

THE ADVERTISER.

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CHRISTMAS DAY.

Oh, Christmas dawning, flood the whole world over
With more than morning light;
Oh, day of days, to world-worn hearts dis-
cover
Once more life's dearest right—

The right of love to give—what higher bless-
ing
Can earth or Heaven know?
Since giving leaves unsought in our posses-
sion
Far more than we bestow.

Oh, Life of Lives, when we would turn to
borrow
Strength for the spirits' night,
Teach us that those who wear the crown of
sorrow
May win the inward light;

That empty hands may bring the richest giv-
ing.
If clasped in brotherhood;
That man's best gift to man is noble living,
If all were understood.

And when from changing strife of things
external
Our souls would seek release,
Help us to rain from unseen things eternal
Thine own exceeding peace.

—Grace S. Wells.

THE TWO SIDES OF A CHRISTMAS STORY.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Mrs. Hills' last words to her sister, at the door, were:

"Whatever you buy for Harry and Louise this Christmas, don't let it be anything that will make a noise, a mess or a litter, or that will cut, carve, mark or indent."

There were enough dolls to supply an orphan asylum, and furniture without end. As to Master Harry, he had tools, paints, a drum, gun, velocipede and a wagon. Books were out of the question, as they could not read, and pictures were a source of never-ending contention, because there must be a history to each.

Woe unto him who changed the slightest detail! If Miss Arabell was introduced as a "strawberry blonde," so she must remain; and Algernon Sidney must neither change his costume nor complexion.

One would feel flattered, by their close attention, into believing them really interested, but would soon find they were only watching for a slight error in statement, and be bidden to "wait till you can tell me what you know."

Christmas was a "movable feast" to these young ones with rich, indulgent parents, and a host of uncles and aunts. Both were beautiful children to look at, but whether they improved upon acquaintance depended on many things.

Little Mrs. White, their aunt, had started on a voyage of discovery for something nice that they did not have already, or that would neither make a noise, a mess or a litter. It is easy to imagine with what success.

The whole race of toy-makers since Adam have puzzled their brains to invent toys to please children, and have never given a thought to the big folks who pay the bills.

Poor lady! she returned home, having exhausted her time and the patience of many clerks, with Harry and Louise still unprovided for, and this Christmas Eve! There were so many things to put the finishing touches to for to-morrow, that Mr. White, when he came home from business, promised to go out and try his luck.

Just as the clock struck ten, and Mrs. W. was getting worried as to what could keep him, Mr. White returned, looking happy, but empty-handed. He would give no explanation, however, until he had put on his gown and slippers, and sat down with his feet on the fender. Then he told how either the new things had all been picked out, or that this year there had been nothing new; that while looking in a shop-window, in the hope of seeing something that would strike the fancy of those very-hard-to-suit young folks, his attention had been attracted by two half-clad, bright little girls, discussing the beauty of two dolls that they "had choosed when they were first put in the windy." The eldest suggested that "if father was alive, maybe he might have bought them for us."

Mr. White contrasted, in his mind, the two children for whose pleasure he had started out with these poor children—Harry and Louise unable to appreciate half they had, from having too much, and these little ones satisfied with just the sight of what others were to enjoy.

He made up his mind to have a little fun with the children, so he promised to go in and buy those very dolls, if they would watch and see that he got the right ones.

It was too funny to see their look of dismay, as he touched first one doll and then another. They must have thought him the dumbest man born. The little one was making her way through the window, so he had been forced to hit upon the right ones.

The dolls only came to three dollars, so he wrapped up a bright gold dollar and pinned to each, as an additional surprise; and when he took them out, sure enough the little ones were waiting.

Mr. White wished his wife could have seen the look of speechless wonder on the faces of those children, as he put the bundles in their hands. They never stopped for any explanation, but rushed down the street, evidently afraid it was not true.

Mrs. White agreed that "this was all very nice, but how about Harry and Louise? It won't do to forget them."

Mr. W. settled that by suggesting:

"They could take the children to see

the 'New Cinderella,' and, while they had them out, to let them buy their own presents."

