THE ADVERTISER

Subscription, \$2.00 per Year, in Advance.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Into the silent walting East There cometh a shining light-Far, far, Far, far, Through a dull gray bar Closing over a dying star That watched away the night— Rise, trise, shine and glow. Over a wide white world of snow, Sug of the Christmas-tide l.

Out of the Northland bleak and bare, . Out of the Northland bleak and bare, O wind with a royal roar, Fly, ity, Through the broad-arched sky, Flutter the snow, and rattle and cry At every silent door— Loud, loud, till the children heav, And meet the day with a ringing cheer; "Hall to the Christmas-tide!"

Out of the four great gates of day A tremulous music swells; A tremulous music swells; Hear, hear, Now sweet and clear. Over and under and far and near, A thousand happy bells: Joy, joy, and jubiles! Good-will to men from sea to sea, This morry Christmastide! This merry Christmas-tide! Lo! in the homes of every land The children reign to-day: They alone. With our hearts their throne, And never a scepter but their own Small hands to rule and sway! Peace, peace - the Christ-child's love-Flies over the worki a white, white dove, This happy Christmas-tide! -Indiet C. Marsh.

- In HOW IT ALL HAPPENED, A Christmas Story.

It was a small room, with nothing in it but a bed, two chairs and a big chest. A few little gowns hung on the wall, and the only picture was the wintry sky, sparkling with stars, framed by the uncurtained window. But the moon, pausing to peep, saw something pretty and heard something pleasant. Two heads in little round night-caps lay on one pillow, two pairs of wideawake blue eyes stared up at the light. and two tongues were going like mill-

clappers. "I'm so glad we got our shirts done in time! It seemed as if we never should, and I don't think six cents is half enough for a great red flannel thing with three button holes-do said one little voice, rather you? wearily.

"No. but then we each made four, and lifty cents is a good deal of money. Are you sorry we didn't keep our quar ters for ourselves?" asked the other voice, with an undertone of regret in it.

they don't expect anything, and will be so surprised. I wish we had more toys to put on it, for it looks so small and mean with only three or four things.

babies won't know how cheap they are, to look their best. but like them as much as if they cost heaps of money."

Chrome and Miss Kent. I shall go round every Christmas with a big basket of goodies, and give all the poor children some.'

"P'r'aps if we sew ever so many flannel shirts we may be rich by the by. I should give mother a new son-net first of all, for I heard Miss Kent say no lady would wear such a shabby one. Mrs. Smith said fine bonnets didn't make real ladies. I like her best, but I do want a locket like Miss Kent's."

"I should give mother some new rub-bers, and then I should buy a white apron, with frills like Miss Kent's, and bring home nice bunches of grapes and good things to eat, as Mr. Chrome does. I often smell them, but he never gives me any; he only says: 'Hullo, chick!' and I'd rather have oranges any time." "It will take us a long while to get

rich, I'm afraid. It makes me tired to think of it. I guess we'd better go to sleep now, dear."

"Good-night, Dolly." "Good-night, Polly." Two soft kisses were heard, a nestling sound followed, and presently the little sisters lay fast asleep, cheek against cheek, on the pillow wet with their tears, never dreaming what was going to happen to them to-morrow. Now Miss Kent's room was next to

theirs, and as she sat sewing she could forgot to whisper. At first she smiled, then she looked sober, and when the prattle ceased she said to herself, as she glanced about her pleasant chamber:

"Poor little things! they think I'm rich, and envy me, when I'm only a milliner earning my living. I ought to and went to her lonely room again, have taken more notice of them, for smiling as she thought how she could their mother has a hard time, I fancy, but never complains. I'm sorry they heard what I said, and if I knew how to do it without offending her. I'd trim a nice bonnet for a Christmas gift, for she is a lady, in spite of her old clothes. I can give the children some of the things they want, anyhow, and I will. The idea of those mites making a fortune out of shirts at six cents apiece!"

Miss Kent laughed at the innocent delusion, but sympathized with her little neighbors, for she knew all about hard times. She had good wages now. but spent them on herself, and liked to be fine rather than neat. Still, she was a good-hearted girl, and what she had overheard set her to thinking soberly, then to acting kindly, as we shall see.

"If I hadn't spent all my money on my dress for the party to-morrow night, I'd give each of them a half-dollar. As and kind deeds often come back to the cannot, I'll hunt up the other things they wanted, for it's a shame they "Yes, I am, till I think how pleased shouldn't have a bit of Christmas, when the children will be with our tree, for they tried so hard to please the little ones.

