



MASS' LETTER

The following lines appeared, anonymously, twelve years ago. Their republication is perhaps appropriate just now.
Christmas Day, just after dinner, eighteen hundred and seventy-nine,
Dear old Santa; Papa says that maybe if I drop a line
To you down in Santa Claus' land you will get it safe and sound,
And perhaps you'll bring an answer when you fetch the presents round.

We are perfectly discouraged, little Paul, and Prink, and me.
We're just as poor! What we shall do for New Year's I don't see,
Where we used to have whole dollars we have hard work coaxing dimes,
It's hard times, Papa tells us. Now Santa, what's had times?

One day, when we were asking what he hoped old Santa'd bring,
He kissed us three times round, and then he stretched like anything;
(Little Prink was on his shoulder, where she always clings)
"Christmas won't bring much to Papa, I'm afraid, except hard times."

Now we want a lot of money, because—why, the shops are beautiful—you've no idea, Santa Claus!
We've spoken and spoken about it just as sweet as peppermint,
But it ain't a bit of use; they don't know how to take a hint.

So Santa, when we're sleeping and you're creeping all about,
Remember! Put Pa's presents in, but leave the hard times out,
Please to excuse this letter (our first with pen and ink),
And keep a lot and lots of love from me, and Paul and Prink.

at this season. The box is full of toys; here is a rattle," and he drew it from the box, but the next instant he turned decidedly pale as he saw the carving and curious Chinese characters. In another moment the contents of Chris's box were being hastily overturned in an anxious search for some clue to the sender. The blotted little note was soon found, and an hour afterward the gentleman was on the train for Cherryville.

Perhaps you can guess the rest. Mr. Harvey, for that was the gentleman's name, was Chris's father. Through the carelessness of a nursery maid his baby son had been stolen several years before by gypsies. It was thought, probably in the hope of a reward, but they had evidently been frightened by the publicity of the search and had got rid of the child as soon as possible, and though rewards had been offered and most diligent hunt instituted no trace had ever been discovered until the rattle was found. A friend of the father had brought it from China and given it to the baby, and Mr. Harvey had recognized it at once, and now, full of hope, he was following up this clue. Nor was he disappointed, for the resemblance which Chris bore to Mr. Harvey was very striking, and when his adopted parents had told the date and the manner of his first appearance in Cherryville no one could doubt his identity with the stolen child. And so Christmas Day will be a very bright one to Chris (or Philip Harvey, as we must now call him.) He has an envelope laid away, which he takes out every now and then, and though it is a secret I will whisper to you that it contains the title deed of the house where Mr. Bartlett and his wife have lived for so many years. And this will be Philip's Christmas gift to those who cared for him when he came to them in a Christmas box.



oned on the stormy night, were fruitless, and soon the child had so endeared itself to the station-master and his wife that they could not bear to give it up. The old couple had but a small income on which to live and could ill afford to add to their expenses, so the neighbors advised them to send the child to an orphan asylum, but to this advice Mr. Bartlett shook his head.

"It's amazing how fond my wife is of the little chap. And he is cute, no mistake. Why bless you! he knows me and puts up his little fists every time I come into the room. No, I guess we'll manage to keep him somehow; we can't bear to send him off. Seems like giving away a Christmas present, don't it, mother?" and so the end of it was that little Chris Bartlett, as he was called, remained with the old couple.

All this happened some six or seven years ago, and now Chris is a sturdy little chap in knickerbockers. One rainy Sunday in November "Uncle Simeon," as Chris called Mr. Bartlett, sat reading the Sunday newspaper, and having obtained possession of the "Children's Page," Chris curled up in the window seat to enjoy it. After a few moments he jumped down and walked across the room to where Mrs. Bartlett sat.

"Aunt Maria," he began, "May I have a St. Nick box?"

"Have what?" exclaimed Mrs. Bartlett.

