Spirit of Jefferson.

VOL. 26. CHARLESTOWN, WEST VIRGINIA, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1873. NO. 51.

Spirit of Jefferson.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,

BY JOHN W. DALGARN.

OFFCE IN "LEE HALL" BUILDING.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.---The Paper will be furnished to subscribers at $2.50 per annum, in Advance.

When not paid strictly in Advance, $3,00 will positively be charged.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

R. P. H. STAUB,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
OFFICES 45 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md.
PRACTICES in the Courts of Baltimore, Baltimore County, Court of Appeals of Maryland and Supreme Court of United States. Special attention given to Collecting in and out of the State.
REFERENCES:
National Union Bank of Baltimore.
Wm. Devries & Co.
National Bank, Martinsburg, West Va.
Berkeley Savings Bank, Martinsburg, West Va.
Carroll, Adams & Neer, Baltimore.
Oct. 31, 1871—tf.

HENRY L. BROOKE.] [ST. GEO. T. BROOKE.
[DANIEL B. LUCAS.]
BROOKE & LUCAS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Charlestown, Jefferson Co., W. Va.
HAVING this day entered into partnership in the practice of the law, we will attend regularly all the Courts of Jefferson, and the Superior Courts of Berkeley, Morgan, Clarke and Frederick counties.
September 1, 1872—tf.

WM. H. TRAVERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Charlestown, Jefferson County, Virginia,
WILL practice in the District Courts of the United States for the District of West Virginia.—Particular attention paid to cases in Bankruptcy.
July 30, 1870.

SAMUEL J. C. MOORE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Berryville, Clarke County, Virginia,
AND
CLEON MOORE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Charlestown, Jefferson County, West Va.,
WILL undertake cases jointly in the Courts of both of said Counties.
May 28, 1872.

FRANK BECKWITH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Charlestown, Jefferson County, West Va.
OFFICE on Main street, over Drug Store of C. E. Butler.
February 11, 1873—1y.

COOKE & KENNEDY,
Attorneys at Law,
Charlestown, Jefferson County, W. Va.,
WILL practice in Jefferson and adjoining Counties.
☞ Office first door West of "Carter House."
April 12, 1870—tf.

E. WILLIS WILSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Harper's Ferry, Jefferson Co.,
WEST VIRGINIA.
Will practice in the Courts of this and the adjoining Counties.
Aug. 17, 1870.

CHARLES DAVIES,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Harper's Ferry, West Virginia,
WILL attend to business in all the Courts of this State.
June 4, 1872

DR. C. T. RICHARDSON,
Physician & Surgeon,
CHARLESTOWN, VIRGINIA.
I HAVE taken an Office on Main street, (first door East of Mason's Drug Store), where I can be found *during the day*. At night messages should be sent to my residence, corner of Liberty and Mildred streets. C. T. RICHARDSON, M. D.
June 27, 1871—tf.

DR. B. B. RANSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
CHARLESTOWN, WEST VA.
OFFICE at residence, on the corner of Charles and Liberty streets.
April 15, 1873—tf.

DR. A. F. SMITH,
DENTIST,
TENDERS his services to the citizens of Charlestown and vicinity. Office at residence. Full upper sets of Teeth, from $12 to $20; partial do., $5 to $10. Fillings, from $1 upwards. Extracting only 50 cents. All work warranted, and satisfaction guaranteed.
☞ References when required.
May 14, 1872—1y.

Drugs. Drugs.
THE undersigned having lately purchased the interest of Dr. J. A. Straith, in the firm of Geo. T. Light & Co., will be constantly adding to his stock of
DRUGS, MEDICINES AND CHEMICALS,
at their old and well-known stand on Main street, where can also be obtained a complete assortment of
DYESTUFFS, WINDOW GLASS,
PAINTS, PUTTY,
superior Coal, Lubricating, Sperm, Lard and Linseed Oils, all of which will be sold as low as the Eastern markets will afford; also Coal Oil Lamps, China Vases, Toilet Sets, Fancy Articles, Fine Perfumeries of the most popular kinds. Pomades, Ring's Ambrosia Burnett's Cocoaine, Stonebraker's Hall's and Chevalier's Hair Restorers and Renewers, also a large stock of
PATENT MEDICINES,
SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONERY,
embracing all of the most popular and reliable remedies, and also the latest Novels and finest kinds of Stationery.
☞ As the quality of Medicines is always of the greatest importance both to the Physician and his Patients, we make it our constant care to secure none but the purest Medicines, and by his long experience in the retail business, he is prepared to fill Physicians' Prescriptions and Compound Medicines according to the latest and strictest rules of Pharmacy. The public can confidently rely on having their prescriptions carefully and accurately prepared at all hours of the day and night
N. B.—I take this occasion to return my sincere thanks for the very large patronage bestowed upon me by the community, and to express my grateful acknowledgment of the high appreciation of my fellow citizens of my efforts to serve them; trusting that I may be able in the future to render entire satisfaction to all who may favor me with their support and confidence. GEO. T. LIGHT.
February 20, 1872.

