





## A POEM FOR CHRISTMAS

From countless hamlets comes the cry,  
A call to Christ, who here are singing,  
And we are here to sing.  
We sing, we sing, we are singing  
In our bright with overcast, a  
And our powers of song are failing  
Loud and small our voices fall.

Ah! listen, to feel at the strains  
That make us sing, and sing we must,  
Ah! and lost in rapture songs  
That Christ is Lord we sing.

He comes, he comes, he comes,  
He comes, he comes, he comes,  
He comes, he comes, he comes,  
He comes, he comes, he comes,

Worship him, honor him, let hearts  
Of sin be humbled, let them

## CHRISTMAS CAROL

## THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE IN NEW ENGLAND

— 1 —

If those youngsters have come  
on I'll be right back."  
But he was not right back. Mid-  
night it came down on all the Atlantic  
coast and he had not returned.  
It was a perfect spring tide.  
The earth did not set back to  
wait their coming. The blazing logs  
filled the long low kitchen with light.  
He was alone in his cabin in the night.

which blossoms much delayed  
but the warmth now comes rather to  
the fullness of that. We shall have  
to wait though. I am up to my  
knees in work. I have little time  
for myself & Mr. Whistler has  
definitely not expected  
to come to town in the month  
of May. Mrs. O. is still ill for best &  
will be so for some time. I  
wrote to her this morning  
to let her know that I  
had been to see her & that  
she was to be at home for  
some time. I am very sorry  
that she is ill.

Mr. Abbott said he had been in the office of the State Auditor for about two hours, and he had not yet seen the Auditor.

He is now in the country of the  
Cathayans, and has been  
with them for some time.  
He has been to the city of  
Kiau-nan, and has seen  
the great wall of China,  
which is built of stone  
and brick, and is about  
one hundred miles long.  
He has also seen  
the great wall of  
the Tartars, which is  
about one hundred miles  
long, and is made of  
stone and brick.  
He has also seen  
the great wall of  
the Mongols, which is  
about one hundred miles  
long, and is made of  
stone and brick.

I left off there in a week  
up for Red Hill. Kept  
there all day and night  
and the next day I had  
the rest of the afternoon  
to go around. It was a  
long walk but I had  
a good time. I saw a  
lot of birds and animals.  
Then there he is! Only  
in a small nest in a tree.  
Yes, he sits all the trees  
in the hills. Right there  
was his nest. I took him  
out and he flew away with  
it at the right way. Yes, the  
birds all sing when it's warm  
but they must get it in their  
nest to lay eggs. I know  
it's a good place to stay  
at another winter goodness.

He said his mother  
d times there Roger  
and said the boy I shan't train  
now that I've seen the Christ-  
ian. What is that mother?  
I asked. The boy said he had  
not been to school since he  
left home had never needed  
to go so. There were tags at the  
door there were locks at the door  
it was as safe as you could make  
of it. There were voices all at once,  
the girls room body.  
I lit up the candles  
he whispered.

is a tall man with a very large head and a prominent nose. He has a very kind and gentle expression. He is wearing a dark suit and a white shirt with a patterned tie. He is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile.

110

THE CHILDREN  
ARE A GREAT  
BLESSING.  
I AM SO GLAD  
TO HAVE THEM.  
IT IS A GREAT  
BLESSING TO  
ME TO SEE  
THEIR  
LITTLE FACES  
AND TO HEAR  
THEIR  
LITTLE VOICES.  
I AM SO GLAD  
TO HAVE THEM.  
IT IS A GREAT  
BLESSING TO  
ME TO SEE  
THEIR  
LITTLE FACES  
AND TO HEAR  
THEIR  
LITTLE VOICES.

admitted criminal—Mr. Sheriff  
pointed out that he only is a member  
of the local Sheriff's office (they'll  
be in jail first).

He also said a few words about  
the shooting at the sidewalk killing  
the emigrant sitting in a well-known  
bar.

He added that the killer will soon be  
arrested and the killing will then be  
explained to him and the question is not  
settled.

nineteen centuries of Christendom may be doubted if the tree of Christmas Day has into the common intelligence sprung so as with which the day of ascension proves the difference, rising up the deepest meaning of the day, and all the legends of Christian history, and the legends of the past which have been recognised. Easter and Christmas date from the very creeds which numerously. Pentecost and on day were adopted into the calendar while yet the church was a young and persecuted body, the days of martyrs and of saints celebrated from the earliest

and the Roman Empire, and  
the veneration of Christ, and  
the veneration of saints, and  
the veneration of the Virgin  
Mary, to subdue the northern  
tribes to its sway, and the necessity  
of giving to the populace a Chris-  
tianity in the face of suppressed  
observations had become ap-  
parent; that the Roman authorities and  
populations of Gaul became Christ-  
ians, and the Christianization of the  
country was effected. The Romans took  
the name of Christians, and the  
Romans were still, that halting  
birth of the powers of nature,  
to the south and to the north,  
respectively, seemed the first occa-  
sion of it. Very little did people  
or even the learned realize  
the deepest significance

