



CHRISTMAS MORN

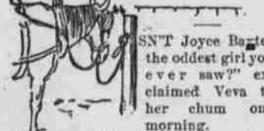
ALMELY at the close of day
Bethlehem in beauty lay,
When ere long a star arose
That with strange effulgence glows,
While the joyful angels sing:
"We from Heaven glad tidings bring!"
Welcome, ever blessed morn,
When the holy Babe was born!

Shepherds watching on the plains,
Ere the herald angels sang,
As around a dazzling light
Flashes from their wings of white,
Sounding loud o'er hill and glen:
"Peace on earth, good will to men!"
Blessed morn! Oh, sweet employ,
Christ to praise in songs of joy!

Now in Heaven the Saviour waits
With its ever open gates,
Where the saints before Him fall
Throned in glory, Lord of all!
Like the wise men let us bring
Fitting presents to our King:
Give the heart, which in His eyes,
Ever is the richest prize!

Day of days when Christ was born!
Ever hailed the brightest morn!
When salvation's work was done,
All power given to the Son,
Still He marks the garden's gloom,
Bloody cross and rocky tomb,
And is with us when we raise
Sweetest songs of Christmas praise!
—Sydney Dyer, in Chicago Standard.

CHRISTMAS IN THE PROMISED LAND



SANT JOYCE BAXTER the oldest girl you ever saw!" exclaimed Veva to her chum one morning.

"What now?" asked Bessie, smiling over her fancy work.

"Why, nothing," replied Veva, "except that she's taken it into her head to spend Christmas with that queer, old-fashioned aunt of hers up in the country instead of here in town where there's going to be so much fun. She is the oddest girl I ever knew. Fancy spending a week in that dull, poky place, where the neighbors live half a mile apart and with that old couple and their hired girl for company! But there's no accounting for tastes. Joyce is lovely in most things, pretty and stylish and always so pleasant, but sometimes when she takes such queer freaks it makes me almost believe she does it for effect. And to think she'll miss the Christmas party at Jean's! I know she's invited, for Jean told me so."

The two girls drifted off from the subject of Joyce into talk of fancy work for Christmas presents and gay costumes for the approaching party.

Meanwhile in Joyce's pretty home on the avenue Mrs. Baxter was holding converse with her dark-eyed daughter. "You're a queer little girl," she was saying, "to prefer spending the holidays up at Aunt Isabel's when all the other girls are so excited about Jean's party. It's to be a nice affair, I know, because Jean's mother has taken counsel with me and there are to be several pretty novelties besides the regular good time. If I were you, dear, I'd give up the idea of going to the Promised Land and stay at home."

But Joyce knew what she wanted, and presently Mrs. Baxter, with a loving little pat on the shoulder, left her to herself.

"I believe the child intends to go up into the Promised Land as a regular Christmas fairy," she thought, smilingly, as she descended the stairs. "All those mysterious little bundles in her room mean something."

But later in the day Joyce slipped her mother's wrap upon that lady's shoulders, brought her hat and gloves and made her go out with her for a little shopping. And on the way she revealed her plans.

"I've made up my mind that there shall be a Christmas tree in the Promised Land this year," she began. "I wrote to Aunt Isabel some time ago and asked some questions. She's written back that the young folks in the Promised Land have never had a Christmas tree and if I want to go into it I may have her big front room and Uncle Ben will see about the tree. So I've been buying and making these little things, you know, to put on it and now I'm after candy to finish off with."

Mrs. Baxter looked affectionately at her daughter. "You're a good girl, Joyce," she said, softly, "and mother's proud of you." And then she opened her own purse and purchased some choice gifts for Aunt Isabel and Uncle Ben. "You can smuggle them onto the tree without their knowing a thing about it," she said. "I declare, Joyce, I do wish I was going to the Promised Land, too!"

"But you can't, you know," laughed Joyce; "there's the Christmas dinner to be looked after and papa to take care of. I'm the only one who can be spared. But won't it be nice? I'll write you all about it the very next day."

