THE WEEKLY CLARION.

VOLUME XLV. JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1882. NUMBER 51

MR. L. A. WEST has been elected Mayor of Durant.

WORK on the C. A. & N. Railroad commenced at Kosciusko on the 4th inst.

THE death of Mr. Elisha Mosely, an old and very respected citizen of Lauderdale county is announced in the Meridian papers.

CIVIL service reform, internal revenue reduction, tariff modification and a bankrupt law are now the chief topics under consideration in Congress.

THE Alabama Senate has passed a resolution to apply to Congress to appropriate the amount of cotton tax collected in that State as a public school fund.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR says in his message that he will sign a bill, if it be passed, prohibiting the collection of assessments from officeholders. Take him at his word.

THE Democratic aspirants to the Speakership of the House of Representatives already announced are Messrs. Carlisle, Randall, Springer, Converse, Blackburn and Holman.

THE Illinois State Board of Health reports the total expenditure of the board for all purposes, during the fiscal year ended September 30, 1881, were $5,754,25. The people of Illinois regard their Health Board as a good institution, in fact, an indispensable necessity.

HON. J. H. DALTON is the editor of the New Albany Democrat. It is a hopeful sign for the press when men of his distinction, ability and qualifications, become members of the profession. Mr. Dalton is a leading member of the State Senate and a lawyer of eminence. There is reason to believe that he will succeed as well in making the Democrat a first-class journal.

WASHINGTON quid-nunes report Gen. Chalmers "as furiously angry at Mary McBride, who holds a lucrative position in the Treasury Department, and demands her removal, for the reason that in the late campaign the McBride woman opposed Chalmers' election by writing trenchant articles against him, and was the instrument that got Carter on the track." It is a pretty quarrel as it stands; but if Gen. Chalmers succeeds in t[illegible]ing Mary out to grass, and sendi[illegible]k to these parts, he will hav[illegible] the unpardonable offence.

AMONG the feature[illegible] new penal code which has just gon[illegible]ffect in New York State are [illegible]sions that into[illegible] can not be [illegible]d in defens[illegible]hat he who bribes State office[illegible] the State prison for ten y[illegible] fine of $5,000; that juror[illegible] must go to prison; that br[illegible] is a felony; [illegible] attempts at [illegible] must be pu[illegible] by imprisonment for two years and a fine of $1,000; that parents abandoning their children under six years of age must be imprisoned for seven years; that a person whose husband or wife has been absent five successive years and, not known to be living may remarry.

Report of U. S. Commissioner of Railroads.

The following is an extract from the annual report of the commissioner of railroads for the fiscal year ended June, 1882:

Railway commissioners appointed in twenty-one States, the report continues, exercise a healthful influence over railroad management but railroad transportation, strictly confined within state jurisdiction, is so limited it leaves real difficulties unsolved and nearly unaffected. The power of Congress over the whole subject can hardly be questioned—the supreme court of Illinois concedes it, and the decisions of the supreme court of the United States seem to render it indisputable.

N. Y. SENTRY: The silver dollars and the silver certificates, equally with the greenbacks, are the terror and nightmare of the money power, and as in a crowd the scream of a frightened woman communicates a senseless fright to most of those near her, so the screams of the bond perpetuating and money changing interest seem to have communicated terror to the President and all the officials of the Treasury Department, as well as most of the leaders of both the controlling parties, and to have driven from their minds the common sense business ideas with which nature endowed them.

Significant and Instructive.

Mr. Folger's report on the state of the finances contains a great many words and a great many numerals.

Here are four words and two rows of figures from the accounts of last fiscal year:

Internal Revenue..................$146,497,605
Surplus Revenue.................. 145,543,810

Volumes of discussion on the state of the finances could add nothing to the force of this coincidence.

The internal revenue has just provided the surplus?—New York Sun.

NEW ORLEANS STATES: Gov. McEnery having issued to Kellogg his certificate of election, and the Hon. Van H. Manning, of Mississippi, having concluded not to avail himself of the error in the count of votes for Chalmers, the Republican party of the country will be deprived of what they hoped to have, in the Presidential campaign, a pretext for arraigning the Democratic party.

The Pension Swindle.

The conscientious gentlemen who voted against the river and harbor bill, and who voted for the various pension bills without a wink of the eye or a qualm of conscience, will no doubt be pleased to know that they will have another opportunity to scatter government money broadcast among claim-agents. The $100,000,000 voted for pensions at the last session is not sufficient. Pension Commissioner Dudley has information that petitions are in circulation for signatures praying Congress to pass anotherarrears of pensions bill.—Mobile Register.

Practically a Unit.

Memphis Appeal.]

The Mississippi valley states from the lakes to the gulf are practically a unit in demanding the continuance of the National Board of Health upon an efficient basis. The good work of the board in the small-pox business in the northwest and in the yellow fever quarantine affairs of the South has disarmed criticism, and it is strong in the good opinion of the people.

Boards at Home.

Brandon Republican.]

Mr. John Russell, one of the most prosperous farmers in Rankin county, has gone to New Orleans to make his arrangements for another year. He is one of the few men who "live at home and board at the same [illegible]

The Tariff.

WALNUT STATION,
TIPPAH CO., MISSISSIPPI,
November 27, 1882.