"Why a St. Nick box. It tells about it here. You take a box and put toys and things in it, and when Christmas comes you give it to some little boy or girl, or if you don't know any one, then you send it to New York and they give it to some one."

"Well I'm sure, you can have one if you like; but what will you find to put in it. We haven't been able to get you many toys."

"Oh, I'll find plenty of things," was the cheerful response, and many were the toys and trinkets that he tucked away during the week, so that it was not long before his box was full. In rummaging over the drawers in his little bureau he came across the carved ivory rattle which Aunt Maria had told him he used to enjoy so much when he was a baby.

"I'll put that in my box. I'll never want to play with it again, and may be the boy who gets my box will have a baby brother or sister. Aunt Maria won't care, and that will just make my box full, so I'll write a note and put inside, and then I'll surprise Aunt Maria by having it sent off before she gets back." Accordingly, with much labor and many blots the following note was written:

Dear St. Nick I am a little boy seven years old and this is for some poor boy for I don't know any body. I have put in my rattle for some poor baby. I had it when uncle Simeon found me out in the snow and I have lived in Cherryville ever since.

CHRIS BARTLETT.

This epistle was placed in the box, which was then tied up in brown paper, and Chris proceeded to write the address. "I didn't notice just what it said in the paper about the directions, but I will write 'To St. Nick, New York,' and that will be enough." When Aunt Maria came in from the Sewing Society the Christmas box was on its way to the great metropolis.

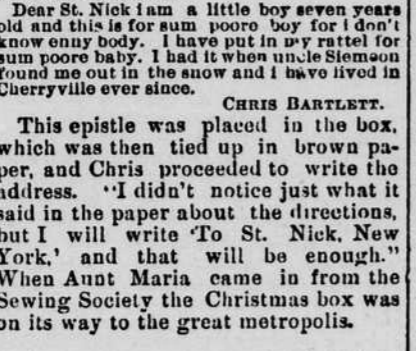
"Now, who in the world could have sent us that?" she ejaculated, "and what can it be?"

"Well, soon see," answered Mr. Bartlett, placing the box upon the table. "If I'm not much mistaken it's that soap-box of mine that was in the corner of the porch. Here's a shawl, anyway," he continued, as he lifted a large newspaper off the top of the box, disclosing to view a thick plaid shawl, but as he started to take this out something moved underneath it and the next instant a weak, little cry was heard. At this sound the good old couple dropped into their seats and gasped with astonishment and dismay.

"Bless my soul! Simeon, what does it mean?" ventured Mrs. Bartlett.

"What does it mean?" responded the old man wrathfully. "That's what it means," and he rose and, peering into the box, gingerly took hold of a corner of the shawl and pulled it back, uncovering a baby face, which stared at him gravely out of a pair of big brown eyes, and then, with quiver about the mouth, began to cry.

"There! there! Bless thy little heart!" began Mrs. Bartlett soothingly. At



"It does beat all, how many parcels people send only half tied up or misdirected!" said one of the post-office clerks wearily as he ran his fingers through his hair. "Now what do you make of that?" he asked a gentleman who stood by, pointing as he spoke to a pasteboard box whose sides were crushed and broken, and from whose top a tin horse protruded.

"It seems to be from a child," replied the gentleman, reading the address, and 'St. Nick' is a rather indefinite person

THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE.

Tramp (with an old school-book): "Say, mister, will you kindly tell me what letter this is?" Pedestrian: "Certainly. That's L. Can't you read?" "No, sir; but I'm tryin' ter learn, an' I shan't rest till I do, nuther." "I am delighted to find so laudible an ambition in one of your class. You have taken the right course at last." "Yes, sir. It's mighty rough on a traveler like me not ter be able to tell whether a sign says 'Beware of the Dog' or 'Free Lunch Opening.'" —*Street & Smith's Good News.*

Southern California Potatoes.

Railroad officials estimate the potato crop of southern California at 22,500 car-loads in the four counties of Los Angeles, Orange, San Bernardino and San Diego. This amount would net the growers at present prices about \$3,000,000.

