IN ADVANCE. Remittances should be made by check.

STAUNTON, VA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1895.

NO. 47.

cattle court speak, and, to make sure,

he hid in his master's stable on Christ-

mas eve and listened. When the clock

struck 12, he was surprised at what he

day week," said one horse.

answered the other horse.

long and steep," said the first.

week. - Kansas City Times.

"We shall have hard work to do this

'Yes: the farmer's servant is heavy.

"And the way to the churchyard is

The servant was buried that day

Points on Carving.

dle easy to grasp, a long, thin, sharp, pointed blade and be of a size adapted

to the article to be carved and to the

it were a dagger, but let its hilt rest in

the palm of the hand, with the forefin-

ger extended down its handle. Do not

seem to make hard work of carving.

Magic In the Name of Christmas.

something like a jovial feeling is not

which they have long been strangers.

Kindly hearts that have yearned toward

each other, but have been withheld by

false notions of pride and self dignity,

are again reunited, and all is kindness

and benevolence. Would that Christmas

lasted the whole year through !- Charles

Christmas, 1895.

Christmas once more! The season Of joy and peace on earth, When all is full to overflow

Of happiness and mirth;
When every heart with gladness
Is fain to chirp and sing;
When care and crabbed fancies fly
And kindliness is king.

HIM AS A MYTH.

favor with the young people.

An innkeeper having killed two young

and in quick sticks there came forth not

two boys merely, but three, as may be

proved by reference to the Salisbury

missal of 1534, wherein there is a pic-

ture of the event, and one of its pecul-

jarities is that, as the three boys rise

complete out of the pickle, the barbar-

ous butcher is still busy in cutting one

of them up. St. Nicholas established yet another

claim to be regarded as the friend of

youth, for he was partial to boxing and

employed his skill in the "manly art"

The guardianship of the young by

Santa Claus was of old recognized in

England by the custom of choir boys in

cathedrals choosing a boy bishop on the

day of St. Nicholas, Dec. 6. This was

a very important event, as may be seen

by Hone's "Every Day Book," I, 1559,

where there is an effigy of a boy bishop

from Salisbury cathedral. The custom

was in full observance from early times

until 1542, when it was abolished by a

According to the old north German

custom, the happy time for the children

is the vigil of St. Nicholas, the night of

Dec. 5. Then it is that he glides about

putting good things into lucky bags and

spying out the merits and demerits of

boys and girls and sometimes unspar

The north German fashion requires

the saint to pay a visit to the house

where the young are assembled in fes-tivity on the night of his vigil. He

speaks in kindly words to the juvenile

throng, reproving some, encouraging

others. On retiring to rest, each member

of the party places an empty shoe on the

table, and the door of the room is at

once locked, and behold! when morning

dawns and the doors are opened in the

presence of all, the shoes are found to

be filled with gifts for their owners and

the table is covered with trinkets and

We have simply incorporated St.

Nicholas' day with Christmas day and

made the night of Dec. 24 the time of

the saint's visitation. But he is not a

myth now any more than he ever was.

The Bird of Dawning.

A popular superstition is that on the

eve of Christmas the bird of dawning

singeth all night long to frighten off

It was from this belief that Shakes-

may his shadow never grow less!

sweetmeats.

any evil thing.

peare wrote:

ingly praising or rebuking them.

proclamation of Henry VIII.

upon the heads of bishops.

Good Things In Lucky Bags.

the rest of it.

The carving knife should have a han-

PROFESSIONAL.

d ait, postal order, or registered letter.