EDITORS CLARION: We are sowing seeds that will eventually come up as noxious weeds and be difficult to eradicate. Mr. Randall to a late interviewer said, "*Nobody wants direct taxation.*" This is true of the present, and we only claim a tariff within the revenue standard. The recent elections prove clearly that the tariff question is the back-bone of the Democratic party. Revolutions don't go backward. With a "half hamond jump," to a revenue standard there is but one more leap to the broad plane of free-trade. In the wane of sectional strife, the masses are becoming educated to understand their own interest. This brusque expression of Mr. Randall is calculated to throw odium upon the system of free-trade England, the most prosperous manufacturing and commercial nation of the globe, owes her success to the principles of free-trade, and direct taxation. England enjoys 52 per cent. of the carrying trade of the world and 80 per cent. of the trade with this country. Before the war and under a low tariff we built over three hundred ships annually, now we only build for the coasting service. Our minister at Bogota wrote to Mr. Evarts, then Secretary of State that the English have three semi-monthly line of steamers trading to the Bolivian ports. The French, the Germans and the Spanish all have lines trading to these ports and "the United States, not one." This is only one of the photographs of our trade with the outer world. The Pacific Islanders sell their rice and fruits at San Francisco and return home with the clean cash to buy British commodities. In looking over the registration of ships passing through the Suez Canal it reads somewhat thusly: English 5, France 1; English 5, Spain 1; English 5, Germany 1; English 5, Denmark 1; English 5, and lastly one from the United States loaded down with McCormick's reapers, sulky plows and patent medicines.

In all countries that adopt the free-trade policy taxation does not reach the poor: and good-livers are only taxed highly. On incomes and privileges *over a certain amount*; on realty *over and above the homestead*. These exemptions run over nearly the whole range of itemized taxation. Germany waxed strong under the free-trade policy; now, the Germans are exodusting because of a tariff on lard and "pigs." In all free-trade countries the tax-payer can well afford to pay his taxes because of the reduced cost of living and the reduced cost of manufacture. With low rates we would be the greatest exporting people of the globe and two-thirds of the English spindles would be brought over to this country.

In speaking of low rates it does not follow that there would be a falling off in the prices of our present exports-cotton, wheat, corn, cattle, pork and petroleum would still remain subject to foreign quotations. Under a free-trade system the cost of these productions would be lessened one half.

Th[illegible]sent Internal Revenue system is no[illegible]ate specimen of direct taxation, and [illegible] odium attached to it is well founded. In the defence we are making against the aggressions of the monied power, we m[illegible] not hazard the fruits of victory by any temporizing policy, and any delay or concession would be disastrous.

FRANCIS A. WOLFF.

Mr. [illegible]'s Civil Service Bill.

WASHINGTON.—Republican leaders are quite generally disposed to treat civil service reform seriously and give the country a measure framed with an earnest intent to strike at the roots of many of the evils complained of.

Representative Kasson's bill, provides that appointments throughout the civil service shall be made upon qualifications and fitness, to be ascertained by a commission, and that promotion shall be according to the results of a competitive examination. Section 5 is as follows:

That all appointments shall be first made on probation for such time as the officers making them shall by regulation prescribe, not less than three months, nor more than one year from the date of first appointment, at the end of which period, if found qualified, the applicant shall receive his regular appointment for a term of six years, and shall not be removed during such term except for cause, as hereinafter prescribed.

The causes relate to personal conduct and performance of duties. The next section reads as follows:

SEC. 6. That no person now holding an appointment of the character in the first section mentioned, and serving in either department at Washington, shall be removed except for cause, as hereinafter prescribed; Provided, that when such person shall have already faithfully served for six years or more consecutively in the same department of the public service, he shall receive a new appointment under this act, such new appointment to be made within one year from the passage of this act; and, in like manner, when any other person now in office shall reach the period when he shall have faithfully served in the same department for the term of six years consecutively, he shall receive a new appointment for one additional term. All appointments made under this act shall cover any promotion of the appointee made during his tenure of office, of herein regulated.

Section 10 is the one inserted after the bill was otherwise framed, and is supposed to contain Mr. Kasson's idea of what the people want, as indicated by the elections. It is as follows:

That no member of Congress, nor officer of the Government, nor member of any political committee, shall, in writing or by print, addressed or cause to be addressed to any person holding an appointment, as in the description of the first section of this act, or to any laborer employed by the Government, any request, demand, or invitation for a contribution of money for the use of any political party; nor shall any person demand or invite, for the use of any political party, from such appointee, the payment of any specific sum of money or per centage of his compensation.

SEC. 11. That any person violating the provisions of this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be liable to a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars for each offence, to be recovered in any court of the United States having jurisdiction of such offences; Provided, That the same shall be prosecuted within one year from the commission of the offence.

Bills as thorough as this have been framed before, but not with the approval and co-operation of the "bosses." This is one of the curious things about it—the bosses turned reformers. The bill is understood to reflect the views of the President, and it may be considered as an Administration measure.

A Democratic Tradition.

Meridian Mercury.]

The Livingston Journal says the Democratic Congress should dismiss the contest of Gen. Chalmers and put an end to the practice of looking behind the State returns of elections, but, in our judgment, this is an erroneous view of the question. Agreeably to the federal constitution, each house of Congress is the sole judge of the qualification and election of its members, and is not hampered in the exercise of this right. If Congress cannot look beyond the commission issued to members, for fraud, or illegal voting, then the constitutional clause becomes a nullity, and the right to contest an election is a mere farce, since every sitting member has a commission from the Governor of his State. The Democratic party, some forty years ago, made its record on this question, in the contested election case from New Jersey, by voting against seating the Whig members, who held the "broad seal" of Gov. Pennington, and acted very properly in doing so. Fraud vitiates everything, and we hope the Democracy will not go back on its tradition policy.

Couldn't Beat Him.

The majority of Foote for Railroad Commissioner over Gibson is almost five thousand. The venality of the corporations could not beat him. Hired slanderers and vote buyers, parading the district, could not break him down. He had won the confidence of the people, and they rallied around him. "Honesty is the best policy."—San [illegible]

NEWS AND NOTES.

Thomas Wilson, clerk for Walling & Co., wholesale druggists, was run over by a train at Indianapolis depot and killed.

An Arkadelphia special says the case of Miss Sallie Stokes the Arkansas belle on trial for the murder of Miss Malinda Stephens, a rival belle, has been acquited.

