Dealer in Liquors, &c.

WILLIAM D. RANDALL, B. R. YOE & CO., DEALERS IN STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.

FINE LIQUORS, CHOICE WINES, AND STORES FOR NAVAL VESSELS AT THE OLD STAND. No. 88 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore.

TO THE PUBLIC: The undersigned takes this method to notify the Public and especially the Patrons of the late firm of B. K. YOE & CO., that he has taken the OLD STAND occupied for so many years by that firm where he proposes to continue the GROCERY He believes that his long experience in the employment of the late Mr. YOE, has given him a thorough knowledge of the business and made him acquainted with the tastes and wants of his old customets, he therefore respectfully solicits a continuance of their patronage and earnestly asks the General Public for a share of their custom. He will keep a full stock of the best STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.

CANNED GOODS, FINE LIQUORS CHOICE WINES, CIGARS AND STORES FOR NAVAL VESSELS and will provide the BEST FACILITIES for supplying Goods at MOST REASONABLE PRICES and with the greatest dispatch. Very respectfully, WM. D. RANDALL.

OLD

SHERWOOD Rye and Malt

MEDICINAL WHISKEY.

This whiskey is old stock of standard strength and purity particularly adapted to all cases of indisposition requiring a stimulating Tonic. It has been submitted to the test of the most exacting requirements of Physicians, and connois

seurs as well, receiving their commendation.

you desire the very best.

Take no other, but insist on having this only,

Sold only in pint (Blake) bottles with wrappers sealed top and bottom, bearing cautionary notices WIGHT & LEUTZ, Cockeysville, Md.

-FOR SALE BY-W. T. COWMAN & CO., HOPPER & CATOR, LEEF & Co., NM. M. MAYNADIER ADAM DIETRICH J. M. WHITEFORD, LESTER CLARK; NO. F. O'HARA, F. L. LAWRENCE & SONS ENGLAR, KETTE & Co., LEWIS H. URBAN A. C. SMITH, J. D. ALMONY & SON, . SCOTT PRICE.

Chas. McRae,

March 24, '88.-11

-Wholesale-LIQUOR DEALER,

409 N. CALVERT STREET 409OLD NO. 111. NEAR THE DEPOT

BALTIMORE, MD.

THE BEST \$2 WHISKEY IN THE CITY

** TRY IT.

Beal Cstate Agents, &c. C. J. R. THORPE. | SAMUEL BRADY TORADY & CO.. REAL ESTATE & COLLECTION OFFICE,

NO. 83 WEST FAYETEE STREET, BALTIMORE, MD. Mortgage Loans negotiated. Lands, Houses and Ground Rents bought and sold. All claims

collected and promptly remitted. H. L. BOWEN.

REAL ESTATE AGENT, CONVEYANCER COLLECTOR OF HOUSE AND GROUND RENTS LOANS NEGOTIATED. NO. 2, SMEDLEY ROW, TOWSONTOWN, MD.

WILLIAM H. SHIPLEY, OFFICE-37 LEXINGTON STREET! BALTIMORE. In connection with R. W. TEMPLEMAN, will giv strict attention as LAND AGENTS, NEGOTIATE LOANS OF MONEY ON REAL ESTATE, &c., BUY
AND SELL GROUND RENTS, &c.

March 21—tf

March 21—tf

Mill activities for making and mending Boots and Shoes according to the latest styles. AT LOWEST PRICES FOR FIRST-CLASS WORK.

die,
An' goes to keep our Chrismus wid dem sheriffs in de sky! March 21.-tf

WILLIAM POLE, SR., REAL ESTATE AGENT, -OFFICE-261/2 ST. PAUL STREET, BALTIMORE. CONVEYANCING, EXAMINATION OF TITLES, PUCHCHASES, SALES, LOANS AND COLLECTIONS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
-RESIDENCEGARRISON AVENUE, HOOKSTOWN,
BALTIMORE COUNTY.
Nov.4,1871.—tf

DEAL ESTATE AGENCY. GROUND RENTS, LOTS, AND DWELLINGS for Sale in Baltimore city and county. Loans negoti- W. L. DOUGLAS (\$2.00 Boys' Shoe, BIRCKHEAD & MÜRDOCH,

Money to Loun.

\$5,000 TO LOAN. IN SUMS TO SUIT, FROM \$100 UP.

Apply to YELLOTT & MITCHELL, Attorneys at Law, Towson, Md. TO LOAN.

ONE SUM OF \$1,000 AND ONE OF \$640 TO LOAN ON FIRST MORTGAGE. Security offered to be first-class. Apply to
THOS. J. HUNTER, \$300, \$600, \$1,000, \$1,800, \$3,000, \$5,000, or almost any amount to suit borrower, on long or short time, on first-class

JAMES J. LINDSAY. Attorney at Law, Towson, Md. MONEY TO LOAN ON MORTGAGE.

Apply to WM. GRASON Attorney at Law, Smedley Row, Dec. 12.—tf

MONEY TO LOAN. 1N SUMS TO SUIT, FROM \$500 to \$5,000 HENRY L. BOWEN,

Real Estate Agent, Towson, Md. \$600, \$1,000, \$1,000 AND \$2,000.

AT6 PER CENT FROM 2 TO 5 YEARS.
Apply to M. W. OFFUTT.
Attorney at Law, Smedier Row, Towsontown, Md. \$80,000 TOLOANON MORTGAGE

Feb. 10.—t/

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF ALWAYS ON HAND. OR GROUND RENT ON SUMS TO SUIT ON BALTIMORE COUNTY PROPERTY.

