THE KENT NEWS:
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.,
OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.

WM. B. USILTON. FRED. G. USILTON.
WM. B. USILTON & SON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION: $1 PER ANNUM
strictly in advance. If not paid in advance $1.50 will be charged.
SIX MONTHS, 60 CENTS; THREE MONTHS, 40 CENTS
LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE, solicited, but all articles must be accompanied by responsible names.

Kent News.

Vol. 52. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: FRIDAY, DEC. 25, 1891. No. 34.

HOLIDAY SEASON IS HERE!

Santa Claus

is abroad in the Land and is wondering where and with what to fill his Pack?

This Query

OUR HOLIDAY STOCK

BEAUTIFULLY ANSWERS.

FIRST: -- He must have Candy, Fruit and Nuts. Printer's Ink is too expensive to enumerate the kinds and prices.

SECOND: -- He must have some Toys to please the Little Tots and older Girls and Boys. This want can also be supplied to perfection.

SOMETIMES OLD CRIS FANCIES GLASSWARE

To please this whim we have bought a Beautiful line. A piece or two of this would be beautiful to put in Mother's Stocking. The rest of our stock

Is In Tip-Top Trim!

New Goods are constantly arriving in the several departments.

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps,
Dry Goods, Notions,
Clothing and Groceries.

We think we have one of the Finest and Largest Stocks of GENERAL MERCHANDISE to be found in the county.

F. H. HARPER & SON,
Still Pond, Maryland.

$6,500.00

WORTH of WINTER CLOTHING!

—WILL BE SACRIFICED—

FAR BELOW COST for the NEXT SIXTY DAYS

At the CLOTHING STORE of

THOMAS S. BORDLEY.

THE OWNER of the property has consented to tear out and completely remodel the storeroom, and in order to get rid of the stock so that this can be conveniently done, I have determined to sell every garment FAR BELOW COST so that by February there will be no stock to move. In order to give you some idea of the IMMENSE BARGAINS at your disposal I will name in part: FIRST—Every Fine Overcoat in the house, including the Finest Satin-lined Coats, which we sold for $15, $16, $18 and $20 will be sold for $9.50. Remember, this includes Every Fine Overcoat in the house, no matter what they cost. SECOND—You can have the choice of Any and All of the Very Finest Suits in the house for $14.50, including all our Clay, Hockanum and Fancy Worsteds, also Imported Corkscrews, Velour and Harris' Cassimere. THIRD—For $9 we will give you the choice of Every $12, $13 and $14 Suit in the house, including Cheviots, Cassimeres and All-wool Worsteds. FOURTH—For $4.90 we will give you the choice of Every $6, $6.50, $7 and $8 suit we have. FIFTH—All our Finest Grade of Pants, which sold for $6, $6.50 and $7 will be sold for $4.90. A splendid assortment of $2, $2.50 and $3 Pants for $1.85. All our Boys' and Children's Suits will be sold in the same way. Every Hat and every piece of Furnishing Goods will also go below cost.

MY intention was to begin this sale the First of January, but upon reflection have determined to begin at once, while you need Clothing. This is the Grandest Opportunity to buy Perfect-Fitting Clothing at Your Own Price, ever offered. Call at once and get the pick of the stock. Resp'y, &c.

THOS. S. BORDLEY,
BORDLEY'S CORNER.

December 5, 1891.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"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 use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City. Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., "The Winthrop," 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE,

In Kent County, Maryland.

UNDER and by virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from Wm. P. Patterson and wife to Ellenora H. Barroll, dated 20th of February, 1886, and recorded in Liber S. B., No. 7, Folios 606, etc., one of the Land Record Books for Kent county, the undersigned, assignee of said mortgage, as will appear by several assignments thereof, duly recorded at the foot of said mortgage, will offer at Public Sale at

The Court House Door, in Chestertown, Kent County, Maryland,

On TUESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1892,

AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK A. M.,

An Undivided Seventh Interest in and to all that

Valuable Farm

lying in Broad Neck, in the Fifth Election District of Kent county, adjoining the lands of Mrs. Augusta Camp, et al., and lying on the east fork of Lankford Bay, known as the

Horace Beck Home Farm

—CONTAINING—

400 ACRES,

more or less, now in the tenancy of Geo. Beck.

