THE KENT NEWS:
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OFFICE IN KENT NEWS BUILDING.

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

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Kent News.

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Terms of Transient Advertising:
One square, three insertions or less - - $1.00
Each subsequent insertion - - - - 25
Six lines Nonpareil, or space equivalent thereto constitute a square.

Advertisements inserted for three months or a longer period at low rates.

JOB-PRINTING:
—SUCH AS—
HAND-BILLS, CIRCULARS, BLANKS, BILL-HEADS, &c., executed with neatness and dispatch at satisfactory prices.

Oh, Those Christmas Stockings!

They Have Been Worrying the Heads of Many a Papa and Mamma These Many Weeks.

THE GREATEST QUESTION OF THE DAY:

"What Shall We Put in Them?"

Leave your worryings, visit our Store, and a little time and money is all that is required to buy presents for all.

TOYS, CONFECTIONERY, FRUITS, NUTS

In Styles and Kinds too Numerous to Mention.

Our Table of GLASSWARE will furnish many USEFUL PRESENTS.

F. H. HARPER & SON,
Dec. 17, 1892. STILL POND, MARYLAND.

THE WISE BUY THEIR

HEAVY FOOTWEAR EARLY!

—AND ARE—

PREPARED TO MEET BAD WEATHER WHEN IT COMES!

Now is the time to get the best, and get it cheap from our grand new stock of popular goods, new styles, seasonable attractions and complete assortment of

Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Rubbers, Overshoes.

A clean fresh stock of desirable gopds at fairest figures. We show the latest novelties; keep strictly first-class goods and make the lowest prices, quality considered.

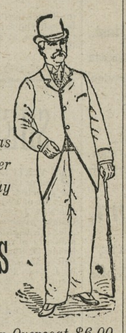
Patronize a safe, sure and reliable house, and you will get the worth of your money always.

The stove, table and chair will be given away January 1st, '93. Each pair of shoes one guess.

Stop in and have your measure taken for a nice pair of hand made shoes. Get you up any style you want. Fit guaranteed.

T. G. WROTH,
Nov. 19, 1892. The One-Price Shoeman, Under Stam's Hall.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE!



WE ARE cautious with our promises. The house as well as the individual who exaggerates is soon sized up. We enter on claim that cannot be substantiated, and we unhesitatingly say that our display of

Fall and Winter Overcoats and Suits

FOR MEN, YOUTH, BOYS and CHILDREN,

are the BEST EVER OFFERED IN CHESTERTOWN. Suit or Overcoat $6,00, $8,00, $10,00, $12,00 represents the Greatest Value to be Obtained at these Prices. At A. FRIEDMAN'S is the Place where you Always get Value for Value.

Boys' and Children's Clothing.

This department is complete in every respect. Prices from $1,25, $2.00, $3.50 $5.00, strongly made garments and have more styles than any other house can show you. Come early and examine our stock.

Respectfully,
A. FRIEDMAN & CO.,
Opposite Stam's Hall. The Leading Clothier.