WAS IT FUR OR FLUSH?

There was a fatherly old man among the passengers who landed from a West Shore railroad ferry-boat at the foot of Forty-second street, says M. Quad in the N. Y. Evening World, and some of his observations after getting into a cross-town car proved what an innocent-hearted old chap he was. The car stopped for a woman wearing a fur cape, and she sat down almost opposite him. He looked her over very carefully, and pretty soon leaned over and observed:

"My daughter Hanner has bin coaxin' me all the fall to buy her a cape like that. They do look purty stylish."

The wearer of the cape blushed and looked confused, as was proper under the circumstances, while the other passengers winked at each other and kept very quiet.

"I told her I'd see about it when I come to town," continued the old man as he bent over still further. "I s'pose they are purty comfortable, han't they?"

She blushed still more, and looked very nervous and uncomfortable, but he didn't notice it. He extended his hand, felt of the fur, and continued:

"I don't pretend to be posted on sich things. Is that real fur or only plush?"

"Sir!" exclaimed the woman as she rose and caught a strap and glared at him for thirty seconds before making for the platform.

He looked after her with open mouth and never uttered a word until she stepped off and the car started again. Then he turned to the man on his left and whispered:

"Land o' massy! but I just thought for a minute she was goin' to scratch and pull hair! What d'ye s'pose she got so all-fired mad about?"

SOLDIERS ATTEND SERVICE.

They Appeared Devout Enough to Satisfy the Most Exacting of Army Martinets.

Major Randlett of the Ninth Cavalry was a good soldier and a man of discipline, but he believed in allowing the men some sort of liberty so long as they remained within the bounds of reason. He never urged them to attend religious service, and there were a good many of them who never went. He seldom asked what they were doing when off duty, so long as he knew they would probably be ready when duty called them. One day his post was visited by a colonel commanding, and every one got ready to go on good behavior. There was no order, or anything of that kind, but it was well known the colonel disliked the general looseness of army morals, and particularly disliked seeing men and officers lounging about their quarters on Sunday, when they should be at church. He had spoken of the matter so often, that his views were so well known that Major Randlett resolved to win his approval, and then tell him how it was done.

So, on Saturday evening at retreat he issued an order that never had been issued before. All the companies were drawn up in line for roll-call, the first sergeants took their positions before them, and at the proper distance were the company officers. As his regulation distance from these stood the visiting colonel commanding the regiment. He listened to the strains of the band and approved them. He heard the sergeants call the roll and report in the swift military monotone that the companies were present or accounted for, and then he heard those same sergeants turn to the men and recite another order, retire to their posts and the parade ended. What the sergeant had said in that last moment he did not know, but supposed it was something about fatigue. He received the reports of the captains and dismissed the companies.

Next morning he was surprised to see what clean and tidy men Major Randlett had in his command. Every one of them had on clean clothes, whether or not on duty, and every one, when the time came, went up to the catholic church just beyond the reservation lines. There was no chaplain at the post. The colonel went to mass, as he was a devout catholic, and felt proud to be in the same army with a lot of men who kept the Sabbath so well and made themselves so tidy.

At dinner he asked Major Randlett how he had managed to bring his men into such a commendable habit, but Randlett only parried the question. Two years afterward, however, the two men met at a dinner in Washington and the colonel was telling of the excellent Sunday observance in Randlett's command. He could not speak in sufficiently high terms of that portion of the Ninth Cavalry.

"I'll tell you how that happened," said the major.

"How?" asked the colonel.

"Well, after the sergeants finished calling the roll that night I had them read the following order, which I was sure you would not be able to hear, and would probably not find on the books: 'All men not on guard who attend mass to-morrow morning will be excused from duty. All men who did not attend mass to-morrow morning are for fatigue.' And there was only one man who didn't go."

"Who was that?"

"A recruit who thought 'fatigue' meant resting."

