and the mysterious father thereof, for it was well understood that the white bearded stranger was the sole author and finisher of this transcendent surprise.

"Mebbe he's the Wandering Jew," suggested Billy Bowline, leaning forward on his crutch toward the tree longingly.

"Looks more like Rip Van Winkle, with his white hair," dissented Ned, the barber's boy, who had lately seen Joe Jefferson from the "heaven" of a city theater.

"Pooh! Didn't I say he was Santa Claus himself the first day?" was the triumphant query of Ben, the hotel boy.

How these orphans' fingers laced and interlaced, and how their eyes flashed from tree to tree until both seemed to kindle into one blaze! How they aroused Milicent's reassuring smile, with confidence in their own ability to tune their throats when called upon.

In the midst of all, Milicent's eyes had a faraway, reminiscent expression of sadness, as if she were occupying a sphere inside the radiant ones around her. And the Mystery, who was in a small room beyond the platform, with the tree committee, stood looking through the door at her, so absorbed that Rhoda Barker had to give him a smart shake to call his attention to the mask and toggery in which he must array himself at once.

"There he is! That's the Mystery!" went round the church when Santa Claus, in fantastic array, with snowy head and the jolliest of rubicund faces, came from the anteroom, flourishing a long wand with ribbon streamers, and took his stand between the two Christmas trees. For a minute the commotion in the air made the evergreens tremble and the lights dance.

The chairman mounted a small table on the platform, and after many shouts and much waste of breath brought the meeting to order. At a signal from Milicent, who played a piano accompaniment, the orphans bubbled and overflowed in a joyous Christmas carol, which brought everybody into sympathetic unison and fairly seemed to make the trees join arms and whirl each other round from sheer enthusiasm.

"See, see!" was echoed as half a dozen Christmas fairies in misty tulle and spangled wings came filing out of the anteroom.

Santa Claus marshaled them around him by quaint and curious flourishes of the wand he carried and began to despoil the smaller tree. Its fruitage was soon scattered right and left by the dainty little messengers, and then Santa Claus, with more flourishes, turned to the other, ready for invasion by the miniature world, which, after all, only remained for the larger one to plunder.

"Won't he need a long stepladder to reach the top of it?" queried Billy Bowline.

"If I had a seat in the chandelier, I could play a great game." Ben said.

"You watch him charm the things down," said Ned. "He's a wizard. That wand has magic in it."

"The orphans of the orphanage will prepare for the lion's share of the plunder," Santa Claus called out in jovial tones, and he broke up the flirtation under the bough abruptly by consigning the youth in a sailor suit to one fairy and the long lashed coquette to another, she uttering a little squeak of protest as he did so.

The orphans had indeed been remembered royally. Presents were just rained upon them by the fluttering fairies. Back and forth they glanced and doubled, on the wing surely, for their slippered feet never touched the carpet. The folks on the tree were robbed unceremoniously of picture books and heaped up baskets of candies, fruit and bonbons and all their other treasures and themselves consigned bodily to the tender mercies of the boys and girls reaching out hearts and hands to them, to which they resigned themselves with many a wink and a sleep. Clothing there was, too, piles of it, from blue and pale Tam O'Shanters down to patent tipped shoes. But why enumerate? Enough that Santa Claus was getting in no half way strokes.

He stood back from the tree with a view to dispersing the soft clouds clinging to the summit of the tall tree all the evening, as if it had settled down there from the summer sky of the tropics.

A touch of the wand, and it materialized into a dainty India shawl. He flourished it aloft airily, turned round on his heels in apparent uncertainty as to its disposal, wound it into a fluffy ball with the wand and tossed it up, caught it dexterously, roved with his eyes all over the church, faced round to Milicent's quarter, where the orphans beamed, faced back upon the tree committee, again to Milicent, letting his eyes rest upon her, and then everybody, watching his monkey capers, saw the shawl descend and settle in graceful folds over her head and shoulders.