WHAT KIND OF STOVES

ARE YOU GOING TO GET THIS FALL?

~~~LOOK OUT FOR~~~

J. L. McFEELY & CO.'S

Stove Advertisement of a Large Assortment and Prices from the Cheapest to the Highest!

SEXTON' "GRAND" FIRE-PLACE HEATER LEADS THE MARKETS.

Have your Old Fire-Place Heaters REPAIRED early, before the great rush,
at J. LLOYD McFEELY & CO.'S,
Sept. 17, 1892. HARDWARE AND STOVE STORE.

HO! FOR

THE HOLIDAYS!

WE HAVE MADE EXTENSIVE PREPARATIONS!

Want to Accommodate Everybody!

Now We are Ready for the Trade!

COME ONE, COME ALL!

WE HAVE PRESENTS IN ABUNDANCE
From OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT,
OUR SHOE DEPARTMENT,
Ladies', Misses and Children's WRAP DEPARTMENT,
FUR DEPARTMENT,
CARPET AND OIL CLOTH DEPARTMENT,
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE AND LAMP DEPARTMENT,
RUG AND HASSOCK DEPARTMENT.

You can select a useful present. Our HANDKERCHIEF DISPLAY IS SIMPLY ENORMOUS! Best Silk and Linen from 3c. a piece up. Umbrellas, Blankets, Fur Robes, Fur Rugs, Fur Gloves, Cheap Towels, Napkins, etc. Cheap! Cheaper! Than Ever!
Come one! Come all! We greet you!

R. F. PARKS.
Dec. 17, 1892.

Christmas Goods

OUR OPENING DAY WILL BE THURSDAY, DEC. 8, 1892.

WE propose to have the FINEST DIPLAY of Christmas Goods ever seen in Chestertown, and we cordially extend an invitation to the good people of Kent and Queen Anne's counties to visit our store on that evening. We want them to come from far and near. We will have a comfortable room for their reception. The opening day will continue from the 8th until the close of the season, but the first day we want to make our store a marvel of beauty and attraction, so do not miss coming in on that day. Our stock will embrace

BOOKS, FINE STATIONERY,
Dressing Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen,
FANCY BOXES PERFUMERY,
LAMPS for the PARLOR and DINING-ROOM,
ALBUMS,

in Plush and Wood. Fine, Beautiful Vases and articles of Ceramic Ware from England, Germany and France. These latter are the most artistic goods seen in town. In PICTURES we have some beautiful Pastels, which show the fine delicate hand of the artist. You will have to give them more than a passing glance, as they are very beautiful.

CHILDREN, the fresh little Powers who touch our hearts at the sweet Christmas time, have not been forgotten by us, as you will see when you look over the stock of goods we have selected in remembrance of them. In closing our notice we again extend you a kind invitation to be with us on our special opening day.

COLIN F. STAM,
STAM'S HALL.
Dec. 3, 1892.

GOOD CHEER!

W. R. ALDRIDGE

HAS A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT OF

Christmas Novelties!

HE HAS THE BIGGEST LINE OF

Neckwear in Town,

and invites the young men especially to call and examine it.

GLASS AND CHINAWARE,

all sorts and sizes of Beautiful Christmas Presents in Glass and Chinaware.

Groceries, Flannels,
Dry Goods, Etc.

UMBRELLAS OF ALL STYLES AT LOW PRICES.

Christmas Goods

WE ARE RIGHT ON TOP OF THE TIDE—THE CHRISTMAS TIDE—WITH A NEW AND THE LARGEST STOCK OF

HOLIDAY GOODS

we have ever had. Everything new and attractive. These goods will be open for inspection

Tuesday, Dec. 6, 1892,

—and invite you to see our display of—

BOOKS of every description, DAINTY BOOKLETS and various SOUVENIRS for the season, WRITING DESKS, TABLETS, MIRRORS, GOLD PENS and HOLDERS, PICTURES, FRAMES, &c.

M. A. TOULSON,
DRUGGIST, CHESTERTOWN.
Dec. 3, 1892.

JERMAN & COSGRIFF,
(Successor to W. M. Bell)
MANUFACTURERS OF
Porous Drain Tile.

Egg-Shaped, 2 to 8 inches calibre. Round, with collar, 2, 2½ and 3 inches calibre.
Send for price-list and circular.
Address, JERMAN & COSGRIFF, SMYRNA, DELAWARE
or T. R. HUBBARD & SON, Agents, Chestertown, Maryland.
fe20-y.

FAST BLACK HOES 5½ to 8½, seamless for 15c. WESTCOTT & DOUD.

An Ishmaelite's Christmas.

BY EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.
COPYRIGHT 1892.

"GOODBY, Henry," said the warden, holding out his hand.

"Goodby," said the man as he grasped his late jailer's hand; "goodby," a bit huskily. "I thank—you—sir—for all your kindness"——

"Oh, that's all right!" said the warden cheerily. "I try to do what's right; that's all. Just you do that in the future, Henry, and I shall never see you here again. Good luck to you."

The great doors clanged behind Henry Johnson as he stepped out of the prison, where he had served six years, four months and twenty-five days—not the full sentence he had received, for the benefit of the allowance for good behavior had been his. But six years is a long time, long enough to change a man for better or worse