RIGID RETRIBUTION.

Peter (at the gate)—"Name please!" Newly-Arrived Spirit—"David Duk-kats."

Peter (after inspection of the books)—"You was a bank cashier on earth?" Spirit—"Yes."

Peter—"You may be all right, but you must be identified, sir."—*Judge.*

There are six tunnels in the world which have a length exceeding 21,000 feet—St. Gothard, Mount Cenis, Hoosac, Severn, Nochtong, and Sutis. St. Gothard, the longest, is 48,840 feet; Sutis, the shortest, is 21,120 feet.

A DIFFERENCE IN CIGARS.

Street Urchin—Say, gim'me another one of them five cent cigars.

Dealer—By the way, there's a cracked ten cent cigar you can have at the same price. Paste paper around it and it will smoke all right.

Urchin—I can't smoke them ten cent cigars. There is made out of 'berbaker an' they makes me sick.

TO DISPEL COLDS,

Headaches and Fevers, to cleanse the system effectually, yet gently, when constive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, use Syrup of Figs.

—It took 60,000 cars to transport the grapes of the United States to market last year. The vineyards of this country represent an investment of \$155,000,000 and over.

THROAT DISEASES commence with a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat. "BU WAX'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" give immediate relief. SOLD ONLY IN BOXES. Price 25 cents.

—The interesting fact has been developed in the case of table glass that the much-admired iridescent film is slightly soluble in water.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3-inch display advertisement in this paper this week which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week from The Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word, and they will return you BOOK, BEAUTIFUL LITHOGRAPHS, or SAMPLE FREE.

—Sir Edwin Arnold says that the late Lord Lytton was the best after-dinner speaker he ever heard, and superior to our own Dr. Dewey at his best.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the Cough at once. Go to your Druggist today and get a FREE sample bottle. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

—Great Britain poured nearly 156,000 emigrants into the United States during the first seven months of the present year.

PLEASANT, WHOLESOME, SPEEDY. Three adjectives that apply to HALE'S HONEY OF HOUEHOUD AND TAR.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS Cure in one minute.

—Mr. Blaine's grandchildren, the Cop-pinger boys, are named respectively Blaine and Carnegie.

Special Care

Should be taken in the winter not to allow the blood to become depleted or impure, as if it does, attacks of RHEUMATISM or neuralgia are likely to follow exposure to cold or wet weather. Hood's Sarsaparilla is an excellent preventive of these troubles, as it makes the blood rich and pure, and keeps the kidneys and liver from becoming clogged with impurities. If you are subject to rheumatic troubles, take Hood's Sarsaparilla as a safeguard, and we believe you will be perfectly satisfied with its effects.

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did me more good than anything else I have ever taken." F. MILLER, Limerick Centre, Pa.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents.

More Power Needed.

Minister—I think we should have congregational singing.

Organist—Then we must have a new organ.

Why so?

This instrument isn't powerful enough to drown 'em out."

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENY & CO., Props. Toledo, Ohio.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WESS & THURX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

—Empor William's latest hunting expedition at Overstock was made in a carriage drawn by four white horses.

—George W. Childs' first hit in the public line was with "Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations," which yielded the author nearly \$70,000 within a year.

FTTS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Nervous cure. Treatise and 2500 trial bottles free to all cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 361 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

—Two bodies recently disinterred in an old cemetery in Allegheny, Pa., were found to be petrified. One had been buried five and the other two years.

For indigestion, constipation, sick headache, weak stomach, disordered liver—take Beecham's Pills. For sale by all druggists.

—The first thing a Japanese does in the morning is to take down the entire front of his building, leaving the whole of the interior open to view.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Perfectly Well.

FELLMOR, Dubuque Co., Ia., Sept. 1893.

Miss K. Finnigan writes: My mother and sister used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for neuralgia. They are both perfectly well now and never tire of praising the Tonic.

GREENE, Iowa, Oct. 10, 1890.