chan-. Few among them have seen the promise-  
writing soils & I find in the  
of the Laus & I favor of Life or  
American I velling of ranks made  
in the church brotherhood of  
Christ. - The birth of Christ  
the fall in man is the prop-  
of his sin. And that it is only this  
more of reg now ifing that  
the birth of Christ can come univer-sal prove-only how  
dear are the times which it  
will be to us & which the hu-  
man soul so hard to grasp.  
what does the Advent signify  
but the realization of a new

a storm, by which a new light was given over the earth, "as between the day and night, as between the present and the past, so between the things that are, and the things that do remain." And as the world is now in a state of probation, and the final judgment is imminent, it is evident that in Christian life there has no part or share of it, and that intelligence and respect for law and justice, and for the rights of others, will be all owing to the shortcomings of man, and to the human heart, in its desire to reach the highest point of earthly happiness; and that fair valuation is given by an old author upon all of us, "as the animals whose bodies are covered with bristles, who when pressed hard, will stand up straight, and when put in heat will stand up straight, with eternal

## Getting a Newspaper at Long Range

In a recent appeal to Mr. Muller of the New York wire, it is nothing but winter's bestowment from the sky, and a graphophone or talk machine will be of little use in this connection. The telephone is the best, and will be of great value in this case. As far as I am concerned, I shall do my best to help Mr. Muller in this matter. He will receive my services gratis, and will pay me only his expenses. I hope to get Mr. Muller to New York, where Mr. Turner will place them in touch with the appropriate offices. If addressing him directly in this connection, he will care over 4,000 miles of sea.



## Northville Record.

We offer for sale this week one of the finest locations on Main Street. Good house. Will sell on contract with small payments down.

There are 1,205 students enrolled at Ann Arbor University. The largest number ever in attendance and there are more expected after the holidays. Harvard which has heretofore been the largest attended in the country has only 1,200. What the future of our state university is no man can predict. The state can well afford to deal with a liberal hand with this great and growing institution.

An exchange says: "We are into the secret, and you shall have to how to prepare your soft coal in such a way as a small coal, that there will be no accumulation of soot in the chimney, and the under side of the stove will be kept clean and nice with time, and the good wife's objection to the use of 'candy coal' will be removed. Here it is: For a ton of coal buy 15 cents worth of common salt, make a brine of it and pour it over the coal. Try it."

The report comes from St. Johns that within the last three weeks several cows upon the farm of B. F. Kneeland, in Bengal township, that country, have died with a disease which kills the best waterfowl in the state. It is believed to be a disease unknown thus far, and is being studied by the State Health Board. The referee, however, will trouble us nothing with it all, as he is the largest authority in the country.

### WHAT THE MATTER WITH THE DETROIT FREE PRESS?

There is a great deal of talk about the Detroit Free Press, and the first thing that comes to mind is that it is the best paper in the city. But there is another reason for this, and that is that it is the best paper in the country. The Detroit Free Press is the best paper in the country, and it is the best paper in the world.

As the Detroit Free Press under the direction of Mr. H. C. Rogers we seem to be in this position:

"What's the matter with the Free Press?"

"And its very many readers outside of the city of Detroit are the same."

"It's all right."

And it is true the Free Press is all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right to be in the first place, and to be the best paper in the country. The Detroit Free Press is all right.

But what's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

What's the matter with the Free Press? It's all right.

R. E. Brown, Publisher.

NORTHVILLE.

MICH.

The territory of Dakota is certain to come into the union, but whether it will be allowed to name the states into which it will be divided is doubtful. It is to be cut in two latitudinally, and the people desire to call the sections respectively North and South Dakota. But outsiders object to these titles, although North and South Carolina go along very well, and are distinguished for the general relations existing between their two governors, and wish to call the south state Dakota and the other Lincoln. A lively fight is likely to occur over this point, the Dakotans claiming the right to name themselves and the people of the north half of the territory contending that the name Dakota, when applied to wheat, has a market value which they would lose were it changed to Lincoln.

It could be well for the country if every city had "Chief Hubbard" in the chair. In response to the request of Chicago anarchists to make a public demonstration on the return of Mrs. Parsons, Chief Hubbard said: "I shall refuse to grant a permit for any such demonstration." Mrs. Parsons comes to this city and goes to her home in a quiet, unostentatious way like any ordinary citizen, she will not be molested by my officers; but if she or any of her friends think they can parade the streets of Chicago behind a brass band as they did in London, they will find themselves greatly mistaken. There has been enough of this foolishness in times past and anarchy will never be allowed to parade the streets of this city again as long as I am Chief of Police."

The recent death of Miss Matilda Rankin at Bloomington, Illinois, recalls to mind the work of one of the most unselfish and devoted Christian missionaries ever sent from this country. Miss Rankin was one of the first missionaries to invade Mexico, and she paved the way for the good work which has been done in later years. The greatest trial that came to Miss Rankin was when age and infirmity compelled her to give up her missionary work and wait for the messenger which has now called her home. She was a worthy example of the devotion of the women of this country to their unfortunate sisters in heathen lands, and her such will she be remembered.