JULIUS C. HOLMES.] [HENRY D. RUST
Holmes & Rust,
BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS,
Charlestown, Jefferson Co., W. Va.
HAVING formed a Co-partnership for the purpose of energetically conducting the business of House Building and Carpentering generally, hereby notify the citizens of the county of Jefferson that they are ready for and solicit orders, and by promptitude, faithful work and moderate charges, expect to make it advantageous to all to employ them.
January 21, 1873—tf.

COAL AND WOOD YARD.
WASHINGTON & LIPPITT
WILL keep on hand a constant supply of COAL of all kinds, and Sawed and Split WOOD, which they will furnish and deliver in quantities to suit customers, for Cash. Orders left at Yard, corner Samuel street and B. & O. R. R.
☞ Cash paid for Bones.
June 10, 1873—1y.

O. N. P.
Our New Ploughs.
WE are manufacturing a large lot of them and we guarantee satisfaction in every case or no sale. WEIRICK & WELLER.
January 4, 1871.

$5 to $20 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.
Sep. 17, '72—1y.

TRY the Arctic Soda Water at Mason's Drug Store. The best in town.

BALTIMORE CARDS.

STIEFF'S PIANOS.

UPWARDS OF FIFTY FIRST PREMIUMS,
GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS,
Were awarded to CHAS. M. STIEFF, for the best PIANO, in competition with all the leading Manufacturers of the country.
OFFICE AND WAREROOMS.
No. 9 N. Liberty Street, Baltimore, Md.
The superiority of the Unrivalled Stieff Piano Forte, is conceded by all who have compared it with others. In their New Grand Square Scale, 7½ Octaves, the Manufacturer has succeeded in making the most perfect Piano Forte possible.
Prices will be found as reasonable as consistent with thorough workmanship.
A large assortment of Second Hand Pianos always on hand, from $75 to $300.
We are agents for the celebrated Burdett Cabinet, Parlor and Church Organs, all styles and prices, to suit every one, guaranteed to be fully equal to any made.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue, containing names of over 1,500 Southerners, (500 of whom are Virginians, 200 North Carolinians, 150 East Tennesseans; and others throughout the South,) who have bought the Stieff Piano since the close of the war.
April 8, 1873.

PERSONAL.
NOAH WALKER & CO,
The Celebrated Clothiers of Baltimore
Announce the introduction of a plan of ordering
CLOTHING AND UNDERWEAR BY LETTER,
To which they call special attention. They will send on application their improved and accurate
RULES FOR SELF MEASUREMENT,
and a full line of samples from their immense stock of Cloths, Cassimeres, Coatings, Shirtings, &c., thus enabling parties in any part of the country to order their Clothing and Shirts direct from them, with the certainty of receiving garments of
The Very Latest Style
And Most Perfect Fit
attainable. Goods ordered will be sent by Express to any part of the country. As is well known throughout the Southern States they have for Forty-three Years excelled in all departments of their business, which is a substantial guarantee as to the character of the Goods they will send out. A large and well assorted stock of
READY-MADE CLOTHING
always on hand, together with a full line of
FURNISHING GOODS
including all the latest novelties in design, and
AT POPULAR PRICES
When Goods are sent per Express C. O. D., there will be no collection charge on amounts of $20 and over. Rules for self-measurement, Samples of Goods and Price List free on application. The attention of the Trade is invited to our Wholesale Department, which is always kept up to the highest standard.
NOAH WALKER & CO.,
Manufacturers and Dealers in Men's and Boy's Clothing and Furnishing Goods, either ready-made or made to order.
165 and 167 Baltimore Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
April 1, 1871.

SAPPINGTON HOTEL,
Charlestown, Jefferson Co., W. Va.
HAVING leased the Sappington Hotel for a term of years, and having refurnished it handsomely from Basement to Attic, it is now open for the accommodation of the public.
The TABLE will be bountifully supplied with all the luxuries and substantials that the City and Country markets afford.
The BAR will be supplied with only Choice Liquors
None but polite and attentive Servants will be employed, and nothing shall be left undone that will contribute to the comfort and pleasure of guests.
The STABLE is commodious and will be attended by an experienced Ostler.
A PORTER will attend all the trains to conduct visitors to the Hotel, and to transport baggage, &c.
DR. J. JOHNSON,
Late of Washington County, Md.
Oct. 1, 1872.