The new Pension Office will be one of the most splendid buildings in Washington, with a frontage of 400 and depth of 200 feet, the height of the main cornice being 75 feet. It will have 166,000 square feet of flooring and space for 1,500 clerks. Congress enacted that the cost was not to exceed $400,000.

The passenger train which left Macon for Montgomery on the 8th, ran off the track near Eufaula. The entire train was thrown one hundred yards from the track down an embankment. Every person on the train, except the engine crew, was more or less injured. Mail agent Wiley Harris, Express Messenger F. M. Foles, and train hand Nathan Williams were badly hurt.

At Bastrop Levee a couple of colored men were hung by a mob. They had endeavored to murder Mr. W. B. Curry for his money. Public opinion is in sympathy with the lynchers, and no desire to find them out is manifested. The young man Curry is in a dangerous condition, and if he recovers his face is disfigured for life.

The family of Louis Brandenberg, a well-known citizen, was poisoned at Bloomington. Ill., on the 9th, by eating trichinæ in sausages. One of the family died instantly. Brandenberg and his wife cannot recover.

The New Orleans and Mississippi Valley, or Wilson Railway, has recently, together with the several chartered roads under which it worked, been consolidated, and the name changed to the Louisville, New Orleans and Texas Railway. The New Orleans and Mississippi Valley Railroad was being constructed under that charter, and those of the New Orleans, Baton Rouge and Memphis, the Vicksburg and Ship Island, the Memphis and Vicksburg, and the Tennessee Southern.

At a meeting of the directors of the New Orleans and Northeastern Railroad the following officers were elected: E. M. Johnson, President; John Scott, Vice-President and General Manager: F. Halen, Treasurer and W. Dunston, Secretary, of Cincinnati

John T. Kinter, of Chicago, cut his wife's throat and then his own. He died almost instantly; the woman was dying. No trouble between them is known, and it is conjectured that the act was committed during insanity, caused by business troubles.

The State Canvassing Board, of Ohio, in the Wallace-McKinley contest in the Eighteenth Ohio District decided that McKinley, Republican, was elected by eight majority, and issued a certificate of election accordingly. In the Seventh District, Morey, Republican, was declared elected, and in the Fifth District, Hart, Republican. There were no other contests.

How Gen. Phil. Cook Sat Down on the Gushing Hewitt.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 9.—One of the most exciting scenes that has occurred for years in the House, took place on Friday afternoon last. The bill to grant the officers and crew of the United States men-of-war Monitor, which engaged the Confederate ironclad Merrimac, in Hampton Roads, Va., in May, 1862, $200,000 prize money was up. The scene opened when Mr. Hewitt, of New York, took the floor in support of the bill. Mr. Hewitt is one of the leading Democratic members of the House, and, while he often takes the floor, is not known to be particularly eloquent. He began by reciting the manner in which the rebel Merrimac swept the rivers in the South, and was proceeding toward New York and Boston. Before she had reached the vicinity where she encountered the Monitor, President Lincoln sent him (Hewitt) a telegram that was also sent many other citizens of New York, stating that the "water terror," the rebel Merrimac, was sweeping everything that appeared before her, and was making her way toward New York; that the city would be stormed and captured unless something was done to prevent her entering the harbor, and that the citizens had better take immediate steps to receive her. Mr. Hewitt, with several of the leading citizens of New York, met the mayor in a conference of war, and it was decided to sink vessels and obstruct the passage of Merrimac into New York harbor. For several days the citizens of New York lived in a horrible dread. Their lives were as nightmares. The people breathed heavily as they prepared to meet the awful fate that seemed but a short distance ahead. What terrible agony these people suffered in that suspense! Finally wires flashed the news to the gasping populace that the course of the rebel ironclad Merrimac had been cut off; that she had been intercepted in Hampton Roads by the Federal Monitor and battered down and sunk. Everybody in New York breathed easier instantly and said that it was the Monitor that saved them.

Gen. Phil. Cook, a member from Georgia, and one of the most distinguished officers on the side of the Confederacy during the rebellion, arose and fired a hand grennade into Mr. Hewitt, by saying that he stood upon the bank of the river at Hampton Roads and saw the Merrimac go down; that she sank from the explosion of shells placed in her and fired by her own crew to prevent her falling into the hands of the Monitor and other Federal crews that hovered about. He said, further that it was not the work of a Federal navy or soldiery that vanished the Merrimac, and that the bill had no merit. This statement, coming from an eye-witness, acted like a wet blanket upon the hot blood that Mr. Hewitt had fired, and ultimately it killed the bill. Mr. Hewitt's rhetoric was only effective for display.

Tariff and Workingmen.

From the Indianapolis News.]

According to the census returns of manufactures the net profit to capital invested was 37 per cent. The average wages received by workingmen was $353,50 for the year. Can any one find in this just what benefit the protective tariff was to the workingman? The benefit is to be found in the 37 per cent, profit, set in the scanty $353 50 wages.

So Much for Being Caught.

Said the father of the bank cashier: "My son caught stealing! My boy detected in dishonesty! He, the light of my life, on whose education I have spent so much care. He has disgraced his family. We are all ruined! And that my son should have done this! Why, old as I am, I'll bet I'd have worked it so they'd never have found me out! Too bad! Too bad!" And overcome by emotion, the aged man wept.—Boston Post.

Society Pastime in Kentucky.

Exchange.]

Kentucky is indulging in quilting bees and cat shaking. After the quilting a cat is put upon the quilt. The young folks take hold of the corners and toss the animal till it jumps off upon one of the young ladies, who is then crowned queen of the bee.

Reliable and Worthy.

Wesson Herald.]

THE CLARION, will, after January 1st, 1883, be considerably enlarged, and otherwise improved. Now if you wish to keep up with the State news, subscribe for this reliable and worthy paper, and our word for it, you will get your money's worth every year you take it, as we consider it one of the best papers in the State.