A recently published volume of recollections by George Davis, England, has this good thing on children: "None we're are very prone to children they never let them alone. Little children have all ways. They like privacy and secrecy sometimes. You will see a child sometimes go to the corner and have something to say to the folks and some foolish person will come and say, 'What are you doing in there?' Let the child alone. It is taking a lesson. It has got a professor and whole college in the corner. Out of a stick and some rubbish, thanks to the good God, the child is building Arabian nights of glory, palaces, heavens, kingdoms."

The "Death Bill" recently passed by the British parliament, is a recognition of the principle of religious liberty. It permits members upon first taking their seats to take a "modified" oath—one that does not compel assent to the doctrine of a personal God. This change is the outcome of the repeated effort of Mr. Bradlaugh to take the seat in the house of commons to which he has been twice elected, but from which he was kept out by his refusal to take the old, prescribed form of oath. This is a sile light on the movement of the American reform association to have God recognized in the constitution of the United States.

Closely on the heels of Dakota, Washington Territory presses her claims for admission into the union. With a population estimated by the forty-six thousand votes cast at the recent election at over two hundred and thirty thousand, the territory has a larger number of inhabitants than Nevada, Delaware or Rhode Island and crowds Florida and Colorado. Moreover, Washington Territory is second only to Dakota in growth and development and bids fair soon to equal either Oregon or California as an enterprising state.

There is evidently a strong feeling in Canada against annexation despite the fact that there is a party in favor of it. The Toronto Globe thinks that the effect of an American attempt to bring about annexation either by force, or by retribution, or by negotiation, will be to create a much more general and intense anti-annexation feeling than has existed in Canada for years. Certainly, if Canada wants to come into the United States, the overtly must come from her.

Masculine-looking tailor made costumes with double-breasted bodies and man's collar and scarf, are still worn in London. The hair is worn very high over the center of the brow in Paris and London. There is a tendency to the revival of the catogan.

## A WORD FROM MR. DOLAN.

There's throbble come into the house,  
And mortitul and pain,  
And grief's come pourin' on us.  
Whin we only looked for rain?  
Tis all because our eldest girl  
To music did aspire.  
The devil's walked into the place  
Since Bridget joined the choir.  
It's papercsoughs we reppasin' now,  
She never let's us rest.  
She practices on adubums  
To be given by request.  
The police came to stop the noise.  
Our rent's ten dollars higher;  
The drifts walked into the place  
Since Bridget joined the choir.  
—Merchant-Traveller.

## Deacon Pitkin's Farm

BY MARGARET BRESCHER STOWE.

## CHAPTER VI (CONTINUED).

"Oh show me that letter," said Diana; and Mrs. Pitkin, hoping to tranquillize her, gave her James's note. "He thinks I don't care for him," she said, reading it hastily. "Well, I don't wonder! But Edie care. I love him better than anybody or anything else under the sun, and I never will forget him; he's a brave, noble, good man, and I shall love him as long as I live." "Dear child, there is no writing to him."

"The dear, that's the worst. Oh, that horrid, horrid sea. It's like death—you don't know where they are, and you can't hear from them—and a four-year voyage! Oh, dear, oh, dear!"

"Don't dear child, don't you distress me," said Mrs. Pitkin.

"Yes, this just like me," said Diana, whipping her eyes. "Here I am thinking only of myself, and you that have had your heart broken are trying to comfort me, and trying to comfort Uncle Silas. We have both of us scolded and scolded him away, and now you, how ever the most of us, spend your breath to comfort us. It's not like you. But auntie, I'll try to be good and comfort you. I'll try to be a daughter to you. You need somebody to think of, for you never think of yourself. Let me go to his room," she said, and taking the mother by the hand they crossed to the empty room. There was his writing-table, there his forsaken books, his papers, some of his clothes hanging in his closet. Mrs. Pitkin opening a drawer, took out a chest containing a lock of hair, one of which Diana had pinned to her own, and one of James'. She hastily hung it about her neck and concealed it in her bosom, laying her head hard upon it, as if she would still the beatings of her heart.

"It seems like a death," she said. "I don't see that the ocean is like death—wide, dark, stormy, unknown! We cannot speak to or bear from them that are out."

"But people can and do come back from the sea, so the prophet, so brightly. I trust, in God's own time, we shall see James back."

"But what if he never should? Oh, cousin, I can't help thinking of that. There was Michael Travis, you know—the ship was never heard from."

"Well," said the mother, after a moment's pause, and a choking-down of some rising emotion and forcing it to a tailspin in which lay a Bible, she opened and read: "If I take the way of the moron and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there still Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me."

The "Lie" in this psalm was no longer a name, a sound, a pher, to designate the wicked; but wood for the inseparable heart-friend—the Father seeing his secret, in whose bosom all the tears of sorrow had been shed, the Conserver and Guide forever dwelling in her soul and giving peace where the world gave on'y trouble.

Diana beheld her face as it had been the face of an angel. She kissed her, and turned away in silence.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THANKSGIVING AGAIN.

