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VOL. XXVI.

TOWSON, BALTIMORE COUNTY, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1890.

NO. 1355.

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Moelic.

[Selected for the MARYLAND JOURNAL.] ADVENT.

Written by Rev. Wm. Croswell, D.D., 50 years since. Now gird your patient loins again, Your wasting torches trim: The Chief of all the sons of men,— Who will not welcome Him? Rejoice ! the hour is near : at length The Journeyer on his way
Comes in the greatness of his strength
To keep His holy day.

With cheerful hymns and garlands sweet, Along His wintry road Conduct Him to His green retreat, His sheltered, safe abode : Fill all His courts with sacred songs, And from the temple wall

Wave verdure o'er the joyful throngs
That crowd His festival.

And still more greenly in the mind
Store up the hopes sublime,
Which then were born for all mankind,
So blessed was the time;
And underneath these hallowed caves
A Saviour will be born
In every heart that Him receives
On His triumphant morn. HYMN FOR ADVENT.

While the darkness yet hovers, The harbinger star Peers through and discovers The dawn from afar. To many an aching And watch wearled eye

The dayspring is breaking Once more from on high. With lamps trimmed and burning, The Church on her way To meet Thy returning.
O, bright King of Day!
Goes forth and rejoices, Exulting and free, And sends from all voices

Hosannas to Thee. She casts off her sorrows To rise and to shine With the lustre she borrows. O. Saviour | from Thine. Look down for Thine honor . Lord! and incress

In Thy mercy upon her The blessing of peace. Her children with trembling Await, but not fear, Till the time of assembling Before Thee draws near;
When, freed from all sadness,
And sorrow, and pain,
They shall meet Thee in gladness

And glory again. ODE FOR CHRISTMAS EVE. Glad tidings waft once more, Angels, who hymned of yore Messiah's birth;

Sing, voices of the sky,
As in those times gone by,
Glory to God on high,
Peace on the earth!

O, bright and burning star Distant nor dim;
Lead our frail feet aright,
Silent, but shining light,
As on that hallowed night
Guide us to Him.

Give Thou thy people grace, Saviour! who seek Thy iace This favored day; Incense and odors sweet May not Thy coming greet, But hearts are at Thy feet;

For in Thy blessed shrine Each garland we entwine Incense shall breathe; As each before Thee lies, Emblems of souls that rise

Heavenwards, where never dies Thy fadeless wreath. Christmas Stories.

CHRISTMAS IN COONEY CAMP.

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALF, D.D.

The citizens of Cooney Camp were considerably excited. I do not wish to be understood as im plying that social life at Cooney Camp was usually very stagnant. It had always been known as the liveliest camp on the river, and nobly did its citizens strive to sustain its reputation. But there was something so strange about the present excitement that I feel it my duty to chronicle Cooney's was simply a lumber camp in the wild north woods of Michigan. In a little clearing on the side of a high hill a few rough log buildings were gathered. The public buildings were not known by any highsounding names.

They were simply the "Men's Shanty," the "Cook's Shanty," and the "Foreman's Shanty." These, with barns and sheds, and a few small log houses for such lumbermen as could be induced to bring their families into the woods, made up the

But if the architectural development of Cooney Camp was of an inferior quality, its society was, to use a camp phrase, "way up." The thirty lumbermen who made up its working force wegs, for the most part, as rough specimens of humanity as could well be found. They were proud of the fact that they could produce two fiddlers, five singers, and one gentleman who could play numberless airs on a "mouth-organ."

Heavy literary was not, perhaps, much in their line, but if occasion required they could produce Frank, a college student, who had come into the woods in the hope of finding health and strength in the rough out-door life. But greater than all these attractions, the

point wherein Cooney's stood far shead of other camps, was the fact that she possessed the society of "two wimmin' an' a kid." The foreman's wife kept house for her husband in the little log shanty nearest the wood, while on the other side of the clearing, opposite the "men's" shanty, him if he weight a ton."

lived "Crackednosed" Smith, with his wife and

had been broken and twisted and cracked until it was unlike any other no se ever seen. Cooney Camp could easily have dispensed with the society of "Cracknose," but it would have an "-and Ira proceeded to tell all the simple been hard work to get along without the little girl. She was the pride of the camp, the brightest, dearest little bud of humanity that ever attempted to blossom in such a rough place. She was like a delicate mountain flower grow-

ing alone among bare, bleak rocks. I remember one day that "Cracknose" attempted to whip her. A dozen men at once informed him in the forcible language of Cooney Camp, that if he touched her they would thrash him within an inch of his life. It is needless to say that the whipping was postponed.

But, as we started to say, there was a strange roitement in Cooney Camp. It was Christmas Eve, and some little reflection of the happiness and good-cheer in the world outside seemed to have fallen upon the camp. The men came in from their work in the woods in great good humor. It is wonderful how, at | for the kid, an' es Santy Claus ain't nuthin', I'm such a time, the true nature of a man shines out, jest gonter fill thet stockin' myself. Who'll walk and how little, foolish, blundering acts betray a warm heart beneath a rough exterior. Each man, as he came into camp, brought, half foolishly, some little Christmas token. It was only a bunch of hemicek branches, or a bunch of red berries, or, perhaps, some fragrant cedar boughs; but. slight as they were, the little tokens showed

their appreciation of the day. In a more civilized community it would have been considered a very simple thing for a man to pick up a bit of green at Christmas, but with these rough fellows it was different. Here was red-haired Tom, who had killed a man in the next county, coming in with a bunch of winter berries. Here was Jake, who kicked an Indian out of doors but the week before, dragging in a two left and Bill and Frank to draw. Bill drew great mass of hemiock, and even old Bill coming first and took out a clank. Frank was to go with in with a great tree on his back, which he proceeded to decorate with old boots and shoes, to the great delight of the boys. Every one was good natured, and all were bent on having a good time Hugh, the first fiddler, put a new string in his violin, and having found its tone to be perfect,

laid it carefully away in his bunk until after Mike and Fred appointed themselves a committee of arrangements, and announced that, as soon as supper was over, the floor would be cleared for a "two by four," that being the camp name for Supper was exten in a great hurry, and back the on the floor to walk through the great "two by