As she spoke she stirred about her room, and soon had a white apron. an bies fast asleep in their trundle-bed, old carnelian heart on a fresh blue rib- with nothing to give but love and kissbon, and two papers of bonbons ready. "It won't hold any more, so I As no stockings were hung up, she laid would take it into her head that her soundn't worry about it. The toys are a clean towel on the floor before the kittens were in danger, because Mrs. clean towel on the floor very red and yellow, and I guess the door, and spread forth the small gifts Miss Kent was so busy that she did But she must have understood, for not hear a step come quietly up stairs, and Mr. Chrome, the artist, peeped at mother went patting up stairs to the spoke the four blue eyes turned toward her through the balusters, wondering children's door, meaning to hide her the chest under the window, and the what she was about. He soon saw, and babies under their bed, sure they would kind moon did her best to light up the watched her with pleasure, thinking save them from destruction. Mrs. watched her with pleasure, thinking save them from destruction. Mrs. that she never looked prettier than | Blake had shut the door, however, so Presently she caught him at it. and up with bits of coal, and hung with a hastened to explain, telling what she few penny toys earned by the patient had heard, and how she was trying to there, and kept them warm all night, fingers of the elder sisters, that the lit- atone for her past neglect of these with her head pillowed on the blue atone for her past neglect of these with her head pillowed on the blue young neighbors. Then she said good- mittens. night, and both went into their rooms, light, the broken branch, with its she to sleep happily, and he to smoke as usual. But his eye kept turning to some of the "nice little bundles" that lay on his table, as if the story he had heard ones to dress while mother got the suggested how he might follow Miss Kent's example. I rather think he would not have disturbed himself if he had not heard the story told in such a soft voice, with a pair of bright eyes people had taken in their gifts, so full of pity looking into his, for little girls were not particularly interesting twelve she already knew something of to him, and he was usually too tired to ed in the night. Puss had left the kits notice the industrious creatures toiling asleep, and gone down to get her own up and down stairs on various errands, or sewing at the long red seams. Now that he knew something of their small troubles, he felt as if it would white bibs and boots on, and white tips please Miss Kent, and be a good joke, to do his share of the pretty work she had begun. So presently he jumped up, and, opening his parcels, took out two oranges and two bunches of grapes, then he looked up two silver half-dollars, and stealing into the hall, laid the fruit upon the towel, and the money atop of the oranges. This addition improved the display very much, and Mr. having any Christmas, she felt so sorry Chrome was stealing back well pleased, about it." when his eye fell on Miss Kent's door. have a little surprise, for she is a dear, kind-hearted soul."

stairs again: "They remembered the children, so I'll remember them, and have my share of the fun."

was generous, though her pastry was not of the best. It looked very droll to see pies sitting about on the thresholds of closed doors, but the cakes were quite elegant, and filled up the corners sic to hear them. of the towel handsomely, for the apron This was a very lay in the middle, with the oranges right and left, like two sentinels in yellow uniforms.

It was very late when the flicker of a candle came up-stairs, and a pale lady, with a sweet sad face, appeared, bringing a pair of red and a pair of blue mittens for her Dolly and Polly. Poor Mrs. Blake did have a hard time, for she stood all day in a great store that she might earn bread for the poor children who stayed at home and took care of one another. Her heart was very heavy that night, because it was the first Christmas she had ever known without gifts and festivity of some sort. But Pitkin, the youngest child, had been ill, times were very hard, the little mouths gaped for food like the bills of hungry birds, and there was no tender mate to help fill them.

if any elves had been hovering about the dingy hall just then they would have seen the mother's tired hear the children's talk, for they soon face brighten beautifully when she discovered the gifts, and found that her little girls had been so kindly remembered. Something more brilliant than the mock diamonds in Miss Kent's best ear-rings fell and glittered on the dusty floor as Mrs. Blake added the mittens to the other things smiling as she thought how she could thank them all in a sweet and simple

> Her windows were full of flowers, for the delicate tastes of the poor lady found great comfort in their beauty. "I have nothing else to give, and these will show how grateful I am," she said, as she rejoiced that the scarlet geraniums were so full of gay clusters, the white chrysanthemum stars were all out, and the pink roses at their loveliest.

They slept now, dreaming of a sunny morrow as they sat sately sheltered from the bitter cold. But that night was their last, for a gentle hand cut them all, and soon three pretty nosegays stood in a glass, waiting for dawn, to be laid at three doors, with a few grateful words which would surprise and delight the receivers, for flowers were rare in those hard-working lives, givers in fairer shapes than they go.