WHEN all the desirable Southwestern lands shall have been gobbled up by the wide-awake buyers of the East and Northwest, home capitalists will then arouse to the fact that they have allowed a golden opportunity to slip from them and the Southwestern mill owner will have to look to the foreign holder for a future supply of tim[illegible]

MRS LANGTRY,

ENGLISH BEAUTY AND ACTRESS

Who is now on a professional visit to the United States, and whose beauty of person and excellence as an actress, is one of the chief topics of society and theatrical circles at the North, is a native of the island of Jersey, the daughter of a Church of England clergyman, a woman of good antecedents and worthy of them, whose adoption of the stage as a profession augments the respect in which it is held by persons jealous for its good repute. Mrs. Langtry takes great parts, *Rosalind* in "As You Like It," for example, and, judging from newspaper reports which reach us, with the success due to intelligence and hard work, if not genius. She is described as a dignified and graceful woman, whose carriage and manners indicate truly her familiarity with the best society in England. Her position as an actress, taken at a later period in life than is common, has not abated her dignified reserve. Mrs. Langtry is known as "the Jersey lily," a compliment to her very remarkable physical attractions, which are the subject of numerous pictures and descriptions. She adopted the histrionic profession as a matter of business, with the intention of making money. Her father is dependent, and Mrs. Langtry is understood to have studied for the stage with the view to earn the means of promoting his comfort in his old age. She has a husband who seems to be known to the reading public only as the husband of Mrs. Langtry.

FASHION POINTS.

Red and green are the favorite colors.

Black matalesse dress goods are much used in mourning.

The revival of black gros grain silk for costumes is now placed beyond a doubt.

Blue and red cloth pelisses, with shoulder capes, are the favorite wraps for little people, both boys and girls.

Flax gray wool dresses, worn with pale pink trimmings, is the latest fancy introduced by Sarah Bernhardt.

Jerseys are gaining in favor daily in New Orleans. Those of American make are greatly preferred, having more lustre and body.

There is no doubt of the duration of the fashion of wearing bodices differing from the skirts, at all times of day and for all classes of toilets.

A novelty in silk beaded lace for hats and bonnets is very beautiful. Upon the net the floowers are worked in silk and outlined with iridescent beads.

Tucked sleeves fitted very closely to the arms, are seen upon a number of imported dresses of artistic, æsthetic make. The fabric must be soft and pliable when this style of sleeves is adopted.

Overskirts cut open here and there and laced together with silk cords are new and effective. With evening costumes of silk or satin the bodice is made to match, and the lacing is done under the arms.

Cashmere shawls are now cut up into princess cloaks and French redingotes, to be worn over a velvet skirt, either black, brown, green or some other color which harmonizes with that of the cashmere.

Distracting little opera bonnets are imported, made of the delicately tinted surahs and corded silks—pinkish lavender, ciel-blue, silver gray, shrimp pink, peach blossom pink, pale gold, tea rose color and cream white.

Stylish military redingotes of dark blue cloth have the standing collar, pockets, cuffs, and double-breasted front trimmed with silver braid in Roman designs. Down the back of the skirts is set a double row of large silver buttons, in designs of old Roman medallions,

The future transposition of bodice and skirt must always be borne in mind when the purchase is being effected, as, for example, some satin brocade for the jacket bodice that would harmonize with the cashmere would look dowdy over the black satin, etc., etc.

Rows of black or colored plush velvet are now tied around the throat instead of lace, but colored lace is also in favor, especially red and dark blue. Silk handkerchiefs, of pale terra-cotta, saffron or bright red are still popular and in most cases becoming.

A stylish bonnet is of leather-colored velvet, trimmed inside with a wreath of ruby roses; the outside of the rim is finished in the same manner with a garland of brilliant roses. An eagle is placed on one side of the hat and the Ottoman strings match the velvet.

Very stylish is a jacket of black or dark brown cloth, trimmed across the front and round the basque with braid work in a handsome and original design. This jacket is tight-fitting, with deep, square basque, slit open on each side. It is silk-lined, and the sleeves, which are trimmed around the bottom with braiding, are very long, and just tight enough to give comfortable room for the under sleeves.

There is nothing new to signalize in the way of lingerie, hosiery, or gloves. Kid slippers are cut very low, and where the stocking are embroidered the *mules* or sandals are plain, and vice versa. With evening dress the color of the stockings must invariably match that of the toilet worn. For house wear, black or fawn colored stockings embroidered with cardinal, or those of solid cardinal, are the height of fashion.

One of the dressy long mantles is of fancy cloth in a sort of armure pattern. The wrap nearly reaches the edge of dress skirt and is buttoned all down the front with ornamental buttons. Over the upper part of this cloak falls a cape which reaches a few inches below the waist line. This cape is trimmed round the neck and all round with border of plush. Another specimen is in brown cloth, with collar, cuffs and border of seal skin.

Age is not all decay; it is the ripening, the swelling of the fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husk.—[illegible]

CHRISTMAS!

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

This is the day that Christ was born!
Hark to the music, sweet and wild,
That wakens glad hearts and forlorn,
To greet the blessed child!

O silver bells, that ring so clear
All the wintry morning gray,
Rouse up the sleeping world to hear
That Christ was born to-day.

Ring till the children start from sleep,
Sweet with the dream of joy to be,
And clap their little hands and leap,
And shout aloud in glee.

Ring till the sorrowful ones of earth,
Whose lives are spent in toil and tears,
That leave, alas! no place for mirth
In all the dreary years,

Shall hear the tender words He said—
"Come unto me all ye that mourn"—
And gather strength anew to tread
The path his feet have worn.

Ring loud, ring sweet, O Christmas bells,
And tune each waking soul to prayer,
The while your joyful pæan swells
Upon the frosty air.