And they both wondered why they had not thought of that before.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Mrs. MacGinnis sat by her scant fire, that blessed Christmas Eve, thinking of the weary year that had almost passed.

Her husband Tim, the boy Jimmy—besides her husband's father and mother—had sickened and died of typhus, or ship-fever, as she preferred to call it.

The room had looked so desolate that she hadn't the heart to refuse Maggie and Katie the comfort of the shop windows and all the brightness of out-doors. They would not be long gone, and no further than the big toy-store just around the corner, on Grand street.

All the afternoon they had talked of what they wished Santa Claus would bring them, until mother told them: "That Santa Claus was much like other people; he was more likely to give to them that had enough than to them that had nothing; but that they might go and see what he would take to other children that were no better than they."

When ten struck, Mrs. Mac began to wonder if she hadn't better go and hunt the children up. While deciding the question, she heard the front door slam, and the scamper of her little ones as they raced up the long flights of bare stairs.

They came in such haste, that, fearing some one was in pursuit, she took the light to the landing. The children neither heeded the light nor the caution: "Do be aisy, childer, and don't clatter the house down!" but, with hair flying and little tags of shawls held by an end in the mouth, they rushed into the dark room, disappointed that mother was not there to receive them.

Mrs. Mac followed as fast as the safety of the light would permit. Once, in, she beheld her little ones busily engaged in untying two large bundles.

She concluded that they had found some unfortunate's lost packages; but being a mother, she feared the worst, so she forbade them to "spake" and word till they told her how they came by them, for it would break her heart entirely if she thought they didn't come by them honest!

Each tried to talk the other down, but Maggie—the eldest by two years—held the floor.

Katie resolved herself into a "committee on amendment," and stood ready to indorse or modify.

This was Maggie's statement of how they happened to be in possession of two elegant "lady-dolls."

"Mother, we ran to the store—as you said we might—just to see if our dolls was took. Sure enough, they wasn't! and while we was talkin'—me and Katie—a gentleman that we hadn't noticed says to me, says he: 'If the dolls are yours, why don't you go in and get them?' We was ashamed for talkin' so any one could hear us, but I sez, sez I: 'We just choosed them when they was put in the windy.' He kinder laughed, quiet-like, and sez he: 'I just think of two little girls that would like those very dolls. You watch me when I go in for them, and see that I don't make a mistake; and sure mother, it was well for him we did, for, though they was the biggest and the puttiest in the windy, he put his hand or pointed to every blessed doll in that windy, and he didn't seem to see these big dolls at all. Why, Katie got that crazy with his blundering that she most broke the windy."

"At last he got the right ones; the lady took them down and into the back of the store, to wrap them up. We waited to see him come out with them just, when, before we knowed, he shoved a bundle at each of us, and sez he: 'Merry Christmas, and God bless you!' and we never stopped for nothin'! Oh, ain't they lovely, mother? and are you sure we ain't all dreamin'?"

Katie had not been idle while this was going on, but had made a close inspection of her doll, from head-dress to boot-heels. She found a little package securely pinned to the under-clothes, which she took to mother to unwrap; when beheld, a bright gold dollar was discovered!

Maggie was wild with excitement again, but she overlooked the little wad of paper a dozen times, and no one knows when she would have found it if the pin had not pricked her finger.

Both children at once decided that the dollars must be intended for mother's Christmas, but why did she cry?

She looked to them like the picture of some saint, as she dropped on her knees and prayed God to bless him and his—whoever he might be—that had given even them a chance for a merry Christmas.—Golden Days.

An interesting plan of French colonization, proposed by Prof. Boucher, of St. Paul, has just received the hearty indorsement of the Minnesota Legislature. It contemplates the settlement of a large community of French farmers upon lands owned by a company which is to advance the colonists money for their houses, tools, animals, etc., and gives them longer time and a moderate interest rate on the loan and on the purchase price of the ground. The colonists are to settle in villages and engage chiefly in the culture of flax, hemp and the sugar-beet. It is hoped that their example in diversifying the agriculture of the State will be extensively followed, to the advancement of the general prosperity of the people. General H. H. Sibley is to be the President of the colonization company.