The IMPROVEMENTS consist of

Fine Dwelling

STABLE, BARN and USUAL OUT-BUILDINGS, all in fine repair. This is one of the finest estates in Kent county.

Also, An Undivided Seventh Interest in and to

All that Tract of Land

—CALLED—

HILL TOP,

situated in Worton district, Kent county, lying on the road from Chestertown to Worton Heights, adjoining the lands formerly belonging to John A. Miller,

Containing 54 Acres

1 ROOD and 33 PERCHES of LAND,

and being the same land which was conveyed to the late Horatio Beck by Abraham Hurlock, by deed dated the 29th of April, 1862, and which is now tenanted by Augustus G. Mathiot.

The IMPROVEMENTS consist

—OF A—

Good Dwelling

and OUT-BUILDINGS in good repair, and

A FINE PEACH ORCHARD.

TERMS OF SALE:
For first farm $900, and for second farm $200 cash on day of sale, or terms may be modified to suit purchaser.

HOPE H. BARROLL,
d12-ts. Assignee of Mortgage.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF A

VALUABLE FARM

Near Millington, Kent Co., Md.

THE undersigned, by virtue of the power contained in a mortgage from Charles O. Cacy to Mollie G. Skinner, dated the 12th day of April, 1887, and duly recorded among the Land Records of Kent county, Md., in Liber S. B., No. 9, Folios 119, etc., will offer at Public Sale.

On TUESDAY, JANUARY 5th, 1892,

At the Court House Door, in Chestertown, Maryland, at 11.30 o'clock A. M.,

All that Valuable Farm

situated in the First Election District of Kent county, Maryland, adjoining the village of Millington, and being the same farm which was conveyed to the said Charles O. Cacy by Julia E. Cacy by deed dated January 1, 1881, recorded in Liber S. B., No. 4, folios 628, etc., containing

198 ACRES,

OF LAND, MORE OR LESS.

The soil is fertile, and the estate is well known and advantageously located near railroads, village, schools, river communication with Baltimore and elsewhere.

The IMPROVEMENTS are a

Brick Dwelling,

AND USUAL OUT-BUILDINGS.

TERMS OF SALE:—$6,200 cash on day of sale, or terms may be modified to suit purchaser.

HOPE H. BARROLL,
d12-ts. Attorney named in mortgage.

FALL AND WINTER **IMPLEMENTS**

AT A DISCOUNT TO CLOSE STOCK

Farm Wagons,
Corn Shellers,
Horse Powers,
Hocking Valley Hay Cutters,
Corn and Cob Crushers,
Dump Carts, Road Carts,
Phætons, Etc.

Bissell Chilled Plows are par excellent the Farmer's Friend. Celebrated Studebaker Steel Skein Farm Wagons are the best made in this country.

Call or send for price list before buying.

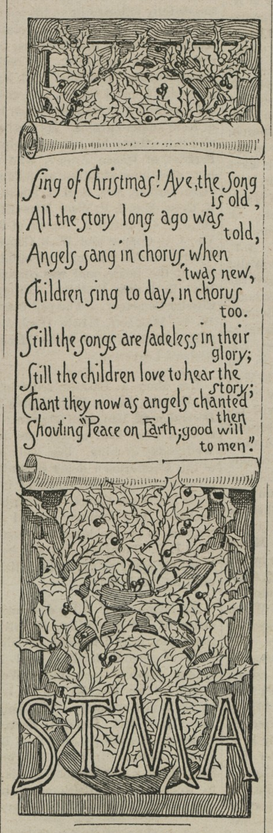
BALTIMORE FARM IMPLEMENT CO.,
209 South Charles st., Balto., Md.

DR. W. E. BARNARD,
DENTIST,
STILL POND, - - MARYLAND,

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, for all duties pertaining to Dentistry. m23.

H. FAYTER'S Hand and Machine-Made SHOES in Congress, Lace and Button,
14. For sale by T. G. WROTH.

"A Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year" to all the readers of the "KENT NEWS."



RING, CHRISTMAS BELLS!