Sing, ye muse, of a pine woods' dance! The men stand in place, with their outer clothing tossed saids, ready at the signal to throw themselves into the motion. Those who are to imper-sonate ladies are distinguished from the others by removing their hats. They stand as solemn who were the seven leagued boots.

How he did walk 1 Logs, stumps, bresh were as onls in the consciousness of their dignity, and "gallivant left" and "ladies chain" with becoming modesty. The fiddler sits above them on an dedged his way along, ever keeping straight few simple presents into the stocking. Though empty pork barrel, with his fiddle clasped lov- sheed for Crystal. Frank could hardly keep him he did not know it, he looked like a veritable ingly under his chin, ready to set the party in in sight. motion at the touch of his magic bow. The lantern hange from a nail in the roof. The frelight flashes over all, bringing out the rough i walls and empty bunks in bold relief.

in carpais
"Sible p this yer blarsted circus," he shouted,

"call of letted silent, with his mouth open in here hell-bent fer 'lection, jest fer a kid. It beats the very act of ordering "s'inte pardners."

"Ther's a man in this yer camp," said Jack.
"es wants humpin'. It kinder come over me all kid, an', she takes it all in! The lie's told, an', the boys of thet, I'll lick ye till ye can't see." ter onst, that I'd go up ter Smith's, an git his blarst me, of I don't stand by it. She'll find out Thus was the one stocking filled in Cooney woman an' kill ter come down an' see the fun. soon nuff that this yer Santy Claus is a plaguy Camp. Santa Claus did find his way over the But when I gut thar, blarst me of he warn't | whelp, an' I'm in for makin' her think he's all layin' es drunk es a loon, with his woman a-yellin', an' thet little kid jest a-lookin' at him with them big eyes of hern. Now blarst me of it's right. Somethin' orter be did."

had provided himself with a large bottle of less journey to Crystal? Perhaps the words of whiskey. He had partaken so frequently of his | the little "kid" came to him even then, "Dod Christmas cheer, however, that he was already, bess everybody." Perhaps the little voice had as Jack expressed it, "drunk as a loon." wakened in his tough old heart some memory as Jack expressed it, "drunk as a loon." A howl of indignation went up from the crowd as Jack finished. It may be that the indignation of some of the boys was not unmixed with envy at Smith's good fortune in securing wherewithal to after all, to the thought that by taking it they get "as drunk as a loon." There were probably very few men in camp, who, had they possessed the means, would not have speedily drunk themselves into Smith's condition. They had all

Jack's story was, I regret to say, true. Poor

such a little kid, too. They certainly believed with Jack that Smith deserved a "bumpin" of the most advanced kind. What should be done about it? Unconsciously the men resolved themselves into a committee of the whole to consider the matter. It was a seri-

enough manhood, however, to despise one who

would get drunk before his women and kid, and

"Kermithy be biarsted," put in Jack; "the down upon a clearing, in which stood, perhaps, a only 'kermithy' yer want is a 'kermithy' to go up that an' thump the life out of Smith, an' I app'ints myself as cheerman of said 'kermithy.'"

There was something weird and romantic in the marks? Ef not, them ex stands by it say aye!" There was a loud chorus of "aye!" Anything | looked to the two representatives of Santa Claus in the shape of a free fight was to be encouraged on the hill as if some huge giant in his rage had by all possible means in Cooney Camp. Jack wont on, "Them ex again it say 'No', an' I'll thump their heads for them." Not a word stumps stood all about the clearing, like sentinels was said, and the motion was certainly carried. | watching while the village slept. The moon-Jack's fist was too heavy to admit of much argument. Some of the voters could hardly see the corner and hole, while the tall smoke-stack of the

from prudential motives. Jack "app'inted" Tom and Bill as other members of the "kermithy," and the three worthies started out. The rest of the men stood at the door of the shanty and watched them. A bright light shone from the window Smith's house, and through it the "kermithy" stole by the corner, and held a whispered consultation. Then Jack stepped up to the window and looked in. But what was the matter with him? Why did he not go in with the "ker

He stood looking in at the window, and pres ently his hard old hand stole up and took off the rough cap he wore. He stood without a covering in the cold night air. This was too much for the endurance of the waiting crowd. To be sure they had sent the "kermithy" to do their work, but if its members refused to serve, they must take the matter into their own hands. As one man they ran as silently as possible through the snow and looked over Jack's shoulder. If any of them had any inclination to be noisy.

mithy," and proceed to "thump the life out of

the sight that met their eyes silenced them in a under the same circumstances. The little "kid" was just going to bed, and was kneeling, as children do, before her mother to say her pray. ers. At the back of the room lay "Crack nose" in a drunken sleep. In front sat the mother, listening to the little girl, and correcting her when she forgot a word. The poor woman had

been orying, and the great tears stood in her eyes, as she watched the small petitioner. The little one went slowly through the old "Now I lay me down to sleep," and then began a prayer of her own, speaking in her baby voice that the crowd outside could hear her: "Dod bess everybody, and peace let old Santy Claus put a dolly in my stockin'-dood-night." There was nothing more. The woman caught the child in her arms and burst out orying, while the audience outside stole silently back to the shanty. Not a word was spoken. Jack and his "kermithy" had forgotten their mission of thumping the life out of Smith, and there was not a man in camp who would call upon them to "rise and

The childish prayer had touched a chord in the hearts of the rough lumber men that had been | could pass fer a doll baby." long forgotten. It gave them all a new idea for The dance was forgotten. Hugh silently laid his fiddle away, and the company stood waiting for Jack, the acknowledged leader, to speak.

