

## CHRISTMAS MORNING

The angel host that sped last night,  
Bearing the wondrous news afar,  
Came in their ever-glorious flight  
Into a slumbering little star.

"Awake and sing, O star!" they cried,  
"Awake and glorify the morn!"  
"Herald the tidings far and wide—  
Be that shall lead his flock is born!"

The little star awoke and sang  
As only stars in rapture may,  
And presently where church bells hung  
The joyous tidings found their way.

"Awake, O bells! 'tis Christmas morn—  
Awake and let thy music tell  
To all mankind that now is born  
What Shepherd loves His lambskins well!"

Then rang the bells as fled the night  
O'er dreaming land and drowsing deep,  
And, coming with the morning light,  
They called, my child, to you a-leep.

Breathless and tenderly they spoke,  
And, lingering round your little bed,  
Their music pleaded till you woke,  
And this is what their music said:

"Awake and sing! 'tis Christmas morn,  
Whereon all earth salutes her King;  
In Bethlehem is the Shepherd born—  
Awake, O little lamb! and sing."

So, dear my child, kneel at my knee,  
And with these voices from above  
Share thou this holy time with me,  
The universal hymn of love!

—[Eugene Field.]

## CHRISTMAS AT SNAGTOWN.

BY J. T. ALTEKUS.

Snagtown was a characteristic West-  
ern settlement in the Black Hills. It  
had been established but a short while  
and the miners had had a hard time  
to keep their foothold against the onslaught  
of the Indians, who took a fiendish de-  
light in creeping down on them in the  
night and destroying their huts and kill-  
ing them whenever they got a chance.  
But when the first Christmas came  
around Snagtown was considered to be  
on a solid foundation, and the Sna-  
gtownites proposed to have a "roaring  
good time." It was decided that a tre-  
mendous big feast should be given at  
the Snagtown Arms, in which all should  
take part, on Christmas afternoon, and  
Jack Billings, the only boniface in the  
place, had been instructed that unless he  
did his very best the boys would raise  
particular Cain with him. A week be-  
fore the event was to take place a meet-  
ing was held and a committee on arrange-  
ments was appointed, with orders to  
spare no expense. "Git loads o' grub,"  
the chairman of the meeting said, as he  
mentioned the names of those who were  
to be responsible that the landlord of the  
Snagtown Arms did his work prop-  
erly. The committee immediately got  
together to decide what they should  
have at the feast. Jack Billings and his  
colored cook were called in for consulta-  
tion.

"Dere's loads o' ven'son, Marse Jack,"  
Pete, the cook, exclaimed, "an' ducks  
an' rabbits, an' ven'son dat 'coon dat  
Marse Field shot dis mornin'!"

"That's an ordinary grub," one of  
the committee rejoined. "We've got to  
have something better than that. What's  
a Christmas dinner without turkey and  
cranberry sauce?"

"That's true enough, pard," another  
member rejoined, "but think where you  
are. There are no turkeys around this re-  
gion and no cranberries. I doubt even if  
you could find one over at Port Wales,  
and that's 300 miles from here. We had  
better put up with what Billings has."

"We'll have to," said another.

During this conversation there was a  
member of the committee who had re-  
mained quiet in a corner of the room  
sitting on a barrel, with his legs crossed,  
smoking his pipe and looking as if he  
were deeply engaged in thought. He  
was a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, not  
over thirty years of age, with a heavy  
black beard and long black hair, and a  
face that indicated intelligence and  
honesty. He wore a blue flannel shirt,  
corduroy trousers, belted in around the  
waist and the legs tucked into high  
boots. A light sombrero was set on the  
back of his head. This was Mike Field,  
whom Pete had mentioned as having  
killed the 'coon. He was a general fav-  
orite among the miners, and his opinion  
of difficult questions in which the bowie  
knife and pistol did not enter, and for  
this reason he was given the name of the  
Judge, and whenever a court was held  
he was called upon to preside. Field  
was a taciturn man and never spoke  
about his former life, but one could tell  
from his manner of talking that he was  
a fellow who had had a good deal of  
"good education."

"Look here, boys," Field said, as he  
came up to the group clustered around  
the stove, "I've just been thinking  
about this matter, and I'm of the same  
opinion as Cummings, and that is that  
we must have a turkey."