The Promised Land is the name given to a narrow valley which runs up among the hills which form a spur of the Allegheny mountains. It is an isolated region, "three miles from nowhere," as some of its inhabitants say, but fruitful farms and comfortable homes are scattered along its length on either side of the straggling road which forms its only street.

When Uncle Ben met Joyce at the train down in the village he was somewhat amazed to see that there was a trunk which he was expected to carry too. But he asked no questions as he

cheerfully tugged it into the old sleigh. "Seems kind o' queer she'd bring along a trunk for just a few days," he thought to himself, "but maybe she's going to stay quite a spell." And as the old man tucked the blankets in snug and warm he found himself hoping that she would.

There was seldom a strange face seen on that familiar road which led up into the Promised Land, and Joyce caught fleeting glimpses of interested faces peering out at them as Uncle Ben's old horse jogged heavily along. Two or three of the young girls she had become acquainted with during the preceding summer, when she had spent a week at the farm, and now she gaily waved her hand to them as she caught sight of them at the window or door. And so swiftly does news travel, even in the Promised Land, that before right-fall everyone knew that Joyce Baxter, Aunt Isabel's niece, had come up to spend the holidays. Somehow the very knowledge of this helped to content some dissatisfied girl hearts with the prospect of the usual dull Christmas in the valley.

But when next day Uncle Ben's well-known horse and cutter stopped at every gate in the Promised Land and pretty, stylish Joyce came up the path to the front door, followed a moment later by Uncle Ben, who never missed the chance of a neighborly visit, there seemed to come all at once into those quiet lives a new something of delight and interest which had not been there before. And when Joyce in her own pleasant way had given her invitation "to come up to Aunt Isabel's to-morrow evening at seven o'clock," they all thought it was lovely and promised to go, but not one of them even suspected a Christmas tree. And it was not only the young people who were asked to come. Not one was slighted. Every family was invited, from grandmas down to the long-dressed baby. Aunt Isabel had said: "Ask 'em all, my dear, the house is big enough to hold 'em, I guess, and anyhow it'll do us good to crowd up and be neighborly." For the truth was that the widely-scattered families were not at all noted for their "neighborliness." All had grown into a stay-at-home habit, or when they went at all it was generally to the village.

A busier household than Uncle Ben's Ben had made a fire in the big sitting-room fireplace, and around this the older folks gathered for a friendly visit.

At half-past seven Joyce opened the front room door and ushered the children and young people into the blaze and glory of the first Christmas tree some of them had ever seen. Right proudly did Joyce view the pretty scene, the hemlock-garlanded room, the wreaths above the pictures, but over all and crowning all the lovely tree, towering to the ceiling, aglow with the soft light of dozens of candles, agleam with snowy festoons of popcorn, golden oranges and bags of candies. Joyce had worked hard all day and was tired—at least she had been tired before the people came—but now as she looked into the happy faces and wondering eyes she felt that it had paid.

Who could tell of all the joys of that wonderful Christmas Eve! How astonished each boy was when Uncle Ben loudly read his name and handed down to his eager hands some mysterious parcel! How radiantly happy was each small girl who received some pretty thing from that wonderful tree! And no child was forgotten. And then they all shouted when Uncle Ben peered through his glasses at the parcels he found on the tree for himself! And how they all exclaimed when Joyce unfolded Aunt Isabel's bundle and laid a beautiful, soft, fleecy, white shawl about her shoulders! And then when Uncle Ben, who had privately invited a minister from the village, asked for a few Christmas remarks, they all listened reverently while that sweet old story of the Babe of Bethlehem was told once more.

And after the candles had burned down, sputtered and gone out, the front room was deserted in favor of the big kitchen, where all sorts of gay, romping games were played. Joyce, flushed and merry, wondered once or twice if the girls at Jean's Christmas party were having as much fun as she.