—The most beautiful tropical birds for hat decoration come from the West India Islands.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Rev. A. W. Wild, of Leacham, Vt., replying to a charge of pulpit plagiarism, said it had long been his habit, as of other pastors, to have clippings from newspapers constantly on hand for free use, and he didn't propose to abandon it.

—It is a fact worthy of credit that the United States has as many institutions for the instruction of the blind as either Germany or England, and has more educational institutions for the deaf and dumb than any other country except Germany.

—Rev. O. P. Clinton, seventy-three years old, has traveled as missionary in Wisconsin, in saddle and buggy, over 70,000 miles, preached over 3,000 sermons and officiated at 300 funerals. Recently he rode sixteen miles in the saddle over terrible roads on Saturday to officiate at a funeral, preached twice the next day and rode twelve miles, and reached home Monday noon, making twenty-five miles, as good as new.

—The will of Francis P. Shoals, late President of the Broadway Savings Bank, New York, which was filed for probate a few days since, gives \$280,000 for charitable uses, including \$50,000 each to the Home and Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, \$25,000 each to the American Bible Society, American Tract Society and American Home Missions, \$10,000 each to the Presbyterian Association for the relief of Disabled Ministers and Families, the Presbyterian Home for Aged Women, the Board of Education of the Presbyterian Church, the New York Presbyterian Hospital, the Presbytery of New York for the extension of their church, the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church, and the American Seamen's Friend Society, and \$5,000 to the Hampton (Va.) Normal Institute.

—Bishop Whipple, who recently visited the Indian Mission at White Earth, says that in taking the offerings every man, woman and child came up and deposited the gift in the alms basin. He wants to know whether, if we had this custom, rich men would bring dimes and quarters. Bishop Whipple also visited Red Lake, where there is a flourishing Indian church, while three years ago there was not a single member. Five miles farther up the lake more than half the Indians are Christians, where hardly three years ago there was not a baptized person in the place. The Indian chief, who is an exemplary Christian and one of the noblest specimens of his race, has had much to do in bringing about this wonderful change. The journey into the Indian country, which lasted between two and three weeks, was concluded by a ride of seventy miles in a lumber wagon.

—Mr. Kimball, the great church-debt extinguisher, says that there are three stupendous calamities of churches. The first is a fund for the support of the preaching, so that the people who go to church need not pay. The second is the presence of one or two rich men, on whom everybody leans, and whose property the church feels at liberty to appropriate. The third is a debt, whether of the mortgaged or "floating" sort. Comparatively few churches are endowed with such a fund as Mr. Kimball mentions. When there is such an endowment, its operation is almost uniformly as he states. In a certain church, whose endowment is so great that the highest pew-rent was only four dollars a year, the members became so spiritually lazy that they had either to go to sleep or to quarrel. Rich men are more plenty than endowments, and are bonanzas to churches which properly use them and teach them how to give. For every church which has either rich men or endowment, there are twenty poor ones which have nothing but a debt. Kimball thinks all the churches ought to do business on a "C. O. D." basis, and then there would be no church debts.

Fearful Tale That a Telephone Told.

Two mighty hunters of Clifton. After a fruitless search for game in the neighborhood of St. Mary's, between Toledo and Dayton, during which they lost a valuable dog, they started home. From Dayton they telegraphed to the residence of one of them to have the family carriage sent to Cumminsville to meet their train. The message was delivered so late that the family contented themselves with telephoning to the livery and undertaking establishment in Cumminsville: "Meet Mr. M. and party at depot to-night." Express No. 3 was late that run, and it was near midnight of Friday last when, in the drenching rain, the nimble lighted at the station and looked around for the expected vehicle. A man in a rubber coat and cap and with whip in hand, approached and said: "Where is it?" "It—what," gasped Mr. S., a ghostly suspicion beginning to dawn upon him, as he discerned a long, low wagon, with a rubber awning drawn over it, standing near by. "Why, the body, of course," said the stranger, and the mistake became apparent. The hunters were angry. The undertaker's men were angry, also, and refused point blank to go to the stable for another conveyance, saying they had been waiting for hours under a message from the telephone station, which read: "Meet Mr. M. and body at Dayton express to-night." The hunters trudged home through the rain, carrying fifteen pounds of fish, and the usual effort has been made to keep the adventure quiet, it has failed.—Cincinnati Commercial.