With a new suit of clothes, a ticket to New York and twenty-three dollars Johnson walked away, once more a free man.

He had looked forward to this day for years. He had dreamed of it on his hard bed in his lonely cell—the day on which he would be liberated, on which his revenge would begin.

It was here at last. Johnson was surprised at his sensations. Instead of shouting, leaping or crying for joy, he was walking along as quietly as though setting out on a visit to friends.

Ah, friends! The word brought him to a realizing sense of what was before him. Friends indeed! In all the wide world had he a single friend?

With lightning rapidity the events of the last eight years swept before him. He saw himself honored and respected, holding a position of trust in a banking house, laying by a tidy little sum for the home which was to be his—and hers—in the near future.

Then came the scandal, the embezzlement, the mystery, the plot which wrecked his life and sent him to prison for a crime of which he was innocent. Then, through that inexplicable channel by which news drifts from the outer world to those in prison, he had learned of the prosperity of the man who in his soul he was convinced had ruined him, and of his marriage to the woman Johnson had loved.

The train for New York swept around the curve, and the smoothly shaven man in the ill fitting clothes, with despair on his face and hell in his heart, crept on and slunk into a corner by the door. He peered out the window to catch a last glimpse of the high stone wall and the sentry stalking solemnly up and down.

"How soon will I be back?" he asked himself.

Then as the gloom deepened on his haggard face he muttered, "When I come back it will not be for embezzlement, but for murder."

For Johnson had in those six dreary years of captivity calmly and coolly formulated his plan of revenge. He had decided to kill John Raymond, his former friend and business associate, just as he would kill a viper that had stung him.

How—when—where? were the words which jangled ceaselessly through his brain, keeping time to the clattering of the wheels over the rails.

ONE OR TWO PASSENGERS TURNED AND LOOKED AT HIM.

How? Suddenly, without warning and mercy. Even as ruin had darted upon him should the blow descend upon Raymond.

When? At night. Night, with its awful silence and mystery, should surround and envelop the deed.

Where? In his own house—the house Raymond had stolen from him. In its fancied security, in its seclusion and elegance, within calling distance of—of—his wife—if possible, would the murderer find him.

The man in the corner of the car laughed aloud. One or two passengers near turned and looked at him, but quickly withdrew their eyes. There was no contagious mirth in that laugh, and the smile on the cruel face was the smile of a fiend.

That night he crawled into a slovenly bed in a cheap lodging house on the east side. He missed the lonely cell to which he had become accustomed, and found himself wondering if they would give him his old quarters when he went back.

Next day he prowled about the muddy streets seeking work. It was Christmas week, and everybody was too busy to listen to him. He ate sparingly and hoarded his little roll of bills, counting them over and over. A strange attraction lured him to the neighborhood of the bank where he used to work. At the close of the somber day he stood and watched the well dressed, well groomed men emerge from the building. "That is the way I used to look," he said to himself, and then glanced down at his plain clothes and coarse shoes.

At night the Bowery glittered with rows of lights that twinkled like evil eyes. Johnson tramped for many blocks, pausing now and then to gaze in the windows at the Christmas decorations. There was one display which fascinated him. In a cutler's window were stars, crosses and other emblems formed of smooth, shining, sharp edged knives. Johnson looked steadily at them for a long time. Then he went in, and selecting one particularly wicked blade paid for it from the little roll of bills, thrust it in the breast pocket of his coat and resumed his tramp.

"Christmas, Christmas," he muttered as he plodded on. "What is Christmas to me? I'd like to give John Raymond a Christmas present, curse him," and then suddenly he thought what a fine thing it would be to drive that knife home in Raymond's heart and attach a piece of paper to the handle bearing the inscription, "A Christmas present from a loving friend."