R.W. TEMPLEMAN & CO. Bouquets, Pyramids, Wreaths, Crosses, Crownsec, made to order at short notice.

St., made to order at short notice.

St., Cometery Lots and Gardenslaid out and furuished with Evergreens, Flowers, &c., &c.

St., Allorders prompty filled. A call respectfully indicited.

[April6.—8m.

Margiani



VOL. XXV.

TOWSON, BALTIMORE COUNTY, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1889.

Yet scorns the very thought of bed :-

So wears the night; and wears so fast,

All wonder when they find it passed,

From what few cocks are left to crow

"Hi! Booker! fotch de banjo out,

An' gib us one song 'fore we goes-

One ob de berry bes' you knows!"

Responding to the welcome call.

He takes the banjo from the wall,

And tells, in melody and rhyme,

Go 'way, fiddle !-folks is tired o' hearin' you

Keep allence fur yo' betters—don't you heah banjo talkin'?

a-pehawin':
But Noah didn't min' 'em-knowin' what waz

gwine to happen: An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep

Now, Noah had done cotched a lot ob ebry sort

beas'es—
Ob all de shows a trabbelin, it beat 'em all to pieces!
He had a Morgan colt, an' sebral head o' Jarsey cat-

An' druy 'em 'board de Ark as soon's he heered de

Den sech anoder fall ob rain i-it come so awfu

hebby, De ribber riz immelitly, an' busted troo de lebbee ; De people all wuz drownded out—'cep' Noah an' de

An' men he'd hired to work de boat-an' one to mix

You c'u'dn't hardly heah de mate a-bossin' 'roun'

Now, Ham, de only nigger whut wuz runnin' on

An' so, for to amuse he se'f, he steamed some wood

An' soon he had a banjo made-de fust dat wuz in

He wet do ledder, stretched it on; made bridge, an'

screws, an' apron :
An' fitted in a proper neck—'twuz berry long an'

He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble for to

ring it; An' den de mighty question riz; how wuz he gwine

The night is spent; and as the day

Throws up the first faint flash of gray,

The guests pursue their homeward way:

And through the field beyond the gin,

See Santa Claus departing-griering-

His own dear Land of Cotton leaving.

His work is done - he fain would rest,

He pauses-listens-looks about-

So, coughing down the rising tears,

He climbs the fence and disappears.

And thus observes a colored youth-

(The common sentiment, in sooth):

Ef Santy had been born a twin !

almost discouraged.

his way through college.

would not bring his heart's desire? Am-

brose might "turn" all the turkeys (which

meant in Danville change them for gro-

ceries and other necessaries)—all except

the Duchess Griselds: he wouldn't think

of touching her, anyway, for she was

Rick's especial property and his great pet.

A turkey is a rather queer pet, but Rick

had brought this one up from a scrawny.

featherless morsel, all neck and voice, the

sole survivor of a large brood that had

fallen victims to a turkey epidemic, and

it had rewarded him by growing into the

finest and handsomest specimen of turkey-

hood that Danville had ever seen. Such

eggs as the Duchess Griselda laid, and such

broods as she hatched! Her fame reached

all over town, and Rick had been able to

buy all his Sunday shoes and jackets from

the proceeds of industry, but this year,

alas! all Griselda's brood had been de-

stroved by Farmer Hodson's sheep-dog,

and when she had been almost ready

to bring off another flock, a weasel

Griselda shouldn't make anybody Christ-

mas dinner—not though they themselves

The Sanday before Christmas the min-

Rick remembered. The minister presched | Rick.

should go hungry.

We'd hab two Chrismuses a yeah-

Or p'r'aps one brudder'd settle heah !"

Miscellaneous.

HOW RICK MADE HIMSELF

A CHRISTMAS.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"Oh! what a blessin' 'tw'u'd ha' been.

But go he must: his pass is out;

Where people know and love him best-

Just as the stars are going in,

This legend of the olden time:

a-squawkin'.

And hear the signal sound, to go,

Botels and Bestaurants.

NOW OPEN.

INTERSECTION OF READ & CATHEDRAL STREETS, BALTIMORE. FIRST-CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS. RESTAURANT-EUROPEAN PLAN. J. S. CROWTHER,

HOTEL RENNERT, EUROPEAN PLAN, SARATOGA AND LIBERTY STS., BALTIMORE. LADIES' AND GENT'S RESTAURANT.

AG-OPEN DAILY. CA ROBT. RENNERT, Prop Rennert's RESTAURANT,

CALVERT AND GERMAN STS. BALTIMORE. OPEN DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

AT THE "OLD PLACE"
URBAN'S RESTAURANT, YORK ROAD, NEAR THE CAR STATION,

Having disposed of the Smedley House my friends will now find me at my OLD PLACE, as above.— As heretofore, I will always keep on hand the finest brands of LIQUORS, BRANDIES, &c.; also BROWN STOUT, BASS'S ALE, PORTER, and the choice brands of CHAMPAGNE, CLARET, &c. The BEST BEER on draught and in bottles, for family use.— A large stock of CIGARS of best brands always on Summer residents can always be supplied at

city prices.

Ample stabling and shedding and polite hostler always in attendance.

LEWIS H. URBAN, Proprietor.