Presently Belinda, important and smiling above her snow-white apron, passed plates and napkins, and Joyce helped her serve the delicious cake and sandwiches and pour the tea and coffee. What a royal good time it was, and how jovial the old men were, and how vivacious the old ladies! Aunt Isabel and Uncle Ben were plainly happy, and so

could not be imagined than was his on the day before Christmas. Very early in the morning he and Joyce had driven off up into the hemlock woods and brought home in triumph a beautiful tree, tall, shapely and stout of branch. And it was Uncle Ben who set it firmly in a block of wood and bore it into the big front room. And it was Belinda, the "help," who popped great panfuls of snowy corn, and Aunt Isabel who sat in her red-covered rocking-chair and strung it into long festoons for the tree. And it was Joyce who filled the generous bags of lace-net she had made at home with candy, raisins and cracked nuts. And it was Joyce who twined long, spicy-smelling ropes of hemlock to swing from the ceiling and around the walls.

Belinda and Aunt Isabel retired to the kitchen, while Joyce was busy with Uncle Ben in the front room, and presently Belinda's cake-making skill was announced by delicious smells from the big oven, and Aunt Isabel sliced the pink ham and sandwiched it in between the daintily-thin buttered bread.

"We'll have tea and coffee both, Belinda," said Aunt Isabel, "and pass the things around." And Belinda, smiling broadly in pleased anticipation of the unusual thing which was about to happen, deftly spread the snow-white frosting over the big fruit cake she had allowed to cool.

"It will be nice, that's a fact," she said, energetically. "It's wonderful, ain't it, what just one girl can set a-going when she takes a notion!"

At seven o'clock the Promised Land people present themselves at Uncle Ben's front door. The old man, smiling with hospitality, beamed upon his guests and welcomed each one with a Joyce handshake. And next came a hearty with a bright word for every one and a smile and a happy welcome for each and every child. The young girls looked at Joyce in bashful admiration. How pretty she looked in her soft blue dress, with one of Aunt Isabel's geranium blossoms in her hair!

They came and came and Uncle Ben overflew with genial warmth, while Aunt Isabel, whose rheumatism kept her closely to her chair, smiled peacefully upon them all and never once thought of her bright rag carpet under all those snow-dampened feet. Uncle

Ben had made a fire in the big sitting-room fireplace, and around this the older folks gathered for a friendly visit.

At half-past seven Joyce opened the front room door and ushered the children and young people into the blaze and glory of the first Christmas tree some of them had ever seen. Right proudly did Joyce view the pretty scene, the hemlock-garlanded room, the wreaths above the pictures, but over all and crowning all the lovely tree, towering to the ceiling, aglow with the soft light of dozens of candles, agleam with snowy festoons of popcorn, golden oranges and bags of candies. Joyce had worked hard all day and was tired—at least she had been tired before the people came—but now as she looked into the happy faces and wondering eyes she felt that it had paid.

Who could tell of all the joys of that wonderful Christmas Eve! How astonished each boy was when Uncle Ben loudly read his name and handed down to his eager hands some mysterious parcel! How radiantly happy was each small girl who received some pretty thing from that wonderful tree! And no child was forgotten. And then they all shouted when Uncle Ben peered through his glasses at the parcels he found on the tree for himself! And how they all exclaimed when Joyce unfolded Aunt Isabel's bundle and laid a beautiful, soft, fleecy, white shawl about her shoulders! And then when Uncle Ben, who had privately invited a minister from the village, asked for a few Christmas remarks, they all listened reverently while that sweet old story of the Babe of Bethlehem was told once more.

And after the candles had burned down, sputtered and gone out, the front room was deserted in favor of the big kitchen, where all sorts of gay, romping games were played. Joyce, flushed and merry, wondered once or twice if the girls at Jean's Christmas party were having as much fun as she.