MOUNTAIN VIEW HOTEL,
(Late Shenandoah,)
Harper's Ferry, West Va.
Situated at the junction of the B. & O. and the W. & P. railways, and commanding from every point magnificent views of the surrounding country.
THIS House, located in the centre of some of the finest scenery in the world, has been altered, repaired, refitted and refurnished throughout, and is now open to the public. As a Summer Resort the House is unparalleled. Jefferson's Rock, Maryland Heights, Shannondale Springs, and other places of interest, are in the immediate neighborhood. Carriages, Horses, &c., for hire.
The traveling public, generally, are assured that they will find Mountain View one of the most convenient, comfortable and elegant houses in this section of the country. JAS. T. REED, Sup't.
O. E. MALTBY, J. JESSE MOORE, } Proprietors.
July 16, 1872.

McSherry House,
No. 25, Queen Street,
MARTINSBURG, W. VA.
☞ Porter and Hack at every train for the accommodation of guests.
JAMES H. McSHERRY, Prop'r.
JNO. F. McISRYNE, Clerk.
May 20, 1873—tf.

B. K. JAMISON & CO.,
SUCCESSORS TO
P. F. KELLY & CO.,
Bankers and Exchange Brokers,
NORTHWEST CORNER OF
Third and Chestnut Streets,
June 25, 1873—1y. PHILADELPHIA.

EDW'D J. EVANS & CO.,
NURSERYMEN AND SEEDSMEN,
YORK, PA.
☞ CATALOGUES MAILED TO APPLICANTS.☜
Refer (by permission) to
Hon. J. S. Black, Washington, D. C.
Weiser, Son & Carl, Bankers, York, Pa.
June 3, 1873—6m.

DRILLS. DRILLS.—I would call attention of Farmers needing Drills to the Keller and Bickford & Huffman. I place these goods on the market knowing that they have no superior—and of that I'll let the farmer be the judge. I can supply all orders for these goods, the supply being always equal to the demand.
July 8, 1873. JAS. LAW. HOOFF.
NEW Crop Turnip Seed for sale by
July 8, 1873. JAS. LAW. HOOFF.
ON hand and for sale, several styles of Summer Lap Dusters. JAS LAW. HOOFF.
June 3, 1873.
PATENT Self-Heating Charcoal Smoothing Iron, for sale by JAS. LAW. HOOFF.
HOG POWDERS.—My powders were thoroughly tested two years ago and gave general satisfaction, and am now preparing the same powder. I would advise all to use them both as a preventive and cure. Tablespoonful *dose*.
August 12, 1873. GEO T. LIGHT.
CIRCULATING LIBRARY.—To accommodate the reading community, I have reduced the price to 10 cents per week in advance. Any Book to read for that sum. GEO. T. LIGHT.
CONDENSED Beef for Children, and Invalids generally, has no superior as a nourisher. For sale by W. S. MASON.
August 5, 1873.

BANKING BUSINESS.

BANK DIRECTORY.
First National Bank of Jefferson
AT CHARLESTOWN.
Officers.
COLIN C. PORTER, President.
SAM'L HOWELL, Cashier.
J. V. SIMMONS, Teller.
Discount Day---Tuesday.
Bank of Charlestown.
Officers.
J. W. GRANTHAM, President.
GEORGE A. PORTERFIELD, Cashier.
JOHN PORTERFIELD, Teller.
Discount Day---Friday.

AGENTS.
☞ The following gentlemen are duly authorized to receive ADVERTISING and SUBSCRIPTION for the "*Spirit of Jefferson*," and to collect and receipt for the same:
GEO. D. MCGLINCY—*Shepherdstown.*
JOHN P. KERFOOT—*Martinsburg.*
CHAS. R. LEE—*Berryville.*
JOEL W. ROBERTS—*Middleway.*
ADAM LINK, Jr.—*Duffields Depot.*
JAS. W. BARNHART—*Unionville.*
M. W. BURR—*Brown's Shop.*
E. H. ROBERTS—*Kearneysville.*
HENRY S. LEAGUE—*Leetown.*
JOHN W. DALGARN.

TO TRAVELERS.
WINCHESTER, POTOMAC & HARRISONBURG DIVISION, B. & O. R. R.
TIME TABLE.
TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Leave	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Harper's Ferry at	5.25	10.40	1.25	6.23
Halltown,	6.06	10.56	1.51	6.30
Charlestown,	6.28	11.07	2.13	8.49
Cameron's,	6.50	11.18	2.35	8.59
Summit Point,	7.12	11.29	2.58	9.09
		P. M.		
Winchester,	9.00	12.13	5.00	9.45
Arrive at Strasburg	10.57	1.06	6.35	
	P. M.			
Arrive at Har'nburg	5.25	3.30		