ON THE YORK TURNPIKE. CHARLES O. COCKEY, Proprietor.

The undersigned, having purchased the well known TEN-MILE HOTEL PROPERTY, York Turnpike, the same will in the future be conducted He has stocked his Bar with the choicest Liquors, Wines and Cigars, and an attentive hostler will be in constant attendance for the care of stock. The house has been thoroughly renovated, and the public can rest assured that the proprietor will use his utmost endeavors to make his guests com-A share of public patronage respectfully solicited CHARLES O. COCKEY, Jan, 27, '76.--tf

OVANSTOWN HOTEL. LEWIS RITTER, Proprietor. Having leased the above Hotel I most respectfully solicit the public patronage. The house being in complete order, offers an agreeable resort for Ladies and Gentlemen, where they can obtain Breakfast, Dinner and Supper, with all the delicacies which the markets afford. The Bar will always be supplied tention will be given to the comfort and pleasure c visitors. LEWIS RITTER, Proprietor.

Boots, Shoes, &c. WONDER

AND SATISFACTION Will be your experience when you first try SLESINGER'S TENDER : FEET : SHOES

YOU WILL BE DELIGHTED ATTHEIR MIRACU-LOUS EASE AND COMFORT. 49 IF YOU TEN SUFFER WITH CORNS. BUNIONS.

BURNING SENSATION, TRY A PAIR OF OU TENDER FEET SHOES. L. SLESINGER, Manufacturer

231 N. EUTAW ST., BALTIMORE. Agent-J. M. CURRIE & CO., REISTERSTOWN, MD.

J. H. HARTMAN'S BOOT AND SHOE STORE, WAVERLY, MD. I take this means of informing my patrons and

he public in general that I am now prepared to AND SELL BOOTS AND SHOES OF ALL KINDS, at a better advantage to the consumer than heret fore, having made addition to my stock on hand

I have just received a lot of FRENCH CALF AND KIPP LEATHER. and am now ready for orders for FALL AND WIN-TER BOOTS AND SHOES, and it will pay to order

J. H. HARTMAN, 1130 York Road, Waverly, Md. July 6.-tJune 1, '90 W.L. DOUGLAS' \ 83.00 Shoe, W. L. DOUGLAS' \\$2.50 Shoq, W. L. DOUGLAS' \\$2.25 Shoe,

—SOLD BY— JAMES PHIPPS, Towson, ---DEALER IN---ALL KINDS OF BOOTS AND SHOES CUSTOM BOOTS AND SHOES MADE TO ORDER. REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

Murserymen, Alonists, Eq.

ROSEBANK NURSERIES, GOVANSTOWN.
BALTIMORE COUNTY, MD. We invite the attention of Planters and Amateur Cultivators to our complete stock of the following PEARS STANDARD AND DWARF:

APPLES, Do., Do.; CHERRIES, Do. Do PEACHES. PLUMS, AND GRAPE VINES, together with other SMALL FRUITS of popular ORNAMENTAL, DECIDUOUS AND EVERGREEN TREES AND SHRUBS. with ROSES in great variety. Also a largestock of VERBENAS, GERANIUMS. and other Bedding Plants. OSAGE and JAPAN

QUINCE, suitable for hedging. TERMS MODERATE. Orders by mail promptly attended to. CATALOGUES forwarded on application. W. D. BRACKENRIDGE. Rosebank Nurseries.

Oct.16.-ly Govanstown, Baltimore Co., Md CHARLES HAMILTON,

FLORIST WAVERLY, YORK BOAD, BALTO.COUNTY. Hot, Green House and Hardy Plants Bouquets, Pyramids, Wreaths, Crosses, Crown Moetig.

From Scribner's Magazine for January, 1878. CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN THE BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

When merry Christmas day is done, And Christmas-night is just begun; While clouds in slow procession drift To wish the moon-man "Christmas gift," Yet linger overhead to know What causes all the stir below; At Uncle Johnny Booker's ball The darkeys hold high carnival. From all the country-side they throng, With laughter, shouts, and scraps of song-Their whole deportment plainly showing That to the frolic they are going. Some take the path with shoes in hand, To travers muddy bottom-land: Aristocrats their steeds bestride-Four on a mule, behold them ride! And ten great oxen draw apace The wagon from "de oder place," With forty guests, whose conversation Betokens glad anticipation.

Not so with him who drives : old Jim Is eagely solemn, hard and grim, And frolics have no joys for him. He seldom speaks, but to condemn-Or utter some wise anothegm-Or else, some crabbed thought pursuing, Talk to his team, as now he's doing:

Come up heah, Star! Yee-bawee! You alluz is a laggin'-Mus' be you think l's dead, And dis de huss you's draggin'-You's mos' too lazy to draw yo' bref, Lot 'lone drawin' de waggin.