"Who is this yer 'Santy' Claus?" said he as The boys tried to tell him. Most of them, per haps, had seen a Christmas tree, and had watched the good old saint enter with his bells and great beard. But not one of them sould explain. They were like great children. At last, Ira, who, as the head of a large and constantly increasing family, was supposed to be

posted on home matters, began : ' Wall, he's a man; an' ole man, ye see---'' "Wall," put in Jack, " he wants ter bring thet doll-baby ter-night, or I'll lick the face offen "But ye can't do it," argued Ira. "Can't !" yelled Jack. "Who says I can't? How big is he? What will he weigh? I'll fight

"But ye see," explained Ira, " he ain't no man Smith had been given his nickname from the comes around an' fills the kids' stockin's-only singular appearance of his nose. This member ho don't fill 'em at all, ye see. Ye see the folks they puts the truck in themselves, an' then 'lows ter the kids that this yer 'Santy' Claus must hev done it. The kids they kinder takes it all in,

Old Jack listened attentively. "An' so yer hull bizness is a plaguy 'give' on that kid, is t? Blarst me, of it's white ter swap lies with sech a kid es that. Ye jest wait till I see inter this a bit"-and out he strode to Smith's cabin. The crowd wonderingly followed him at a respectful distance, and while he went in, they gathered again outside. Through the window they could see that the ittle girl had at last gone to bed. Her small,

blue stocking, patched and worn, hung from a nail by the bed, all ready for Santy Claus and the Jack came out at last, and walked straight to the shanty, the crowd following him. Without a word he pulled on his coat and fur cap. "The woman says she ain't gut no doll-baby

ter Crystal with me an' git some truck fer it?" Every man in camp shouted: "I will." "I don't want but one uv ye-draw lots," said Thirty little blocks of wood were quickly prepared, and on one of them was written the

word "go." These were shaken in a cap, and it was agreed that the one drawing the marked block should accompany Jack. As a compliment to his supposed literary ability Frank was appointed to hold the hat. The men crowded around him, all anxious to get a chance o do something for the "kid." One after another the blocks were taken out

They were all blanks. At last there were only Jack and act as Santa Claus. They pulled on their rough coats and hats, and started at once. Crystal was ten miles away by the road, but by going through the forest one mile each way could be saved. Jack determined to try the nearest forest, leaving Frank to follow as best he could. The men stood at the shanty door, and watched them till they passed out of sight under the trees. It was a beautiful night. The stars were all out, and the moon shone through the trees, glanding on the forest covered branches, till they sparkled like dlamonds.

A gentle breese blew softly through the forest. men rushed to the shanty, and took their places The thin-leaved cedars whispered and rustled their down-growing branches. The diastering hemlooks held the wandering breeze for a moment to send it on again, freighted with a rude harmony, while the great pines spread out their long, needle-like, numberless Molian harps to swell the grand symphony of nature. Jack strode on ahead, like his namesake of old

Cooney Campers stood that Christmas | ridiculous errand. Why should they walk twen- | the little sleeper. Perhaps the child-face on the Eve, wating for the signal, when the door opened ty miles through the frozen snow simply to pro-and intrushed old Jack — gruff, grizzled old ours a "doll-baby" for that little girl? The idea ours a "doll-baby" for that little girl? The idea a sudden impulse, he bent over and kissed the so sweet and melodious that the very horses Jack, pricroughest, ugliest, and most profane man | was absurd ! How much more comfortable they would be in a camp by the fire!

Jack seemed to have been thinking in much the same way, for he waited on a log for Frank to overtake him. Then he began: "Wot plaguy fools we be-ain't we? Here we be drivin' of straight ez long es I kin." After this oration Jack started again, while

Frank struggled after him as best he could.

Rough old Jack! He had hardly been known "Cracknose," being anxious to celebrate the day him on such a tramp? of what was he thinking, lighter and purer heart than he had known for likely dash down on them, they awaited the in a manner becoming his birth and education, as he struggled through the woods on that cheer- years. that had lain slumbering for years. At any rate, in his rough way, he had spoken the right idea. What was the long, cold walk, kept alive the little one's faith in the old story of Christmas, and staved off for a while at least the knowledge of the deceit and heartlesness of the

> Presently Jack stopped again. "This yer plaguy Santy Claus in this yer plaguy play comes down the chimbly, don't he?" Frank stated that this was his favorite way of

"Wall, that ain't no chimbly ter that shanty, nuthin' but a stove-pipe. I'll 'low that I'll jab a hole through the ruff with my axe, so we can kerry out the hull play. On they pressed, mile after mile, till, at last "I moves," said Barney, the logical man of the camp, "I moves that we sends up a 'kermithy."