All of them looked at Field, anxious  
to hear what he had to propose.

"It only lacks five days before it will  
be Christmas, pard," one of the com-  
mittee remarked, as he blew a whiff of  
smoke from his pipe, and a smile crossed  
his face as he thought that for once in  
his life Field would be stumped.

"That makes not the slightest bit of  
difference," Field rejoined. "I wouldn't  
care if it only was the day before Christ-  
mas. If this committee decided upon  
having turkey for dinner it would have  
to be secured at any expense."

"It is well enough to say that," one  
of the committee members said, "but  
none of us can see how we are to get  
it when none is around."

"Why, cerry, Jedge," I'll let yer have  
anything that yer want," Nate Cummings  
answered.

"All right, I'll start to-night. You  
boys can go on with the arrangements  
and have the other good things made  
ready and I'll start for the turkey."

"Do you really mean it, Jedge," the  
committee asked in a chorus.

"I was never serious in my life,"  
Mike Field, when once his mind was  
made up to do a certain thing, always  
proceeded to accomplish it. As soon as  
he had decided to start out in search of  
a turkey he made Nate Cummings go and  
bring up his mustang and he mounted.

He did not tell the others where he  
was going or how he proposed to get the  
turkey, and rode off. After he was gone  
the men returned to their places  
around the stove. It was a cold night  
out, the snow was deep on the hills and  
in the valleys, and none of them cared  
to spend much time in the open air.

"I think that Mike's going to play  
some joke," one of the men remarked  
after they had seated themselves in their  
places and ordered Billings to fill up  
the glasses with hot toddy.

"He may, but I doubt it. He's got  
some plan in his noddle, you can gamble  
on it," another rejoined.

"I'll bet any un that Mike fetches th'  
game," Nate Cummings spoke up as he  
threw a log of wood into the fire.

"It's a go, Nate. I'll take you up,  
I'll bet yer forty ounces that he don't."

"Here it air. Now yer put up, an'  
Billings will hold the dust."

Jack Billings was on hand and took  
the dust from the men, weighing it on a  
scale to see if it were just weight, and  
then he put it away until the time came  
when the bet should be won.

Three days passed by, Mike Field had  
not yet returned and it only lacked one  
more day before it was Christmas. The  
committee had completed their work,  
the dinner was all arranged for, and the  
meats and game were being prepared by  
Pete, who flew about the camp with an  
air of great importance.

Christmas eve came, the Snagtownites  
were assembled at the Arms and still  
there was no sign of Mike Field. The  
members of the committee as well as the  
others who had been informed of the  
Judge's expedition, began to grow  
anxious and to fear that some  
accident had overtaken the man.

Some suggested that a search party  
be organized, but this was squelched  
by the committee, who knew that if any  
such thing were undertaken all of their  
work would be thrown away.

During the night the clouds darkened,  
the moon was obscured, and when day-  
light dawned a terrific snow storm was  
raging. One by one the Snagtownites  
awoke, peered out at the storm and  
made their way from their huts as quick  
as they could over to the Arms. The  
large room was filled with the savory  
aroma of the cooking, and Pete moved  
from the kitchen into the room at fre-  
quent intervals, busying himself at set-  
ting the table. He was assisted by  
Hattie Billings, the pride of Snagtown  
and the only daughter of the boniface,  
a buxom lass of nineteen, who was capa-  
ble of holding her own against any man  
in the camp and who would permit of  
no undue familiarity from any of them.

She had come to the place with her  
father and was the only woman in the  
camp. The boys treated her like a  
queen, but the only one she looked upon  
with any favoritism was Mike Field.

"It does look, pard, as ef th' Jedge  
war 'not goin' ter keep his promise  
about that thar turkey," Nate Cummings  
exclaimed as he surveyed the decorated  
table and smacked his lips at the hot  
spiced rum he was sipping. "Wot  
think yer, Hat?"

"What do you ask me for?" the girl  
asked with a toss of her head, as she  
flounced out of the room. And then  
coming in again she said, "If any of you  
had had a spark of sense you wouldn't  
have let him go."

"Wot has we uns ter do with it?"  
Nate asked with an offended air.

"You had enough. How do you know  
but what the Indians may have waylaid  
him?"