Dis team-quit bel'rin, sah! De ladies don't submit 'at-Dis team-you of fool ox, You heah me tell you quit 'at? Dis team's des like de 'Nited States : Dat's what I's tryin' to git at! De people rides behind

De pollytishners haulin' Sh'u'd be a well-bruk ox, To foller dat ar callin'-An' sometimes nuffin won't do dem steers. But what dey mus' be stallin'! Woo bahgh! Buck-kannon! Yes, sah, Sometimes dey will be stickin'; An' don, fus thing dey knows, Dey takes a rale good lickin'-De folks gits down: an' den watch out

For hommerin an' klekin'. Dey blows upon dey hands, Den flings 'em wid de nails up, Jumps up an' cracks dey heels, An' pruzntly dey sails up, An' makes dem oxen hump deysef, By twistin' all dey tails up! In this our age of printer's ink,

'Tis books that show us how to think-The rule reversed, and set at naught, That held that books were born of thought; We form our minds by pedants' rules; And all we know, is from the schools; And when we work, or when we play, We do it in an ordered way-And Nature's self pronounce a ban on, Whene'er she dares transgress a canon. Untrammeled thus, the simple race is, That "works the craps" on cotton-places !

Original in act and thought, Because unlearned and untaught, Observe them at their Christmas party. How unrestrained their mirth-how hearty! How many things they say and do, That never would occur to you! See Brudder Brown-whose saving grace Would eanctify a quarter-race-To "beg a blessin' on dis dance."

Maher! let dis gath'rin' fin' a blessin' in yo' sight Don't jedge us hard for what we does-you knows it's Chrismus night; An' all de balunce ob de yeah, we does as right's we Ef dancin's wrong-oh, Mahar! let de time excuse de sin We labors in de vineya'd-workin' hard, an' workin'

true-Now, shorely you won't notus, ef we cats a grape An' takes a leetle holiday—a leetle restin'-spell— Bekase, nex' week, we'll start in fresh, an' labor

Remember, Maher-min dis, now-de sinfulness Is 'pendin' An' in a righchis frame ob min' we's gwine to dance A feelin' like King David, when he cut de pigeon-

It seems to me-indeed it do-I mebbe mout be wrong—
That people raly ought to dance, when Chrismus comes along : Des dance bekase dey's happy—like de birds hops De pine-top siddle soundin' to de bowin' ob de

We has no ark to dance afore, like Isrul's prophet We has no harp to soun' de chords, to holp us out But 'cordin' to de gif's we has we does de bes' we

You bless us, please sah, eben ef we's doin' wrong Kase den we'll need de blessin' more'n ef we's doin'

Yes, tell dem preshis anjuls we's a-gwine to jine

We's ready when you wants us, an' it aint no mat O Maber! call yo' chillen soon, an' take 'em home The rev'rend man is scarcely through,

When all the noise begins anew. And with such force assaults the ears, That through the din one hardly hears Old Fiddling Josey "sound his A"-Correct the pitch—begin to play— Stop, satisfied—then, with bow, Rap out the signal dancers know:

Git yo' pardners, fust kwattilion ! Stomp yo' feet, an' raise 'em high; Tune is: "Oh! dat water million! Gwine to git to home bime bye.' S'lute yo' pardners !-scrape perlitely-Don't be bumpin' 'gin de res'-Balance all !- now, step out rightly; Alluz dance yo' lebbel bes'. Fo'wa'd foah /-whoop up, niggers ! Back ag'in /-don't be so slow-Swing conahs !- min' de figgers : When I hollers, den yo' go.

Top ladies cross ober ! Hol' on, till I takes a dram-Gemmen solo /- yes, I's sober-Kaint say how de fiddle am-Hands around /-hol' up yo' faces, Don't be lookin' at yo' feet! Swing yo' pardners to yo' places ! Dat's de way-dat's hard to beat. Sides fo'w'd /--when you's ready--Make a bow as low's you kin! Swing acrost wid opp'site lady! Now we'll let you swap ag'in: Ladies change /- shet up dat talkin'; Do yo' talkin' arter while—

Right an' lef' !--don't want no walkin'-Make yo' steps, an' show yo' style! And so the "set" proceeds:-its length Determined by the dancers' strength; And all agree to yield the palm For grace and skill, to "Georgy Sam," Who stamps so hard, and leaps so high, "Des watch him !" is the wond'ring cry-"De nigger mus' be, for a fac', Own cousin to a jumpin'-jack !" On, on, the restless fiddle sounds-Still chorused by the curs and hounds-Dance after dance succeeding fast, Till supper is announced at last. That scene-but why attempt to show it? The most inventive modern poet, In fine new words whose hope and trust is, Could form no phrase to do it justice ! When supper ends-that is not soon-The fiddle strikes the same old tune:

The dancers pound the floor again,

Old gossips, almost turning pale,

With all they have of might and main;

Attend Aunt Cassy's grussome tale
Of conjurors, and ghosts, and devils,
That in the smoke-house hold their revels;
Each drowsy baby droops his head,

about Christmas, and he said, "Not one poorer or sadder."

Then, one and all, you hear them shout: about it! thought Rick. What could he stuff that was in him." But he had per- on the rug before the fire, watching the give, who hadn't a cent in the world? - severance-men who get to be judges are flames as they flicker and flash. Even his egg money had gone to pay the apt to have -and on he went. doctor who cured Lucinda Ellen's sore And tunes the strings with skill and care-Then strikes them with a master's air : he couldn't collect it.