"I'll do it!" he exclaimed. "Yes, I'll do it on the night before Christmas. What a merry Christmas it will be for me!"

People brushed against him in the throng. Children shrank at sight of his scowling face. On, on he went, unmindful of his surroundings.

SOMETHING ROLLED DOWN THE CHEEK OF THE EX-CONVICT.

Suddenly he paused before a great building into which crowds were pouring. He joined the throng and drifted in. There were lights and music. Somebody—a man with a clear baritone voice—was singing something. To the ears of the Ishmaelite stole these words:

I've found a friend in Jesus;
He's everything to me;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul,
The Lily of the Valley.
In him alone I see
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.

Then suddenly the great audience rose to its feet and responded:

He's the Lily of the Valley,
The Bright and Morning Star;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

Johnson looked stupidly about. He saw faces lined with sin and suffering—the faces of thieves and outcasts. But everybody was singing. He looked at the platform. It was filled with men and women dressed in curious fashion, in dark blue costumes, with big scarlet letters on their breasts. During Johnson's prison life the Salvation Army had sprung into existence.

He all my griefs has taken,
And all my sorrows borne:
In temptation he's my strong and mighty tower——

rang out the voice like a clarion call. And once more the poor, sodden wayfarers to whom he sang answered:

He's the Lily of the Valley,
The Bright and Morning Star:
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

Something rolled down the cheek of the ex-convict.

He put up his hand impatiently to brush it away.

And then, half stumbling, he hurried out into the night.

But as he fled through the fast falling snowflakes he heard again the refrain well up like a battlecry:

He's the Lily of the Valley.

Next day as he aimlessly walked about he came face to face with a man he had known in his old life. The man started as if he had seen a ghost, and then shamefacedly and hesitatingly extended his hand.

"Howdy do, Johnson?" he said timidly.

"Oh, I'm well enough," said Johnson with a short, harsh laugh. "I'm trying to get something to do. Perhaps you could help me."

"I—oh, no—well, you see, just now everybody's taken up with Christmas."

"Yes, so I see."

"Of course you understand it's not an easy thing to recommend a—a"——

"A jailbird."

"Well, er—you understand."

"Yes, I understand. I won't bother you. I'll get along in some fashion. I've a little money. But tell me, can you give me any news of Raymond?"

"Well, yes. You heard about his failure?"

"His failure? No."

"Yes, lost every cent a year ago. Poor as a church mouse. Sick, too, I heard a few days ago. Rheumatism, I believe. His wife"——

"Yes, yes, his wife."

"She's supporting him, I understand—sewing. They live somewhere on the east side in a tenement. Horrible come down! Well, I can't stand here all day. Goodby. If I hear of anything"—and he was gone.

Johnson stood looking after him in a dazed fashion until a gentle hint from a policeman reminded him he had better move on.

So Raymond was poor and sick—his revenge, then, was partly begun—and that Christmas present?—some way the thought of killing a poor invalid did not appeal so strongly to the Ishmaelite—somewhere on the east side?—as well try to hunt the traditional needle—poor, sick, and Nelly sewing to support him—well, there was some justice in heaven, if not on earth.

* * * * * *

It was the night before Christmas when Johnson strolled again into the great rink where the Salvation Army was holding its meetings. He listened to the burning words which fell from the lips of a sweet faced woman. She talked of God's best gift to man and spoke of peace and good will. Then again the singer came forward, and again the strains which had rung in Johnson's ears for two days rolled to the roof. While listening eagerly his eyes suddenly fell upon the face of a woman who was sitting three seats from him. A pale, thin, shabbily dressed woman.

It was Nelly!

When she rose to go he followed her. As she hurried away he stealthily crept behind her, his hand involuntarily clutching the knife over his heart.

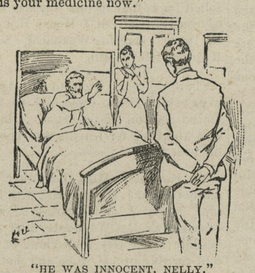
Up a rickety flight of stairs she went, and close behind came her pursuer. She opened the door on the third landing and went in. He crouched outside, holding his breath.

The door remained ajar.

He looked in and marked the poor room, with its wretched belongings. He saw the bed and the sick man bolstered up by flabby pillows.