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do. It seemed so real to him. "Oh, a tin horse and wagon and a

"Big sheep, pap, or just a lamb?" "Naw. About so high." And Zeph measured a span from the top of the ta-

That changed the whole interior of his wonder cave for the boy. These treasures were smaller than the natural size. If smaller, why could they not be made larger? So his wonderful creations were taking delightful shape. It was quite a picture he found himself arranging when his mother said from the depths of the

dishpan, where she was finishing the supper work: 'You're sound asleep, Billy. Go to

And he hurried into his little cot, hoping he could carry the dream unbroken. How they danced before him, those excellent animals! How gravely the birds addressed him, and how reasonable it seemed that tin soldiers should become live dogs and bark aloud, and how swift it all was, for this was morning, and Dash, the hound, was challenging some noises he heard in the woods

across the road. morning to Zeph. He got up lazily and dressed in a flood of sunshine, shivering a little and complaining that his wife had no better fire. He looked out on the deep snow and knew the hunting would

Just after breakfast a sleighload of

CHRISTMAS AT BLACK MAMMY'S T'mor' gwine be Chris'mus, chilluns,

But I dunno 'bout Sandy Claws.

I speck de ole man's broke dis Chris'mus;
Ain't no wo'k fo' his ole claws.
He bank done bus; he los' his money;
He wo'kmen quit, dat what dey said. was not better than this one.

The boy stood there at the window, What's dat, Dinah? Whar yo' git it-

BILLY'S CHRISTMAS.

Zeph Davis didn't agree with the

Pull dem khivers up aroun yo';
Shet yo' eyes up good az tight.
T'mor' gwine be Chris'mus, chilluns,
An Sandy Claws he cum tonight.
—Chicago Times.

Dat big box yo' settin on's

Date by box yo section on Full o' nuts an toys an candy
Done brung heah by Massa John?
Massa's mighty good dis Chris'mus,
Meks my ole h'aht leap wid joy
Dat he 'membahs his black mammy
Wha' nussed him when he lil' boy.

Huh! Marse John he sen' a possum?
Praise de Lawd fo' dat good meat!
T'mor' suah be Chris'mus, honey—
Dat de day we gwine t' eat.
Cl'ar off t' bed, now, all you chilluns.

Doan' yo' heah me wha' I say? Time t' heah dem sleighbells ringin, Time dem reingeers jog dis way.

Gawn t' bed an quit dat talkin;

Dis yere ain' no time fur play. Ef you chilluns doan' be quiet, Yo' sca'h ole Sandy Claws away.

world at all. He found very few things which met his unqualified approval, and the more persons he found agreed upon a certain point the more certain was he to discover the utter weakness of their position. He was very shrewd and looked

at the world from the heights occupied by a superior and complacent being. It amused him to see all the women agreeing on certain lines of house ornamentation. It provoked 'him to find all the men united on theories of improvement, dress and behavior. He particularly resented the universal surrender of the

race to the spirit of Christmas. "It's all hoky poky," said Zeph. As Christmas approached his wife wondered if he would not break his usual habit and make some conventional preparation. She remembered a very pleasant gavety in these seasons when a girl, but had been unable to repeat them since becoming the wife of Zeph. And her little boy, now 6 years old, added to her uneasiness. He had caught something of the season's inspiration from the children who drifted past his cabin home and from the activities at the great house of the squire when he went up

there one day to do an errand for his

He was full of questions which his mother could not entirely answer and which he could not suspend when his father was at home. But down through were outside the pale embraced in the reign of Santa Claus. He had no doubt 6.00 p. m. for Lexington and intermediate the day held a great and joyful significance to the squire's children, nor that Santa Claus came down a chimney and gave presents to all the good little boys and girls in the world. Only, of course, his house was not included. The gentle sway of the Christ child could not naturally embrace the little cabin at the edge of the woods. Yet he had an

unformed, pathetic little regret that it Zeph was in town Christmas eve and staid a little later than usual, though that did not trouble his wife much. He was not in the habit of coming home till he got ready, not leaving till moved by the same consideration. Only he was sure to come some time, and always sober. He was quite superior to the nearly universal habit of acquiring a dual personality by imbibing stimu-It was altogether an unmixed

"Town's pretty lively, I reckon," said his wife as Zeph came in and prepared for supper. He did not remove an overcoat. He wore none. He looked upon that custom as quite as unnecessary as

popular notions usually were.
"Ya-as," snarled Zeph, grinning in derision of what he had seen. "Stores

all lighted up, and candy and things in the winders. "Whut things in the winders, pap?" inquired the boy, his blue eyes large and bright.