About de 'possum's tail, she's gwine to lecter—ladies, listen!—

About de ha'r what isn't dar, an' why de ha'r is thing of a Christmas if he could do that, have much fire. And it would be easy even without his heart's desire; but without I to climb up by the wood-shed." 'Dar's gwine to be a oberflow," said Noah, lookin' one cent to spend for anybody, with Am-For Noah tuk the Herald, an' he read de ribber colbrose's shoulders all "humped up"-Amumn—
An' so he sot his hands to work a-cl'arin' timber patches,
An' 'lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat de steamah "Natchez." consciously, when he was very anxious-Ol' Noah kep' a-nallin', an' a-chippin', an' a-rawin' An' all de wicked neighbors kep' a-laughin' an tears out of her eyes, it was easy for the

minister to talk about making Christmas. but Rick would like to see him try it. But Ambrose did keep a turkey for the old house. Christmas dinner—the old purple gobbler whose bad disposition had always kept him lean—and a pair of chickens besides, plum-pudding; but she looked all the time as if she were flavoring it with mort-

pinched little fellow, very thinly and man musician. noorly clad: he didn't look as if Christ-

longed to a family that had come to the know where he lives." town in the autumn, hoping to find work on half time, and the family hadn't been

banjo-stringin';
An' sorted ob 'em by de size, frum little E's to had queer names; this boy was Fritz. He was looking, not at the pretty He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig,-'twas "Neb-Christmas knickknacks, but with longing She soun' like forty-lebben bands a playin' all toeyes at the food in a provision shop. "He looks as if he were hungry," said

gedder; Some went to pattin'; some to dancin'; Noah called An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob had never known what it was to be hun-"Poorer than I!" And there sud-Now, sence dat time—it's mighty strange—dere's not de slightes' showin' denly flashed into his mind the minister's hands. Ob any hair at all upon de 'possum's tail a-growin';
An' curi's, too,—dat nigger's ways: his people recipe for making a Christmas. "Are you going to have any Christ-

nebber los' 'em— For whar you finds de nigger—dar's de banjo an' de mas?" he asked, stepping up to the boy. The little fellow's lip quivered, and he drew his sleeve quickly acress his eyes. "We wouldn't mind if we had enough to cat," he said. "The little ones think Santa Claus will bring us a dinner because our little Nicholas was named for him. and we always called him Krisschen; but

I'm afraid he won't.' Rick turned away with a lump in his throat. Ambrose was calling him. He had not sold his poultry to very good advantage, and was all "humped up." He said the Judge, in a husky voice. said he supposed by next Christmas they

farm to raise any on. Rick didn't say a word all the way pleton, who had a country residence about ing very shamefaced. It don't look as if there would be any half a mile from their farm, admired

Christmas at Hayrick. Lucinda Ellen Girselda, and very often sent his man to basket here?" asked the Judge. confided to Rick a dreadful suspicion that to buy her eggs. Ambrose meant to "turn" every one of the turkeys, so they shouldn't even have a away unobserved, Rick went out to the said Rick. Christmas dinner. The crops had proved | poultry-house, took the Duchess from the | An' folks don't 'spise de vi'let-flow'r bekase it aint with its interest rolling up like a snow- peaceful night's rest, and tucking her finding you !" said the Judge. ball! They had struggled with the head under his jacket to muffle her voice, mortgage all through their father's long | which was not one of the Duchess' charms,

death, it was still unpaid. There had pleton's. been long droughts and untimely frosts | She was very heavy, but he was scarcely everything was against them, and it was heavier. Only a turkey, but he had not no wonder that Ambrose, the man of the | been able to play with other children. family, although he was not twenty, was | had never cared for any other pet.

He knocked modestly at Judge Tem-Rick was fifteen, but was lame; he had | pleton's back door, with the Duchess' hip-disease, and one leg was shorter than | mournful, muffled squawkings sounding the other; it wasn't much, he only wasn't from under his jacket. "a square trotter," they said at home; | "Give him another turkey for that one,

but what was the use to try to make light | and promise not to eat her?--why, of of it? Rick was always thinking bit- | course we will," Rick heard Judge Temterly: he was of scarcely any use upon | pleton say, in answer to a message he sent. the farm, he grew tired so soon; Lucinda | And then the Judge himself came hastily Ellen, a girl, could beat him hoeing po. out. It was he who held the mortgage tatoes. He was only a burden, limping on their farm, and he never troubled them about; but he had one comfort—there about the interest, although it was growwas no limp in his brains. He had ing so big as to deform poor Ambrose's "floored" the school-master with a mathe- | shoulders.

matical problem, and the minister had | "Bring a large, fat turkey, Jenks, asked his opinion of some Latin verses. he said to his servant, "and a goose be-And one needn't be "a square trotter" sides. She's worth more than a common to be a great lawyer, a civil engineer. a | turkey; and what do you say to a basket statesman. If he could only go away to of my golden sweetings. You haven't school, learn enough to teach, and make any such apples as those on your farm." And when the basket was packed, the Judge ordered some great oranges to be What was Christmas to him since it

put upon the top. It was a heavy basket, but Rick went off with it as if it were a feather. He almost forget the Duchess.

"I am interested in that boy," said the Judge to his wife. "I don't think they can be so poor as to lack a Christmas dinner. and I want to know what he is going to do with that basket." And in spite of his wife's remonstrances, the Judge hurriedly donned his wraps and followed Rick.