Through misty dawn and sunshine clear.
Ring till the callous hearts of men,
Stirred with the thought of Christ so near,
Grow warm and soft again.

Ring till the tender impulse turns
To pitying thought, to generous deed;
Ring till the eager spirit burns
To succor all that need!

And while ye ring, with heart and voice,
Glory to God! let all men say,
And every living soul rejoice
That Christ was born to-day.

The Day of Hope, Joy and Peace.

The Independent calls up the joyful and sacred memory of Christmas time, and warns those who would talk of disturbing the peace of the country. This is a well-timed admonition:

"It is the world's festive day, for it is the birthday of its king. It is the day of beauty, the day of hope, the day of peace. For He cometh, and still cometh, in silence and in blessing, as he came of old in Bethlehem; and to the shepherds who watch for the morning light, and to the wise men who look for His star, the vision does not fail. For to us He cometh who wait for Him, and the little ones of whose number He once was; and for Him they and we will wait till that triumphal day when He shall come with ten thousand of His saints. Who dares lift the voice of threatening and war when it is the day of the Christ's peace? What Herod will send the sword among the babes of Rama? The Lord has given us rest. He has healed the breaches of our nation, and a nation's curse and the curse of God will rest on him who would open them. Let, then, our words be firm as the winter's ice; but let them be gentle, and soft, and still and pure as the Christmas snow."

Christmas.

The Christian Intelligencer discourses as follows on the Advent season:

"The Advent season is at its height. While we celebrate the birth of Him who is God's 'unspeakable gift,' and make many hearts glad with Christmas offerings, the greatest lesson of the day is that of 'the grace of Him, who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor that we, through His poverty, might be rich.' The divine charity of the season is its sweetest satisfaction. But how can this be fully realized, if we do not make room in our hearts for the reception of the best of all gifts? 'Vainly we offer each ample oblation,' unless it is sanctified by 'the heart's adoration.'

"In these times of public anxiety and large distress, the hearts of millions are turning with praise and prayer, and with faith, to 'the Christ-child' as the world's last, best hope....Let children learn the deep religious truths of the Incarnation, as they carol the glories of the Advent. Let our homes be filled with 'the voices of rejoicing and salvation.'"

The Advent—Christmas.

"All hail the power of Jesus's name."

The Saviour came uninvited. Man greatly needed, but did not desire him. There was no room for him even to be respectably born, He was crowded out of the inn, forced to the stable. A very few welcomed him when they knew he was the Lord, but the multitude cried, "Away with him!" and continued till he bled on the tree. He knew that it would be so, that he would be "despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," yet he determined to come, because of a great love for the lost. He became poor that we might be rich; despised, that we might be saved from shame and woe.

Would even a Christian consent to leave a home of comfort, luxury, beauty and refinement, and go down into the dens of poverty and shame, dwell among thieves and drunkards to save them? Nothing but a mighty love, inspired by Christ, would induce such sacrifice. But that would be nothing compared to Christ's leaving the glory of heaven for habitation in a mortal body among vile men. O wondrous love that brought our Lord to earth! The world is learning to appreciate the grace. Slowly, by constant pressure, at great cost of labor and agony, the Lord forces his way to human hearts, and wins recognition and love.

Christmas is a glorious occasion. We thank the Catholic and Greek churches for its celebration. Protestants erred in neglecting it. It should be the gladdest day in all the year. Critics assert a mistake in the date, that December 25 is not the anniversary of our Saviour's birth. No matter for that. It is not the day but the event we celebrate. If the event is fairly associated with the day, so that the latter suggests the former, contains it, bears it to our thoughts, that is all we need. The less we think of the date, and the more of the event the better. Because a day helps to fix and exalt the event, we should use it, rejoice in it, and make it as merry as marriage bells.

Christmas is the day of presents, of love and gifts. Hands that give bless recipients, and open their own souls to sunshine. Gladness acts and reacts, increases in volume and sweetness, and settles in a perpetual melody in all the chambers of the soul. Christmas-giving yields joy all through the year and often all through life. Let us all give. Give to friends, give to the poor, give to the children, give to parents, give to the old, give to all.

Shall we forget to give to Jesus? The heart is the present he prizes. He is eager to collect consecrated souls to sparkle in crowns of glory. He will mould and beautify all that are given. Beloved reader, will you present your heart as a Christmas gift? If you have never done it, do it now; if you are a Christian, renew the gift with more absolute thoroughness. Make the Saviour glad with pearls he has purchased with his own blood. It would be glorious if we could have a general flocking of souls to the Lord on Christmas, each one gratefully saying, "Here, Lord, here is a gift; take my soul, take me, and give me Thyself."—Baptist Union.

Let The Little Peoples Enjoy It

Merry Christmas should be dedicated to the happiness of the little people, in commemoration of the Divine chidhood. Let the boys and girls have their few days of perfect enjoyment out of the year. They have at other times their petty trials, troubles and annoyances, and with increasing years the cares of the world will overshadow them, and merry Christmas will lose its enchantment, its legends of ministering will become mere fables, the glamour will fade from its pantomimes, and its delights will only be enjoyable when reflected through younger eyes. It did not interfere with the manifestations of glory and joy at the birth of Christ, that a life of labor and suffering [illegible] minious death. Gethsemane and Calvary were in the future, but none the less the heavens were broken up when He was born, and the angelic hosts descended about the shepherds, singing the canticle of peace and good will.

Our Christmas Stocking.

How's your stockin' trade?

Stocking—Old Kris Kringle.

Are you getting up a tree?

The Christmas salute—a mistletoe bow.

It is always Christmas in the heart of a true friend.

As the children grow older they take less stockin' Santa Claus.—Yonkers Gazette.

Santa Claus isn't a saving claus—he is too open handed.