"Wal, Hat, ef yer goin' to lay th'  
blame on us, an' ef yer say so, we'll start  
off now and look arter 'im."

"This is a high time to make such a  
proposition."

Pete stood in the doorway during this  
spat between Nate and Hattie, and a  
broad grin spread over his face.

"Nebber mind, Marse Nate," he ex-  
claimed. "We's got de coon, and dat's  
jest es good es turkey any day in de  
week."

Pete was driven back into the kitchen  
by Hattie and the miners were left alone  
to discuss the probability of Mike Field  
having met with some accident. They  
had never known the Judge to fail yet in  
anything that he had undertaken, and  
even up to one o'clock they still had  
hoped that Field would turn up. Nate  
looked out of the window and, seeing  
how the storm was raging, exclaimed:

"That's no chance for the Jedge now."  
"What's that, Nate?" Hattie asked, as  
she came into the room with a large  
bunch of evergreens, which had been  
gathered, and which she hung up in the  
centre of the room.

"I sed that th' Jedge 'wont cometer  
time," Nate answered.

"What do you want to bet?" the girl  
said, looking down from the box on  
which she was standing.

"I'll bet yer twenty ounces o' gold  
agin a kiss that he don't an' we make  
our Christmas dinner off 'cooc instead o'  
turkey."

"I'll on you," Hattie exclaimed, as  
she looked at Nate.

Two o'clock was the hour at which the  
feast was to commence. When that time  
arrived the miners were as hungry as  
bears and were anxious for the signal to  
be given for them to take their places.  
As the hands of the clock pointed to the  
hour of two Hattie stepped out of the  
kitchen and exclaimed:

"Boys, stand up and make two lines,  
with an alley in the centre."

The miners obeyed with alacrity, won-  
dering what Hattie could be up to and  
imagining that she had found some luck.

"Stand there now," she said, as she  
reviewed the line and then darted back  
into the kitchen, soon appearing with a  
big fowl in her hands. "Forward,  
March!"

Then with head erect and holding  
aloft the fowl, she marched down be-  
tween the rows. She was followed by  
Pete, who carried a steaming hot 'coon  
on a large dish; then came Billings with  
a roasted haunch of venison, and then a  
sight presented itself to the Snagtownites  
that made them stare with open-mouthed  
amazement. There, in the doorway,  
stood Mike Field, holding up a dish on  
which was one of the largest turkeys  
they thought they had ever seen. When  
did he come? How did he get there?  
Where did he get the bird? It was de-  
corated, too, with cranberries. Were  
they dreaming or awake?

"Boys, here's the turkey and the  
cranberries, too," Mike Field exclaimed  
as he walked across the room and placed  
the turkey at the head of the table.

As the miners crowded to their places  
they did not notice that a man dressed  
in broadcloth had followed the Judge  
into the room, and they were still more  
astonished when Field gave him a seat  
by his side and said:

"A friend of mine, boys."

The man bowed and took the seat.  
The turkey was carved and every one's  
dish was heaped up with the good  
things. Never had the boys had such a  
feast before and they enjoyed it, caring  
little how hard the storm raged without.

Frequently during the meal Field was  
asked the question how he came to get  
the turkey, but he refused to answer  
until the meal was concluded. After  
every one was satisfied and Pete had  
cleared the dishes away, Mike Field  
arose and looking at Hattie said:

"I guess it's about time, Hat."

Hattie rose from the table, brushed  
out the wrinkles from her dress and  
went under the evergreen boughs. Field  
followed and stood by her side. The  
stranger stood in front of them with a  
book in his hand.

"Hello, Jedge, wat does this hyar  
mean?" Nate exclaimed as he jumped up  
from his chair and was followed by the  
others.

Before any one could reply to Nate the  
stranger said, in a solemn tone of voice:

"Hattie Billings, do you take Michael  
Field to be your husband?"

"I do," Hattie answered in a firm voice,  
her face wreathed with smiles.

Other questions were asked of Field  
and then the minister pronounced  
Hattie and the Judge man and  
wife. When the ceremony was con-  
cluded Nate Cummings gave a rous-  
ing shout and, catching the bride in his  
arms, he kissed her, saying:

"Well, Hat, we uns hev lost our bet,  
but we air goin' ter git th' kisses!"