"Is that you, Nelly," he heard Raymond say. "I thought you would never come."

"Well, John, dear, I just ran into the rink a moment to hear the singing. It sounded so sweet as I came along. Here is your medicine now."



"HE WAS INNOCENT, NELLY."

Then Johnson, listening, straining every nerve there in the darkness, heard an awful groan.

"What is it, John? the pain again?"

"Yes, yes. Oh, this is terrible! Nelly, I am dying.

"No, no, dear, you will be better presently. Here, drink this."

The sufferer obeyed and sank back exhausted on the pillows. "Now," thought Johnson, "now is my time. I can rush in and stab him before his wife. Why do I not do it?"

"Poor Nelly!" said Raymond again, "to what have I brought you? Ah, sin finds its reward."

"Sin, John?"

"Yes, sin. Nelly, I am dying. I must speak—I must tell you all"——

"Hush, dear, you are excited. Listen now. I'll sing you to sleep, and tomorrow, Christmas morning, you will be better."

And then to the Ishmaelite, his hand against every man, outside there in the darkness, floated in Nelly's sweet voice:

He's the Lily of the Valley,
The Bright and Morning Star.

But she was interrupted.

"I must speak," moaned the sick man. "I will tell you."

Then the door was softly pushed open, and the startled couple saw him. His face was pale, his features working, and tears were raining down his cheeks.

"No, John," said the Ishmaelite, "do not speak."

But not to be outdone in generosity, Raymond raised himself, and with one supreme effort pointed to Johnson, crying:

"He was innocent, Nelly."

And the bright morning star of Christmas shone through the window on three people, two of whom knelt by the bed holding the icy hands of the other. Both on the white face of the dead and the living face of the Ishmaelite had settled the peace which passeth all understanding.

A Plea.

Dear Santa Claus, I've got to go
To bed—it's late, you see—
So listen, please, for you must know
Just what to bring to me.

I want a pair of skates, a knife,
A pony that can trot;
I want a nice big drum and fife,
And all the books you've got.

I want a kite, with miles of string,
And several Christmas trees;
But when you come this year don't bring
Another baby, please.

A Bad Neighborhood.

Dashaway—Well, Uncle Ebony, what are you going to have for your Christmas dinner?

Uncle Ebony—I'ze gwine to have a fat and sassy turkey, sah.

Dashaway—Why, I thought you told me not long ago you didn't expect to have one.

Uncle Ebony—No, sah, I didn't; but I done moved out ob dat neighborhood since den.

ROYAL KRIS KRINGLE

THE KING WHOSE SCEPTER IS A HOLLY BRANCH.

How St. Nicholas Became the Santa Claus of Today—Christmas as It Is Celebrated North and South—An Old Plantation Scene.

WHEREVER it occurs, Christmas is king of the holidays. In the northern homestead, on the southern plantation, among those who go down to "the sea in ships," and among the people of all civilized lands, it is the one season of the year marked by a reign of hospitality, merriment and open heartedness. It recalls to the old the pleasures of youth, and transports many an absent one back to his own fireside and quiet home.

In the early annals of New York city, when it was Nieu Amsterdam and the sturdy Stuyvesant was commander in chief; when our now crowded Broadway was below Wall street and known only as plain Heere straat; when our business throttled Maiden lane was T'maagde paatje—"The Maiden's Path"—where the red cheeked Dutch girls went to hang their clothes; when the meat market was on Bowling Green, and the present City Hall park a public pasture outside the city wall, the 24th and 25th of December were dedicated to St. Nicholas, the patron saint of the colony. It was his image that constituted the figurehead of the ship that brought the first Dutch emigrants to this shore. It was he who gave his name to the first church within the walls, and whose benisons were most solemnly invoked in the hour of trouble by all Dutchmen on land and sea.

To the Dutch boys and girls St. Nicholas was a jolly, white bearded, little, old man, smoking his long stemmed pipe, and in their fancies driving through the air over town and country, oceans and deserts, sending through space the sharpest of whistles to the wonderful reindeer team that carried the wonderful sleigh. These little Knickerbockers have passed away forever, but the children of today still keep up the devotion of the children of 1650 for St. Nicholas, only they now call him Santa Claus. He is the same friend, the same little, low built, chubby, merry, mysterious ancient who loves children of all ages and all countries.