"Oh, toys, and them things!" "Whut things?" again, but hesitatingly.

Zeph glanced warningly at the boy and then slowly replied: "Skates and red mittens and some wooden soldiers and drums and pictur' books.

The boy had never seen the stores, for he had never been in town, but he had in his mind a very vivid picture of the place and its glories. And he looked very straight at his father as that pic-

ture took form before him. "Many people in town?" questioned the wife. She had seen those splendors on Christmas eve, and she had counted on seeing them again this season.

"Ya-as; the stores was crowded and the streets was full of teams. Couldn't git more'n 60 cents for that coonskin and had to take that in trade. Wouldn't pay no more'n 50 cents if I took it in cash. So I traded for some truck and come home. They tried to sell me a lot of plunder, but I don't go none on them

"Whut plunder, pap?" asked the boy. The resources for trimming his fancy stores were really very slender. He needed more material. Just a hint would

candy bird and a woolly little sheep

This was just the same as any other

tempting melody and jinging still till horses stopped in front of the squire's farmhouse, when they gave way shoutings of cheer and answering

shouts of welcome. "Must be Miller's folks, from Burn Oaks," said Zeph's wife, as she closed the door and wondered if her other dress

with his chin on the sill, and tried to regain his dream estate, from which the daylight had ejected him. Presently he saw the squire's children coming down the road with a basket, and he went out and stood on the steps in the sunshine. The squire's children were taking a turkey to old Mrs. Stevens, down by the lake. They stopped at the gate, and he went down to look at their presents. They each had a pair of skates and were going to try them on the lake if the ice was good. But no ice could add to the present pleasure of ownership. They had new shoes and a silk handkerchief, with a letter in the corner of it, and a number of candy horses, and one of the girls had a gold finger ring. They had hung their stockings on a line behind the stove, and everything was filled in

the morning. Little Billy added another view to his Christmas lore. It was a time for making people happy. He remembered a party of children that came down here in a light wagon when hazelnuts were ripe and stopped for a drink of water from the spring, and he found himself wondering what the day had brought to those children.

Of course it never occurred to him to take a personal view of the matter. He never imagined himself included in that wondrous embrace, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven. His nose was red, and his hands were thrust deep in his pockets when he re-

turned to the house. But he sat on the

chest there by the fireplace and wondered silently. Zeph was greasing his boots and regretting that he didn't have oil instead of tallow. He rather resented the fact that the house was tidier than usual. that a plate of apples was upon the table, and that his wife was rolling pie crust and cutting cookies-her hair done up as she used to wear it when he went a-wooing. He expressed his disapproval of all this hoky poky and asked her what she was going to have for dinner. She said nothing for a time. She wished he had not asked her. There was so lit-

tle, but she had planned to make it appear as fair as possible. Across her silence came the bark of Dash over there in the woods, and the hunter instinct in Zeph was roused. Since no one had asked him to go hunting he felt no disinclination to look for game. So he glanced out of the window, caught sight of the hound sitting there in the timber, looking up for one moment and then turning his eyes to the house, barking occasionally the short, emphatic statement that he had found a

squirrel. Billy was in great glee. His mother had baked a colander full of cookies and had then molded with her fingers, a little crudely perhaps, a number of animals from the dough. Billy didn't recognize all of them, but when she told him he saw the points of resemblance. And when his father came back he was quite happy playing with them. Zeph cut a hazel stick as he came

back through the woods, and after the squirrels he had shot had been dressed he held them on the stick and broiled them before the fire. They were delicious, and there was a dish of mashed potatoes-quite an unusual thing-and some baked apples and the wonderful cookies. Billy couldn't imagine a better dinner than that. Zeph ate with great relish, but by no means forgetting to regard the whole thing as "hoky poky." And after dinner he went down to the sawmill and told stories with the rest of the men, coming home rather before they had exhausted their jug of applejack. He had taken one drink himself, and it may be that made the difference. Anyway he was moved to unusu-