Christmas has its penalties. Even the days are short.

Whatever you give Christmas, don't give yourself away.

Spanish moss mixed with evergreens, makes a pretty decking.

Christmas comes but once a year, let all harsh feelings disappear.

How naturally "Christmas toys" rhymes with boys, noise and joys.

"Presents of mine" is what the children may boast of after Christmas.

Fried plum pudding is a tasty English dish for the day after Christmas.

The man or woman who walks the streets this evening without a package in hand is only half blessed.

Mince pies, known as Christmas pies, were a frequent dish at this season as early as the sixteenth century.

The last census shows that there are 927,826,542 more Christmas presents in the United States than there are people to give them to.—Burlington Hawkeye.

If a beggar stops you on Christmas day, tell him you are cent-nickle-less, and he will go away.—Phila. Bulletin.

Mince pies used to be baked in a coffin-shaped crust, intended to represent the manger in which the Holy Child was laid.

No one need be ashamed to be seen with a bundle at this season. For that matter, people entirely sensible never are.

Christmas "greens"—men who give their wives twenty-five dollars with which to buy their husbands two dollars and a half Christmas presents.—Norriston Herald.

An antiquarian says that the phrase "A Merry Christmas" is only a corruption of "A Myrrhy Christmas," alluding to the offerings of myrrh.

A new Christmas slipper has been invented. It is to slipper ten-dollar gold piece in the hand of a deserving person on Christmas. N. B—We are always at home on that day.—Whitehall Times.

The crusty old bachelor now figures up how many nephews and nieces he has, and sits down on his pocketbook with a weary sigh.—Eastern Free Press.

Everything is advertised about this time as an "appropriate Christmas gift," but it's all right, (adds the N. Y. Evening Mail,) for those of us who get gifts this year will not quibble whether it is appropriate or not.

No, bub, we can't remember the name of the father who first invented the art of leading his son to expect a pair of skates at Christmas, and then filled his stocking with five cents worth of pop-corn.

Everybody knows when Christmas comes. But some of the children won't know it in the right way unless neighbors, more abundantly blessed than their parents, take a little thought that none of the little ones are overlooked.

There is a despairful wail for cheaper Christmas presents—something that will stand as an exponent of the heart's fondest throbbing, and yet not call for a chattel mortgage on a fellow's summer clothing to achieve it.—Catskill Recorder.

It strikes us that "in the bright hereafter when the angels sing,' there will be a front orchestra chair reserved for the man who shall have devised a "noiseless drum" as a Christmas present for the boys here below.—New York Commercial.

Now the fond parent is seen to meander through the bewildering bazaars, and after spending an hour in anticipating certain wants, reals dizzily home with bulging, groaning pockets, and yet smiling.

That was a touching scene in front of a Baltimore toy shop when two little girls had their smaller sister, who is blind, between them, and were describing in detail the colors, forms, and names of the things there displayed.

Here are two sagacious old saws for the season. Take your choice:

An old bit of a true rule—
A Christmas green' a churchyard full.

Is the weather at Christmas mild?
It is joy to man and wife and child.

"No," he said, contemptously; "I don't want no pen-wipers or diaries in mine. If you're goin' to gimme anything, gimme a brespin, or a dirk, or something a man can wear." And yet your wouldn't have thought this seeker after a higher life more than 13 years old.

THE ANGELS' SONG.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on earth, good-will to men
From heaven's All-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurl'd,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

But with the woe of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel strain have roll'd
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring;
Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil'd along the climbing wa[illegible] be
With painful steps and slow, [illegible] to
Look now! for glad and golden h[illegible]
Come swiftly on the wing
Oh! rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on
The prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling yea[illegible]
Comes 'round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the ea[illegible]
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back
Which now the angels sing!

—Edmund H[illegible]

MABEL'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

"A merry Christmas, Miss Mabel!"

It was the first time Mabel had heard the words that day. From early dawn she had toiled at her needle.

The bells were chiming eleven and Mabel stood, dripping and shivering, on the threshold of the wretched tenement, one of whose poorest apartments constituted her home. The night was dark and stormy, and she had had a long walk, through the driving rain and sleet, from the fashionable quarter in which her rich employer dwelt, to the humbler one that contained her own miserable abode.

"A merry Christmas, Miss Mabel! and here's a Christmas gift for you," said a little dumpy old gentleman, touching her arm as she was about to ascend the steps, and thrussing a crumpled slip of paper into her hand.

What sharp eyes the little old gentleman must have had to recognize her in that dim and shadowy light, for it took the second glance of Mabel's, young and keen as they were, to make out the jolly features of Mr. Wentworth, who had once employed her to copy some papers, for which he had paid her liberally.

"Mabel would have said "Thank you" for the gift, whatever it was; but before she had time to do so, the little old gentleman was off.

No wonder Mabel started when she had lit her lamp and inspected her present. Such are seldom made outside of story-books. *It was a check to bearer, on one of the city banks, for five hundred dollars!*

What a munificent gift to come from one almost a stranger! And how opportunely it came to! She would be able to pay off the arrearage of rent now, that had given her so much trouble.

Mabel went to sleep with her treasure under her pillow; and while she is dreaming happy dreams, in which a face she has striven hard to banish of late is constantly coming up, let us tell the reader who she is.

Mabel Gleason's father—she had lost her mother in early infancy—was a wealthy merchant, whose study it had been to lavish on his daughter, and only child, every possible indulgence, and to adorn her with every attainable accomplishment. It is not too much to say he idolized her; and had her heart been less true, or her head less steady, she must have been totally spoiled.

A financial crisis came, culminating in a crash, among the victims of which was Mabel's father. Crushed, and broken in spirit, his health gave way, and the end of a few months saw Mabel an orphan and penniless, for nothing had been saved from the wreck of her fathers fortune.