Seven years had passed and once more the Thanksgiving tide was in Mapleton. This year it had been cold and frosty. Chill driving autumn storms had stripped the painted glories from the trees, and remorseless frosts had chased the bare banks of the waters and golden rods back and back till scarce a bit of snow could be found in the deepest and most sheltered spot. The great elm over the Pitkin farm house had been stripped of its golden glory, and now stood against the yellow evening sky, with its infinite delicacies of new work and tragedy in their way, quite as beautiful as the tall poplars of summer foliage. The air without was keen and frosty, and the knotted twigs of the branches knocked against the roof and rattled and ticked against the upper window panes as the chill evening wind swept through them.

Seven long years had passed since James sailed. Year 'o' watching, of waiting of cheerful patience at first, and at last of resined sorrow. Once the, heard from James, the first word where the ship stopped. It was a letter dear to his in the heart, mainly resigned and Christian, expressing full purpose to work with God in whatever calling he should find, and cheerful hopes of the future. Then came a long, long silence, and then tidings that the eastern star had been wrecked on a reef in theidian ocean. The weather had given back her treasure into the same belied hands whence she had first received him. "I gave him to God, and God took him," she said. "I shall have him again in God's time." This was how she settled the whole matter with herself. Diana had mourned with all the intensity of her being, but out of the deep baptism of sorrow she had emerged with a new and nobler nature. True, vain, laughing, Diana had received a soul and was a true woman. She devoted herself to James's mother with an utter self-sacrificing devotion resorted as far as in her lay to be both son and daughter to her. She read and studied, and fitted herself as a teacher in the neighboring academy, and persisted in claiming the right of a daughter to place all the amount of her earnings in the family purse.

"Well now," said Diana, running to the window. "I should like to know what Bishop Carter is coming to reabout."

"Oh, Biah's been very kind to us in

With all his care, with all his hard work and that of his family, Deacon Silas never had been able to raise money to annihilate the debt up on the farm.

"There seemed to be a perfect fatality about it. Let them all make what exertions they might, just as they were helping for a sum that should exceed the interest, and begin the work of settling the principal, would come some loss that would throw them all back. One year their barn was burned just as they had hoed their hay; another, a valuable horse died. And then there were fits of sickness among the children, and poor crops in the field, and low prices in the market in short, as Biah said. "The deacon's luck did seem to be sort of streaky, for de that you might there's smthin' to put him back." As the younger boys grew up the deacon had ceased to hire help, and Biah had transferred his services to Squire Jones, a rich landholder in the neighborhood who wanted some care to overlook his place. The increased wages had enabled him to give a home to Maria Jane and a start in life to two or three sturdy little American citizens who played around his house door. Nevertheless Biah never lost sight of the deacon's folks, in his multifarious cares, and never missed an opportunity either of doing them a good turn or of picking up any stray item of domestic news as to how matters were going on in that interior. He had privately breached the密封 to Miss Bracewell, "but after all it was James that Diana, his always pronounced all names as if they ended in y) was so on, and that the took it so hard. Seemed to take another gal of her he shouldn't wonder if she'd care out all like the chryse." And I am not long after unconsciously ful-filled Biah's predictions.

Of late Biah's good news had been in special reversion, as the deacon had been for nearly a month in a sick bed, with one of those interminable attacks of nephritis which used to pierce him in old times when the doctor did everthing he could to make it cert'ain that a man once stricken down with sickness never should rise again.

Batildas Pitkin had a constitation derived through an indefinite distance from a temperate, hard-working, kindly ancestry, and so wracked with death and the doctor, and was, at least, in a convalescent state; which gave hope of his being able to leave the turkey at b', Thanksgiving dinner.

The beginning sunlight was just fading out of the hills, keeping now, at the foot of the hill room, where the crescent was now able to step up most of the day. A soft bell had been placed there, designed for him to lie down in or in case of fatigue at present here off, he was sitting in his arm-chair, apparently watching the blaze of his library fire or knitting placidly the rag, as of his wife's knitting needles.

There was an air of calmness and repose in the room, even features, at least, were there in days of old, the legend and loss, like a bird, had been snatched away, and the spiritual expression stillness and serenity, and new developments of the human face reigned in its place. It was the clear shining after rain.

"Life," he said, "was not worth living I can't quite remember out of the title. It's in the eighth of Deuteronomy, the seconde.

"Well," said the mother, after a moment's pause, and a choking-down of some rising emotion and forcing it to a tailspin in which lay a Bible, she opened and read and then closed it again, and then said, "If I take the way of the moron and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there still Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me, and I shall have him again in God's time."

"There, that's what I've been thinking of as I've lain here sic, and helpless. We've fought hard to keep things straight and clear the farm, but it's pleased the Lord to bring me low. I've had to lie still and leave all in His hands."

"And where better could you leave really?" said his wife, with a radiance on her face. "I've got near enough to take some pains in its introduction, and so it was open and, as it began distinguishing its contents,

"There mother," said he, undoing a heavy black silk sash and shaking out its folds. "I've determined you shall have a dress fit for you and here's alittle India shawl to go with it. Get those on and you'll look as manlike a crew among her spinsters as any of us."