al behavior. The fire was low, and he stirred up the burning ends of logs till the cabin was filled with a flood of light, and as he turned he saw there on the pillow at the side of his sleeping son's head a pitiful little menagerie of bent, brown dough and knew that each animal had been perfect in the large blue eyes that had fought so hard to keep unclosed the

heavy gates of dreams. Zeph saw the happy face and knew that somewhere his boy was wandering among delights more rare than any his hand had given. And the spirit of contention, of rivalry, of a race, awaked

within him. "Huh!" he said, and wondered why the smoke should burn his eyes to weep-Then he turned to the door and ing. stole out in the moon gemmed night. Down the road he went with a sweeping step, full of vigor and with rising haste, till the miles lay behind him and he fronted the lights of the town. It was

early evening, in spite of the hours of darkness, and Christmas joy was full. He turned neither to the right nor the left, paid no attention to the gaudy doors of the saloons, where loud young men

were boasting, or betting, or trying to quarrel. He kept right on till he reached the shop of the tinker, down by the bridge, and there he stamped the snow from his heavy boots.

The tinker had not expected a customer, and he had been looking at the toys left over from the sales of the season. He had dono very well, but he wished now he had not bought so many. The hand on his latch lifted his hopes a little, and his eag ir face was a strange contrast with the puzzled countenance of Zeph, now for the first time in his life yielding to the weakness of scanning

Christmas presents. "How much for this?" inquired the countryman, touching a camel with his great forefinger. And the tinker was so willing to sell that he quoted a figure far below his ruling prices.

"Ya-as, and this," continued Zeph. It was a candy castle, with powdered gilt and frosted silver on the sides. There was quite a store of painted woods and ruffled tins and molded candy there at the end of the counter by the time Zeph reached the limit of his purse. He felt the same stirrings he had known while hasking corn, when some boaster tried to beat him in the race. He bought without reflection, with no thought but that of giving Billy a better Christmas

than other children had. And then he tramped back home. There was no hurry in his walking now. He simply strode the miles, unconscious of his splendid muscles, assured of reaching home in time and giving little care to what the thing might mean.

One house was lighted brilliantly, saw a Christmas tree. The presents had been stripped away, but tapers burned there, and strings of wool and tiny flags. "Santa Claus brought them there things on his way out," said Zeph to himself. "He'll git to Billy on his trin

pack home. " And then he tried to sneer

at the whole affair. At the first barb of light Zeph fought against his drowsiness and turned to wait till Billy's eyes should open. It seemed a slow, long time. But after awhile the large, blue eyes unveiled, the sense of present things came back to him, and then they rested on those glories at his pillow. He did not move, but studied them a moment with a look so strange that Zeph saw things his wisdom had not dreamed. Then Billy's eyes were closed again, and soon the larger breathing told that he was deep in dreamland paths, with richer treasures on each hand than there had been

He roused at length and saw the toys

"I dreamt of them," he said an wondered why his mother smiled. It was long before he dared to touch them and all through the day his boyish play would be suspended, and he would look at them as if afraid that they would vanish into dreams again—the dreams where he was sure his happy eyes had found them.

"But it's all hoky poky," said Zeph to his wife, as he shouldered his ax and went down to the mill for the day .-Chicago Times-Herald. The Kneeling Cattle. Christmas eve in old England was a

time of vigils, All were on watch, as were the ancient shepherds, waiting for the appearance of the star. This custom, to some extent, yet prevails in places. One strange belief which obtains in England, and particularly in Devonshire, is that at midnight, at the mo ment Christmas day comes to earth, the cattle fall to their knees, as the legend says was done by the oxen that were around the sacred manger in Bethlehen at the time of the nativity. Yet it is a sin to look on the cattle while in this

position or to seek to find them so. A custom which yet prevails in som of the remote portions of the British is lands is to carry corn cake and hot cider into the orchards and there offer then up to the largest apple tree as a gift to the king of the orchards.—Exchange.

If you want to make a Scotchman's blood tingle, pronounce, if you can, that outlandish word, "Hogmanay." If one attempt to chase this philological freak through dictionaries and lexicons, the last state of that man is worse than the first. That way madness lies. But Hogmanay to the Scotchman is Christma and New Year's day rolled into one. It is the "richt guid willie waught" that turns to revelry the last days of the passing year. After Hogmanay, Sandy drops back into his grim, industriou life again.