Within the broad eternal sky
The East Star waits to glorify
Each timid, sunlit, rosy ray
That ushers in the coming day!
While Night in tenderness yet dwells
Anear the dawn, ring soft, ye bells—
And slow—ye welcoming Christmas bells!

Glow yet afar, thou heavenly gem
And holy star of Bethlehem;
Celestial hosts have brought the morn,
And unto us is Jesus born!
Immanuel, his name excels
All else of peace! ring loud, ye bells—
And long—ye joyful Christmas bells!

With fuller light o'er flowering lands
And polar seas and desert sands
The sun persuades its gentlest glow,
That so each soul the day may know!
From zone to zone the story swells
In flight of song! clang on, ye bells—
And peal triumphant, Christmas bells!

At humble doors and stately gates
With patient grace the Christmas waits—
Let each home blossom, joy returns!
Wreathe holly where the hearth fire burns;
In lowly guise the day foretells
Its feast and cheer! Swing swift, ye bells—
Ye glad, exultant Christmas bells!

For joyless hearts that ache and mourn,
For lives with burthens overborne,
For wanderers gone sad astray,
And all who fall beside the way
At stroke of sorrow's deathful knells,
May some peace be! Ring on, kind bells—
Ye gently singing Christmas bells!

Let all rejoice in carolings
That sanctify each one who sings;
Ring out the tidings far and wide—
Ye templed bells—the Christmastide
Hath come again, the Christ child dwells
In every heart! Chime on, ye bells—
In prayers and praise, ye Christmas bells!

HARRIET MAXWELL-CONVERSE.

S. CLAUS' LETTER.

BY ANNIE ISABEL WILLIS.

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DEER MR. SIMON CLAUS sat in his perfectly appointed library, through whose windows came a flood of sunlight, increased by reflection from dazzling snow outside. Notwithstanding his surroundings, however, there was a sad look in his blue eyes. Presently he roused himself and began opening a pile of letters that lay near. They were variously addressed: "Simon Claus, Esq.," "Mr. Simon Claus," "Hon. Simon Claus," and so forth. Finally he took up one which bore in a boyish hand the words "Mr. S. Claus, Esq.," and the name of the city.

The letter ran thus:

DEER MR. S. CLAUS—Kitty is awfle bad. this is to tell you so you wood bring her a good Chrismuss. If you culd bring something that wood make her well Id like it if not bring something she kin play with to forgit laying still. There's a man kin cure her. He cures spinel people. A boy told me. he lives on ward St. Im going to earn enuff to pay him. Yures truley,

JOE WORRELL, 9 Gunnison alley.

Mr. Simon Claus' preoccupation was only slightly interrupted by the quaint letter, decidedly unusual in his business mail. "I'll see what the little woman says about it," was his passing thought. Then he straightway forgot it, as he had the rest of his mail.

Just then "the little woman" came softly in. She was a complete contrast to her big, fair haired, blue eyed Saxon husband, being petite and graceful, with a head that sat like a lily on her slender neck, and tender brown eyes that were, like her husband's, full of sorrow. She placed herself on the arm of his chair, while his eyes sought hers with an unspoken question.

"The doctors have gone," she said. "They will be back this afternoon."

"How is she?" the man asked.

"Just the same. I wanted you to know. She is very ill, Simon. I believe they have little hope."

"I was cowardly to come off here," he said huskily, "but I could not bear it. Oh, my baby! My only child! If money could make you well!"

"We cannot depend on money now," said the wife very sweetly and solemnly. "There is but one place to look for help."

There was a short silence, and then the lady's wandering eyes caught sight of the soiled paper lying in front of her husband. She took it up and read it mechanically.

"That's a singular letter," he said, as he saw her reading. "I don't understand it."

Her woman's wit did.

"He was writing to the children's patron saint of Christmas, don't you see," she said—"Santa Claus? I wonder, now I think of it, that you have never before had letters intended for him. Probably because the dears who write them throw them into the chimney place or do not put good stamps on them. I will see to this, but come; let us go up stairs to Margaret. And," she added, leaning over to kiss him before she rose, "let us have mighty hope and faith for the result of the consultation!"

The room which they entered was an exquisite setting for the jewel it held, the most precious one in the wealthy merchant's possession—his only child. She lay like a flower among the rose colored hangings and furnishings, but no reflection of their hue could bring color into the pale face lighted by large brown eyes and short gold curls.