"I'm not so manlike as she," said he, smiling.

"Who's this?" said James, "such a help bring in me, see chest."

"Never was a匣 chest more magnificently ushered in it was a chest which should get near enough to take some pains in its introduction, and so it was open and, as it began distinguishing its contents,

"There mother," said he, undoing a heavy black silk sash and shaking out its folds. "I've determined you shall have a dress fit for you and here's alittle India shawl to go with it. Get those on and you'll look as manlike a crew among her spinsters as any of us."

The box all looked at Diana, and Diana blushed a gay red and caught Mrs. Pitkin in her arms and kissed her first and then the deacon with effusion.

"Here I come for Thanksgiving," she said in a rich, clear tone, "and here she added, drawing a roll of bills from her bosom, and putting it into the deacon's hand, "here's th'm in case more for this year. I go it all myself, because I wanted to show you I could be good for something."

"Thank you, dear daughter," said Mrs. Pitkin. "I feel sure some way would be found and now I see what," she added, kissing Diana and putting her rosy cheek,

"I was afraid that you'd be worried and put yourself back again about me in earnest," said Diana.

"Well, daughter," said the Deacon, "it's a pity we should go through all we do in this world and not learn anything by it. I hope the Lord has taught me not to worry, but just to do my best and leave myself and everything else in His hands. We can't help ourselves—we can't make one hair white or black."

"Why should we wear our lives out fretting? If I'd known that years ago it would a been better for us all."

"Never mind, father, you know it now," said his wife, with a face serene as a star. "In this last gift of quietude of soul to her husband she recognized the answer to her prayers of years.

"Well now," said Diana, running to the window. "I should like to know what Bishop Carter is coming to reabout."

"Oh, Biah's been very kind to us in

this storm," said Mrs. Pitkin, as Biah's feet sounded on the scrapes.

"Good evenin', Deacon," said Biah, entering. "Good evenin', Mr. Pitkin. Squire Silas, he said he wanted some to sell and set took up a couple of barrels, and I see the darndest big letter there for the Deacon. Miss Pitkin, she was in, lookin' at it, and so was Leon Simon's wife,

she came. "After some cinnamon sticks, Wal, and they all looked at it and talked it over, and couldn't none of 'em for the life time what it was all about, it was such an almighty thick letter," said Biah, drawing out a long, legal-looking envelope and putting it in the Deacon's hand.

"I hope there isn't bad news in it," said Miss Pitkin, "the color rising appre-

hensively to his cheeks as he felt for his spectacles.

"There isn't," said Biah.

"Well, you see I was up to the store with some o' Squire Jones's fell'owers.

Silas, he said he wanted some to sell and set took up a couple of barrels, and I see the darndest big letter there for the Deacon. Miss Pitkin, she was in, lookin' at it, and so was Leon Simon's wife,

she came. "After some cinnamon sticks, Wal, and they all looked at it and talked it over, and couldn't none of 'em for the life time what it was all about, it was such an almighty thick letter," said Biah, drawing out a long, legal-looking envelope and putting it in the Deacon's hand.

"I hope there isn't bad news in it," said Miss Pitkin, "the color rising appre-

hensively to his cheeks as he felt for his spectacles.

"There isn't," said Biah.

"Well, you see I was up to the store with some o' Squire Jones's fell'owers.

Silas, he said he wanted some to sell and set took up a couple of barrels, and I see the darndest big letter there for the Deacon. Miss Pitkin, she was in, lookin' at it, and so was Leon Simon's wife,

she came. "After some cinnamon sticks, Wal, and they all looked at it and talked it over, and couldn't none of 'em for the life time what it was all about, it was such an almighty thick letter," said Biah, drawing out a long, legal-looking envelope and putting it in the Deacon's hand.

"I hope there isn't bad news in it," said Miss Pitkin, "the color rising appre-

hensively to his cheeks as he felt for his spectacles.

"There isn't," said Biah.

"Well, you see I was up to the store with some o' Squire Jones's fell'owers.

Silas, he said he wanted some to sell and set took up a couple of barrels, and I see the darndest big letter there for the Deacon. Miss Pitkin, she was in, lookin' at it, and so was Leon Simon's wife,

she came. "After some cinnamon sticks, Wal, and they all looked at it and talked it over, and couldn't none of 'em for the life time what it was all about, it was such an almighty thick letter," said Biah, drawing out a long, legal-looking envelope and putting it in the Deacon's hand.

"I hope there isn't bad news in it," said Miss Pitkin, "the color rising appre-

hensively to his cheeks as he felt for his spectacles.

"There isn't," said Biah.

"Well, you see I was up to the store with some o' Squire Jones's fell'owers.

Silas, he said he wanted some to sell and set took up a couple of barrels, and I see the darndest big letter there for the Deacon. Miss Pitkin, she was in, lookin' at it, and so was Leon Simon's wife,

she came. "After some cinnamon sticks, Wal, and they all looked at it and talked it over, and couldn't none of 'em for the life time what it was all about, it was such an almighty thick letter," said Biah, drawing out a long, legal-looking envelope and putting it in the Deacon's hand.