"I like his looks. I've had my eye on him for a good while. People tell wonderful stories of his scholarship. If I find the right kind of stuff in him, I boy's. He kissed Lottchen under the may do something for him," he had said to his wife. On went Rick, running as if his legs

were all that could be desired, as if Christmas had really come. His heart was getting as full of Christmas cheer as his basket was of good things. And on went the Judge, who was portly, puffing and panting in his efforts to keep Rick in had eaten her eggs. But the Duchess

The choir boys at the little chapel were carolling, "The first Noel that the angels did say Was to certain poor Shephords,—" "The first Christmas was poor folks; i ister said something in his sermon that always is something to them," though

As for the Judge, I am afraid he was of us is too poor or sad to make a Christ- | thinking just then, the chapel being at the mas for himself by giving to somebody top of a hill, that he had better have taken out his fat wallet and given Rick Make a Christmas for himself by giv- something, rather than take this "wilding! A great deal the minister knew goose chase" to discover "the kind of long past Tito's bedtime, yet there he lies

throat. Liph Wheeler owed him eight about presenting his gifts. "I'll just the others," and his eyes flashed a strange cents on their last "swap" of knives, but leave the basket at the door, and knock and run away," he said to himself. He wanted to buy a warm little wors- no- Oh, wouldn't that be jolly !" as a ted shawl for his mother, a new sled for new idea struck him. "It's an old farm-Lucinda Ellen, a chest of tools for Am- house; there's a great wide chimney and brose. He might "make himself" some- an open fire-place, and it isn't likely they boy's presence.

Rick fairly kicked up his heels with brose always did hump himself up, un- Christmas jollity that had taken possession of the broad, low-silled window. Tito performance. The six striped ones laid and his mother struggling to keep the moon, with a knowing look on her face, the window seat and softly peeped behind tion, the blue ones laid themselves across Judge the Loy he was following climbing he had put it two days before. He sighed position for a moment and then jumped

In the living-room of the old house a sad group was gathered—seven children, from tall Lena down to Krisschen, and and Mrs. Hayford said she would make a their pale, care-worn mother. There was not a sign of Christmas cheer; there had | Tito? not been even bread enough for all that gages and hard times, and Rick didn't day. And yet the smaller children, see how it could have a Christmas taste. gathered around the great fire-place, in The day before Christmas Rick went to | which a few small sticks burned, were

De Ark she kep' a-sailin', an' a-sai with Christmas greenery and gifts. Rick Oh, mamma, if your family knew how house through the long avenue of trees, began marching slowly up the list of was looking at a red and gilt sled that we were suffering, they surely would help is a broad, square window. It is out of things which Tito had written down in would be just the thing for Lucinda Ellen, us now !" Lena had become her mother's this window that Tito is looking and he his letter to Santa Claus and which now when a boy, looking in at the next win- confidante, and knew that her family had sees queer shapes. The moonlight is lay spread out in the moonlight on the

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's a singin'; able to find any work. Rick thought don't come down this chimney and put to and fro over the snow.

De haves so long, an' thick, an' strong,—des at for they must be foreigners for the children something into Kriscehen steeling. they must be foreigners, for the children something into Krisschen stocking, he Tito might often feel lonelier than he

> great yellow apples and golden oranges. The children laughed and clapped their

heard sounds on the roof, and she seemed has he tucked behind the curtain that to want to see Santa Claus. nified. Lottchen caught sight of his to bed, but keeps staring out of the winwhite beard, and immediately seized him dow? Now he takes it up for the hunby the skirts of his coat.

come down the chimney," she said. Mamma was white in the face, and at one of its corners. It seems to be a clung to the door for support: was she large envelope, with something in it. afraid of Santa Claus?

"Katharine, my dear, dear, lost sister!" And the next moment mamma was sobher head on his shoulder.

It is undeniable that Lottchen and home, but he wasn't thinking, as usual, Krisschen were a little disappointed to find of his own troubles, but of those hungry | that he was their uncle, and not Santa children in the old house by the river. Ho Claus, but the others were old enough to No sconer had he done so than twelve had nothing to give them -nothing except | understand the joy in their mother's face, | rollicking little men as tall as one's hand the Duchess Griselda. He couldn't have and to realize that their dark days were lit softly in a row just on the outside of her eaten; but he could change her for over. Santa Claus upon the roof had the very window. Such a dance! Back another turkey that would give the poor hidden behind the chimney when he saw and forth and sideways they went with people a Christmas dinner. Judge Tom- the Judge, and now he came down look- hands joined, kicking up their tiny red

As soon after supper as he could slip at a window, and I knew he was hungry,"

"To think if it hadn't been for him I a failure, and there was that mortgage, roost where she had settled herself for a might have gone back to the city without and began peering in at Tito. But Rick told them all about it at home, and his mother hugged him, and Lucinda dance and after the dance they all gatherillness, and now, three years after his he hurried away with her to Judge Tem- Ellen wiped her eyes. Ambrose said he

> pretended to be. hoped they should not lose the farm before lows saw him he was looking out at them another Christmas, as Ambrose prophe-

sied, and he did hope that the Duchess Griselda wasn't homesick. Just as they were sitting down to breakfast the next morning there came a great box from Judge Templeton's for Rick. They heard the Duchess's car-splitting squawk: Rick actually thought it melodious. But there was something else in the box—a large envelope with Rick's name on it. Inside was the mortgage, torn in halves, and a receipted note for all the money owed by them to the Judge. More! the Judge's check for an amount that made all their eyes round with won-

der—"to be expended upon Rick's educa-Ambrose sat down with the torn mortgage and the receipted note in his hands, and straightened his shoulders, and swallowed what seemed to be a very hard tump in his throat. "It does seem to be considerable of a Christmas that you've got

up, Rick," he said. Rick was invited to a Christmas party at the Judge's that night. He felt shy at first in the gay assembly, but he was made such a hero of that the feeling soon wore off: and Fritz scemed like an old

Rick danced; they took such pains to help him that it seemed quite easy, and he felt as if his legs were just like any misletoe, and he had presents on the Christmas tree that made him wonder how they knew just what he wanted. especially a sled that would just suit Lucinda Ellen. But perhaps, after all, the very best moment was when the widow put her hands upon his head and solemly blessed him.