—A fruit-raiser, saying that if the people want big, flavorless fruit, it must be raised for them, remarks that the great, handsome, high-colored California pears are in demand at high prices, notwithstanding the fact that they are as fine-flavored as basswood sawdust.

Sights on a Road in Palestine.

Congressman S. S. Cox writes as follows from Jerusalem:

The old marabout plain of the Philistines, which is another time for Palestine, lay along this coast, from Gaza northward, and it was considered a land worth struggles. This Joshua found. But in vain do we look for the "roses of Sharon and the lilies that grow" in this land so renowned once for its rosette beauty. Still, we are told that in the vernal season it is carpeted like a Texas prairie with flowers of various hue and loveliness. Along the dusty afternoon road we pass innumerable caravans of camels, led by Arabs on donkeys. The Arab generally sits on the remote point of the ascoyis of the animal, and without stirrups. He swings his bare brown feet and legs, while the little beast, like Julius, alongside of his father, trots *inopio pede*. Plenty of women, with faces here apparent, and in long, blue, cheap cotton mantles, and sometimes with head crowned with burdens of fruit, pitchers, straw or wood, are met in the way. Some ruins, mostly of churches, here and there appear, while square, windowless, Turkish guard-houses are seen at intervals, at whose doors are the white-dressed, fez-capped Turkish soldiers with guns and cigarettes. These are the police who are supposed to guard the road; but to our observation no guard is needed, except in the dark mountain passes, and there Turkish engineering has been careful to have as few guard-houses as possible.

There is not much to see on the road until you come to Ramleh. Beggars and backshish, and some old relics as crusading reminders are here, and one very conspicuous object. The latter is a square tower and winding staircase. It is off the road, and has a fine view of the surrounding country. It is over 1,000 years old, and has many Moslem associations. Ramleh has been the scene of much contest. Indeed, every little spot here in Judea is full of memories, from the time Israel came down from the Moab Mountains into the Jordan Valley. The road is not to be mentioned for its convenience and perfection, only for its historic, religious and aesthetic interest. It was built in 1869, by forced labor, and indeed its rough and stony incompleteness looks like anything but the result of cheerful work. It is supported by tolls, so much per head, on every animal on the road. One should not complain of the road when it is remembered that before 1869 there was not a bridle-path to Jerusalem. It is said that the Sultan promised the Empress Eugenie to build a road to Jerusalem if she would come that way, and this royal courtesy is the origin of the road.

Subjects for Charity.

"What I was gwine to remark," began Brother Gardner, in the Limekiln Club, "was to say dat de season has now arrove when de ery fur charity am heard in de land, an' people who hev a dollar to spare am 'spected to pass it ober to de poor. Fur de convenience of people whose hearts ache to do sunthin', I hev compiled a list of patients an' will furnish it free gratis on application. De man who loafs all summer an' begs his way frow de winter am on de list. De women who sells her clothing fur money to buy whisky am on de list. De families which support two or three dogs, a pig an' a dozen hens on de pie an' sweet-cake begged by de chill'en am on de list. On dat list I hev put down men who will hand a coat or vest ober de bar in exchange for drink. I hev put down men who spent deiry days in sleep and idleness when laborers were being paid twelve shilling a day. I hev put down families who sleep on straw an' live on bread an' water, an' yet if dey should be handed a dollar in money would use it all in purvidin' an oyster supper. If I had time I could make a list which would prove dat nine-tenths of de charity subjects in Detroit am de basest frauds, an' dat ebery dollar placed in de hands of de Oberseer of de Poo' am blackmail on taxpayers. When de father of a family kin airn from a dollar to twelve shillings per day, an' de mother from fifty cents to a dollar, what right hev dey to ask fur charity? If a man am old and poo' we hev a county house fur him. If a poor man am sick we hev hospitals. When a child am left an orphan we hev homes an' asylums.