"What is the meaning of that tomfoolery, I wonder?" Captain Roundaway muttered under his breath uneasily, and his shaggy eyebrows lowered perceptibly as he noticed Milicent's smiling, blushing perplexity.

"So the Mystery has let his mantle fall upon Milicent," remarked Dr. Chalifoux.

"It seems to belong there, doesn't it?" remarked Mr. Melladew as his clear eyes searched her blond face in the azure cloud with just a shade of anxiety.

"You know what it all means," challenged the doctor's wife with her fan.

"We shall see later," returned Mr. Melladew.

The fairies, having got through with the orphans, were now fluttering like silver butterflies all over the church, with their hands full. Gift books with cream margins and handsome bindings, more baskets of candied fruits and bonbons, more dolls and more animals for other children, until it did seem that the Mystery had had to find some outlet for his benevolence to avoid bursting outright. Billy Bowline had, besides books and sweetmeats, a complete outfit from top to toe. Deborah Tenny, who had been carried to the church in a big armchair with pillows and who had not left her bed for a year, was fairly overcome by the comforts and luxuries heaped upon her. Squire Halliday opened a morocco case put in his hands to find a five minute repeater and massive gold chain of exquisite workmanship. His wife had a box pushed into her lap which contained fold on fold of lustrous satin. By the time the boughs were bared everybody in town had some memento from the Mystery.

At the last minute a small oblong box, with spring clasps, was carried in both hands to Mr. Melladew by the largest of the fairies. There were some conjectures over its contents as he lifted the lid cautiously and closed it, shutting off the curious from even a peep.

You may guess that by this time so much pent up curiosity over the Mystery was likely to cause an explosion. Luckily an escape valve was at hand.

While the orphans hugged their dolls and munched candy slyly, not to betray greediness, and other folks compared presents and munched sweetmeats openly, and Milicent's eyes shone like misty stars from out the azure cloud of India, and Captain Roundaway, her father, grew grave and gay by turns, watching her, and the squire looked at his watch and chain and then at his wife, and his wife looked at the lustrous satin and then at Santa Claus, and the doctor quizzed Mr. Melladew, and Lawyer Winthrop put forth a riddle to Nathan Curtis about the Mystery, which the Rev. Mr. Merrivale, without giving Nathan Curtis the first chance, hastened to expound, and others, scanning Santa Claus from head to foot, whispered of a certain likeness to some one—while all this and more was going on the chairman, or table man, mounted the table again, got a show of order, after laboring a full quarter of an hour for it, and made them understand that Mr. Melladew had something to say to them.

Mr. Melladew stood, holding the mysterious box conspicuously, until complete silence had fallen.

"Friends," he began slowly, as if he wished every word to be an apple of gold in a picture of silver, "you will, I think, be glad to know that the money taken from the orphanage funds ten years ago has been restored to us trebled."

He held up the box as he spoke and drew out of it a shining handful of coins, allowing them to fall back with a jingle.

There was a profound sensation.

"The older ones will remember the circumstance," he went on, with a furtive glance at Squire Halliday, "and that there was more of grief than indignation among us. Would we not be glad to know that he who did the deed had lived down both it and the disgrace bravely, had made an honorable place for himself among men and had now come forward to repair the wrong?"

There was one suspended breath around him.

"If he were here, would you, could you not even find it in your hearts to give him a frank and hearty hand of fellowship?"

"Yes, yes! We would!" on all sides.

"Those in favor of Santa Claus unmasking at once will say 'Aye.'"

One tremendous and unanimous "Aye!" resounded.

Santa Claus stepped forward from the shelter of the tall Christmas tree. He threw off his fantastic garments. The grotesque mask of the evening fell to his feet, carrying the white wig and beard along with it, and a man not over 30, with a square jaw and pathetic, dark eyes, which held the shadow of past suffering in them, stood bared to these questioning glances, with a mingling of shrinking sensitiveness and manly self possession that won the hearts of the entire crowd at once and forever.