Three of her ten years had been spent in pain, which instead of making her selfish had done the very opposite, and she was eager and loving with the little services she could render, especially to the poor whom her mother helped.

"Mamma," she called, as the parents entered, "are all the things ordered for Christmas?"

"Yes, darling."

"How long is it till Christmas, mamma?" the little voice continued.

"A week, Margaret."

"I'm so glad it's near," she said, with a happy sigh.

"Here is a new person to help," the mother said, thinking to divert her. She read Joe Worrell's letter.

Margaret was at once deeply interested, and began to plan what they should send to 9 Gunnison alley.

"I'm so glad I can play Santa Claus, mamma," she said happily. "Don't you remember I used to think we were some relation to him? I wish some more letters would come."

After she had decided what to send Joe and Kitty, her thoughts reverted to the letter.

"Papa, can't I have the doctor that the boy told about?" she asked suddenly.

"Why do you want him?" the father asked. "The fellow didn't say that he was a doctor. I wouldn't think of it now, dear."

"Yes, yes," she persisted. "I want him. Will you ask him to come?" And he, to soothe the child, promised.

SHE LAY LIKE A FLOWER.

That afternoon the physicians returned to say they could do no more for the child. The spinal trouble must, sooner or later, end her life, for there was no remedy known to them. The family physician went up to say good afternoon to his little patient.

"Goodby, Dr. Montague," said Margaret. "Will you care very much if I have another doctor? I'm going to get a new one, and he will cure me." The parents started at her confident words, and Mr. Claus followed the physician outside to tell him how it was. "I had to promise, in order to quiet Margaret. If she forgets, I shall not remind her," he said.

"She will probably not forget," replied Dr. Montague; "and, my friend, if I were you, I'd do whatever she asks. Only keep me informed."

* * * * * * *

"When did you send the letter, Joe?"

"Two days ago, Kitty."

"Did you put a real true stamp on it?"

"Yes, and dropped it in the post box. It'll go all right, Kitty. Don't worry or you'll make your head ache."

"IT IS MY DREAM."

"Well, I won't," said the child patiently.

"I have to go out now," continued the boy. "It's time for my route."

They kissed each other, and then the twelve-year-old departed to sell evening papers, while the afflicted eight-year-old tried to go to sleep to pass away the time until the older sister and head of the family should come.

Number 9 Gunnison alley was always cheerless in cold weather, and the top floor back was especially cheerless, for Mary Worrell was out sewing every day, and had to do her own housework at night. There was little fire in the stove this afternoon; the stove needed blacking and some ashes had fallen out over the hearth. The principal article of the scanty furniture was the bedstead on which Kitty had lain for two years.

Kitty couldn't remember a time when they had not been poor at the best, but since they had been orphans they had fallen gradually down, down in the matter of comforts, and even necessities.

Soon after Joe went, Kitty heard a knock.

"Who's there?" she called.

The visitor, no other than Mr. Simon Claus, replied: "A friend. Do Joe and Kitty Worrell live here?"

"Yes, but the key is in Mrs. Mullins' room at the end of the hall. I'm locked in."

When Mr. Claus had let himself in she looked up at him without fear, the excitement of a guest making her cheeks flush.

"So you're keeping house alone today," he said.

"Yes. I do every day, most, and they lock me in because I can't get up and walk. They're afraid somebody might come in that couldn't."

"Why can't you walk?" he asked.

"Well, you see, my back aches all the time and my feet don't go right. Once I fell, and most ever since I have had a lame back. But Joe knows some one that can cure me."

"Ah, yes; I came especially to see Joe. Where is he?"

"Out selling papers. He'll come by and by. He's awful good to me and Mary. Mary's my big sister. She's out to work. Joe's going to save all the money he can to get that doctor. And I guess I'll tell you a secret," she went on. "Joe wrote to Santa Claus and asked him to bring me something for Christmas. That isn't any harm, is it? Don't you believe he's glad to hear of little girls that want presents?"

"Yes; I know he is," replied Kitty's guest, greatly touched.