For nineteen years my daughter suffered from fits so that she could not even dress herself. On the 17th of March last she commenced using Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and it has cured her entirely. Accept many kind thanks and blessings; I cannot tell how happy I feel to think my child is cured.

MRS. THERESA KYLE.

I was suffering from nervousness, sleeplessness, and loss of memory, about two months ago I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and I attribute my recovery to this medicine; I am satisfied with its effect.

J. A. BAAB.

FREE—A valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This medicine has been prepared by Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle, 6 for \$5. Large Size \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.

DONALD KENNEDY

Of Roxbury, Mass., says

Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Horrid Old Sores, Deep Seated Ulcers of 40 years' standing, Inward Tumors, and every disease of the skin, except Thunder Humor, and Cancer that has taken root. Price \$1.50. Sold by every Druggist in the U. S. and Canada.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

The success of this Great Cough Cure is without a parallel in the history of medicine. All druggists are authorized to sell it on a positive guarantee, a test that no other cure can successfully stand. That it may become known, the proprietors, at an enormous expense, are placing a Sample Bottle Free into every home in the United States and Canada. If you have a Cough, Sore Throat, or Bronchitis, use it, for it will cure you. If your child has the Croup, or Whooping Cough, use it promptly, and relief is sure. If you dread that insidious disease Consumption, use it. Ask your Druggist for SHILOH'S CURE, Price 15 cts., 5 cts. and \$1.00. If your Lungs are sore or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster, Price 25 cts.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of oil has been removed.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EARLY DIETED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Special Care

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"August Flower"

What is this? This is the query perpetually on your little boy's lips. And he is no worse than the bigger, older, bald-headed boys. Life is an interrogation point. "What is it for?" we continually cry from the cradle to the grave. So with this little introductory sermon we turn and ask: "What is AUGUST FLOWER FOR?" As easily answered as asked: It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver. Nothing more than this; but this brings. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it will. We have reasons for knowing it. Twenty years ago it started in a small country town. To-day it has an honored place in every city and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country and sells everywhere. Why is this? The reason is as simple as a child's thought. It is honest, does one thing, and does it right along—it cures Dyspepsia.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

DO YOU COUGH?

DON'T DELAY TAKE

KEMP'S BALSAM

THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Influenza, Asthma, a certain cure for Consumption in its early stage, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the effect. Children are taking the first dose, sold by druggists everywhere. Large bottles, 50 cents and \$1.00.

DR. HARTER'S WILD CHERRY BITTERS

RELIEVES All Stomach Distress, REMOVES Nausea, Sense of Fullness, COAGULATION, REVIVES FAILING ENERGY, RESTORES Normal Circulation, WARMS TO THE TIRE.

DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED.

Mrs. Alice Maple, Oregon, Mo., writes "My weight was 250 pounds, now it is 130." Dr. O. W. SANDER, Med. Ex. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Our Improved Embroidering Machine sells in all parts of the U. S. Fine Embroidering with silk or satin threads. Colorful and lasting. 40 different patterns. Colored pattern book mailed free. For circulars and terms, write to THE PATENT MACHINERY CO., 125 Main Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

I WANT to exchange houses, lots and acres near Sioux City, and SOUTHERN LAND. For **WESTERN LANDS AND LIVE STOCK**. If you have ANYTHING to trade or sell, write A. L. BAKER, South Sioux City, Neb.

Double BREECH-LOADER \$7.50. All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for illustrated catalogue to THE POWELL & COY. Co., 156 Main Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

PIANOS—Highest grade, equals \$200 Upright Grand Pianos, sold wholesale, direct from Factory, \$150.00 up. Each magnificent, large 75 octaves, finest tone, three pedals, steel frame, guaranteed 7 yrs. Highest World's Award, Oct. 25, 1893. 30,000 use; 6 years in plain, Write cat. ANTISELL PLANO CO., MATAWAN, New Jersey.

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