Presently Belinda, important and smiling above her snow-white apron, passed plates and napkins, and Joyce helped her serve the delicious cake and sandwiches and pour the tea and coffee. What a royal good time it was, and how jovial the old men were, and how vivacious the old ladies! Aunt Isabel and Uncle Ben were plainly happy, and so

could not be imagined than was his on the day before Christmas. Very early in the morning he and Joyce had driven off up into the hemlock woods and brought home in triumph a beautiful tree, tall, shapely and stout of branch. And it was Uncle Ben who set it firmly in a block of wood and bore it into the big front room. And it was Belinda, the "help," who popped great panfuls of snowy corn, and Aunt Isabel who sat in her red-covered rocking-chair and strung it into long festoons for the tree. And it was Joyce who filled the generous bags of lace-net she had made at home with candy, raisins and cracked nuts. And it was Joyce who twined long, spicy-smelling ropes of hemlock to swing from the ceiling and around the walls.

Belinda and Aunt Isabel retired to the kitchen, while Joyce was busy with Uncle Ben in the front room, and presently Belinda's cake-making skill was announced by delicious smells from the big oven, and Aunt Isabel sliced the pink ham and sandwiched it in between the daintily-thin buttered bread.

"We'll have tea and coffee both, Belinda," said Aunt Isabel, "and pass the things around." And Belinda, smiling broadly in pleased anticipation of the unusual thing which was about to happen, deftly spread the snow-white frosting over the big fruit cake she had allowed to cool.

"It will be nice, that's a fact," she said, energetically. "It's wonderful, ain't it, what just one girl can set a-going when she takes a notion!"

At seven o'clock the Promised Land people present themselves at Uncle Ben's front door. The old man, smiling with hospitality, beamed upon his guests and welcomed each one with a Joyce handshake. And next came a hearty with a bright word for every one and a smile and a happy welcome for each and every child. The young girls looked at Joyce in bashful admiration. How pretty she looked in her soft blue dress, with one of Aunt Isabel's geranium blossoms in her hair!

They came and came and Uncle Ben overflew with genial warmth, while Aunt Isabel, whose rheumatism kept her closely to her chair, smiled peacefully upon them all and never once thought of her bright rag carpet under all those snow-dampened feet. Uncle

Ben had made a fire in the big sitting-room fireplace, and around this the older folks gathered for a friendly visit.

At half-past seven Joyce opened the front room door and ushered the children and young people into the blaze and glory of the first Christmas tree some of them had ever seen. Right proudly did Joyce view the pretty scene, the hemlock-garlanded room, the wreaths above the pictures, but over all and crowning all the lovely tree, towering to the ceiling, aglow with the soft light of dozens of candles, agleam with snowy festoons of popcorn, golden oranges and bags of candies. Joyce had worked hard all day and was tired—at least she had been tired before the people came—but now as she looked into the happy faces and wondering eyes she felt that it had paid.

Who could tell of all the joys of that wonderful Christmas Eve! How astonished each boy was when Uncle Ben loudly read his name and handed down to his eager hands some mysterious parcel! How radiantly happy was each small girl who received some pretty thing from that wonderful tree! And no child was forgotten. And then they all shouted when Uncle Ben peered through his glasses at the parcels he found on the tree for himself! And how they all exclaimed when Joyce unfolded Aunt Isabel's bundle and laid a beautiful, soft, fleecy, white shawl about her shoulders! And then when Uncle Ben, who had privately invited a minister from the village, asked for a few Christmas remarks, they all listened reverently while that sweet old story of the Babe of Bethlehem was told once more.

And after the candles had burned down, sputtered and gone out, the front room was deserted in favor of the big kitchen, where all sorts of gay, romping games were played. Joyce, flushed and merry, wondered once or twice if the girls at Jean's Christmas party were having as much fun as she.