"What if I hadn't done it?" he said to himself, with a gasp. "If I should always be poor, I'll remember that I can make some kind of a Christmas." Just then the choir boys began their

sarol outside the window: "The first Noell that the angels: did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay
Watching their flocks on a cold winter's night,
When the moon was so bright."

BLANKS BILL HEADS. Together with every description of

PLAIN AND PANCY PRINTING executed with neatness and dispatch.

MAGISTRATES BLANKS Printed meatly, and upon good paper, always on hand and for sale at this Office.

CIBCULARS,

TOR PRINTING

HANDBILLS.

-OFFICE-IN "JOURNAL" BUILDING.

was laid down in the midst of them. Then they all fell on their knees and began to examine the stamp very carefully. There was one old fellow Chippy watched very closely. Sometimes he acted as though he were afraid of him: again he seemed to venture to take any liberty with him. This old fellow's name was Grudge, and everybody seemed a little afraid of him. His name really should have been Judge, for he always

seemed to decide about things. Chippy watched him to see what he would say about the stamp. When he "Come, Tito, go to bed," exclaimed saw the old fellow begin to smile up he Aunt Alice, suddenly remembering the jumped on his back and stood on one leg, as much as to say, "Everything is all

passed out into the hall. It was a square! Now six of these little men had blue room. The moon poured its soft light striped clothes and six of them had red lope in the wildest, giddiest dance.

who always seemed to lead the rest of the men, and the dance came suddenly to an The old clock in the hall was just strik-

just beyond a large town. He lives with mouth wide open, so he should be ready ing twelve. last lot of Christmas poultry. While Am- chen's stocking!
brose drove his bargains, Rick wandered "Why not let them, mamma? It will two sides of it are alike, and there are in a voice that sounded like tiny silver

dow, attracted his attention; a pale and cast her off when she married a poor Ger- flooding the avenue of trees with its light, porch before these little chaps, who had and the great arms of the old pine trees promised Tito in a dream or somewhere "Horace, my brother, would; he was wave to and fro in the wind and throw else that they would carry to Santa Claus But old Grudge didn't stop to reply.

He reached out and caught the tail of Chippy's coat and dragged him off the up and down a letter which others were trying to read.

shoulder and finally pushing his head between the old man's arm and his sides. "A 'hektograph!' What under the

"Also an eight by ten photographic camera," read old Grudge, in a voice that keeps him so wide awake? What has it sounded like six grained silver pellets falling in a wineglass.

"He seems to be very fond of g-raffs," remarked Chippy; "mebbe" he intends to start a show." "Also a pair of roller skates," con-

inued old Grudge. "Also a rifle. "Also a box of tools."

what's left to everybody else." said Chippy. "Well, we must be off," Grudge said uickly. "I don't believe Tito will get 'em all, but he's, pretty sure to have some of 'em; he's a very good little chap." Grudge said this very slowly and looked hard at Chippy, who had time to turn a somersault between each word, and he

didn't neglect his chance.

the blue six would have it, sometimes the red six. Just as they were disappearing into the main road Tito awoke to find himself in his own little bed with the morning star wishing him a good merning. How quickly he brushed the sleep from his eyes! How he flew down stairs to the hall, tumbling over Margaret's dust pan and brush, which were lying on the steps. How they rattled to the floor together, causing grandmamma to start up in bed with a "Mercy! what is that?" To the window scat—he tore the curtain aside—the envelope has gone! and in its stead a camera, a hektograph, a pair of roller skates and—but we shall morning. "Come, Tito, dress yourself first and then tell us all about it," Aunt Alice from the top of the stairs,

The Well-Bred Girl.

Do you know many well-bred girls?

were intended for the evening alone. She doesn't go to supper after the theatre's over alone with a man. She does not declare that she never rides in the street cars.

diamond rings, ear-rings and bracelets

She doesn't talk loud in public places. She doesn't shove or push to get the best seat, and she doesn't wonder why in the world people carry children in the cars and why they permit them to cry. She does not speak of her mother in a sarcastic way, and she shows her the lov-

hats, smoking cigarettes and using an occasional big, big D.

She doesn't say she hates women, and she has some good true friends among

She doesn't scorn the use of the needle. and expects some day to make clothen for very little people, who will be very dear AF Judkins has purchased a donkey

When they reached the porch, where and let live, my man." "Yes, Pd look



TITO'S LETTER.

NO. 1303.

WHAT THE BOY WROTE TO SANTA It is the night before Christmas and

"They are a queer lot," thought he; Rick had begun to feel shamefaced 'one cannot trust 'em any better than light back at the flames.

"What ails the boy?" thought grandmamma.

Tito kissed them both good night and | right, boys!" delight at his bright idea, and with the through the small square panes of glass striped clothes. And here came a queer of him. And the jolly old Christmas waited a moment, then crossed over to themselves along the porch in one direcshone her very brightest, and showed the the curtain. There it was still just where them in the other. They rested in this with his basket on the roof of the little and pressed his little nose against the cold up and began dancing around the envepane and peered out.