On they pressed, mile after mile, till, at last after climbing an unusually steep hill, they looked

The village was built in a small clearing, which pulled out a great handful of the forest. The enow lay deep on the ground, and great blackened beams played over all, bringing out each ghostly practical good of "thumping the life" out of a saw mill rose in the midst like a watch-tower. man who was already drunk, but they were silent But Jack and Frank had no time for such romantic thoughts as these. They hurried down the one street of the village until Jack stopped before a small log house, and began a vigorous kicking upon its door. On a shingle over this Frank read in black, straggling letters, "Poste

Offie"-" Goods to Traide. Jack warmed his toes on the door, till above i small window opened, and a mans' head ap-"Open up, yer old brute," roared Jack. The head had evidently just pulled itself out of bed and seemed to belong to a very profane man; for, in a loud voice, it foreibly informed the citizens of Crystal that it hadn't gut no whiskey ner no

' terbacky.' This announcement of the lack of these two staples had but little effect on Jack. He shouted back: "We wanter git some Christmas truck, so open up yer door, or I'll kick it down," and he proceeded to bestow upon it a series of kicks that would soon have caved it in, had not the owner profanely agreed to "open up.' In a short time he appeared at the door, an grumbled as he bade them enter. Jack and Frank passed into the little But now, for the first time since the start, Jack hung back. He could walk or fight or swear for in thousands of homes at that time, but nowhere the "kid," but selecting presents for her stocking was more than he could do.

He pushed Frank shead, saying: "You know something about these things; jest pick out ye truck, an', mind ye, I'll pay fer it." The stock of goods at the "Crystal Emporium" was not very extensive. One could find plenty of flour or sugar or pork, but the purely holiday goods were almost gone. After a careful search, however, Frank found a few nuts, an old jew's harp, a jumping- jack with only one leg which could possibly be induced to jump, a tin whistle with a most melancholy

sound, and, as luck would have it, a large orange There were also a few ounces of cheap candy which Frank took with many misgivings. He feared its effect on the little stocking-hanger. This was all. Jack was determined to find a doll. "The ki wants a doll-baby, an' biarst me ef she don't hev t of I have to walk fifty miles fer it." The merchant prince of Crystal, evidently anxious to return to bed as quickly as possible, suggested that his woman could "kinder slip a

sorter dress like onter the jumpin'- jack so it This started Jack's ire at once. "Ye don' ring no jumpin'- jack with one sound leg off onter me. I tell ye I want a doll baby with two sound legs an' plenty of fixin's." Just at this point the merchant's wife came down stairs to try and settle the dispute. She was such a motherly-looking person that Frank ook heart and told her the whole story of the little girl's prayer, and her want of a dolly.

The woman was probably a very practical person. She could hardly have been otherwise, living as she did in such a place. But in every woman's heart there lies a spot that the smallest weakest little child can touch to life. She thought for a moment and then pulled back an old blanket which hung at one end of the room, and pointed to a rough bed in which lay up on his knee and nestled back in his arm, while two children asieep. Over their heads hung two Rob and Gertie mounted on either side of his little stockings, crowded full of trinkets for them | chair. to see in the morning. Jack stood and looked in wonder. All he could say was, "Santy Claus done it ! "

The good woman took a small package from There may have been a tear in her eye as she hought of the little girl far away in the woods, but this fact did not prevent her genial husband from remarking, incidentally, that the doll was wuth jest about two shillin's." Jack and Frank gathered their treasures and

started back. They harried up the steep hill into the forest, meaning to follow their track back to turned to Frank and said: "It's gonter cloud up-we must make fer the road an' foller it inter Quickly they turned to the right, and struck out through the woods for camp. But not quite quick enough. Great olcuds came rushing over the sky, and, one by

one, the stars were hid from sight. Under the trees the darkness was complete. Jack and Frank wandered on, as best they sould, apparently going deeper and deeper into the forest, and yet unable to correct their way. Suddenly Jack fell down over a log and lay with a groan. He was up soon, however. His hand was hurt somewhat, and his leg caught under a limb. As he pulled his leg away from its fastening, Frank ask him how his hand felt. Plague the hand," he growled, " wait till I see

of that doll-baby is broke." The toy was uninjured, and when this had been ascertained, on they started once more. At last Jock stopped. "This thing hes gut ter be broke. We kin live out here well 'nuff till mornin', but the p'int is ter git back ter fill thet stockin'. Wait till I build a fire. P'rape the

boys will see it." Jack soon found a dry cedar, with which quickly built a fire at the foot of a huge pine. The flames went roaring up into the air, and by their light the two Obristmas commissioners saw the long-desired road but a few rods away. They had been travelling by the side of it in the wrong direction. They had still eight miles to go, and tired as they were it was nearly three o'clock before they came in sight of camp. They knew that the boys would be waiting for

them at the shanty, but Jack had become sud-

denly independent. "Say what's the use for the way, and immediately started up the hill into the | hull crowd ter go inter this thing? Why not I an' you jest do this work, an' hev it did ?" Jack's word in such a case was surely law, and so the two men crept by the shanty to the little house, each one a very guilty Santy Claus, quite unlike his jovial, happy self. There was no jingle of bells or pulling reindeer, but just two men in rough clothing, half ashamed of their errand, orseping like convicts through the cold. They pushed open the door of the rude cobin, and entered as silently as possible.

The lamp was turned low and the fire burned

Smith lay as before. His wife had, perhaps surmised Jack's errand, and tried to sit up for him but, worn out by watching, she was sleeping in her chair by the table. The little girl lay asleep with her pretty hair straggling down over the pillow. Frank filled the as nothing to him. He plunged and pushed and stove with wood, while Jack hastily thrust the Santa Claus with his griguled beard and rough

tiny resebud of a mouth. The little one woke for a moment, and asked in her baby-voice: "Is it you Santy Claus?"