Presently Belinda, important and smiling above her snow-white apron, passed plates and napkins, and Joyce helped her serve the delicious cake and sandwiches and pour the tea and coffee. What a royal good time it was, and how jovial the old men were, and how vivacious the old ladies! Aunt Isabel and Uncle Ben were plainly happy, and so

could not be imagined than was his on the day before Christmas. Very early in the morning he and Joyce had driven off up into the hemlock woods and brought home in triumph a beautiful tree, tall, shapely and stout of branch. And it was Uncle Ben who set it firmly in a block of wood and bore it into the big front room. And it was Belinda, the "help," who popped great panfuls of snowy corn, and Aunt Isabel who sat in her red-covered rocking-chair and strung it into long festoons for the tree. And it was Joyce who filled the generous bags of lace-net she had made at home with candy, raisins and cracked nuts. And it was Joyce who twined long, spicy-smelling ropes of hemlock to swing from the ceiling and around the walls.

Belinda and Aunt Isabel retired to the kitchen, while Joyce was busy with Uncle Ben in the front room, and presently Belinda's cake-making skill was announced by delicious smells from the big oven, and Aunt Isabel sliced the pink ham and sandwiched it in between the daintily-thin buttered bread.

NEWS OF OHIO.

Gathered by Telegraph From All Parts of the State.

An Alleged Murderer's Will.
Bellefontaine, Dec. 19.—When Ernest Austin, now on trial on the charge of murdering his mother and brother, thought he was going to die, he made a will, which was witnessed by two neighbors. These men were made executors for the second clause of the will, which provided that in case of his death he should have a military funeral, be buried in the Atlantic ocean and have a salute fired over the place where the body was sunk. In the last section he bequeathed his estate, which consisted of a farm and all the stock on it, to the lodge of United American Mechanics at Mingo, of which he was a member.

A Minister's Statement.
Cleveland, Dec. 19.—Presiding Elder Fischer read an interesting paper at the meeting of the Methodist ministers Monday morning. He touched upon the condition of the Methodist church in the Cleveland and northern Ohio districts. His statistics showed that there was a decided falling off in the membership in the West Side churches and just the reverse is true of the churches on the East Side. Furthermore, the church has made little if any progress in the rural districts, he said.

Didn't Like the Proposed Change.
Cleveland, Dec. 19.—The last day in January, and thereafter regularly, the 4,000 men employed in the Newburg mills of the big trust, the American Steel & Wire Co., will be paid in checks, instead of in cash. The men are kicking vigorously over the new arrangement, and so are the merchants of Newburg. The officials of the company claim that the check plan is preferable, as it will save much time for the men, as well as the company.

Three Men Arraigned for Murder.
Medina, Dec. 19.—James, Sam and Henry Brant were arraigned Monday Justice before Goodwin on the charge of murdering Liles Cadnum, Sept. 18, 1893. The accused were brought before the justice singly and each pleaded not guilty. The accused demanded immediate trials and their hearings were set for next Friday morning. They will be defended by ex-Prosecuting Attorneys J. W. Seymour and Frank Heath.

Five Men Injured.
Cleveland, Dec. 16.—The falling of a floor Friday morning in the packing room and machine shop of the Ferro-steel Co., manufacturers of registers and flat irons, was attended with disastrous results. John Kohn, an unmarried man, was so badly injured that he will likely die, and four others were injured, one of them quite seriously. The latter is Mont Fox, aged 20 years, of Chagrin Falls.

Divorce Law Recommendations.
Columbus, Dec. 16.—The Ohio committee, acting in conjunction with committees of 40 other states for the purpose of formulating a uniform divorce law, is ready to file its report. It will recommend that divorce be granted on five grounds only—gross neglect of duty, infidelity, habitual drunkenness, imprisonment in the penitentiary, and a sentence to jail for more than three years.

Miners Will Demand More Pay.
Massillon, Dec. 16.—Delegates representing 2,000 miners in this district, report that they have been instructed to stand for an increase of ten cents in the price of mining this year. State Secretary Lewis says that the miners can get the increase and have the differential between machine and pick mined coal reduced to 12 cents.

Gibson to Go to Paris.
Cincinnati, Dec. 19.—Harry Gibson, of this city, the middle distance cycle champion of the world, having accepted an offer to ride at the Paris exposition, will leave July 15. Gibson will take with him Frank Mayo, of Boston, to handle him and run his motor cycle, and A. Flasher, of this city, as steersman.