"They must come to-night. To-morrow it will be too late," he thought .-"I'll watch awhile longer, anyway." What is it all about? And who is

Tito is a boy who lives in the country, his grandmamma and his Aunt Alice .-No one who passes by the house fails to the village with Ambrose to dispose of the clamoring to be allowed to hang up Kriss- observe it, because it looks so quaint and mas had ever come to him. Rick had not so hard as the others. I would ask wild, restless shadows and make Tito for him. seen him before, and he knew that he be- him now, for your sakes, but I do not think that they must be sorry about some-

Lottchen, who was seven. thrust her "I know how they feel," says Tito to in the mills; but the mills were running curly head into the fire-place and called himself, while his large eyes follow the letter and sat him down where he belongup the chimney: "Kriss Kringle, if you movements of the shadows as they shift ed, which certainly was not promenading

shan't be called after you any more! did were it not for his busy little brain. Something good to eat, if you please!" This is never idle. Sleeping or waking, Rush! thump!-almost before the it is full of fancies, and to anyone who words were out of her mouth down the did not know him as well as Aunt Alice chimney came a great fat turkey; a plump and grandmamma he might seem somegoose followed: then came a shower of times quite out of his head," as people sun is a hektograph? Something for a

He would talk into the air in the most excited way, scold or smile at things and Mamma opened the door; she had people no one else could see. But what The Judge stood there, portly and dig- to do with the night that he does not go dredth time and holds it close to his eyes. "Come right along in, you good old | Then he draws his first finger carefully Kriss Kringle. But you ought to have over its surface. He turns it over and, more than all, he looks again and again

"That must be right," he murmured 'they said, over and over again, that I must not put a stamp on it. but that] - should make six blue marks one way and shouldn't have any poultry to sell, nor any bing out, "Horace, my brother!" with six red marks crossing them the other way -six blue marks one way, six red marks the other--blue--way--marks -red--blue -red-way-" and Tito rolled softly over on his back among the cushions heels and bringing them down again hard "How did you happen to bring that yet with no noise at all. Now they point

a row of small fingers at Tito, then they "I saw him" (nodding) "looking in | laugh and dance harder and wilder than Suddenly, as though they all thought it time for business, they stopped dancing something was wanting. They spied the letter. This was a signal for another ed in a bunch and began to talk in the thought they were about poor enough busiest way. They seemed to be making without hunting up poorer folks. But up their minds which was the best way half dressed, in the hall so early in the and cattle distemper; it seemed as if conscious of that, his heart was so much Ambrose wasn't as hard-hearted as he to do something. Presently one little fellow began climbing the frames of the Rick went to sleep that night with a small square panes of glass. He ran up pretty good opinion of the minister's like a little two-legged spider dressed in recipe for making a Christmas; but he men's clothes. The next time his felthrough the window from the inside. That | Some of the Many Things She is Not in the seemed to give them all great joy and each

put his finger alongside of his nose and looked very wise. Five other little mcn now climbed up the window and joined Chippy-that was the name of the first one—and three got on one side of the envelope, three on the other, and they bore it safely up to the broken pane at the top of the window. which Chippy had first found as an en-

Here they had to stop. The envelope was too large to push through. They all descended again to the window seat and laid the letter down, while they wiped their foreheads with the tiny, loose sleeves of their coats.

Chippy got up and walked all around

the envelope two or three times; then he began to talk briskly to his companions with his fingers. Together they pushed the envelope to the floor, then shoved it him. against the wall, where it could go no farther. The six now placed themselves along the edge nearest to them and began rolling it until the package seemed small enough to pass through the hole in the window. None of them will ever forget that steep journey which took them over all those slippery glass panes, enclosed by what seemed little wooden fences to the boys: and the road was all the more difficult, because the burden must be held in one position lest it should unroll.

Every Christmas eve from twelve o'clock mid-night until twelve o'clock Christmas night these little men could talk in human speech. All the rest of the year, however, they used their own language, which was talked with their fingers. Chippy did not like this very much. He had rather it would have been just the other way. He often wanted to scold when his hands were too busy to give him the chance. To-night he could only bob his for his children. He calls it "Maxwei-

cap to and fro, but everybody knew what he meant.

"Clap!" went the hands of old Grudge,

ing the midnight hour. Chippy had his to talk the moment it should finish atrik-"Every Christmas that boy wants more

"Please bring me a-what-?" said Chippy, stretching his neck over Grudge's

sore throat, I guess; he must take lots of colds falling to sleep as he does, pretty much anywhere.'

"Better send him everything and give

Down the avenue danced the little crowd, carrying the letter. Sometimes

Habit of Deing, Oh, they can always be told. A well bred girl thanks the man who rives her a seat in the street car, and does it in a quiet and not in the offensive way. She does not look round to look after gamblers or posing actors on the street, and she doesn't think that her good looks are causing the men to stare at her. She doesn't wear all her jewelery in the daytime, and she understands that

She does not accept a valuable present from any man unless she expects to marry

ing deference that is her due. She doesn't want to be a man and she doesn't try to imitate him by wearing stiff

She doesn't wear boots without their buttons or a frock that needs mending.

head, which shook his long, red, pointed ton." because its brays are boanie.

Destructive to Business-"Oh, live the other six little men were, the envelope | well wouldn't I? I'm a butcher."