Yule come an Yule's gane, An we hae feasted weel. Sae Jack maun to his flail again -Montreal Star.

Origin of Christmas Gifts. At the time of the Roman saturnalis friends, masters and slaves feasted together, and gifts were exchanged in a manner similar to the present time. In fact, from the earliest times the giving and receiving of gifts and the offerings to the poor have been the way in which people have expressed thanks and shown their joyfulness. It is the thought and not the expense of the Christmas gift

that pleases the recipient. In giving presents at this season they should be chosen with love in the heart and the thought of suitableness.-New

York Mercury. Hosanna! Sing. Awake, good Christians! Long ago
The shepherds waked at night
And saw the heavens with glory glow
And angels in the light.

New life they told to all on earth New life and blessing bright, Forewarning of the Saviour's birth In Bethlehem this night.

New life to all, new life to all, The tidings good recite.

New life to all, which did befall
At Bethlehem this night.

Hosanna! Sing hosanna! Sing

Hosanna in the height!

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

Among the votaries of the early Druids there was a superstition that the houses should be decorated with evergreens in December in order that the sylvan spirits might enter them and thus be kept free from the blast of the cold north wind and the frost until a milder season renewed the foliage of their usual

hannts. The Christmas tree is really from Egypt, where the palm tree puts forth a branch every month, and where a spray of this tree, with 12 shoots on it, was used in Egypt at the time of the winter solstice as a symbol of the year completed.

Who does not know the poem begin

ning: The mistletoe hung in the castle hall; The holly branch shone on the old oak wall? Years ago over every man's door in England hung a sprig of mistletoe at this season. There still hovers a mystic charm about the mistletoe, and many a girl now, with a thrill of expectancy, places a branch of it under the chande lier or over the door. According to a former belief, when a girl is caught and kissed under the mistletoe a berry must be picked off with each kiss, and when the berries have all been plucked the privilege ceases.

Among the ancient Britons the mistletoe that grows on the oak tree was the kind held in favor. Because of its heathen origin it is not used often in church decorations, a fact which is referred to by Washington Irving in his 'Bracebridge Hall,' where he has the learned parson rebuke the unlearned clerk for this very thing.

In Germany and Scandinavia the holly or holy tree is called Christ's thorn, because it puts forth its berries at Christmas time, and therefore is especially fitted for church decorations. With its glossy, dark leaves and bright, red berries, it is an attractive decoration for the house. The Jews used to decorate at their

feast of tabernacles with evergreens and The laurel was used at the earliest times of the Romans as a decoration for all joyful occasions and is significant of peace and victory.

In some places it is customary t

mastide.—New York Mercury,

throw branches of laurel on the Christmas fire and watch for omens while the leaves curl and crackle in the heat and The evergreen tree is a symbol used as the revival of nature, which, astronomically, signifies the return of the sun. Hung with lights and offerings, the tree has for centuries been one o the principal characteristics of Christ

THE UNIVERSAL HOLIDAY

Christmas Bells Ring Joyful Tidings to Al There is no holiday in all the long calendar of the months that is so uni versally and so enthusiastically celebrated as Christmas. All men everywhere take heart of grace and smile a cheerier smile as the music of the Christmas bells falls upon their ears. Whoever will look back to his young days cannot help remembering what a strange, mystic time Christmas was There was something almost awe inspir ing in the music of the Christmas caro sung at midnight in the open, frosty air. And these Christmas "waits" who sung, who were they? Unseen and unknown, we almost deemed them beings of fairer world sent down to make Christmas delightful. If we had known in those days that these men who broke the silence of the starry night to tell us what "the herald angels" sang were mortals given to the smoking of tobacco and the drinking of porter, all our ro mantic dreams would have ended there and then. As we grow older we grow wiser, and therefore a little sadder. We