"De hull subject am a fraud on workin' people. We am simply offerin' a premium on loafers, laziness and degradashun. Ebery time we hev increased our poo' fund we hev increased de number of beggars. Ebery dollar bestowed upon a beggar makes him hate work so much de harder. A child who sees his parents live by fraud and beggary am sartin to catch de same ideas and practice de same principles. Foiler de people seen de oftenest at de Poo' master's an' you will find neighborhoods whar' de most petty thev' am practiced an' de mos' hazziness am indulged in.

"When death enters de family of a workin' man he may want a loan. When a laborin' man meets wid an accident his income stops, and to tide him ober de gap am a bounden dooty. When charity goes beyond dat it supports fraud an' breeds vice."—Detroit Free Press.

—A curious question in criminal law has been raised in Berlin. A young woman, who is a confirmed opium eater, for the purpose of obtaining a supply of morphine, copied a prescription from a medical book and signed the name of a prominent German physician to it. The question now to be determined by the courts is whether this act constitutes the crime of forgery, for which she has been arraigned.

THE GUTTEAU TRIAL.

The Court opened at the usual hour, and Dr. McArthur again took the stand. Before proceeding with his testimony Mr. Scoville objected to the character of the evidence given by the witness with regard to Gutteau's moral character. The Court ruled that the evidence could be admitted as tending to show the prisoner's general character. Gutteau here broke out into one of his noisy harangues, and expressed his opinion of Dr. McArthur in terms not at all delicate. During the cross-examination of witness both Scoville and Gutteau became quite angry and excited, but were unable to shake the testimony in chief. W. S. Caldwell, a physician, testified that he treated the prisoner's father during his last illness, and never detected any evidence of mental unsoundness. George W. Plummer allowed the prisoner to occupy deck room in his office. During his testimony Gutteau continually interrupted him, until the witness became indignant, and, turning to the prisoner, said: "It seems that your close relations with the Deity of late have corrupted your manners," at which the prisoner laughed heartily. Witness had never seen any indication of insanity in Gutteau. He seemed to be a man of ability, but was vain and conceited, but then he had "late from New York City" printed on his card, and witness expected the rest. This sally convulsed the court, and Gutteau declared that when Gutteau was confined in Ludlow Street Jail in New York City he swindled the prisoners right and left, by promising to help them, getting their money, and then never raising a finger for their behalf. Witness thought the prisoner a remarkably clear-headed, shrewd lawyer, and never saw any evidence of insanity. Warren G. Brown, of New York City, was counsel for Mrs. Gutteau in obtaining a divorce from the prisoner, and considered him perfectly sane. Gutteau again loudly declaimed against the introduction of evidence relating to his moral character. He said the only question to be considered was whether or not the Deity fired the shot that killed the President. Charles Stuchle testified that prisoner had collected a number of claims for one of his clients aggregating \$55.12 but would not settle up. Witness saw Gutteau sharp and rational, but dishonest. Senator Harrison, of Indiana, had seen Gutteau, who had asked for his assistance in obtaining an office. Saw nothing in his appearance or conduct that caused in his (witness's) mind the conclusion of the man's sanity. D. McLean Shaw testified that Gutteau had told him he was bound to have notoriety some way or other. He might kill some big game and imitate Wilkes Booth, and get hanged, and then his execution occurred in witness's office in New York. He said he was bound to be notorious—that the world owed him a living and he would get it. During this witness's testimony, Gutteau was greatly excited and told him plainly that he was a lying whelp, etc. Here the Court adjourned until the 12th.

The Gutteau trial was resumed on the 12th. Dr. E. C. Spitzka, of New York, testified, in behalf of the defense, that he was an expert in nervous and mental diseases, and had been called to testify about twenty-five times. He had examined the prisoner in jail the day before, and arrived at the conclusion that he was insane. He had no doubt that he was a moral imbecile or a moral monstrosity, and thought he was insane on the 2d of July. The cross-examination was directed to witness's practice and standing as an expert, and developed the fact that he was a professor in a veterinary school. Witness stated that he visited the prisoner under an assumed name and examined him unawares. In answer to a question whether the prisoner was able to distinguish between right and wrong witness declined to express an opinion as to his moral responsibility, but from his examination of the prisoner he was of opinion that since he (the prisoner) had been a lawyer he has always known the ordinary legal consequences of criminal acts. During the cross-examination of the witness Gutteau constantly interrupted the prosecution and declined to keep quiet when so ordered by the Court and the officers. The cross-examination was still pending when the hour of adjournment was reached.