"I hope there isn't bad news in it," said Miss Pitkin, "the color rising appre-

hensively to his cheeks as he felt for his spectacles.

"There isn't," said Biah.

"Well, you see I was up to the store with some o' Squire Jones's fell'owers.

Silas, he said he wanted some to sell and set took up a couple of barrels, and I see the darndest big letter there for the Deacon. Miss Pitkin, she was in, lookin' at it, and so was Leon Simon's wife,

## GENERAL NEWS.

Jacksonville, Florida, is entirely free of fever.

Dakota Democrats have called a convention at Mitchell, December 20, for the purpose of taking action looking toward admission to statehood at the present session of congress.

The celebrated case of Petheringham vs. the Adams express company for illegal imprisonment has been settled by the company paying Petheringham \$3,200. David S. Petheringham was the express messenger whom Jim Cummings alias Wharrow, now serving a term in the Missouri penitentiary, bound and gagged, single-handed, when he committed the \$4,000 robbery to the St. Louis & San Francisco road.

The case of Stewart, the drug clerk of Wichita, Kansas, who was sent to jail for over ten years and fined \$10,000 for selling liquor, has been revived. Stewart was released by the governor after serving six months of his sentence. The attorney general attempted to collect his fine and costs \$50,000, by selling the building in which the liquor was sold. Falling in this he had Stewart arrested upon the old complaint.

Mrs. Bynum, aged 20, a school teacher, and Miss Lewis, aged 17, were run down by the incoming express train on the Western North Carolina railroad, near Almond, N.C., on the 12th inst., and both horribly mangled. They were internally gored to pieces. The accident occurred on a track on a sharp curve of the road.

A desperate battle between a Maryland cruiser and a steamer took place the other day. Two of the dredges were rammed and sunk, and 12 men are supposed to have gone down with them. The pirates declare they will continue their work and further trouble is feared.

An explosion of gas occurred in the Cawfield coal mine near Cawfield City, Col., the other morning. Two miners were blown to death and a dozen others fatally injured some fatally.

The dwelling of John R. King, Mrs. Cookville, Pa., was destroyed by fire last night, and King, his wife and his children were buried to death.

Mrs. Spangler, Fife's cavalry, commanding Fort McDonald near Phoenix, Arizona, was killed the other day by the accidental discharge of a gun while hunting. His wife brought his remains to Kalamazoo, Mich., for interment.

The strike of the switchmen on the Lake Erie, Burlington & Quincy railroad has been declared off. The switchmen went out last spring at the solicitation of the engineers, and now give up the fight as the engineers have refused to meet to support them.

The South Carolina house of representatives has passed a law imposing a tax of 25 cents a ton on all cotton and meal brought into the state. A bill has been introduced to the house standing committee of the year to prohibit Confederate soldiers. The present session is to be held.

Unction, Pa., burglars tortured Miss McMillan, an aged lady, by burning her feet, to induce her to tell where her money was. They left her to die and she nearly died.

Frank Davis, a Greenbury, Pa., miller, has been arrested, charged with being \$30,000 worth of mill property belonging to a competitor.

The national Sabbath observance put in Washington a few days ago, and all good resolutions again seem to pass a second test.

The last election held in Boston on the 10th inst., resulted in the defeat of the Colliers.

Judge Cooper of the little state commerce commission says railroads must abandon the reading traffic.

Gen. James C. Lane, who served with distinction in the war, died at New York Dec. 14, aged 70. Gen. Lane was connected with the United States survey at one time, and at another time of the war was engaged in a naval career, as the

The "Iron Devil" of Hyde Park, Mass., burst the other morning and 2000 matches on exhibition at a G. A. H. fair were destroyed. The loss will reach \$10,000.

The Senate committee on military affairs will report favorably a bill providing for the retirement of W. S. Howland with the rank of brigadier general.

The papers transferring the North Star iron works from Chicago to Anagni, Italy, have been signed. The new works will build a ship early next spring and employ 400 hands.

Four men were killed at Steven's Point, Wis., by the falling of a water works stand pipe yesterday. Three of the men were from Phillipsburg, N.J. The fourth was Charles Myers of Steven's Point, who leaves a wife and three children.

The Veracruz & Grand Maran iron company, with a capital of \$5,000,000, has been organized at Duluth. It is a consolidation of the interests of a large number of owners of iron lands on the Veracruz and Yucatan ranges and will control from 12,000 to 15,000 acres.

The steamer City of New York, which arrived in San Francisco on the 14th inst. from Hong Kong and Yokohama, the first steamer that has arrived from the Orient for a number of years without a single Chinaman aboard, bound for that port.

Last August a cool bracket fell from one of the Conimbras, Hockley Valley & Toledo derricks on their dock and struck John Shambro, crippling him for life. He began suit against the road and the jury awarded him a verdict of \$10,000, the largest amount yet given by a jury in western Ohio in a damage suit. Hon. Frank H. Reed was the plaintiff's attorney.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The troopers in Zanzibar have established a lot of \$150,000 upon the German East African company, as a corporation, and brought financial ruin to many individuals.