When Mary Worrell returned the stranger told her quietly what his errand was, received the needed direction and departed, first putting into Kitty's thin hand a purse that Margaret had sent. She could not wait until Christmas to begin playing Santa Claus.

* * * * * * *

The benign face of a middle aged man was bending over a child who lay prostrate in a sumptuous room. She was looking up at him as he touched her body gently, a world of faith in her great brown eyes. It was little wonder his mild yet strong countenance inspired her confidence. The face was all she saw, but her watchful parents had begun to hope that here was a helper indeed, for they noted the scientific way in which the firm hands did their work and the keen questions which showed his complete knowledge of the disease to be treated. And yet, when Mr. Claus found him, the man had said: "I am not a physician, but only a physician's aid. I help those whose bodies are helpless merely by giving them outward support."

The group in that lovely room formed a picture, and the growing hope in the parents' faces became joy as they heard him say presently, "I believe she can be cured; but it will take a long time, and I will only act in connection with your regular physician."

The child's look was triumphant. "Didn't I tell you so, mamma? And he must cure Kitty too."

Then she told the gentleman of Kitty, and how the poor child's illness had been the means of their hearing about him, and he agreed to go at once to Gunnison alley to examine Kitty, as Mr. Claus requested him to do.

"It is Christmas eve," cried Margaret. "Tell her you came from Santa Claus, for you really do, you know, because I am playing Santa Claus this year. But"—her voice grew very tender—"it isn't truly Santa Claus at all; it's the Christ-child, he puts it into our hearts, you see, and I want you to tell Kitty about him, will you? Because I can't go. I don't think she's so well acquainted with him as she is with Santa Claus. They have the Christ-child in Germany on Christmas, and I like it better than Santa Claus."

Well, "Dr. Good," as Margaret chose to call him, though he wasn't a doctor and his name was plain Mr. Goodsell, went to 9 Gunnison alley and made a favorable report of Kitty's case also. And so touched was he by Margaret's request that he did not forget to tell his new patient about her and the story of the Christ-child.

After he had gone another knock surprised the Worrells. This time a colored man came "with Mr. Santa Claus' compliments, and he wasn't feelin able to get round to Gunnison alley, but would they accept these, with his best wishes and his particular love to Miss Kitty?"

"These" proved to be more things than can be described. Edibles, of course, some wonderful toys for Kitty, a soft afghan and down pillows for her bed and another purse, not at all like that the strange gentleman had given her, but quite as well filled.

The spirit of Christmas was hovering in the air that night, for in the midst of joyous gift making in richer homes, the ringing of Christmas bells in towers and steeples and the remembrances for childhood throughout the world, some good angel found time to bring a dream to weary, happy Kitty. She saw—not Santa Claus—but a beautiful child, who held out hands full to overflowing with gifts and blessings, saying, "The Christ-child sends them."

* * * * * * *

Time passed. It was Christmas eve again, and there was an air of expectancy noticeable in Mary and Joe Worrell as they moved about their humble home. Kitty was too engrossed in a picture book to see it. She sat in a reclining chair—Mr. Claus and his wife had spared no pains to make her comfortable—and was so interested that she never heard the rattle of wheels. Joe left the room and went down to help if needed. There was a sound of people climbing the stairs; a vision of loveliness with golden hair framed in the soft white of floating feathers and downy furs; then a rosy faced maid placed a child before the door and stepped to one side. Joe leaned from the other and gave a sounding knock. It was part of the plan that when it opened Kitty should see no one but Margaret, her friend and benefactor, who had grown able to go out and was come to see her for the first time.

Mary threw the door wide open, and, smiling, Margaret stepped forward, her hands full of packages. The figure in the chair looked up, and never noticing the slight limp and bent back, results of the disease which time would cure, gave a glad cry.

"It is my dream, my Christmas dream," she said. "It is the Christ-child."

"No, dear, it is Margaret," said Mary gently, with tears in her eyes.

"I saw it just as plain," Kitty went on, "and I never forgot how it looked. Are you sure this is Margaret?"

A merry laugh from the child herself settled the question, and the two little friends went straight to work to get better acquainted over the contents of sundry Christmas packages.