Feeling she could better bear her altered condition among strangers, she had left her native city, and sought a home and employment in the metropolis. The result we have already seen.

Mr. Wentworth's check was duly honored—it would have been good for an hundred-fold as much. Mabel, keeping out no more than sufficed for present needs, deposited the balance in a savings bank. She took a tidy room in a respectable street, which she was fortunate enough to secure on moderate terms, and straightway advertised for pupils in French and music.

Fortune seemed to smile on Mabel at last. She rendered so complete satisfaction to the first few pupils that gave her a trial, that she soon had as many as she could take. Her income enabled her to add to, instead of diminishing her deposit in the bank; and she was beginning not to be so rigid now in her banishment, during her walking moments, of that face that always *would* come up in her dreams.

But a shocking blow was in store for poor Mabel. She was on her way from the house of a pupil one day, when a stranger accosted her:

"I am sorry to trouble you, Miss, but it is necessary you should go with me. I am a detective, and have a warrant for your arrest. As I am not in uniform, no one need know you are in custody."

"Will you not at least inform me of what I am accused?" Mabel ventured to ask.

"My instructions are to answer no questions," said the man doggedly. "You will learn all at the police-office; and it is my opinion the sooner we go there the better."

Seeing no alternative, Mabel acquiesced, and walked in silence at the side of the officer.

When confronted with the Judge—a shrewd, but withal pleasant looking gentleman, on a high seat—she was not so much intimidated as might have been expected. She had had time to collect her thoughts by the way, and there is ever a true courage in innocence, that makes the weak strong, and inspires the timid with boldness.

"Will you be good enough to tell me, sir, why I have been brought here?" Mabel asked, in a voice so gentle and musical, and with a flush on her face so far from betokening guilt that his Honor forgot the prisoner, and remembered only the lady.

"You presented a check some time since, Miss Gleason, for five hundred dollars purporting to be drawn by Mr. Wentworth on the ——Bank, on which you drew the money."

"I did," Mabel answered; "it was a Christmas present from Mr. Wentworth himself. He gave it to me with his own hand," said Mabel, astounded at a charge so unaccountable.

"Mr. Wentworth has been sent for, and will be here presently," the Judge answered. "Ah! here he comes."

As the little old gentleman bustled his way to the front, and his eyes fell on Mabel, he started with astonishment.

"You here!" he exclaimed. What is the meaning of this?"

"That is the person who presented the check," said the Judge.

"Impossible!" cried the little old gentleman.

"She has admitted it."

Mr. Wentworth was dumbfounded. The whole affair was involved in mystery. The written part of the check, had he not known the contrary, he would have sworn to be in his own hand. His check-book, too, was missing, though how it could have been abstracted from the safe in his room, of which he kept exclusive possession of the key, was quite past his comprehension.

"You gave me the check yourself, sir, said Mabel, "on the steps of my lodgings, late on Christmas night; you surely cannot have forgotten it."

"Late on Christmas night!"—why, the old gentleman was sure he hadn't stirred out of his room after dinner, and that he had gone to bed at nine!

Whatever conclusion the little old gentleman's mind might have reached in its bewilderment, Mabel's was fast approaching one at the ludicrousness of which she would have smiled under less serious circumstances, which was, that Mr. Wentworth had celebrated Christmas a little indiscreetly, and taken a drop too much for his memory, when her reflections were cut short by the appearance of a new face upon the scene—a decidedly handsome one, belonging to a young gentleman who had accompanied Mr. Wentworth to the court. It was, morever, the same face that would keep coming up in Mabel's dreams—and sometimes when she was awake, too.

"Mabel Gleason!" cried the young man. "What—what absurb blunder is this? Who has dared—"

A deep flush, succeeded by a deathly pallor overspread Mabel's countenance, as she tottered and would have fallen, but for the timely support of her youthful companion.

"Uncle!" the latter vehemently exclaimed, "I know this lady, and would stake my life upon her innocence!"

"So would I, boy, though I'm puzzled to my wit's end!"

"See here!" he continued, addressing the judge, "this case must go no further!"

"The charge can only be withdrawn by those who made, it," the Judge answered.

"And who are *they*? confound them!

"The officers of the bank."

"The officers of the bank be blowed! I'm one of them myself! I'll go her bail anyhow, and fix it up with the bank afterwards!"

The proposition was satisfactory.

Imported, French China, Dec[illegible]
Glass Ware of Eve[illegible]
TOYS AND FA[illegible]
☞ WE ARE HEAD-QUARTERS fo[illegible]
nov.22,'82-2m.

Development of So[illegible]

Whatever explanation passed between the two young people, they led to Warren's passing a sleepless night. It was past midnight, and he had not yet retired, when his uncle, whom he had believed snug in bed, muffled, hatted, coated and equipped as if for going out, unceremoniously entered his apartment. A strange expression in his eyes arrested the young man's attention. Taking a key from his pocket, he opened a secret drawer of a secretary in one corner of the room, from which he took what seemed to be a blank-book, which he opened, and taking up a pen began to write.

Warren drew nearer. It was a *check-book* his uncle was writing in. Having finished, the old gentleman neatly cut out and folded the part on which he had written, and was about leaving the room when Warren spoke:

"Where are you going, uncle?"

"To make a present to Mabel," replied the other, without turning his head. "*I made her one on Christmas, and intended making her another on New Year's, but somehow forgot it.*"

Warren grasped his ancle's arm. The latter gave a bound that almost lost him his balance.

"Why, what's the matter?" he exclaimed, rubbing his eyes; "where am I?"

"See, see, uncle!" cried the young man eagerly; "the mystery is explained!"

"What's this?" said the old gentleman, more and more astonished. "My lost check-book, as I live, and a check, too, in my hand regularly filled up, and dated today! And here—why here's a memorandum, in the margin, of that confounded check that has caused all the mischief. It's all plain now! I've been at my old pranks again. They used to accuse me of sleep-walking when I was a boy, but I never more than half believed it."