Hattie struggled, but it was no use,  
for every one present was bound to get  
a kiss from the bride. Field looked on  
and smiled. When they were quieted  
down Mike got up and said:

"Boys, I played you a kind of a scurvy  
trick, but I think you have enjoyed it.  
Hat and I have been engaged some time  
and we decided to be married on Christ-  
mas. I sent for the preacher and he has  
been here three days. The turkey and  
the cranberries came up on the last stage.  
It was sent out by my brother in the  
East. When I rode away the other  
night I only went a short distance and  
then came back. Hat kept me upstairs  
all the time until this morning."

There was a general shout and much  
merry making after this. Hattie got all  
of her bets and more presents in gold.  
Field prospered and after a time came  
back to New York, with his wife, a very  
rich man. The camp was deserted in a  
few years, went to decay, and the resi-  
dents were scattered. But as each year  
comes around Hattie and Mike celebrate  
the anniversary of their wedding, and  
they will never forget the first Christmas  
at Snagtown.

Teapot Collectors.

Tea was not known in England till the  
time of Charles II.; but it is interesting  
to trace the gradual increase in the size  
of teapots, from the diminutive produc-  
tions of the Elers, in the time of Queen  
Anne and George I., when tea was sold  
in apothecaries' shops, to the capacious  
vessel which supplied Dr. Johnson with  
"the cup that cheers but not inebriates."  
Mr. Croker, in his edition of "Boswell's  
Life," mentions a teapot that belonged  
to Dr. Johnson which held two quarts;  
but this sinks into insignificance com-  
pared with the superior magnitude of  
that in the possession of Mrs. Murray,  
of Wimbledon, who purchased it at the  
sale of Mrs. Piozzi's effects at Street-  
ham. This teapot, which was the one  
originally used by Dr. Johnson, holds  
more than three quarts. George IV. had  
a large assemblage of teapots, piled in  
pyramids in the Pavilion at Brighton.  
Mrs. Elizabeth Carter was also a col-  
lector of teapots; also Mrs. Hemans, who  
bequeathed 200 teapots to her daughter,  
Mrs. Doxey.

## SHOPPING IN TURKEY

It Takes a Long Time to Make a Fur  
chase.

There is nothing dull or commonplace  
about shopping or shopkeeping in the  
East. Every man's shop is much more  
literally his stronghold than the Eng-  
lishman's house is his castle, and every cus-  
tomer's appearance is the signal for a  
siege. The unconscionable length of  
time necessary to develop a bargain in  
Turkey accounts, perhaps, for the per-  
petual crowd in the bazaar. Whoever  
wishes to buy anything of which the  
price is not commonly known and fixed  
by custom, must return many times to  
the assault before he gets what he wants.  
The consequence is that where every  
customer comes four times instead of  
once to the shop where he has business,  
there are four times as many people in  
the tortuous passages and labyrinthine  
ways of the bazaar as should legitimately  
correspond to the amount of business  
actually done. The process is certainly  
cumbersome. When you first see the object  
for which you are looking you must be  
blind, not let your features betray by the  
least expression that you are inter-  
ested. Next, you should ask the price  
of at least one hundred articles in the  
shop, being careful, however, not to  
omit the one you need, lest the omission  
should make the shopkeeper suspect that  
you want it. You will then send for  
coffee and say that you have not come to  
buy anything, but have merely made in-  
quiries out of curiosity. A few days  
later come, and again ask the prices of  
several things. On your third visit you  
may allow yourself to look more closely  
at what you have long since mentally  
selected, and to offer the shopkeeper not  
more than one-third of what he asks.  
On the fourth day prepare for a final  
pitched battle. If you do not look un-  
righteously rich, and have not the appear-  
ance of being a "tenderfoot," you may  
consider that you have done fairly well  
if you pay in the end about two-thirds  
of what was demanded, especially if you  
have dealt with a Turk or a Jew, avoid-  
ing anything like a Christian as you  
would shun the plague.—[Scribner's  
Magazine.]

## Saved By a Buffalo.

The forest land of southern India  
possesses a breed of buffaloes vastly  
superior to the bare-skinned, ungainly  
creatures common in the plains of India.  
They are shaggy-haired, massive and  
short-jointed, with short, thick, sym-  
metrically curved horns. They are  
trained as beasts of burden, and possess  
immense strength. A bull of this breed  
is a match for a tiger.