THE OLD DOLL MILLINER

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She sat in a great room near a large bay window busily engaged in the occupation of dressing a handsome wax doll whose smile was lost in the roses of her cheeks. When the old lady had trimmed the dress and made it set just as she thought it should, she held the doll off at arm's length and looked it over critically. When she was quite well satisfied with it, she touched

AT WORK.

a bell, and a small girl entered with a box. Into this box she put the doll carefully on its back in such a way as not to muss or rumple her beautiful pink dress. Then she put on the cover and fastened it in place with a stout bit of twine and wrote on it:

"Eva Williams, Santa Barbara, California," at the same time saying to the girl, "Put that in the southern California stall."

The girl disappeared with the doll under her arm, and no sooner was she out of sight than another girl popped in at the opposite end of the room and handed the old lady another doll.

"This," she said, as she looked it over, "is a doll for a poor child. It is made of common china—that is, the head and bust are, and the rest of her is linen and sawdust. But it will probably make the poor girl quite as happy as the handsome wax doll will the daughter of the rich man."

Then she dressed the doll in calico and a gingham hood, and when she was finished and put in a box, which was addressed Emily Lum, Watsessing, N. J., in popped another girl, who as quickly disappeared with the instructions to put it in the New Jersey bin.

The old lady was always in excellent spirits, and appeared to take as much genuine delight in making presents for the poor and rich alike as many persons find in bestowing gifts entirely upon the wealthy, and when she had dispatched the little girl with the doll to be put in the New Jersey bin she called for her books, and when they were brought she adjusted her glasses and said:

"We have got to hurry as much as possible or we shall neglect some of our little friends. Russia has not been touched yet and the state of New York is in the same condition, with the exception of Callicoon and Painted Post. I am very sorry we are so far behind, and the summer almost gone too. Come, come, don't stand around looking at each other, but hurry, hurry, hurry!"

As the two little girls were moving away, she continued:

"Dolls, dolls, dolls, hurry, hurry, hurry! Bring up ninety-nine cheap dolls and one expensive one, as there is but one wealthy girl to ninety-nine poor ones."

And off popped the little girls in great haste, and no sooner were they gone than back they came skipping with a clothes basket brimful of dolls between them. The old lady smiled pleasantly when the basketful of dolls was deposited at her feet, and lost no time in commencing the operation of adjusting the dresses, of which she had a great variety in every bureau drawer.

"DO YOU KNOW SANTA CLAUS?"

There was something miraculously swift in the manner in which the old lady dressed the dolls. She seemed as though under a spell of enchantment, for she sang songs and kept time with her needle, that flashed in the light as she plied it to and fro. When she had finished about the fiftieth doll in the basket, she exclaimed:

"It is now August and I am so far in arrears with this work that I cannot take the time to go to dinner. Therefore, bring me a cup of strong green tea." One of the plumpest of the little girls brought the tea as requested, and when the old lady had enjoyed a sip or two of it she was enabled to work faster than ever. Finally she dressed the last one in the basket, and when they were all boxed and addressed, some one rang the doorbell.

"Say I am not able to see any one today."

The little girl backed out of the room, and then the old lady smiled a pleasant smile, while working away with renewed energy. Even when she came to a Japanese doll, which she did occasionally, she dressed it with as much skill as a Jap could have done. She never paused in her work upon the day when she reflected that it was late in August, with Russia untouched and New York in the same condition, with the exception of the towns of Callicoon and Painted Post, until an expressman called with a large load of dry goods to be converted into dolls' dresses.

Then she paused long enough to examine the goods contained in the package, and she smiled as only a woman can smile while examining silks and satins, or even ginghams.

"Of course I am the leader of the fashions in dolls' clothing," she soliloquized with great pride, "and I must keep the dolls in such charming gowns that they will command the admiration of all lovers of dress from Paris, France, to Paris, Ky. I never grow tired of dressing dolls, and I often feel thankful that I have nothing else to do and that nothing can interfere with its progress."

Just then it began to rain.

"Susie!" shouted the old lady, "run and look at all the stalls, and see that none of the dolls get their hats or dresses wet. Run quick!"

"They are all covered with oil silk!" replied the little girl.

"Are you sure that Spain and Wisconsin, next the door, are protected?"

The little girl replied in the affirmative.