A question has been raised by the refusal of the pope to bless a number of medals sent him by an Irish priest for the papal benediction before distribution in Ireland. In refusing, the pope sternly said: "I cannot bless them. The people of Ireland are disobedient. They seem to prefer the gospel of Dillon and O'Brien to the gospel of Jesus Christ."

All the Spanish treasury officers have been jailed, pending an inquiry into the robbery of \$40,000 from the government bank in Madrid.

Albeck's wooden manufactory at Newminster, Germany, was buried to the ground on the 15th inst. Fifteen persons were killed and two others sustained fatal injuries.

The German reichstag has resolved to support Bismarck's East African policy.

News has been received in London to the effect that Stanley and Emin Bey have been taken captive by the mahdi, and that a heavy ransom has been put upon the heads of the two explorers. The British government is discussing the question as to whether it will pay the ransom demand.

## A Gladstone Festival.

Christmas is the glad festival commemorating the time when

In the beauty of the times Christ was born across the sea, With a glory in His bosom that transfigures earth and me.

When the Man came to the world whose mission upon earth, it was to drain the cup of death to its last bitter drop, that all mankind might be saved through Him.

By His sufferings and death He taught the Godlike lesson of sacrifice of self, even to utter obliteration, that good may come to others.

The sublime example set in the sacred tragedy on Mount Calvary has for more than 1800 years, filled the world with noblemen and women who have cheerfully given life, and all that life had to offer, that their fellow-men and women might be made better, free and happier.

The light of the glory of God which has shone from their lives and deeds has illuminated the four corners of the earth during all these revolving centuries, and fostered the growth of every virtue that can adorn man or make life more gracious and beautiful.

Divine truth, pure light and exalted love for one's fellow-men have flowed in a radiant flood from the Cross set up of Calvary, to bless and benefit the world through all time.

It is this that we are to reflect upon and rejoice over during the "hallowed and gracious time," as Shakspere terms it, upon which we are now entering.

While remembering the divine sacrifice of the Man of Sorrows and the countless blessings which flowed from it and enveloped the world like the sunlight, let us remember also the self-sacrifice of those who, in humble imitation of Him, died to make men free, even as He died to make men holy—let us remember those who gave all that men could give, not to gain benefit and blessings for themselves, but to gain them for us and for all who may come after us.

It is a little return as we can make for all the blood and suffering of

Poor hundred thousand men.

Too brave, the good, the true,

Who died on battle-plain and prison pens for

Sea and land;

Good friend, for me and you.

To couple their names in affection with Him who taught them and all men how to die for the "great right."

Nor should this stop with love and honor for the dead. Let us love, honor and help—when helpless—sick—the living, who fought and endured so less nobly than they who gave the last full measure of devotion on the battlefield.

We can most fittingly celebrate this Christ-m-tide by works of charity to our stricken comrades.

We can best honor Him who died for all men by caring for those who have suffered for men's sake, and for the widows and orphans of those who died, even as He did. No comrade should let the Christmas pass without celebrating it by doing something to help alleviate the troubles of some other comrade, or his widow and orphans. Let everyone see that some one who is bound to us by ties of common service for our country and humanity is made happier or more comfortable by his act. Christmas dinner will taste all the sweeter from the knowledge that Christmas has been made brighter to some veteran and his family by the gift of a bountiful dinner or some other comfort for his home.

We wish all our readers a merry Christmas, with a repetition of the injunction that the best way to make it merry is by an act of charity and fraternity to some comrade.

**Weighing Thoughts.**

Starting from the idea that the hand varies sensibly in size with the amount of blood present in it at any moment.

Prof. Mosso, the Italian physiologist, has made some most interesting investigations. In his first experiments the hand was placed in a closed vessel of water, when the change in the circulation produced by the slightest action of the body or brain, the smallest thought or movement, was shown by a rise or fall in the liquid in the narrow neck of the vessel. With a large balance on which the horizontal human body may be poised, he has found that one's thoughts may be literally weighed, and that even dreams, or the effect of a slight sound during slumber, turn the blood to the brain sufficiently to sink the balance of the head. The changing pulse told him when a professional friend was reading Italian and when Greek, the greater effort for the latter duly affecting the blood flow.—London Iron.

**One to Last a Lifetime.**

Jeweler—Yes, sir; I will engrave anything you wish on this ring without extra charge.

Young man—Well, inscribe on it "From George to Alice."

Jeweler—Hem! The lady is your sister, maybe.

Young man—The fact is, this is an engagement ring.

Jeweler—Ah! My young friend, I have had considerable experience in engagement rings, and I would suggest that the inscription be simply "From George." Then it will do for anybody.

**A Gladstone Festival.**

Mr. Biffen—See here, Mr. —, the paper says that French statistics show that there are even so many more lunatics among married men than among the married.

Mrs. Biffen—Well, you see, my dear, when a married man gets crazy people don't call him insane. They just say "he's dear."

—Poor fellow! what else he must be, if that wife of his? and think no more about it.—Philadelphia Record.

**Statistics Explained.**

Mr. Biffen—See here, Mr. —, the paper says that French statistics show that there are even so many more lunatics among married men than among the married.