The manner in which his coming is celebrated differs according to the habits and associations of the people. In the great cities and the country towns, for days and weeks beforehand, the markets and stores, the streets and avenues proclaim the approach of the fete. The whole community abandons itself to foraging expeditions. Bundles and baskets are everywhere—on men's shoulders and in their hands, in wagons and coaches, filling the aisles of street cars and trundling through the highways in wheelbarrows. Women and children, husbands, bachelors and sweethearts struggle beneath their weight. There are gifts for boys and girls, presents for men and women, and heaps of presents for grandfathers and grandmothers. "Old Scrooge" is there, crowding paterfamilias in his endeavor to buy the biggest turkey and make amends for his meanness to his bookkeeper during the year, while materfamilias declares to herself that her Christmas shall be the handsomest among all the neighbors.

Now comes Christmas eve—the fairy time of the little ones. And who shall describe it? The old mantel, with its row of stockings, large and small; the expectant looks of the youngsters as they linger around the fireplace wondering what Santa Claus will bring; the creeping into bed and listening, while the grown folks are making merry over their eggnog and mulled cider, for any sign of the coming of the old gentleman down the chimney; then, when the house is still, the mysterious movements of the happy parents as they produce the Christmas gifts from their hiding places and tie them up in the most provoking knots; the commotion in the house long before dawn when the children bounce from their beds to see what the King has sent them; the chorus of chuckles and gabble of delight as they gather around the bedside of the sleepy father and mother and arouse every one in the house to display the liberality of the God of gifts—who shall, who can tell the story of such a happy time?

By and by the bells in the steeples call the good people all to church and chapel, and away they go, flocking through the streets in their best clothes and with their gayest faces. Closed stores and a general cessation from labor give a Sabbath sanctity and reserve to the day outside, very different from the Christmas echoes of the night before. A little later we are seated at the Christmas dinner, each one nervously impatient to attack the heaped up viands. The turkeys and geese and chickens that caused such a stuffing of baskets on Christmas eve are set out stuffed in turn upon the tables, and soon after lots of little boys and girls are in the same condition.

The feast ended, other pleasures follow. The old folks gather around the big fireplace to enjoy the outpouring of good feeling and honest interchange of affectionate attachment which abound at this season. The young people betake themselves to the frolics of a sleigh ride, while the children repair perhaps to the neighboring hills and ponds to try the new sleds and skates. This is the Christmas of the average home circle throughout the north and west.

The Christmas of the rich is also a fairyland in which for one day at least nothing save the spirit of Kris Kringle enters the voluptuous heaven with its firmament of gas jets, its carpeted floor, softer than clover, its perfumed air, embroidered curtains and gorgeous Christmas tree, all aflame with light and color, where are gathered a fashionable throng of old and young awaiting the bestowal of costly gifts.

But in the background of even this pleasant picture is another—the families of the poor, the labyrinths of wretched homes and teeming tenement houses, the prisons and hospitals. They are not forgotten. The rich man has spared from his abundance that the hard pressure of poverty may for the moment be lightened, and charitable hands deal out the stores of good things that make one and all feel as if the spirit of Christmas was indeed the angel of the day bringing the old time message, "Peace on earth and good will to men."

F. G. DE FONTAINE.

Oh, happy hearts, list to the chiming bells!
Oh, yearning souls, list to their sweet refrain!
It is the echo which forever tells
Of "peace on earth" amid its joys and pain.
Wreathe holly berries and pale mistletoe
In garlands for the joyous Christmastide;
The year is buried, and the chastening snow
Falls like a benediction far and wide.
—Clara Lee Pucketta in New Orleans Picayune.

A Christmas Gift

WHAT shall I give my loved one
For a Christmas gift tonight?