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

Leave	A. M.	A. M	A. M.	P. M.
Harrisonburg,			7.00	1.40
Strasburg at		6.30	11.39	4.08
			P. M.	
Winchester,	5.00	9.00	3.40	5.04
Summit Point,	5.33	9.56	4.44	5.44
Cameron's,	5.44	10.12	5.02	5.55
Charlestown,	5.55	10.28	5.20	6.06
Halltown,	6.06	10.56	5.38	6.18
Arrive at H. Ferry,	6.22	11.25	6.05	6.35

Train leaving Charlestown at 10.28, A. M., connects at Harper's Ferry with Mail Trains East and West, which pass over the Old Route to and from Baltimore. Other trains pass over the Metropolitan branch.
Fast Freight, No. 7 leaves Strasburg at 8.30 P. M.—passes Charlestown at 12.24 A. M., and reaches Harper's Ferry at 1.20 A. M.
Fast Freight, No. 8, leaves Harper's Ferry at 11.10 P. M., passes Charlestown at 12.24 A. M., and arrives at Strasburg at 3.58 A. M.
A. B. WOOD, Agent, Harper's Ferry.
THOS. R. SHARP,
Nov. 3, 1873. Master of Transportation.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.
SCHEDULE of Passenger Trains arriving and departing at Harper's Ferry Station:
TRAINS GOING WEST.
Cincinnati Express via Washington.. 10.26. A. M.
St. Louis " " " 10.04. P. M.
Mail Train " " " old tr'k 12.00. M.
Winchester Acc'n " " " 8.08. P. M.
TRAINS GOING EAST.
Cincinnati Express via Washington.. 8.04. A. M.
St. Louis Express via Washington.... 7.05. P. M.
Mail Train via Old Track to all points. 1.06. P. M.
Winchester Ac'n " " .... 6.45. A. M.
Trains on Main Stem make close connections at Harper's Ferry with trains running on W. P. & S. Division to Strasburg and points farther South.
At Hagerstown Junction with trains for Hagerstown, &c.
Through Tickets to all promisent points West, South, East and North.
Ticket Office open for all passenger trains, day and night. Comfortable facilities for waiting passengers. A. B. WOOD, Agent.
Harper's Ferry, Nov. 3, 1873.

GEORGE H. HAGLEY,
Manufacturer of Ladies' and Gents', Boys' and Youths', Misses' and Children's
BOOTS, GAITERS AND SHOES,
Of all Styles and Grades.
HAVING now permanently located in Charlestown, has just purchased a large and well put up Stock of the VERY BEST MATERIAL, including superior French Calf-Skins, Morocco, Alligator, English Sen Sole, &c. His determination is to make the best quality of work, and whilst he offers many thanks to those who have assisted him in building up his trade here, he has determined to spare no efforts to increase the same to its utmost extent.—Terms Cash. GEO H. HAGLEY.
At Duffield's, we have just purchased our Fall Stock—Boots, Shoes, Hosiery, Gloves, Underwear, Confectionery, &c. Also a large supply of Leather. G. H. & J. T. HAGLEY.
October 21, 1873—odMy131y.

FIRE! FIRE!
AT BROWN'S SHOP.
THE undersigned would inform his friends and the public generally that he is still at the above named stand, and will continue to manufacture to order Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, &c. Special attention given to STITCHED BOOTS AND LADIES' WORK. None but the best material used, and all work guaranteed. Repairing neatly done, and at moderate rates. Orders filled promptly
March 18, 1873—1y. M. B. MILLER.

TO ALL CONCERNED!
HOUSE PAINTING, GRAINING,
PAPER HANGING, &C.
JOHN N. WHITTINGTON again proffers his services to the public, for the speedy execution and in the most artistic style, of any work in the HOUSE PAINTING, WALL PAPERING, FURNITURE RENOVATING, or CHAIR CANING line. Prices reasonable, and satisfaction guaranteed. Thankful to his friends for the encouragement of the past, he confidently hopes, from enlarged experience and increased facilities for the execution of his business, to receive a reasonable proportion of the work in his line.
☞ Shop in basement, next door to Mr. John Ashbaugh's Tailoring establishment, Northwest corner of Liberty and Lawrence sts.
July 29, 1873—3m. J. N. W.

JAMES W. BUTT,
HOUSE JOINER AND CARPENTER,
Charlestown, W. Va.
CONTINUES to execute every variety of work in his line, and will undertake and complete contracts in the shortest possible space of time. By promptness, reasonable charges and good workmanship, he hopes to merit a continuance of public patronage. Orders left at the "Spirit" Office will receive prompt attention.
October 28, 1873—6m.

TO FARMERS and MACHINISTS.—I have just received a prime article of Lubricating Oil, which we are selling at 60 cents per gallon
W. S. MASON.
CAN be had the purest Coal Oil, best London Porter, all kinds of Lamps, French, Mason's and Ladies' Shoe Polish, at W. S. MASON'S.
MOORE'S Hog Cholera Remedy, prepared according to original recipe, at
Aug 5. MASON'S Drug Store.
STATIONERY a speciality. Paper and Envelopes of all kinds, the best stock of Fancy Goods in the Lower Valley. Come and see.
June 24, 1873. W. S. MASON.