How the Greek Celebrates Christmas. It is more than likely that many of our Christmas customs were born in Greece, more particularly the decora tions, lights and games. Here ghosts and hobgoblins are rampant between Christmas day and Epiphany, and chil dren are often frightened into unwilling obedience by the tales. As the pious Greek fasts for a month before Christmas the feast of that day is very wel come to him, though it consists princi pally of macaroni and strong cheese. On the island of Chios there is in us a strange sort of Christmas tree, which

is sometimes simply a pole adorned

with fruits and flowers, carried by

know, of course, that there is no rea

Santa Claus; but, oh, how we wish there

tenant farmer to his landlord as a pres ent that typifies the good will and wishes for an abundant harvest .- Ex change. Kissing Under the Mistletoe The mystic mistletce bough then as now granted a kissing charter to the swains, and the maids were willing sufferers. The sacred mistletoe was regard ed with religious veneration by the Druids, and its berries of pearl as symbols of purity and associated with the rites of marriage. From this the transition was but slight to the kiss beneath the cabalistic bough. This traditional sa credness, the genesis of which is un

neath the mistletoe gives the right to a sacred kiss .- New York Herald. Croutes a la Noel. Line some patty pans with fine short

known, has endured through the ages

and today for man and maid to meet be

paste, fill them with mincemeat, cover with a cardboard box lid and bake. Then, instead of a pastry lid, cover them with equal parts of fresh butter and sugar beaten to a light white cream and flavored with a squeeze of lemon juice or rosewater or any good cordial. Be Not Dismayed.

God bless you, merry gentlemen!
May nothing you dismay—
Not even your finances when
You find 'tis Christmas day.
Whiteston P. CHRISTMAS EVE IN SWEDEN.

A Funny Verse With Each Gift-The Gin gerbread Yule Buck. Christmas presents in Sweden are always distributed on Christmas eve, the festival beginning with a 6 o'clock tea with cakes, says Anna Cronhjelm Wall berg. The lighted Christmas tree is the next attraction. Some one plays a merry polka, and young and old form a ring dancing around the tree. On a table lighted with numerous candles, are apples, nuts, raisins, oranges, cakes, can dies, etc., in abundance, and, lording the whole, stands a huge Yule buck of gingerbread and Adams and Eves arm in arm. These delicacies having received proper attention and the lights in the Christmas tree having been extin guished, all gather around the biggest table in the house, where the head o the family presides with a basketful of Christmas presents This is the suprem moment for which young hearts have been longing for months, the well sealed presents having gradually been accumu

lated in mother's closet, where no curi ous eyes were allowed to penetrate. It is customary to write some funny verse on every parcel, which is now read aloud. The opening of the presents is watched by all with the greatest interest, as paper after paper is torn off in feverish hurry to find out what the

parcel may contain. But the basket is not bottomless, an the excitement has an end. Santà Claus, who plays such an important part in America and England, is not known to the Swedish children. However, some one dresses up as the "Old Christma man" for the amusement of the chil

dren.—Selected.

DISTRIBUTING GIFTS.

The Spider Party Will Furnish Muc Amusement For Christmas. A "spider party" is a novel method of giving presents at Christmas to children and may be thus arranged: The guests, on arrival, are greeted by an enormous spider in the center of a huge web spun across the entire room, and from all possible nails and projections should be a maze of white cotton threads, each attached at one end to a large, brightly colored spider, at the end of which must be hung a little wooden winder. Each guest, in turn, chooses one of the spiders, and, winding up the thread, following all its in tricacies, reaches at last a special insect, inside of which has been placed the

Great amusement is produced by the unexpected finds, which may be varied according to the wishes of the hostess from bonbons and knickknacks or small toys to little articles of jewelry, neckties, etc. Of course, if wished, the name of each guest may be written on the little winders, so as to insure the right gift going to a right child or grown up person. Any one can make the large colored spiders at home, or procure them from any large toyshop, and when sending out her invitation they should be so worded as to invite her friends to a "spider at home" party, which will cause much wonder and interest to be taken in the approaching party by her intended little visitors.