When Mabel called next day to tender back the five hundred dollars—which her deposit and savings, and some tuition bills she had collected, enabled her to do—the tender was emphatically rejected. Mr. Wentworth said he had but one regret in the matter, and that was to find he was so much better when *asleep* than when *awake*.

If our young friends would know what came of it all, they have only to put themselves in Mabel's and Warren's place, and think what *they* would have done under similar circumstances.

Christmas Pudding and Christmas Cake.

If you want to enlighten your friends on the subject of Christmas pudding and Christmas cake, the following recipes cannot be beaten. I consider myself a good judge of both, and never tasted any their equal.

Very respectfully,

AN ENGISHMAN.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

One pound flour, one pound raisins (stoned), one pound suet (chopped very fine), three-quarters pound currants, three-quarters pound moist sugar, one quarter pound candied peel, one nutmeg, five eggs, one glass brandy; boil well for six hours in a good large pot, keeping well covered with water all the while; if boiled in a tin, butter it well and tie a cloth over.

CHRISTMAS CAKE.

One and three-quarters pound flour, three pounds currants, one pound powdered loaf-sugar, one pound butter (beaten to cream), three-quarters pound candied peel, one nutmeg, eight eggs, one glass brandy, sal-volatile the size of a large filbert and powdered very fine.

THE BABY'S STOCKING.

Hang up the Baby's stocking,
Be sure that you don't forget;
The dear little dimpled darling,
She never saw Christmas yet.
But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understood me,
She looked so funny and wise!

Dear! dear! what a tiny stocking;
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as Baby's
Away from the frost and cold;
But, then, for the Baby's Christmas
It never would do at all.
Why, Santa Claus wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small!

I know what we'll do for the Baby!
I've thought of the nicest plan;
We'll borrow a stocking from Grandma,
The longest that ever we can,
And we'll hang it up in the corner,
Just here by the chimney, so,
And we'll write a letter to Santa,
And fasten on it to the toe!

Write: This is the Baby's stocking,
That hangs by the chimney here;
You never have seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year;
But she's just the *blessedest Baby*!
And now, before you go,
Please fill the stocking with goodies,
From the top clear down to the toe!

A TOUCHING CHRISTMAS STORY

Little Willie's Dying Desire—A Little Wooden Stable with a Gray Mule in It.

A man with his back all humped up and a face expressive of deep sorrow entered a grocery store on Michigan avenue, asked if he could have a private word with the proprietor, and when taken around behind the cheesebox, said:

"I am old and poor, I have a little boy named Willie. I am afraid he is on his dying bed. The poor darling has been talking about what he'll get in Santa Claus's stocking, and oh! how I do long to get ten cents of some one and buy him an India-rubber duck or a little wooden stable with a gray mule in it. Are you a father, sir?"

"Yes," sulkily replied the grocer.

"Have you a dying little Willie, who is clinging to life only because he expects Santa Claus to bring him something?"

"No,"

"Then—then, oh! Heavens! won't you feel for me! Won't you weep in unison with me? I could not beg for bread—I could not beg for lodgings—I could not ask for even one cold potato if my dear wife was struggling in the pangs of death. But, in this case, when the happiness of my dying darling Willie is at stake, I must force myself to ask you for ten cents to buy a little stable with a mule in it."

"I don't know you," said the grocer, who didn't even shed one tear.

"I know you dont't, but it is my dying Willie who appeals to you! There he lays, only an old coffee-sack over his emaciated form, his face as white as snow, his hands wasted, his voice almost gone, and every little while he whispers, 'Oh! I do hope Santa Claus will bring me a little stable with a mule in it!' Oh! sir, don't this touch your heart?"

The grocer handed him ten cents, and the man wept like a sprinkling pot as he backed out and started for a toy shop. About an hour afterward, the grocer happened down town, and he suddenly came across the father of poor little Willie. The old man was hanging to a hitching-post, and looking both silly and jolly.

"Well, did you get that present with my money?" asked the grocer.

"Whaz-z present?" blankly asked the old man.

"Why, I gave you ten cents to get a little stable with a mule in it."

"Sho you diz—sho you diz-z-z," muttered the old man, as he reached out to shake hands. "Well, whez-z I got jown town I found' 'at all 'er lizzle stables had fell jown and killed all 'er lizzle mules, an' sho I—"

"So you bought whiskey!" exclaimed the grocer.

"Yes, sho I did; but am mi 'er blame? Could I help all 'er lizzle mules bein' killed?"

"What will little Willie do?"

"Nozzing. Lasht fing 'fore I lef' home zhis mornin' he tole me t' be shure buy big zhrink whisky puz in my Christmuz-z stumacz-z, an' could I disappi'nt zhat darlin' boy-z? Great 'eavens! could I disobey his dying request?"

The citizen "lifted him" and passed on.—Detroit Free Press.

LOVE AND CHRISTMAS.

O maiden fair! the Christmas comes,
And Christmas snow is flocking,
Thou hast my heart, sweet one, or else
I'd put it in thy stocking.

Close by the chimney it should hang,
And warmer grow, and warmer,
Till in the morn its captor came,
The darling little stormer!

O maiden fair! the Christmas comes,
And Christmas snow is flocking,
Behold a lover at thy feet,
If not at thy dear stocking!

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder.—T. H. Bayley.

That action is best which procures the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers.—Hutchinson.

Men who undertake considerable things, even in a regular way, ought to give us ground to prrsume ability.—Burke.

Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man that can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity.—Carlyle.

—A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring,
Their shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
—Pope.

To act the part of a true friend requires more conscientious feeling than to fill with credit and complacency any other station or capacity in social life.—Mrs. Ellis.

Gratitude is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul, and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant.—Ballou.