"Not be plagued if I be," said Jack, and then, remembering where he was, he blushed, as nearly as he could, through his red face. The two impersonators of Santa Claus stole rough winding road, and, guided by a strange, tender and beautiful power he stopped at the poor cabin on the hill. What though he did come

CHRISTMAS EVE.

In the calm of the starlight, a silence profound,
Like a spell over nature is spread;
And where beauty in sleep lends her check's blooming rose, Ev'ry cot where a little sock gracefully flows, There bright visions are haunting each bed. For to-night in the legends of nursery lore, Will flit forth through the darkness and gloom, A mysterious saint, full of frolic and glee, Who will fill up the stockings and cast presents free 'Till enchantment runs riot at home.

And to those who have lain "Santa Claus" on the And wandered to new fairy bowers. There's a pleasure much deeper to thrill through When the dear and long absent clasp hands round And love wreathes the Christmas with flowers.

I this night, hailed by all, from the child to the sage, Is the eve of that glorious morn When the harps of the angels rang out over And the world woke to life with the glad promise given, That Jesus, the Saviour, was born.

Let us bend with the shepherds, adoring this hour;

And as then the sweet symphony ran.

While the anthems float up from each temple of And the soft blessings fall, may each heart echo "Peace on earth, and Good Will toward men."

TWO CHRISTMAS EVES OF TWENTY YEARS AGO.

BY REV. H. M KIEFFER.

[This fascinating story was written several years ago for the Christmas number of the Lancaster Inteiligencer. It has since been revised by the author, and is certainly deserving of wider publicity. We take great pleasure in presenting it to the readers of The Guardian.—En.1

"Hand me up some more greens, Michael."

Michael was the old sexton of the village church, and he and the pastor, Mr. Burnett, were coming festivities one etormy day before Christmas, now nearly twenty years ago. With coat off and perched up on a ladder, while old Michael bustled about amongst the coils of green on the floor, there the worthy pastor sat, intent on his work, and yet busy thinking betimes of one far away. As he cast a glance out of the window, he wondered whether it was so cold and stormy down there, or whether they had built their winter quarters, or were lying out in their shelters, or, were may be, on the move, or perhaps even now, as he sat there, engaged in battle, "which, God for bid," said he to himself. "Tis no time now for men to fight when the very angels of God are chanting their sweet songs of Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men." Absorbed thus in sad reflection on the singular spectacle, as the angels must look upon it, of half

a continent staining its hands red with fraternal blood at this glad season of peace, he had not observed old Michael, who, with outstretched arms, was holding the greens up towards him, and had been obliged to call him twice before succeeding in arousing him from his reverie-"Here are the greens, Mr. Burnett." "O, Michael, excuse me. I forgot all about the of laurel, box and pine that year in the Lord's "What were you thinking about, Mr. Burnett About George? He was here last year helping us at this work, I remember; and I just wonder where he is to-day? Such a lively lad as he was, to be sure! Why, do you know, sir, it don't seem at all like Christmas without that boy. Ever

since he was a baby he's followed me about the church, the graveyard, the parsonage and everywhere; watched me digging the graves, ringing the bell and lighting the church, until I do be lieve I love him as much as if he'd been my own child instead of yours. Do you think it's as cold down there as it is here?" But the pastor made no answer, for Michael's words had only served the purpose of plunging him into deeper thought about his boy; a tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed stripling of a lad, whom he loved with all the unutterable affection of a father for his first born son, and whom he had nevertheless, strange to say, laid as a sacrifice on the altar of his country, even as Abraham of old had

At last the greens were all hung, and the pastor walked over to his parsonage. "Papa! papa!" shouted the children, as he was heard at the door stamping the snow from his shoes, "Papa, to-morrow is Christmas !" "Kithmath," lisped little Madge, as she climbed up on his knee and nestled back in his arm, while

"Yes, children, to morrow is Christmas. And

hungry, they says, 'I don't care !'" "Papa, will we have a Christmas tree this wear ?" asked Gertie. "Well, children, you'll have to get to bed early so Santa Claus may have a chance to put it up. It was sad work for the pastor and his wife that putting up of the Christmas tree. Neither spoke much while the ornaments were being tied on, and the gifts for the children set forth in order beneath the tree, for both were busy thinking of their blue-eyed first born, whose name they scarce could mention now but with tears. And when all was done, and together they knelt down beneath the Christmas tree and prayed earnestly and fervently to Him who had once been a child Himself, that as the blessed Christ Child He would come and abide in the hearts of the chil dren asleep in the chamber overhead, they mingled their tears as with broken utterance they rayed that God's especial grace and merey might so with him who was afar from home. And where was George Burnett or Geordie, as he was known in the family, this Christmas eve, now nearly twenty years ago? The scene of our

story must shift now from the quiet Northern village to the pine forests of Virginia. A company of cavalry, or what was left of the company after the Gettysburg campaign, being on scout duty, had for several days been reconnoitering away to the right wing of the army of the Potomac, now safely lodged in its winter cantonments, and halted for the night in a little ravine surrounded by a dense undergrowth of scrub pine and cedar. It was snowing fast. The pines bending beneath their white covering, afforded a tolerable shelter for the men and horses, while in the open space blazed a great camp fire, whose flokering light added its charm to the wild and weird scene. "Say, boys, don't you think you are making a

"Well, Cap, that's so. But we've got to keep warm some way, haven't we?" " Besides, it's Christmas Eve, you know," said Burnett, "and it makes a fellow feel like having little fire to think of the joily times they are having at home to-night." "Pile on another log, Geordie," said Jos Winters, "and let 'em see us if they want to; Mosby or no Mosby, we've got to have a fire to toast our shins by and remind us that Christmas

little too big a fire, there? Snow is a good re

Mosby's men down on us before morning."