POETICAL.

CHRISTMAS.

This is the season when the soil
Seems closed upon the writing grain,
And all the farmer's irksome toil
Seems only labor spent in vain.

This is the season when the earth
Lies in a winding-sheet of snow,
Nor promise of a fertile birth
Gleams from the stiffen'd clods below.

Yet, at this season did the skies,
When midnight's curtain had been drawn,
Ring with the song of angel-cries,
In light of more than morning's dawn;

And shepherds watching on the hill
Heard more than song of human mirth—
"Peace upon earth, to man good-will,
To man good-will, and peace on earth."

Such was the song, and by the light
Which shone like glory from the sky,
Those shepherds went that wonderous night
To a small sheltering hostel nigh;

Where in a stable, newly born,
A swaddled infant softly lay,
The herald of that final morn
Which shall unveil th' eternal day.

O babe no more, O Lord of all,
Who came in flesh at Christmas-tide,
To raise us from our fatal fall,
And quicken us who else had died;

Come at this lifeless season, come,
Come, Comforter divine, and fill
Each Christian heart, and Christian home,
With God's own peace, and man's good-will.
[*Demorest's Monthly.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

MY CHRISTMAS HOME-COMING.

BY GABRIELLE LEE.

[From Peterson's Magazine.]

AS the train dashed along, that was taking me to my home, the home from which I had been absent for so many years, I took out again and re-read my mother's letter, which I had received on landing at New York.

"So thou art in truth coming home, my Wilhelm," she wrote, in the fashion of her father-land—for though I had been born in New England, and though my father had come of a good old Puritan stock, my mother was a native of Germany—"and thy mother's heart throbs with happy anticipation. I picture thee, after thy long absence in China, as no longer a lad, as thou wert when thou went away, but a tall man, like thy father, brown with the sun, yet with curly locks that so often I have twined over my fingers as thou stood at thy mother's knee.

"I will not speak much to thee of home; thou wilt be with us shortly, I feel, and then—— Thy third cousin, Margretta, is well, and often speaks of thee. Her land, as thou knowest, is next to ours; truly joined, it would make a fair estate—would it not, mine Wilhelm? As for the orphan, Hilda, she paints like an angel; she is busy about a matter that she keeps within her bosom; methinks that it is thy picture she makes for my Christmas pleasure."

I folded the letter, and laid it next my heart; where was the shame that my eyes were dripping? But yet I smiled, as ever I did, at the thought of Hilda. Have you not kept one thought in your heart, sweet, sacred, never spoken, save in prayers, that touched your life with purity, and that kept afar influences that might degrade and mar? This had been with me the thought of Hilda. I remembered when she had come to our home. On Christmas-eve, before the lamps were lit, while the red fire-light shone warm, and the "snow-twilight" closed in, my father, entering, set the figure of a little one upon the velvet rug before the wide grate, that leaped and glowed with welcome. Methought this had been the Christ-child, for the little one was lily fair, with the print of a summer rose on each cheek; also the lips were sweetly smiling, and set upon the long, shining hair was a crystal crown that sparkled in the fire-light.

The child drew me as none had done. I ran to her. "Stay with us always," cried I.

"Yes, Wilhelm," said my father. "This is a little sister I have brought home to thee; she has no home, so she shall be one with us."

I took the hand of the little one, and saw she was a human child like myself; and that which I had esteemed a crystal crown, was a diadem of snow-flakes that had lighted upon her shining hair, and that now, melted by the warmth, had changed to dew-spangles sparkling in the fire-light.

I shared my gifts, my comfits, my toys, my books, with the little one; she went to sleep on my shoulder. This was Hilda.

Yet now did my mother speak to me of Margretta. Had she not mentioned her as a third cousin, that I might see she were not too near for a wife? Had she not spoken of the lands that were next to ours, to remind me of my father's latest wish? Well, well, I had a heart that could dare all things—so let the matter rest!

The train stopped. The lumbering stage-coach rolled over the snowy road, on either side of which rose the hills, white as brides in their wintry robes. Surely I was home at last! Dusk was darkening into night, and, quietly as one of its shadows, I stole through the back porch for I was fain to be the surprise of all surprises upon this Christmas-eve. The hall was long and wide. The walls were bare, except for an old portrait in a black frame, carved quaintly—the portrait of a lady. I had shrunk from it always, for the face was of one with a strong will, and a weak intellect, a haughty spirit, and a heart of ice. It chilled me now hanging there. To the right of me was my mother's "flower-room." It faced the south, and within it had always stood porcelain pots, full of scented blossoms, orange and lemon trees, the winter long; it baffled New England chills, and was the sunniest spot in my memory of home.