On the 13th the cross-examination of the veterinary professor, Dr. Spitzka, was resumed. Witness gave his reasons for considering the prisoner insane. Gutteau became quite violent and rated the District-Attorney roundly. He then alluded to Rev. Mr. Talmage, and said that he had better go slow in his abuse of him (prisoner), as he thoroughly knew Mr. Talmage's record and would expose it. After recess, L. S. Gould, a New York insurance agent, testified that he had employed the prisoner to solicit for him. He had been swindled out of \$25 by him. Did not consider him insane. Dr. Fordyce Baker, of New York, testified that he did not consider the prisoner insane. In answer to a question by Mrs. Scoville he said a man could not be born insane. He might be born an idiot. Insanity was an acquired state after birth. H. T. Ketchum, a New York physician, related that Gutteau, in 1873, obtained money by false pretenses. Henry Wood, of Philadelphia, had known the prisoner for some years, and never saw anything to indicate that he was of unsound mind; always thought him a man of rare intelligence. S. B. Phillips knew Gutteau in Chicago, and never thought him insane. The Court here adjourned.

On the 14th Dr. John L. Withrow, of Boston, was called by the prosecution, and testified that he was pastor of the Park Street Church in that city. Witness said prisoner desired to deliver a lecture in that church in reply to a lecture delivered by Ingersoll, but he declined to have the church used for that purpose. He had never seen the slightest indication of unsoundness of mind in Gutteau, and thought him possessed of unusual cunning. The prisoner generally took part in the discussions in the church, and was always critical and accusative. During this witness's testimony, Gutteau interrupted him, and said that he was not in court to save his neck from the gallows, but for vindication, for justice and for right. Charles A. Bryan, of the New York Equitable Life Insurance Company, testified that he had employed Gutteau as a solicitor for him, and that he had swindled him. He considered him sane. Henry M. Collier related an instance where Gutteau collected \$175 and failed to pay it over. He considered the prisoner a thief and a scoundrel, but sane at this point one of the jurors complained of illness, and the Court adjourned.

AS SOON as the Court opened on the 15th Gutteau made a short address wherein he advised the Court to order the jury out for a three-mile walk before breakfast every morning, as a remedy for possible indigestion. Henry M. Collier was recalled and testified that he had never seen any signs of insanity in the prisoner. He was perfectly competent to distinguish between right and wrong. J. M. Justice, of Logansport, Ind., said he knew Gutteau in 1878, when he was suing the "Life of Moody." He was apparently sane at that time. Rev. B. B. Shippen, pastor of All Souls Church, Washington, boarded at the same house with Gutteau from April last until the day before the murder, and saw no evidence of insanity. Mrs. Dumaire, formerly the wife of the prisoner, then took the stand and testified that she was married to the prisoner in July, 1889. Mr. Scoville objected to her further testimony unless the proof of her divorce were shown, and the witness was temporarily withdrawn. Dr. Noble Young, the jail physician, testified that he had held numerous conversations with the prisoner since his confinement. He considered him a perfectly sane and intelligent man. General Joseph S. Reynolds, of Chicago, had visited the prisoner in the jail twelve days after the assassination. Prisoner expressed a perfect knowledge of the crime, and said that he had not defended the act of killing the President. After recess, Mr. Corkhill offered in evidence an application of the prisoner for a life insurance policy, in which he stated that there had never been any insanity in the Gutteau family. Mr. Reynolds was further examined, and stated that when he called upon Gutteau a second time he wrote an address to the American people. The original draft of the address was then read and duly commented upon by Gutteau. On the cross-examination General Reynolds said he had been paid his expenses—amounting to \$25—during the time he secured the evidence of Gutteau. At the conclusion of the examination the Court adjourned.