The State's Paupers.
Columbus, Dec. 19.—According to statistics just completed by Secretary of State Kenney, Ohio counties, during the year ended in September, supported 31,480 paupers—15,698 in infirmaries and 15,602 otherwise. The cost of those in the infirmaries was \$885,111, and of those outside \$240,029.

Want the Decree Set Aside.
Toledo, Dec. 19.—George N. Thornton and F. J. Sawyer, two creditors, have filed a motion in United States court here to set aside the decree of Judge Taft, for the sale of the Clevelander railroad on February 15, 1900.

Death of Hon. W. V. Marquis.
Bellefontaine, Dec. 18.—Hon. William V. Marquis, who was lieutenant governor of Ohio under the Campbell administration, died of heart trouble in the office of Dr. Chalfant, upon whom he had called.

Will Build a Railroad.
East Liverpool, Dec. 16.—Final arrangements for the building of a railroad between this place and Lisbon, the county seat, have been completed.

Ore Shovelers' Strike Ended.
Ashtabula, Dec. 19.—Ore shovelers who struck for an advance will return to work to-day, accepting the scale of wages first offered.

Rated the Price of Furniture.
Columbus, Dec. 15.—At a secret session of the Ohio State Association of Furniture Manufacturers here it was decided to increase the price of case furniture, the only kind made by members of the association, 10 per cent. above the present list. The advance in the price of material is given as the cause of their action.

A Toledoan's Invention.
Toledo, Dec. 15.—A Toledo inventor has accomplished the casting of aluminum with sand, a result which inventors all over the country have been endeavoring to effect.

Have you heard
that there is a well-tried and scientific treatment for the cure of all chronic diseases by the

Inhalation of Compound Oxygen?
Its wonderful effect upon

ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, RHEUMATISM, CATARRH, HEADACHE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, BRONCHITIS, NEURALGIA, GENERAL DEBILITY

is well known to thousands who have been benefited after years of suffering and dis-appointment. To all those who have tried different remedies without success and have become discouraged, our Compound Oxygen Treatment comes, bringing hope and encouragement. It has restored many chronic sufferers.

Why not you?
Write for book at once, free.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN
1119 Girard St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A LOCAL AND CLIMATIC DISEASE

Nothing but a local remedy or change of climate will cure it. Get a well-known specific.

Ely's Cream Balm
(It quickly Absorbed Gives Relief at once, Opens and cleanses Nasal Passages, Alleviates Inflammation, Heals and protects the Membrane, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell, No Cocaine, No Mercury, No Iodine, No Drugs. Price 50c. at druggists or by mail. Trial Size 10c. by mail.)

Wm. S. BRYCE, 58 Warren St. New York

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.
Artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps, and all other results of imperfect digestion.

Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, Ill.

J. W. HOUGHTON, Druggist

Crown BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PUREST AND BEST MADE

POUNDS, 20 CTS.

SOLD BY ALL FIRST-CLASS GROCERS

PATENTS

DESIGNS TRADE-MARKS AND COPYRIGHTS OBTAINED

ADVICE AS TO PATENTABILITY Notion in "Inventive Age" FREE. Book "How to Obtain Patents" Charges moderate. No fee till patent is secured. Letters strictly confidential. Address: E. G. SIGGERS, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

YOU CAN PATENT

anything you invent or improve; also get CAVEAT, TRADE-MARK, COPYRIGHT or DESIGN PROTECTION, Send model, sketch, or photo. for free examination and advice.

BOOK ON PATENTS FREE. No Atty's fee before patent.

Write to **G. A. SNOW & CO.** Patent Lawyers, WASHINGTON, D. C.

For Bill Heads,
Letter Heads,
Fine Commercial
Job Work of All
Kinds,
Get Our Figures.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE IN CHICAGO AND NEW YORK

A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Co.