I walked softly to the door of the room.—Hist! What vision was this? Surely an angel, for the vision was clad in diaphonous drapery; upon its shoulders gleamed silver wings; upon its head glimmered a star—the star of Bethlehem! In its hand was a little pink taper, such as lights the Christmas-tree, and it flitted about the flowers, plucking what pleased it best. Was it the angel of home? Yes, surely the home-angel; for it was the face I knew so well—the face that came to me on the sea, in the night-watches.

The light from the taper fell upon me, the vision darted forward, the lovely eyes held me a moment, then the tender mouth, smiling, cried,

"It is, it is!"

The household flocked about me on the instant. I was brought into the "best room," which was garlanded with long festoons of greenery, and gleamed with holly-berries, lit by tall waxen candles, whose scenes hung with crystal prisms, tinkled a fairy welcome.

My mother rose with outstretched arms—a satin-clad figure, tall and stately, that drew down my head, and pillowed it on her breast. My tears, and her tears, too, fell fast.

"Bless me, sister," said a lively little voice, "Why do you cry? But that's the way—a mother's lot—tears from the cradle, in sorrow or joy. Let me have a chance to look at the lad."

I gave my hand to aunt Martha; she was the character of the household, my mother's maiden sister, who never would marry, who laughed at lovers, and yet who hid romance like a jewel in a casket within her life and heart. Aunt Martha was as pungent as aromatic vinegar; she stung you to action; she would not suffer a man to be unmanly, a woman to be unwomanly, that came within her atmosphere; she abhorred scandal, she berated your faults; she had an eagle-eye upon *intriguntes*; she had a tongue "keen as a brier" for shortcomings; people that loved her esteemed her for a "nonesuch," and as for those who hated her, they proved their own meanness!

"Bless the boy!" said aunt Martha. "If he hasn't got a great hanging mustache of true German yellow." Lifting the same, she bestowed upon me a hearty salute.

"Aunt Martha kissing a man!" cried a cold, metallic voice. "I thought you held that a crime."

"There! that's your cousin, Margretta, that's speaking," quoth aunt Martha, testily, as if she would say, "Nothing agreeable from that quarter."

I turned curiously to contemplate my bride-elect. She was tall, straight as a pine-tree, and cherry of cheek. Her stately head wore a crown of blue-black hair, wound braid upon braid above the high, somewhat narrow forehead, which I now proceeded to kiss.

She bowed her head, saying stiffly, "Thou art welcome, cousin Wilhelm."

And this I knew was her best manner, and that she was as glad to see me as another, and no more.

In the meantime my heart ached. Where was the sweet, silver-winged home-angel, that my soul had claimed for its own from the first?

Sighing, I looked down at the little ones, who, at first, awed and half-terrified at my bronzed and bearded presence, now clung around me, caressed my hands, and cried, "Sailor man, tell us about the sea." "Yes, and the whales," "and about the mermaids, that comb their long, yellow hair."

This was stopped by my third cousin, Margretta, who said, in her frozen accents, that no summer heat could ever warm, "Silly children, do you think cousin Wilhelm hast nothing better to do than to tell tales of his voyages?"

The little ones, chilled by these accents, hung their heads abashed; but presently their downcast visages grew radiant. The doors of the inner-room unfolded, and disclosed the memorial fir tree, a glittering, dazzling object, that made even us older people wonder; as for the children they were speechless. Crystals, like icicles, depended from the spreading branches; a likeness of fine snow powdered it; a hundred tapers lighted it; and, curious anomaly, a hundred flowers bloomed amid icicles and snow, and a warble of birds came from the throats of tiny songsters, that flitted in and out of the scented boughs, held thereto by invisible threads. Above all this was set a portrait, garlanded in flowers, with the legend, in German, "Welcome to the Wanderer."

Had I sat in spirit for the likeness? It mirrored my features as if it had been a looking-glass. Angel fingers had painted it, I knew. She, who, standing beneath the tree, outshone its radiance with her angel beauty, her sweetness of womanhood, child, fairy—what was she? so small, so lithe, so floating in her white drapery, with her star-lit flowing hair. My arms ached to imprison her forever, lest the heavens should absorb her—the heavens to which she seemed to belong!

"I can tell what is most beautiful to thee, Albert," said Margretta's voice, at this juncture. The voice was a trifle changed now. Its cold, dry tones were slightly heated by the sting of malice.

A quick pang thrilled me. Who was Albert? What he had to do with my angel? I looked around. A youth, with pink-clover cheeks, a well-knit frame, and a top-knot of light-brown curls, tightly frizzled, met my eyes.

He returned my look, which was one of unconscious defiance, with another.

"Yes, I know which is the most beautiful to me, the angel Hilda."