Everybody swayed toward him. The older people were tracing the likeness of the brown, manly face to the boyish one they remembered before his life had suffered eclipse.

"I'm blowed if isn't Dick Halliday himself!" was Captain Roundaway's suppressed comment.

"Dick Halliday! Why, it's Dick, sure enough. Wouldn't you have known him anywhere?" sounded over the church.

Squire Halliday and his wife had their faces hidden.

"I thought there was something all fired familiar about him the day he rode on the stage with me," said Caleb Dashahead in deep disgust at his own stupidity.

"He's a fine fellow if he has worn prison garb," was the comment of Dr. Chalifoux to Captain Roundaway. "Comes of good stock, you see. Had the grit to live it down."

"Yes," assented the captain absently. "I wish he had steered clear of the rocks in the first place," he added, with his eyes on Milicent's face, now flooded with a mild radiance as of moonlight. It was plain she still loved him. If the broken engagement was to be reversed, why, then—

Dick stood there silent. It was a trying ordeal, this bidding publicly for the respect and confidence of his townspeople with the taint of dishonor not yet outlived. To one of Dick's nature sin brings its own punishment. But, seconded by Mr. Melladew, he had dared all in this peculiar fashion, because he longed, let it be whispered, to be reinstated fully for the sake of Milicent, whose life he had so shamefully clouded.

The murmur in the church swelled to a round of heartfelt applause. What but large, generous sentiments could have been the outcome of that evening?

"My friends, I thank you," Dick began and broke down completely.

Squire Halliday and his wife were making their way up the aisle. There were few dry eyes in the church as the father, whose proud heart had been bowed in shame over his dishonored name, grasped Dick's outstretched hand with a trembling "God bless you, my son!" and the mother, whose heart had yearned over her wayward boy all these years, drew his head down upon her breast tenderly and dropped tears of joy upon his face.

"Makes me think of the night she first held him in her arms, 30 years ago," said Dr. Chalifoux in a broken voice.

"Halliday ought to be proud of him," rejoined Lawyer Winthrop, whose pleading had shortened Dick's sentence. "It isn't every young fellow who can recover from a slip so thoroughly."

"I move we march round and give him a handshake," said Lawyer Winthrop.

Seconded and carried, and Dick, as they filed up the aisle to welcome him, wondered if it was only last night he had lain awake shrinking from imagined hisses and epithets such as are apt to descend upon sinners of his stripe.

Up they came—Mr. Melladew beaming over the unanimous and hearty reception when he had feared deep seated prejudice; Rev. Mr. Merrivale resting his hand on Dick's head with a hearty "Happy Christmas;" Dr. Chalifoux with a hard grip that spoke volumes. On and on they came—Billy Bowline and Ned, Deborah Tenny, in her armchair, with tears on her lashes and a smile about her mouth; Milicent, with sweet flushed face and tremulous lips, still in her cloud of drapery, letting her warm palm rest in his, frankly and tenderly even; Captain Roundaway, with all reservations vanishing from his big, kindly nature, nurtured on old ocean, when he looked keen and close into Dick's half pleading, honest eyes; the orphans, too, bonbons in their cheeks and "things" hugged under their arms; everybody, in fact. Milicent's face had told tales.

At last a scattering to the lower regions, where a spread awaited those who were left with an appetite.

Dick was seated between his father and mother, who were flanked by Dr. Chalifoux, Lawyer Winthrop and the rest of the "old stock," and Mr. Melladew took out letters from Dick's friends in California and passed them round, and Dick must needs recount how he worked his way out to the Pacific coast as a hand before the mast and struck it rich in the goldfield after a hand to hand tussle and afterward went into business in San Francisco, where he now had many friends, which he did with halting speech, modestly, for this whole hearted ignoring of a grave misdeed by all of them quite overcame him.

So Dick came into the confidence of his home friends on the crest of the Christmas wave.—New York Mercury.

Christmas mince pies in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were made with a coffin shaped crust, to represent the manger.

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