Wellington Secret Orders.

TRIBE OF BEN-HUR.
MELODIA COURT, No. 24, T. B. H., meets every second Monday evening of each month in Grand Army hall. Visiting members made welcome.
A. G. Wall, Chief.
E. Vanator, Scribe.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.
HAMILLY POST, No. 519, G. A. H., meets every second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month at Grand Army hall.
Visiting comrades are welcome.
A. W. Griggs, Commander.
C. Sage, Adjutant.

**WOODBINE CAMP, No. 60, meets each second and fourth Tuesdays of each month at Grand Army hall.
Visiting sovereigns welcome.
HOWARD HOLLENBACH, Camp Commander.**

CLAUDE E. Lebeck, Clerk.

ORDER OF CHOSEN FRIENDS.
LODGE No. 64, meets first and third Fridays of each month at Royal Arcanum hall. Visiting Chosen Friends welcome.
F. H. Phelps, Counsellor.
Mrs. L. A. Willard, secretary.

ROYAL ARCANUM.
LODGE No. 563 meets every second and fourth Mondays of each month at Royal Arcanum hall. Visiting members welcome.
E. W. Adams, Regent.
E. N. Goodwin, Sec'y.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.
Lorain Lodge, No. 231, meets every Tuesday night at Odd Fellows' Hall. Visiting members welcome.
J. O. Lang, Noble Grand.
R. T. Spicer, Recording Secretary.

WELLINGTON ENCAMPMENT, I. O. O. F., No. 247.
Meets on second and fourth Thursdays of each month at Odd Fellows' Hall. Visiting members welcome.
John Pember, Chief Patriarch.
A. H. Peirce, Scribe.

KNIGHTS OF THE MACCABEES.
Wellington Tent, No. 105, meets on the second and fourth Fridays of each month at Maccabees Hall. Visiting Knights welcome.
J. H. Youcum, Commander.
W. W. Helman, Record Keeper.

MASONIC.
WELLINGTON LODGE, No. 127, F. & A. M., meets Tuesday night on or before each full moon and two weeks thereafter.
W. W. Metzger, W. M.
F. G. Yale, Secretary.

**WELLINGTON CHAPTER, No. 109, R. A. M., meets on Tuesday night following each full moon.
E. R. Stannard, High Priest.
F. G. Yale, Secretary.**

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.
Wellington Lodge, No. 440, K. of P., meets every Friday night at K. of P. Hall. Visiting Knights welcome.
W. T. Burdick, Chancellor Com.
R. T. Spicer, Keeper of Records and Seals.

LADIES OF THE MACCABEES.
Wellington Hive, No. 89, meets on the first and third Friday nights of each month at Maccabees Hall. Visiting lady Maccabees welcome.
Mrs. Alice Youcum, Commander.
Mrs. Emma Coates, Record Keeper.

W. R. C.
Hamlin Relief Corps, No. 58, meets on the first and third Tuesday nights of each month at Grand Army Hall. Visitors welcome.
Mrs. H. A. Knapp, President.
Mrs. Ada Kerns, Secretary.

REBEKAHS.
Lillywood Lodge, No. 252, meets on the first and third Wednesday nights of each month at Odd Fellows' Hall. Visiting Rebekahs welcome.
Mrs. Bessie Wright, N. G.
Mrs. Frances Williams, Rec. Sec'y.

ORDER EASTERN STAR,
TEMPLE CHAPTER No. 103.
Meets on the first and third Wednesday nights of each month at F. & A. M. hall.
Mrs. Lettie Brink, W. M.
Ella Wadsworth, Sec'y.

MONEY To PATENT Good Ideas may be secured by our aid. Address, THE PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md. Subscriptions to The Patent Record \$1.00 per annum.



UNCLE BEN MET JOYCE AT THE TRAIN.

COMPARISONS NOT MADE.



Smythe—Was your Christmas a success?
Brown—I don't know; my wife hasn't heard from the neighbors yet.—Up T. Date.