This he said with a baby lisp, yet with sufficient firmness. I could have clutched him by the throat, and thrust him from the house.

"Well, well, we have stood staring long enough here," said the lively accents of aunt Martha, who was rubbing her eyes in the most suspicious manner, for the beautiful, despite her irony, always affected her to tears.—"Come, little angel with the silver wings, give the children their gifts, that afterward we may have somewhat to eat. Wilhelm, I can tell by his eyes, longs for his supper."

"For shame, aunt Martha," I cried. "I am impervious to hunger!"

"Not thou, indeed; thou wert ever a hungry lad!"

"Nay, nay, Martha," reproved my mother, "thy tongue is too sharp."

"Never mind, sweet motherling," pleaded I. "Thou knowest the tongue of my aunt was my spice-dish, from my infancy; she berated me in my long-clothes."

By this time, the children were reveling in their gifts, and now it was the turn of the older ones. I found myself like to be smothered, if not with roses, then with the gifts that came upon me in a shower—knitted scarfs, socks, woolen head-gear, snow-mittens, and what not. I looked like a Santa-Claus myself, bedizened was I with all varieties of apparel, that feminine fingers can devise for masculine luxury.

"Thou wilt have to set up a harberdashery," quoth Margretta, with a half sneer.

"Wouldst thou have him giftless," says aunt Martha, sharply, "after so long an absence?" I saw that Margretta ever made my aunt angry.

The silver-winged angel had given the gifts to the little ones with a smile that was beautiful to behold, for I lost not one of her looks—my heart drank and drank of their sweetness as if it would never tire.

I watched Albert now, and saw his clover-pink cheeks flush, when she gave him a watch-chain worked in blue and gold. How I longed to tear it from him.

She did not come near me. But, her task being finished, my mother said, in guarded accents,

"Hilda, come hither."

Hilda came. I remembered of the long-ago Christmas-eve, when the fire glowed red in the grate, and she stood on the rug before it, with the snow-flake crown on her flowing hair.

"This is thy brother Wilhelm, child," said my mother, pointing to me.

"Welcome, dear brother," she said, laying a little waxen hand in mine. Its touch thrilled me. It was so flower-soft, dewily fresh, it seemed the same satin-palm I had folded fast to comfort the little stranger, when I shared my toys with her, and she went to sleep on my shoulder.

"Remember, she is ever to be thy sister Wilhelm," said my mother, perusing my face, with those pale blue eyes, that had ever swayed me when they looked as now, keen with decision.

"I would rather that Margretta should ever remain my cousin," quoth I, in tones loud, yet bold.

Did Hilda understand? She drew away the flower-soft palm, she turned from me, the print of a rose on each cheek. But alas! as she turned, I saw that about her neck glimmered a fine gold chain, and I fancied that hidden in her bosom was a locket. Was it his, that intolerable Albert. Had I come home for this?

"Play, that the children may sing their carol, daughter Hilda," commanded my mother.

Hilda, sitting at the small, upright piano, began to play and sing softly. Her voice was only a thread of melody; but ah! so sweet, so sweet. The words were,

"Carol, carol, Christians,
Carol joyfully;
Carol for the coming
Of Christ's nativity."

The children swarmed around her like a flock of doves, perched upon her chair, hung over her shoulders, and rang out the melody like a chime of bells; still through all I could catch the gliding accents of sweetest sweetness, like a rill freshening a meadow of daisy flowers.

"Thou shouldst hear Hilda and Albert sing together," whispered Margretta in my ear. The words stung like a swarm of bees—as she meant shey should.

"Together?" faltered I, scarce knowing what I said.

"Didst thou not know of their love? Yes, they have ever of late gone to singing school, and looked over the same book in company Surely, thou canst not but have seen that his eyes follow her everywhere."

I vailed my feelings; the heart that has loved truly and long cannot learn doubt at once. I said to myself, "She who has painted my picture, has painted it with the eyes of faith. What gives faith but love?"

"Supper is ready," cried aunt Martha, bustling in, and an indescribable fragrance of coffee, spices, and what-not that was good, followed her.

"Thou wilt take out Margretta, my son," commanded my mother.

I obeyed. Albert, as if of course, offered his arm to Hilda, who still wore her wings and star, for the children would have it so.—My confidence at this left me. I was in despair again.

As we passed through the wide, old-fashioned hall, with its carved stair-case, Margretta pointed to the portrait, with its grim square of black and gilt, that, now struck upon by a beam of moonlight, showed plainly the handsome, unpleasant face in its center.

"They say I am like her; do you think so, cousin?" she said.

"Perhaps; but then you are more beautiful."

This was true, if I was a fool to say it, for Margretta was handsome to the outward gaze, however the heart reversed the decision.