Now one would think that there had been gifts enough, and no more could possibly arrive, since all had added his or her mite except Betsey, the maid, who was off on a holiday, and the bawith nothing to give but love and kisses. Nobody dreamed that the old cat

their going, having discovered how the hard-earned quarters had been spent. This was such unhoped-for bliss that So up went the pies, for Mrs. Smith they could hardly believe it, and kept had not much to give, and her spirit smiling at one another so brightly that smiling at one another so brightly that people wondered who the happy little girls in shabby cloaks could be who clapped their new mittens so heartily, and Lughed till it was better than mu-

This was a very remarkable Christ-mas day, and they long remembered it; for while they were absorbed in the fortunes of the Marquis of Carabas and the funny cat, who tucked his tail in his belt, washed his face so awkwardly, and didn't know how to purr, strange things were happening at home, and more surprises were in store for our little friends. You see, when people once begin to do kindnesses, it is so easy and pleasant they find it hard to leave off; and sometimes it beautities them so that they find they love one another very much-as Mr. Chrome and Miss Kent did, though we have nothing to do with that except to tell how they made the poor little tree grow and blos-

They were very jolly at dinner, and talked a good deal about the Blakes, who ate in their own rooms. Miss Kent told what the children said, and it touched the soft spot in all their hearts to hear about the red shirts, though they laughed at Polly's lament over the bird with only one feather in its tail.

"I'd give them a better tree if I had any place to put it, and knew how to trim it up," said Mr. Chrome, with a sudden burst of generosity, which so pleased Miss Kent that her eyes shone like Christmas candles, and she said:

"Put it in the back parlor. All the Browns are away for a week, and we'll help you trim it-won't we, my dear?" cried Mrs. Smith, warmly, for she saw that he was in a sociable mood, and thought it a pity that the Blakes should not profit by it.

"Yes, indeed; I should like it of all things, and it needn't cost much, for I have some skill in trimmings, as you knew." And Miss Kent looked so gay and pretty as she spoke that Mr. Chrome made up his mind that millinery must be a delightful occupation.

"Come on then, ladies, and we'll have a little frolic. I'm a lonely old bachelor, with nowhere to go to-day, and I'd like some fun.'

They had it, I assure you; for they all fell to work as busy as bees, flying and buzzing about with much laughter as they worked their pleasant miracle. Mr. Chrome acted more like the father of a large family than a crusty bache-lor, Miss Kent's skillful fingers flew as they never did before, and Mrs. Smith trotted up and down as briskly as if she were sixteen instead of being a stout old woman of sixty.

The children were so full of the play, and telling all about it. that they forgot their tree till after supper; but the seed from which the little pine-tree grew so quickly and beautifully.

When the moon came to look in at window on her night

FACTS AND FIGURES.

-In some parts of France boiled apple pulp is mixed with flour for bread

-The fast trains between Chicago and New York now make an average run of about thirty-five miles per hour. --An extensive establishment for the manufacture of macaroni, vermicelli, and all other sorts of Italian pastry in Philadelphia has seriously damaged the importations of such articles from Italy.

-The phosphate royalty of South Carolina, at \$1 a ton (which royalty is paid on only the phosphate rock obtained in the rivers and navigable streams of the State), amounted in the last fiscal year to the sum of \$121,541.

-A tool that weighs 120,000 pounds has just been made at a Wilmington (Del.) machine-shop for an Alliance (O.) iron company. It is a huge planing-machine, capable of planing a sheet of iron ten feet wide and twentyfour feet long.

-An English resident of Chili says that people on the island of Chiloe make the potato a staple article of food, and think that outsiders neither know how to raise good potatoes nor to cook them well. Potatoes there are so mealy that they fall to pieces in cooking, and when roasted in hot ashes the inside is much like flour when the skin is broken. But there is plenty of rain in Chiloe.

-It yearly takes 200,000 acres of forest to supply cross-ties for the rail-roads of the United States. It takes 15,000,000 ties to supply the demand, for which on an average the contractors get thirty-five cents apiece, making in the aggregate \$5, 250,000. In building a new road the contractors figure on 2,700 ties to the mile, while it takes 300 ties to the mile to keep a constructed road in repair. The average of a good piece of timber land is 200 trees to the acre and 12 ties to the tree. White or burr oak is con-sidered the best timber for the purpose. although cherry, maple, ash, and even locust have been used. The business gives employment to an army of choppers, who are paid ten cents apiece for each tie. A single man has been known to get out thirty-five ties in a day, yet the average is only ten. while an expert will probably get out twenty.