A Christmas Legend From the Alps. · Here and there prevails the strange belief that horses and cattle speak in human language on the night preceding Christmas day. It is a sin to listen to what the animals say, or in any way to try to hear them. Not to believe that they talk is also a sin.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated. The bird of dawning singeth all night long, And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad. An Alpine story is told of a farmer's

Staunton Spectator.

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NO fairy takes, nor witen nath power w So hallowed and so gracious is the time

St. Nicholas In France. St. Nicholas holds a prominent position in France as the dispenser of gifts, though in many places it is the Christ child who distributes them. The Christ child frequently appears to children as Santa Claus does with us. He is usually assisted by a company of angels. In Al sace he is represented by a maiden in white, with a silver bell in one hand

person carving. A lady or child will prefer a small knife. Be as particular to have the knife sharp as to have it Ez anxious to see 'im soon's they can. bright and clean, and always sharpen it before announcing dinner. The fork In the dead o' night when all's asleep should be strong, with long tines, and have a guard. Don't grasp it as though

Ez anxious to see 'im-they ain't afraid! 'At ef yer naughty he'll fly away.
An quicker'n you kin whistle—phew—
Away he's gone up the chimney flue!

toughness of the fowl or your own lack of skill. Work slowly and skillfully .-But ef yer good an 'bey yer pa An don't never cry an vex yer ma He'll fill yer stockin's with games an toys An nuts an sweets an all sorts o' joys. So our little maid Christmas time! That man must be a misanthrope indeed in whose breast An our little man Wants Santy to come jes' as quick's he can.

-New York Sun.

> between New and Market streets, services II a. m. and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. A. M. Fraser Second Presbyterian church corner Freder ick and Lewis streets. Services at 11 a. m

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

First Presbyterian Church, on Frederick St

Trinity Episcopal church, Main street, be-United Brethren churel, Lewis street, be

Rector, Rev. R. C. Jett.

SANTA CLAUS IS REAL Methodist church, Lewis street, between Main and Frederick streets. Services at 11 THOUGH MANY PEOPLE SPEAK OF In England St. Nicholas Was Recognized

Wicked Butcher-In Germany He Puts Baptist church, corner Main and Washing ton streets. Services at 11 a. m. Pastor, Rev. W. J. E. Cox. In spite of the fact that Dec. 6 was St. Francis Roman Catholic, North August street, Mass at 7 and 10.30 a. m. Vespers and benediction of Most Blessed Sacrament at

name under which he enjoys an annual Main and Water streets. Services at 4 p. m. popularity in this country is the Ger-Sunda . man form that came with the German DIRECTORY OF LODGES.

nonth, in Masonic Temple, Main street. Jas York Recorder, to manifest his piety when at his mother's breast, for even then he is said to have fasted Wednes-UNIC N ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER. days and Fridays. As a matter of course No. 2, meet third Friday in every month, in he soon became famous in working miracles, and here again he appeared to seek

> Staunton Lodge, No. 45, L.O.O. F. meets ev ayt's drug store, on Main street. John C Fretwell Noble Grand: C. A. Crafton, Sec. KNIGHTS OF HONOR LODGE.

to Athens and stood before the astonished innkeeper and said, "What hast thou nonth, in Pythian Hall, Main street. W. L. The man trembled, confessed and im-MOUNTAIN CITY LODGE. plored forgiveness. Having patted the man on the back and said, "Don't do it any more," the holy man turned to the pickle tub, when the imitation sides, legs and hands of pork began to stir,

F. B. Kennedy, Sec'y. DISTRICT LODGE. No. 22, I. O. G. T., meets every three months

Augusta Council, No. 490, Royal Arcanum meets every second and fourth Tuesday in the onth, at Pythian Hall, Main street. W. W. Robertson, Regent: Jos. B. Woodward, Sec-

all. W. A. Rapp, Worthy Patriarch; John UNIFORMED RANK, KNIGHTS OF

E. B. Stuart Division, No. 10, meets second and fourth Mondays each monta at Pythian Hall. Sir Knight Captain, F. B. Berkley; S

Valley Lodge, No. 18, K. of P., meets every Monday night at Castle Hall, on West Main

street, over Dr. Wayt's drug store. C. T. Ham-Keeper of Records and Seal. KNIGHT TEMPLARS.