Here was the supper room, and one's mouth watered. Was it cold enough to freeze one outside? What matter, when the coffee-urn, huge, crusted with rich frost-work of silver, as its years and dignity warranted, was nigh hidden in a cloud-land of steam. Beneath the swinging globe of light, that overhung the oval table, was a china stand, heaped high with the glow of crimson apples; great, frosted cakes, aunt Martha's handiwork, flanked this; honey-sweet metheglin, spiced and scalding hot, sent up a vaporous dew at either end, and between was the golden-brown of the krollers of my mother's Germany; the darker tint of New England dough nuts, and various nondescript dishes, that are the pride of Christmas, which was everywhere betokened on the table by garlandry of green branch and hollyberry.

We ate and drank with Christmas glee; and then came the cutting of the largest cake, the one that held the ring, according to the immemorial custom.

Aunt Martha bore the cake about in triumph, and when she came to me, said, in a whisper,

"Take the slice toward thee, Wilhelm; methinks, by curious coincidence, thou wilt find therein the treasure."

I found, surely enough, a plain gold ring, one of betrothal. My courage, my hope, all came back. Had my aunt's whisper anything to do with it?

I held up the ring that all might see. My mother fixed her eyes on me; Margretta held her head up proudly—she did not doubt my choice; aunt Martha looked at me earnestly, her lips moved. I almost thought she prayed.

This I felt rather than saw; for looking, not to the right hand, nor to the left, I walked straight to Hilda. Hilda, who had held my heart from childhood within her dear little hands.

She, gazing into my face, smiled, even as a child in utmost confidence, and, smiling back, I slid the ring on the finger.

"My Hilda," I said. "It is the ring of betrothal."

I promise you there was a scene; not a wordy one, it is true, but each expressed his or her sentiments in action; my mother looked steely, her eyes said, "I will never consent."

Margretta's face was awful; none cared to look at it but once. As for aunt Martha, she kissed Hilda heartily, and then myself, first on one cheek, then on the other. Albert had vanished from the scene for the nonce, and soon Margretta, with a dark face of hatred, followed him, "miching mallecho" in her eyes.

With displeasure in all her mien, my mother led the way out of the supper-room. The rest of us followed, I unconscious of all save that Hilda was on my arm.

In the wide, great hall was a long window, that held an oaken seat for two.

"Stop here, my Hilda," I said. I put my arms about her, that she might not be cold, and she nestled within them, as birdling that had found its home.

"Dost thou wear a locket, my betrothed?"

"Yes, Wilhelm."

Tremblingly, all blushing in the clear moonlight that, silvering the hall, made the wax lights dim, she drew for a little golden ornament. Placing it in my palm, it thrilled me through, for it was warm with her heart-warmth.

"Remember, if it is another's, I throw it away," I said

"Nay, my Wilhelm, thou shalt not; I love it too dearly."

I forced the trinket open. Smiling in my face, was my own painted image, truer even than the portrait.

The tender scene was interrupted. Margretta, looking more than ever like her ancestress, whose baleful face hung above, stood before us

"One whom thou hast wronged would have something to say to thee, Wilhelm."

"I will settle that," said I, rising.

Outside, in the porch, I found Albert. I did not know he could look so grim, yet I felt kindly toward him—toward all the world.

"Well?" said I, mildly.

"When one man wrongs another, in these parts, we fight it out," said Albert.

"Albert," sighed a gentle voice over my shoulder.

It was Hilda. Albert looked abashed.—"What, would you fight with my husband? Didst thou not guess we had loved one another always—since we were born almost?"

"Margretta told me otherwise. But for him, she said, I might have had you."

"Margretta spoke unwisely. Thou wilt forgive her and me, Albert; for, indeed, I am innocent; I loved one so truly, I never thought of any other; and thou didst seem a very brother."

Albert spoke no word, but grasped my hand, and held it like a vice, looked once over his shoulder at my betrothed, and went away.

When we came back in the "best room," there was no one there; aunt Martha, as I suspected then, and knew afterward, had dispersed them. In the inner-room, however, was my mother; the fir-tree had burnt out its tapers, but there was light enough elsewhere, and I saw my portrait, and its legend of welcome, plainly written in flowers above.

My mother was looking at it fixedly. She heard us enter, and turned angrily toward us.

I chose the short way, and the bold one.—It was thus I had won indulgences from her in my childhood. When I spoke in this manner, she felt I was my father's son.

I pointed to the legend.

"Does the inscription set in flowers lie, my mother? Thy son is not welcome, methinks! Out in the wide world, I will find a home for me, and for mine."

Her face grew tender all at once. The eyes lost their fire. She burst into tears.—She held out her arms.

"My son, my son!" she cried.

I brought my little one, my Hilda, to her, and she folded us both in one embrace, blessing us

Midnight found us by the fire, each on a stool at my mother's knee.

More sacred than lands, dearer even than my father's wish, was the long heart-