flector, you know, and we may have some of

comes but once in the year-"O, Christmes comes but once in the year, Tra, la, la; tra, la, la. Good sirs, I wish you all good cheer, Tra la la, tra la la!" With no heart for restraining his men from their bliarity, the captain allowed them the poor

care, however, that his pickets on the surrounding bills should be well posted and wide awake. Before settling down by the fire for the night, he personally inspected every post and resolved happy times gone by-of Geordie's babyhoed and | \$2 umbreller ever er 50 cont suit uv clothes. within himself to sleep with more than one eye open. As he returned from one of these tours of inspection, on emerging from the bushes what a picture his tired troopers looked through the driving mow and the dancing red light of the camp was his first experience as Santa Claus, that The stocking was full, and yet Jack lingered. first experience as Santa Claus, that The stocking was full, and yet Jack lingered. first experience as Santa Claus, that The stocking was full, and yet Jack lingered. first experience as Santa Claus, that The orange could not be induced to enter the horses saddled and tethesed beneath the pines, He began to fear that they had some on a very | stocking, so he laid it on the pillow by the side of they were having a joily time.

and solitary comfort of their camp fire, taking good

Burnett, the favorite of the company, was pillow was too much for him, for, as if moved by singing a song, the rest joining in on the chorus, pricked up their ears at the sound. Then followed stories and anecdotes, grave and gay, with

songs and glees, till the fire flickered low, and all

bands wrapping themselves up in their great

coats and blanket, lay down before the fire,

Indian fashion, and were soon sound askep. "Hello! What's that, boys?" Bang-bang-bang!

"Boots and saddles, boys-the Johnnies are on us for sure!' Kicking the snow over the smouldering fire, the santain ordered his men, in short, sharp tones, like the suppressed blast of a bugle, to stand by their horses' heads, make ready their carbines, without his sleigh or his bells! What though loosen their sabres and mount. Screened from the journey left him weary, cold and lame! He observation by a clump of pines along the edge to do a good deed before; what could have sent came and did his work and went his way with a of the ravine through which the enemy would charge as their pickets came galloping in with a body of Mosby's troopers at their heels.
"Now, my lads," shouted the captain, "look to your carbines and sabres, and let them have

> Not anticipating so sudden a check to their headlong course, and with no suspicion of the neat little ambuse-de awaiting them, Mosby's men were thrown somewhat into confusion by the sudden shock, as with ringing carbines and swift sabre strokes the Union boys dashed out on them with a cheer. It was short, sharp work, man to man and horse to horse, the whole affray occupy ing scarcely more time than it takes to relate it, when in a cloud of snow at their horses' heels Mosby's men dashed up the defile and away. Several men were killed on either side and iome wounded, too, whom we need not stop to mourn over, for such are the chances of war-but

where was Burnett? "Burnett! Burnett!" sang out his messmate, Winters, as he stood leaning against his horse. "Any of you fellows know were Geordie is?" There was no answer. He was not among the wounded, he could not be found among the killed. "By Jove!" said Winters, "they've taken Geordie prisoner!"

Without a word more, and utterly headless of an ugly wound in the shoulder, Winters mounted his horse and dashed at full galtop in the direc tion Mosby's men had taken. "Winters! stop !" shouted the captain. He might as well have shouted to a whirlwind. For los Winters—a tall raw-boned man of great physical strength and flery temper, had from the first taken a strange liking for the slender and rather delicate lad of light hair and blue eyes, and any day would have gone through fire and

certainty that he would never return alive. aroused in Winters the heroic determination to overtake Mosby's men and surrender himself instead of Geordie! How he rode hard and fast mile after mile that wintry Christmas morning-how he overtook the Confederate cavalry with their prisoner riding in the midst-what scenes there were amongst the boys in gray, as dismounting they listened to the gallant proposal of Winters to ransom their prisoner with his own body-how Geordie expos tulated, entreated, begged the wounded Winters busy decorating the chancel of the church for the to desist, and how in spite of all his remonstrances he was conveyed back again the next morning to his own men. I will not stop more particularly to relate. Suffice it to say that at daybreak, as they were preparing to break camp, Geordie rode into the midst of them and threw himself on the ground in a passion of tears. "Why, Burnett," said the captain, "what's the

matter? Are you burt badly?" "Ob, no, Cap, but-Winters-" "Aye, my boy. Winters-can you tell me what has become of him?" "Yes, sir. They took me prisoner in the fight last night-and Winters has gone and given himself up in my stead!"

Another year had passed away and a second Christmas Eve was drawing near. George Burnett's father and mother, and old Michael, too, as the holidays; for when the holidays came Geordie | me-and here I am." would be home on furlough.

house, "for Geordie, my boy, is coming home," said he to himself. Four weeks, three weeks, two weeks-aye, it was only two weeks yet till Christmas, when one morning old Michael, scarely able any longer to | what for, sir ? Did you not say we were to have defer his preparations for the chancel decora- no service? Or is it pessible you have heard tions, walked over to the parsonage and into the pastor's study, saying as he entered-"Mr. Burnett, don't you think we'd better be making some arrangements about getting the

greens for the church? It is only two weeks yet, The worthy pastor's face had been averted so that Michael had not seen the look of unspeak able anguish there was upon it, until the pastor replied, wearily raising his head and speaking with bloodless lips, and a countenance on which unutterable woe was written in every feature: " Michael, there won't be any decorations in the

chancel this year." "No decorations this year? And Geordie coming home, too! Why, sir, I've been sexton stretched forth his hand to slay Issue at the call of of this church for well nigh forty year, and never yet..." "Michael," interrupted the pastor, "that may all well be. But read that; God knows I cannot tell you; read that." Taking the letter which the pastor held out toward him with a trembling hand, Michael put | ward all the world. When Christmastide comes on his glasses, went over to the window and read;

aye read-

at home, and make no delay." Paralyged as by a mighty grief, old Michael stood looking at the letter as if he did not at all die himself in brief yet awful worde-" Papa and true. God help me! Pray for me without ceas-