How can I tell the story—
My pen refuses to write?

* * * * * * *

I would give her gems of light
From the caverns deep of night;
Opals, rubies, emeralds green,
Diamonds bright with fiery sheen;

All the spices, rich and strong,
From the eastern lands of song;
Perfumes heavy, musk and nard,
Ambergris, opaque and hard;

And the tissues soft and rare,
That Circassian beauties wear,
That with clinging, tender fold,
All her charms should closely hold.

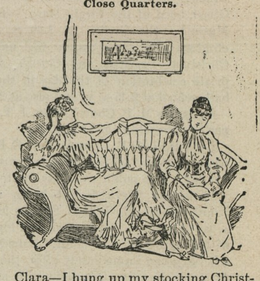
I would give her castles fair
Far in Spain's ambrosial air,
Tall and stately, sheened with gold,
Ivy grown and gray and old.

* * * * * * *

Since I cannot give her these—
For I lack the needful pelf—
I will give her, if she please,
All I have—my life, my self.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

Close Quarters.



Clara—I hung up my stocking Christmas eve, and what do you think I got in it? A beautiful umbrella.

Maude—It must have been a pretty tight fit.

Christmas Holly.

The practice of decking churches with the evergreen is very ancient, says Chatterbox. On this account our pious forefathers gave it the name of "holy tree," of which our word holly is a corruption. Duppa tells us "that branches of this tree were sent by the Romans to their friends with their New Year's gifts as emblematical of good wishes, and the custom is said to be nearly as old as the building of Rome itself." The holly sometimes attains the height of forty feet, and when of this large size the wood is very valuable and is much used by cabinet makers. It is white, hard, close grained and takes a very fine polish. When stained black it is an excellent imitation of ebony. The long and straight tough branches are often used for whip handles and walking sticks. The leaves of the holly near the ground are frequently much more prickly than those toward the top of the tree. This circumstance forms the subject of a poem by Southey, in which he says that though in youth buffetings with the world may call forth harshness, yet a man ought to pray that unkind feelings may daily wear away—

Till the smooth temper of his age shall be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

Christmas Mummers.

Among other quaint customs still extant are those of the "mummers" and mummings at Christmas, all common in Oxfordshire, England. Some wear masks, some black their faces and others dress fantastically. They go about singing:

A merry Christmas and a happy New Year,
Your pockets full of money and your cellars full of beer.

But this is the convivial side. At this time the following apparently senseless lines are sung by the yeoman of Somersetshire:

Here comes I, liddle man Jan,
With my zword in my han!
If you don't all do
As you be told by I,
I'll zend you all to York
Vor to make apple pie.

Mum.

Dashaway—I hear, Bobbie, that you got a train of cars for Christmas and they had an accident. Tell me all about it.

Bobbie—I can't say a word. You see, I am one of the officers of the road.

Christmas in the Land of the Czar.

Throughout the Ukraine, or little Russia, Christmas is observed as a great sacred day. Weeks before Christmas preparations for welcoming the so called "Christman kutia" (barley grits) are going on in a peasant's hut.

The hut is whitewashed, the floor and polatia (bed of boards) are scrubbed, the holy images, or ikons, on the walls are adorned with coarse linen towels embroidered, and a few crosses, neatly made of straw or hay, are nailed upon the ceiling and wall.

A bench covered with hay is placed at the corner under St. Nicholas' image, upon which rests the pot with the sacred kutia.

The head of the family, after offering prayer and expressing a few wishes before the kutia—such as that the next summer's crop may be abundant, or that general prosperity may crown his home—takes his seat at the head of the table. His example is followed by the rest of the members.

The pot with the kutia is soon placed before them, and after a few more little formalities is devoured with great appetite. After this is done all dress themselves in their best clothes and start out to church.

About Two English Poets.

A cottager near Farringford said one day to his clergyman, "They tells me that this 'ere Lord Tennyson's a great poet." "Certainly he is—a very great poet." "And I've been readin a man named Shakespeare—he was a great poet too?" "Indeed he was." "Well," said the rustic critic as he struck his spade deep into the soil, "I don't think nothing o' neither of 'em!"—New York Tribune.

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