-In China machinery for coal mining to lighten labor is unknown. The Chinese have not even an idea of the pumps indispensable to draw off the water. If local circumstances allow they cut drainage galleries; if not, they abandon the work whenever the inundation has gained too far upon them. The mattock and shovel, the pick and the hammer are the mining instruments -the only ones in fact, which the Chinese employ in working the coal. The water of the mine is emptied by a slow process of filling small casks, which are brought up to the surface by manual labor. The coal when mined is put into baskets and drawn upon sledges. which are raised to the surface by man-

This was a cheery voice, and as it tiny tree standing there. A very pitiful little tree it was-only a branch of now. hemlock in an old flower-pot, propped tle ones should not be disappointed.

But in spite of the magical moonscanty supply of fruit, looked pathetically poor, and one pair of eyes filled slowly with tears, while the other pair lost their happy look, as if a cloud had come over the sunshine.

"Are you crying, Dolly?" "Not much, Polly."

"What makes you, dear?"

"I didn't know how poor we were till I saw the tree, and then I couldn't help it," sobbed the elder sister, for at the cares of poverty, and missed the happiness that seemed to vanish out of all their lives when father died.

"It's dreadful. I never thought we'd have to earn our tree, and only be able to get a broken branch, after all, with nothing on it but three sticks of candy, two squeaking dogs, a red cow, and an ugly bird with one feather in its tail;" and overcome by a sudden sense of destitution, Polly sobbed even more despairingly than Dolly.

"Hush, dear; we must ery softly, or mother will hear, and come up, and then we shall have to tell. You know we said we wouldn't seem to mind not

"I must cry; but I'll be quiet."

So the two heads went under the pillow for a few minutes, and not a sound betrayed them as the little sisters oried softly in one another's arms, lest mother should discover that they were no purple grapes, tucked a sentimental honger careless children, but brave note underneath, and leaving it on her young creatures trying to bear their share of the burden cheerfully.

When the shower was over, the faces came out shining like roses after rain, and the voices went on again as before. "Don't you wish there really was a Santa Claus, who knew what we wanted, and would come and put two silver half-dollars in our stockings, so we Miss Kent, she is such a giddy girl, nor could go and see "Pussin Boots" at the of Mr. Chrome, he is so busy with his Museum to-morrow afternoon?"

any stockings, you know, because give them candy now and then."

threshold, crept away as stealthily as a burglar.

The house was very quiet when Mrs. the gas. "Well, upon my word, here's his name is on this bit of paper," said fine doings, to be sure!" she said, when | Dolly. she saw the state of the upper hall. "Now I wouldn't have thought it of

Smith had said she thought they were nearly old enough to be given away. when all was dark and still the anxious

poor Puss was disappointed; but find-

ing a soft, clean spot among a variety of curious articles, she laid her kits

In the cold morning Dolly and Polly got up and scrambled into their clothes, not with joyful haste to see what their stockings held; for they had none, but because they had the little breakfast.

Dolly opened the door, and started back with a cry of astonishment at the lovely spectacle before her. The other nothing destroyed the magnificent effect of the treasures so curiously collectbreakfast, and there, in the middle of the ruffled apron, as if in a dainty cradle, lay the two Maltese darlings, with to the tiny tails curled round their little noses in the sweetest way.

Polly and Dolly could only clasp their a minute; then they went down on their knees and reveled in the unexpected richness before them.

"I do believe there is a Santa Claus, and that he heard us, for here is every- prove of inestimable value to medical thing we wanted," said Dolly, holding the carnelian heart in one hand and the plummy one in the other.

"It must have been some kind of a and he said to himself: "She, too, shall fairy, for we didn't mention kittens, but from the State-prison until the expirawe wanted one, and here are two darlings," cried Polly, almost purring (unless pardoned out), exclusive of the with delight as the downy bunches un- time he has been in solitary confine-In his room was a prettily painted with delight as the downy bunches un-plate, and this he filled with green and rolled and gaped till their bits of pink tongues were visible.

vents the convict from getting his term "Mrs. Smith was one fairy, I guess, and Miss Kent was another, for that is her apron. I shouldn't wonder if Maine the law mentioned has been Mr. Chrome gave us the oranges and strictly obeyed. A thief who was in-Smith, the landlady, came up to turn of the money; men always have lots, and subordinate was lately kept 144 days in-