The unutterable grief there was in that quiet country parsonage during those days of awful suspense, the reader is left to imagine for himself. | child in the manger, when I see all the workings A gloom as of midnight settled down on the of the divine love, I say to myself, surely God unfortunate household. Mr. Burnett, having can't love one man and hate another, and what a taken every measure to bring such influence to poor thing my heart is that I cannot mold it after bear on the authorities as to save his beloved boy

His. Then I say it is time to make some effort. from the extreme and terrible punishment due to The divine love for man is like the highest note bis crime, in spite of the reassuring words of in the melody some surpassing singer reaches friends, settled down to the firm conviction that when the Academy down there shakes with the Geordie's days were numbered. For hours at a thunder of applause. I am a humbler voice, intime, there he would sit in his chair with his head | deed; but must I not strive, encouraged by that howed on his study table, parayland, benumbed, deadened, unable to arouse himself from his sorrow, too full of an inexpressible grief to pray or angels sing of goodwill and peace-peace and even to weep. Had their beloved one fallen in goodwill throughout the universe? the gallant charge, or died of disease, hard as that If I can't love the man or woman who has done had been, it could have been, perhaps, endured | me deadly injury, let me at least be sure I de not with fortitude, or, at least, with resignation; but hate them. Let me keep in view the possibility this, this was more than heart could bear. Gloomy indeed was that Christmas time in the consehold. The poor children, unable to enter | versal demand for love and peace is not of Thanksinto their parents, grief, or even fully appreciate the cause of it, were yet hushed and awed into nilence, which strangely contrasted with their customary merriment at that happy season of the

And so the merry, merry Christmas Eve o 1864 came on. The sieigh bells sounded cheerily in the crisp, sharp air, as people drove swiftly by, house mother who always did her housecleaning and all the village was aglow with joy and glee. just before Christmas. She didn't care for the At the parsonage, the children had been put to rest of the year, but all should be clean and bed early, with no prospect, alas, of a Christmas bright for Christmas. Her custom may serve me as tree greeting them in the morning-" because," said Gertie, as she tucked herself under the covers, "You see, old Santa Claus don't like to go to houses where people are so sorry."
"Yes, he likes people to be glad

"Wen't Santa Claus come to night, papa?" Little Madge had climbed out of her orib and fire lit up the whole place with its warm and gone down in her long night dress to the study door, where her father and mother were sitting in sorrow together. "No, my poor child, there will Claus for us to-night, I fear." "Because we are all so sorry, papa? Santa

comes," answered Rob.

Claus dosen't like to come to houses where people are so sorry. Don't ory, pape and mamma, I will pray the good Lord to let our Geordie live and come home." It was one o' clock Christmes morning. Yes there they sat, pastor and wife, talking of the | enny hat. Den when Sunday some de'll h'int er his fine promise of a noble menhood—his brave

and weeping bitterly as they thought of his danger and the cruel does that might be awaiting

and gallent behavior on many a hard fought

fold-and again and again mingling their tears,

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IN "JOURNAL" BUILDING.

birth! I fear me the bells, which should ring out joy to the world on the morrow, will do naught but toll and toll for me." "Come, John," said she, "we should be more

trustful, it may not be so ili. Let us hope for the best." "Hope? Aye, wife, I have hoped and prayed, till God Himself seems utterly to have foreaken me, and left me crushed under this mighty griefthe Lord forgive me my want of faith! Hark! Didn't you hear a noise out there, Martha?" There was a clanking sound on the porch, followed by a distinct knock thrice repeated. Taking the lamp in her hand, the good wife went out, opened the door—there was a shrick—a moan, and a heavy fall to the floor. On rushing out forthwith, judge of the emotions of the worthy pastor on seeing his wife fallen in a swoon on the

cavalryman's uniform! "Geordie! Geordie! My God, it is Geordie my son, my son!" "Yes, father. But it is too much for poor mother, I fear—let me carry her in."; Now, the sleep of children is proverbially light on Christmas night, and so it was no wonder the little ones in the chamber above were awakened by the noise below. "Rob," said Gertie. "Well," answered Rob.

floor, and bending tenderly over her a man in a

"Are you awake?" "Did you hear that noise? I wonder whether it wasn't Santa Claus trying to get in ?"
"Ob, no. Gertie. You know papa said Santa Claus would not come to our house to-night." "I'll get up and see," said little Madge. Climbing out of her orib and going to the stairway, there she stood, like a little fairy in her long

night dress, calling:
"Papa! papa! Did Santa Claus come after "Yes!" answered a strange voice. "Who are you? said she. "I don't know you. Are you Santa Claus?" "Aye, Madgie, my sweet little angel sister; I

am your Santa Claus to-night?" Then rang out through the house the glad chorus of the children's voices sweeter than the chimes of any merry Christmas bells-"Geordie! Geordie! It's Geordie, come home to us all!" No more sleep was there in the parsonage that night. With the children on his knee or hanging over his chair, and his mother lying beside him on the lounge, faint yet from her too sudden joy, George Burnett sat talking with his father as the