A herd of buffaloes was grazing on the  
outskirts of the forest at Soopah, with  
the herder on guard a short distance  
away. A tiger came out of the forest  
and tried by roaring to stampede the  
herd.

The herdsman manifested great  
bravery. He shouted, beat his heavy  
quarter-staff on the ground, and tried to  
scare the brute off, not thinking of his  
own danger but of that of his herd.  
Suddenly the tiger rushed forward,  
sprang upon the man and knocked him  
down, and stood over him growling.

The bull of the herd, a pugnacious  
creature, now charged savagely upon the  
tiger, and rolled him over and over. The  
tiger, taken unawares, was at a disad-  
vantage. He neither bit nor scratched  
the bull, but gathered himself up and  
galloped off into the forest. The bull  
shook himself, belovied, pursued his en-  
emy a few yards, and then went quietly  
to feeding as if vanquishing a tiger were  
an every-day occurrence.

The herdsman was not injured by the  
tiger, but received a wound in the leg  
from the bull's sharp horn, inflicted when  
he buffalo knocked over the tiger.

One-third of all the fruit ranches of  
California are either owned or managed  
by women.

## CURES OTHERS

M. W. SCOTT, Esq., of the U. S. Marshall's  
Office, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "For many  
years my wife has been a constant sufferer  
from indigestion, sick headache, nervous pro-  
stration and all other complaints that the fe-  
male sex is heir to, and, after trying many  
remedies and doctors with but little or no re-  
lief, I persuaded her to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite  
Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery.'  
She was so out of heart, she returned the answer  
that it would be like  
all the rest—of no good;  
but on my account, she  
said she would try it, so  
I got one bottle each,  
and before she had used  
half of a bottle she felt  
that it was benefiting  
her, and she has continued to improve ever  
since, and now thinks it the most wonderful  
remedy on earth for her sex, and recommends  
it to all suffering females. She has not been  
so well in ten years."  
I write this without any solicitation and  
with a free good will, so that you may let all  
who may suffer know what it has done for  
her." Sold by medicine dealers everywhere.

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Orders Solicited. Goods Shipped in Bulk. Refer-  
ences: "DUN" or "READ" or "TREATS" COM-  
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## When Hamlet Exclaimed: "Aye, There's the Rub!"

Could He Have Referred to

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season when  
dainty and delicious  
cake and pastry are  
required. **Royal**  
**Baking Pow-**  
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Chef, White House, for Pres-  
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**Dogs as Passengers.**

The rights of dogs have been attract-  
ing attention in Belgium lately. Is a  
dog whose master has duly taken a  
ticket for him entitled to a seat in a  
railway carriage (for in Belgium dogs  
ride as passengers), or must he crouch  
down between the legs of the human  
occupants of the carriage? A hunting  
man who recently traveled with a re-  
triever who was turned off his seat by  
an official to make way for a traveler,  
has appealed to the administration of  
the State railways for a decision on the  
subject. The decision is in favor of the  
dog. A decree has gone forth that he is  
as much entitled to a seat as his master,  
and that where a compartment has room  
for ten passengers and there are five men  
and five dogs therein, it must be con-  
sidered as full.—[London News.]

The first rocking chair was made in  
Kingston, Mass., by a farm hand in 1780.

It costs about \$3,000 a year to feed  
and attend a locomotive. U 51



## KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and  
tends to personal enjoyment when  
rightly used. The many who live bet-  
ter than others and enjoy life more, with  
less expenditure, by more promptly  
adapting the world's best products to  
the needs of physical being, will attest  
the value to health of the pure liquid  
laxative principles embraced in the  
remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting  
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ant to the taste, the refreshing and truly  
beneficial properties of a perfect lax-  
ative; effectually cleansing the system,  
dispelling colds, headaches and fevers  
and permanently curing constipation.  
It has given satisfaction to millions and  
met with the approval of the medical  
profession, because it acts on the Kid-  
neys, Liver and Bowels without weak-  
ening them and it is perfectly free from  
every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug-  
gists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is man-  
ufactured by the California Fig Syrup  
Co., only, whose name is printed on every  
package, also the name, Syrup of Figs,  
and being well informed, you will not  
accept any substitute if offered.

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