plar, meets first Friday night in every month

in Masonic Temple, on Main street. W. B. McChesney, Eminent Commander; A. A. E kridge, Recorder. ONEIDA TRIBE, NO. 88, I. O. R. M.,

James W. Blackburn, chief of records. All AMERICAN LEGION OF HONOR.

hall on the church lot. M. T. B presi-He is a very real as well as a very good dent; J. J. Kilgalen, first vice-president; J. J. saint indeed, and for the children's sake, Murphy, second vice-president; D.J. O'Con recording secretary.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

sequent insertion.

A liberal discount will be made on a lorders for 3, 6, or 12 months.

Oblituaries. Announcements of Candidates for office, and all communications all or private character, will be charged for an advertisements.

and a basket of sweetmeats in the other. -Selected.

There's a little old man with silvery hair
An a long white beard 'at flies in the air,
With twinklin black eyes an a rosy, red face,
An out a year he comes to our place.

An our little maid
An our little man
Example of the comes to our place.

He comes straight from fairyland, 'tis said. But you better take keer, fer some folks say

Avoid scowling or contortion of the mouth if a difficult spot be touched. Don't let your countenance betray the So our little maid

roused, in whose mind some pleasant associations are not awakened, by the Agent's profit per month. Will prove it or pay forfeit. New Articles just out. A \$1.50 sample and terms free. Try us CHIDESTER & SON, 28 Bond St., N. Y. recurrence of Christmas. There seems a magic in the very name of Christmas. Petty jealousies are forgotten, social feelings are awakened in bosoms to nov 13-4ts

> Emmanuel Episcopal Church, worship at Y. M. C. A. Hall. Services at 11 a. m., and 8 p. m.

11 a. m., and 8 p. m. Rector, Rev. W. Q. Hultween Main and Johnson streets. Services at 11 a. m and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. J. D Don-

m. and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. J. H. Boyd, D. D Christ Evangelical Lutheran church, Lews street, between Main and Frederick streets Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. as the Guardian of Youth—Legend of the H. F. Shealy.

St. Nicholas' day thousands of people talk of Santa Claus as myth. St. Nicholas was a very real personage. He was archbishep of Myra in 342, and the p. m. Pastor, Rev. Father McVerry. Young Men's Christian Association, corner

custom of the Christmas tree and all M/ SONIC LODGE. St. Nicholas is a great saint with all the Teutonic and Scandinavian peoples. every second and last Friday night in each It was his prerogative, says the New

Masonic Temple, on Main street. W. W. Mc Guffin, High Priest: A. A. Eskridge, Sec'y. ODD FELLOWS' LODGE.; gentlemen and put them in the pickle tub, intending to sell them as pickled ery Thursday night in Odd Fellows' Hall, ove.

pork, the saint, who, in a vision, had seen the deed done, declared he would put a stop to the business, and thereupon he transformed himself from Lycia Staunton Lodge, No. 756, Kr., hts of Honor eets every first and third Tuesday in each

> No. 116, I. O. G. T., meets every Friday night n their lodge room over Wayt's drug store on Main street. A. S. Woodhouse, Chief Templar

> . C. Shipplett, D. C. T.; S. H. Bauserman istrict Secretary. ROYAL ARCANUM.

> Charity Division, M. A., Sons of Temperance meets every Monday night at Odd Fellows

PYTHIAS.

every Wednesday at 8th run 30th breath setting of the sun. J. D. Anthony, sacher

alrd Mondays in each month. Commande

A. S. Woodhouse; secretary, Dr. J. M. Hange CATHOLIC HIBERNIAN BENIFICAL

orchestra, every Wednesday, at 8 p. m., in City Hall. Mr. J. M. Brereton, director J. A. Armentrout, president, and C. Harry

Monthly meetings, Fourth Tuesday in the month at7:500'clock. Room in City Hai building Isaac Witz, president; J. C. Shields, secre-

"STONEWALL" BRIGADE BAND. Band meets every Monday and Thursday