dawn of the Holy Day came streaming up over

the Eastern hitls. "But, Geordie, my boy," said Mr. Burnett, 'you have not told us yet how you came to sleep flood or worse for the love he bore him. And the "Well, father, the way of it was this: One suspicion that Geordie was a prisoner, and the year ago last night, in a little fight we had with Mosby's men, you remember I was taken prisoner; you know, too, how, against my will and without my consent, I was ransomed by Jos Winters, who gave himself up to Mosby's men in my stead. Oh, a truer, braver, nobler fellow than he never buckled on a sabre! But after he came back to us he never was the same man physically as before. He was broken down by prison life and his old wound had reopened; but his high and gailant soul, that knew no change. Well, about month ago we were sent off on a raid, and after having been aborse continuously for two days and nights without any sleep, save what we could get in the saddle, we were assigned one night to duty on a dangerous and important part of the line on the extreme left of the army. As usual Joe was put on the post of danger, where I found him when the second relief went out, sick, suffering and utterly exhausted and broken down, and compelling him to go to the rear I took his place. I thought I could keep awake, but, father, I

could not. Utterly exhausted, the "grand rounds" found me sound asleep—and the rest you know. When the facts came out, in the course of court-martial, the General said: "Young man, you have made a narrow escape. It was only your taking the place of a sick and wounded comrade that saved you." "General," said I, "Joe Winters once gave his life for mine. Should I not willingly give my life for his? And so my furlough, which had been

well as they, anxiously and impatiently awaited withheld during the court-martial, was handed "Rob," said the pastor, "run and call old Old Michael, having made unusual preparation | Michael over. And, Geordie, you just step over for the decoration of the church, was in high | into the other room when Michael comes in, till I glee. There should be a most bountiful offering | call you." As Michael entered, the pastor said: " Michael, you will ring the bell, and ring it right joyfally,

> "Ring the bell!" exclaimed Michael. And some good news of Geor-" Whereupon, to Michael's utter and most joyful surprise, in walked the young and handsome "Aye, Michael," said the pastor: "Bing the

too. There shall be no tolling of bells for me

fully, too-for this my son, 'was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found!"

THE ANGELS' SONG.

bells! Ring the bells! And ring them full joy-

Rev. Robert Collyer Considers Christmas as a Time of Peace and Good Will. When I find myself that sort of menthat I call liberal Christian, said the preacher, it will be as easy to me as laughter is to the children on Christmas morning to summon up in my heart the blessings of peace, to excercise a perfect good will toaround every year I look back to a Christmas long ago-so long ago that it almost seems to A letter from the captain commanding Geordic's have been another life-when I was casting my

company which set forth in brief yet terrible eyes across the Atlantic in search of a new home words how, after several days of almost continual I could not tell then whether I would find a palmarching and fighting, and while holding a very | ace or a poorbouse. I have found a palace; but you are all glad and happy, and that is right.

But paps is a little heavy hearted when he thinks of Geordie so far away from home, without found in the grand round asleep en his post, had The good woman took a small package from thinks of Geordie so far away from home, without the grand dunder arrest, and was to be any good warm house and out in the cold, with the stockings, and handed it to the astonished Jack, saying: "Here is a doll for you. It little enough to eat, I fear. God help him, poor which it was feared would be severe. "No effort," the love of God within us, and I know that love "But Geordie is a soldier," said Rob, "an' he said the captain, " will be spared to save the ing those who love me and doing good to those dosen't mind it; 'cause when soldiers get cold an' brave and gallant boy. Nevertheless use all the who do good to me is no standard to measure my influence you can command with the authorities love for God by. "Love your enemies." There is the great standard, that is the great principle Yet it is the one stumbling block that I find it hard to get over, though I say it 865 times a year. comprehend what it was all about, when a second I find it hard not to hate the man that I know letter was thrust into his hand, a letter from Geor. | hates me. Everything in me revolts against it. "I can't be better than God," I say to myself. mamma, what the captain has written is only too and when some one says, " Toss your heart over true. God help me! Pray for me without ceas. to God and all the rest will follow," I don't find

the solution so easy. Perhaps I can't just tose my heart over. But when Christmas time comes and I see the great example, to reach some higher note than I have ever touched before in the song that the

that I may some day love them; let me be sure that I will help them if they need it. This unigiving but of Christmas. Our Thanksgiving is founded on Plymouth Rock, but Christmas stands on the Rook of Ages. When I bless the children of friends, even though they may be a thousand miles away, they shine out to me like stars. get more than I give, and the best giving is when I expect no return. I used long ago to know a a parable. I say to you that you should brighten the windows of your soul at this hely time so that love and grace may be seen shining out through them. You should make your heart clean and pure, just as she did her hearth, and welcome to it all mankind, as she did singers who same to eing the carols on Christmas morning, while the

Inconsistancy,-"Yas, sah; hit do beat "What's the matter, old man!

"Boss, does you see door niggers gwine 'long de road out dar ! Dom hyperletin' enery coen is gwine to chu'ch." "Well, what about it!" " Hits jee' die way : Dom niggers 'll wak out'n de harvest fiel' in er July sun all de week widout

Mrs. O'Mora (boastfally)--"Is it a book ye have ? Bure'n' it's each I pay for everyt'ing

Dat's what mek me say wu't I does."

"How terrible to endure this untold angulah, Mrs. Flynn-"Will, an' of yo didn't the Martha, on this glad night of our blessed Lord's ye bought would be shill in the altere." Mrs. Flynn-"Will, an' of yo didn't thee things

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genial glow.

BILL HEADS,