"Oh, I'm so glad! Now we shall cover, the statute being unconstituhave a Christmas like other people, and I'll never say again that rich folks tional. of Mr. Chrome, he is so busy with his don't remember poor folks. Come and own affairs. I meant to give those chil- show all our treasures to mother and "Yes, indeed; but we didn't hang up dren each a cake to-morrow, they are the babies; they must have some," an- designed for Cornelius Vanderbilt's any stockings, you know, because such good little things. I'll run down swered Polly, feeling that the world stable. New York, the front of the swered Polly, igeling that the world was all right, and life not half as hard as she thought it last night. Stable boys' apartments, something very unique in the terra cotta line--the huge

take two small girls to the play, and plums. There was a goodly array of the afternoon Dolly and Polly went to from whence this information comes. pies on the shelves, and she took two the Museum, and actually saw "Puss says the stable outshines those of the "I shall when I'm rich, like Mr. of them, saying as she climbed the in Boots;" for their mother insisted on Boman Emperors.

smiling faces lay on the pillow, which was no longer wet with tears, but rather knobby with the mine of riches hidden underneath -- first-fruits of the neighborly friendship which flourished in that house until another and a merrier Christmas came.-Louisa M. Alcott.

Electric Light in the Stomach.

The Vienna Neue Freie Press gives an account of an instrument invented by Dr. J. Mikuliez, instructor at the University, which enables a physician to subject every part of a patient's stomach to an ocular inspection. It consists of a tube which is thrust down the throat after the manner of the swordswallowing jugglers. The tube contains an isolated conductor of electricity, two water-canals, an air-canal, and a wide opening for the optical apparatus. The stomach is emptied by means of a stomach-pump previous to the introduction of the apparatus, and is then inflated through the air-tube. At the bottom of the tube are two windows, one on each side, through which the walls of the stomach can be seen, the requisite light being furnished by an incandescent platina coil which is connected with the conductor. In order that the examination may not be disturbed by coughing or vomiting on the part of the patient, he is treated to a dose of morphine which enables him to hands and look in rapturous silence for endure the presence of the instrument for ten or fifteen minutes, while retaining sufficient conscionsness to converse with the physician by means of signs It is apparent that this instrument will science.

--Maine has, since 1824, had a law

that no convict shall be discharged

tion of the full term of the sentence

ment for violating the prison rules. In

other States bad behavior merely pre-

shortened for good behavior, but in

ual strength. Each basket contains about three pounds of coal, and one man can raise about twelve cwt. per day. The wages paid per day are equal to seventy-six cents.

WIT AND WISDOM.

-How a man decides where he will build his house-By lot.-Lowell Courier.

-If a fellow goes skating for the first time he can never tell what's going to turn up.-N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

-A good meal for a fast man-Hasty pudding.-Boston Courier. A good lunch for a beat-Sponge cake. - Fawcob Strauss.

-The force of habit for example has no effect on the man in the moon. He stays sober when the moon gets full .--Chronicle-Herald.

-The difference between a defaulter and a thief is very simple. One steals enough to hire good lawyers, and the other don't.-Philadelphia News.

-In the fall the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love; for he thinks it would be handy to have some one mend his glove.-Lowell Citizen.

-The man who stood in front of his glass for two hours getting the right color on his mustache, said he was just "dyeing to see his girl."-Yonkers Statesman.

-Scientific men assert that the only healthy way to sleep is with the head to the north. No attention has been paid to this by church architects, and yet astonishment is expressed at the falling off in church attendance. --- Texas Siftings.

-There are mean men in this world. and occasionally there is one in the farming community who will set up a barrel on his back piazza, just like a cider barrel, and let a tramp skirmish for two hours for it to get dark enough for him to crawl up to it, and when he gets at it find it filled with water .-- Boston Post.

-Vennor says it is going to be so cold next week that the oldest liar will be unable to cite a parallel to it. Conversely, this reminds you of Luthe: Benson's description of Hades, old style, "the place where it is so hot if you were to hand a man a spoonful of moiten iron, he would swallow it glad-ly and think it was ice-cream."-Burlington Hawkeye.

-See the Fish. The Fish is a Trout and Breathes through his Ears. He lives in the Brook and May be if you try you can Catch him. Any little Boy who catches so many Measles ought to be Able to Catch one little Fish. The Trout Weighs four Ounces, but you can say he Weighs four Pounds. Do not call him a Speckled Beauty or you will be Shot. Eat him Head, Tail, Inwards and All, and get a little Bone in your Throat if your Can. - Denver Trib whe Primer.

yond his term of sentence. He sued the Warden for illegal imprisonment, and the Court decides that he can re

-Kemeys, the Parisian sculptor, has mother had nothing to put in them. It does seem as if rich people might think of poor people now and then. Such little bits of things would make us hap-py, and it couldn't be much trouble to py, and it couldn't be much trouble to