"Then get me another pot of tea. I am way behind now, and August is almost over, with Russia untouched and New York in the same condition, with the exception of Callicoon and Painted Post. Come, hurry with the pot of green tea, for I must catch up if I have to work all night!"

Often she will arise at 4 in the morning and go at her work and keep it up sometimes until after midnight. One day a little waif came to ask for something to eat, and when she saw the old lady dressing the dolls she uttered an exclamation of joy. "I have often seen them in shop windows, but I never had one in my hands before," said the little waif. And when the old lady gave her a doll all her hunger left her, she was so happy. And then she spoke of the great number lying around.

"I do nothing but dress dolls all day," said the old lady pleasantly.

"You must have a very large family," remarked the girl innocently.

"In one sense I have," said the old lady, "and I am working day and night for its little members. You know sometimes on Christmas Santa Claus never calls at some houses."

"He never called at mine yet," murmured the waif.

"Well," explained the old lady, working harder than ever, and surprising the child with the swiftness of her fingers, "when Santa Claus doesn't call at every house it is because he hasn't enough to go around."

"Is that the reason?" asked the waif.

"That is the reason," replied the old lady, "and I am doing my best to see that Santa Claus has dolls enough to go around."

"Do you know Santa Claus?" asked the child in wonder.

"Know him?" responded the old lady pleasantly. "Why, I am Mrs. Santa Claus, and when the little girls are romping the green fields in summer I am dressing the dolls that Santa Claus distributes among them on Christmas eve."

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

A Suggestion.

Head of Firm—You had better give the office boy a couple of dollars, Mr. Penwiper, for Christmas.

Mr. Penwiper (the bookkeeper)—I think we had better make it a New Year's gift, sir. I have just sent him out with a telegram, and I don't think he will get back by Christmas.

The Old Rural Christmas.

How many of the young people know that some forty years ago nine-tenths of the children in America had to enjoy Christmas with only such sums as they had saved up for months, often a penny at a time? Yet so it was. Not one father in ten thought of giving a boy "Christmas money;" the big family dinner and such fun as cost nothing was enough.

Indeed, save for candy and fire crackers, there was little to spend money for. "Robinson Crusoe" and "Parley's Tales" were almost the only story books, though the people had some old stand bys on their shelves and the "Old English Reader" was like other poor, always with them. There were "Moral Lessons," a few, and tracts enough; but no gorgeously lettered volumes of childish song, no fairy stories shining in covers of blue, green and gold.

The story that artists for the earliest juvenile books had to label their pictures "This is a horse," "This is a cow," etc., is no doubt an exaggeration, but the toys really needed it. Many a little girl made a doll by dressing up a crook necked squash. "Rag babies" were the rule. A doll such as any child of parents above the grade of paupers may now have for Christmas, would then have excited the amazement of the neighborhood, and a doll that would open and shut its eyes—well, language is lacking to set forth the furore such a wonderful creation would have excited.

It is an actual fact that the purchase of such a doll by order from Cincinnati—at a cost of two dollars—was made matter of church discussion in one town as late as 1848. "The neighbors" finally decided it was all right, as the man's little girl was an invalid and needed amusement. She certainly got it, if company was any amusement, for every child for miles around was crazy to see that doll. As for paying ten dollars for a doll, the people would have asked the court to name a guardian for the man who did it, as one unfit to manage his own affairs. Ten dollars would buy an acre of good timbered land in half of the country.

Wood carving was an envied accomplishment in those days. The "hired hand" who had some skill with a jack-knife had a crowd of children after him on all possible occasions; the father who could carve a human looking figure out of walnut bark was a hero to his family.

J. H. BEADLE.

Left That for Her.

Kingley—I suppose you have bought all of your wife's Christmas presents, haven't you?

Bingo—All but one.

Kingley—Which one?

Bingo—Mine.

Dashaway—Well, Uncle Jasper, how are you getting on with your Christmas dinner?

Uncle Jasper—Fust rate, sah. Colonel Winterblossom done guv me present of a fine fat turkey, sah.

Dashaway—That's strange. I just left the colonel, and he didn't say anything about it.

Uncle Jasper—No, sah. He's got to count dem turkeys fust.

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