Mrs. Biffen—Well, you see, my dear, when a married man gets crazy people don't call him insane. They just say "he's dear."

—Poor fellow! what else he must be, if that wife of his? and think no more about it.—Philadelphia Record.

Truth has a quiet breast, it is racked with a cough it cannot be quiet. Try a bottle of Bull's Cough Syrup. The cough it will stay, the soreness allay, and ye'll bless Dr. Bull for many a day. —Gent.

This will last out a night in Russia when nights are longer there," he said, clapping his hand over his aching tooth. Salvation Oil was applied, and he was fast asleep in twenty seconds. Price twenty-five cents a bottle.

Long scallop shells are giving away to the short scallop jacket. The Louis XV jacket is also in vogue again.

**Just Hear That Came Scream.**

said Mrs. Smith to her sister, Mrs. Davis, as the sound of a child's shrieks came across the garden from a neighbor's house.

"What kind of a woman have you for a neighbor? Does she abuse her children?"

"Indeed," replied Mrs. Davis. "She is one of the most tender mothers in existence. But you see she behaves in the old-fashioned style of doctoring. When a child needs physic, she fills a spoon with some horseradish dose, lays the little victim flat on her lap, holds his nose till he is forced to open his mouth for breath, when down goes the dreadful mess. Then comes the rebs,"

"No wonder," said Mrs. Smith, "Why doesn't she use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Tongue Pill? They are effective without being harsh, and are as easy to take as sugar plums. I always give them to my children." "And so do I," said Mrs. Davis.

There is a decided tendency to dress children from five to twelve years in Groenway gowns.

The cleansing, antiseptic and healing qualities of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are unequalled.

Black rails covered with heavy black spots are worn, hanging loose from the front of the hat.

**The Little Seed.**

A little seed lay in the caterpillar's path:

A little shoot bowed in the strong wind's wrath;

A little shrub grew, by its root's held fast;

Then a stout tree braved all the winter's blast.

A little cough started—was only light;

A little chill shivered the hours of night;

A little pain came and began to grow;

Then consumption laid all his brave strength low.

Be wise, it is time. Check the little cough, cure the little chills, dispel the little pain, or the little aches before the streak, unconquerable giant of disease, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Recovery, taken in time, is a remedy for these ills.

The practice of bleaching the hair to a pale yellow color is causing ground in New York.

**Decreasing the Death Rate.**

The mortality rate in Massachusetts has been materially decreased of late years by the use of Sixties Extract of God Liver oil, with Hydrochlorate of Lime and Soda, Potash, Stercobilin, Alum, etc. of the Liver, Pneumon, Throat, Bronchitis, & Catarrh.

Lungs, Pneumon, Throat, Bronchitis, & Catarrh.

For coughs and throat disorders use Dr. Pierce's Bronchial Tincture—Have never changed my mind respecting them, except I think better of that which I began thinking well of—say, Henry Ward Beecher, sold out, in boxes.

Fistulae, both gathered and plain, are quite easily and easily removed.

Fluxes, both gathered and plain, are quite easily and easily removed.

Warts, Baby warts, we growter Cancer.

When she was a child, she craved for Cancer, when she became Miss, she craved to Cancer.

When she had Children, she gave them Cancer.

Acne, Acne vulgaris, Acne rosacea, Acne tuberculosa, Acne senilis, Acne senectus.

Acne vulgaris, Acne rosacea, Acne tuberculosa, Acne senilis, Acne senectus.

Acne vulgaris, Acne rosacea, Acne tuberculosa, Acne senilis, Acne senectus.

Acne vulgaris, Acne rosacea, Acne tuberculosa, Acne senilis, Acne senectus.

Acne vulgaris, Acne rosacea, Acne tuberculosa, Acne senilis, Acne senectus.

Acne vulgaris, Acne rosacea, Acne tuberculosa, Acne senilis, Acne senectus.

Acne vulgaris, Acne rosacea, Acne tuberculosa, Acne senilis, Acne senectus.

Acne vulgaris, Acne rosacea, Acne tuberculosa, Acne senilis, Acne senectus.

Acne vulgaris, Acne rosacea, Acne tuberculosa, Acne senilis, Acne senectus.

Acne vulgaris, Acne rosacea, Acne tuberculosa, Acne senilis, Acne senectus.

Acne vulgaris, Acne rosacea, Acne tuberculosa, Acne senilis, Acne senectus.

Acne vulgaris, Acne rosacea, Acne tuberculosa, Acne senilis, Acne senectus.

Acne vulgaris, Acne rosacea, Acne tuberculosa, Acne senilis, Acne senectus.

Acne vulgaris, Acne rosacea, Acne tuberculosa, Acne senilis, Acne senectus.

Acne vulgaris, Acne rosacea, Acne tuberculosa, Acne senilis, Acne senectus.

Acne vulgaris, Acne rosacea, Acne tuberculosa, Acne senilis, Acne senectus.

Acne vulgaris, Acne rosacea, Acne tuberculosa, Acne senilis, Acne senectus.

