FARMERS

OF

Kings and Annapolis,

are respectfully requested to send their

Berries, Fruit, Butter, Eggs,

AND OTHER PRODUCE, TO

FULTON, FOSTER & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Halifax, N. S.

Who guarantee Best Prices and Prompt Returns.

THE M. K. ELLIOTT

ELECTRIC BATTERY

IN A BOTTLE,

is not a Snuff, Liquid or Salve,

But a perfect Electric Battery,

which forms a

Speedy Cure

—FOR—

Catarrh, Headache, Neuralgia, Asthma, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head, etc.

A perfect Electric Battery in a Bottle. A cure guaranteed. Send for circulars.

Price, $1.00 per Bottle.

AGENTS WANTED. Apply to H. FRASER, Bridgetown, N. S.

Several marvelous cures already made in this town. Write for particulars. tf

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—AT—

R. D. BEALS!

—Comprising—

DRY GOODS, MILLINERY, Ready Made Clothing, HATS & CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES, Crockery ware, SHELF HARDWARE, Best Groceries.

TIN WARE, ETC.

EXTRA CASH DISCOUNT ON ALL LINES.

Eggs for Goods or Cash.

Butter and all Other Produce in Exchange

Nictaux Falls, May 9th, '87.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great medical work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 300 pages, 8 vo, 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only $1.00, by mail, sealed. Illustrative sample free to all young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jewelled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address P. O. Box 1895, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years' practice in Boston, who may be consulted confidentially. Specialty, Diseases of Man. Office, No. 4, Bulfinch St.

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BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

SPLENDID!

—One of the—

Finest Stock of CLOTHS,

For Men's Suitings, to be found in the Western Counties, is now shown by

JOHN H. FISHER, Merchant Tailor, Bridgetown, N. S.

Having secured the services of MR. JOHN GOLDIN, a strictly first-class workman in every respect, and with an able staff of assistants, I am prepared to turn out custom tailoring second to none. Call and inspect.

NOTICE!

ALL persons having claims against the estates of WM. A. RICE, late of Bridgetown, farmer, deceased, and NANCY N. GREENWOOD, late of Bridgetown, trader, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested to, within six months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estates will make immediate payment to

ALFRED RICE, Admr. Rice, Extr. Greenwood

Bridgetown, Nov. 10th, '88. 5t38

NOTICE.

Pictures and Framing in variety, Christmas Cards, And Fancy Goods.

I am also selling the Celebrated Raymond Sewing Machine

JOHN Z. BENT.

Bridgetown, Dec. 1885.

MANHOOD

How Lost, How Restored!

We have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only 4 cents, or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Address,

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41 Ann St., New York,

Post Office Box, 450.

Weekly Monitor.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR PATRONS.

VOL. 16. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1888. NO. 37.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL —AND— EXTERNAL USE.

Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. We will send free, postpaid, to all who send their names, an Illustrated Pamphlet containing information of very great value. Everybody should have this book, and those who send for it will ever after thank their lucky stars. All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $1.50. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 2118, Boston, Mass.

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LAWRENCETOWN PUMP COMPANY,

(ESTABLISHED 1880.)

N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.

THE CELEBRATED

Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,

—ALSO:—

FORCE PUMP,

with Hose attached if required.

We are prepared to Manufacture WOODEN WATER PIPES for underdraining or conveying water underground. Can be delivered at any station on the line of Railway. Send for Price List.

INSPECTION

is Invited of our Terms and Prices for all Description of Work in

Monuments, Tablets,

HEADSTONES, Etc.

Also, Curbing, Posts, Steps, Etc.

Drysdale & Hoyt Bros.,

OPPOSITE RINK, BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

ANTIGONISH HEARD FROM.

AFTON, ANTIGONISH CO., October 11th, 1888.

MESSRS. C. GATES, SONS & CO.,—

Dear Sirs,—I feel it my duty to make known to the world the wonderful things that your medicine has done for me. For fifteen years I was a great sufferer from indigestion and dyspepsia, and, though during that time I employed a physician and tried many kinds of medicines I found nothing that gave me more than temporary relief. I became reduced to almost a skeleton and thought that death must soon intervene and put an end to my suffering—a deathly weakness would often seize me. By the advice of a friend I was induced to try your

LIFE OF MAN BITTERS —AND— Invigorating Syrup.

It built me right up, and after taking five bottles I felt sufficient for my work and have remained so ever since, a period of six years. I thank God that your medicine has been the means of restoring my health. It has done more for me than all the rest put together. No tongue can tell its real worth. I would recommend it to all the sick and afflicted.

Yours very truly, JOHN J. TAYLOR.

DO YOU WANT Bargains IN CLOTHING?

IF SO, Try the Subscriber.

JUST RECEIVED, A FINE STOCK OF ENGLISH AND SCOTCH

Suitings and Trouserings,

WHICH I WILL SELL FOR CASH AT PRICES THAT WILL ASTONISH YOU.

H. J. BANKS,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Murdoch's Block, ... Up Stairs.

(Best is Cheapest)

Ask your Grocer for them

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent. United States Consul Agent.

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882.

To Loan!

Money on Real Estate Security.

J. G. H. PARKER, Solicitor.

Bridgetown, Oct. 27th, '87. tf

"A," No. 227.

1888.

In the Supreme Court,

Between BERIAH B. DANIELS, Plff.,

—AND—

NORMAN G. CHARLTON, Defdt.

TO BE SOLD AT

Public Auction,

by the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis, or his deputy, at the Court House, Bridgetown, on

Wednesday, January 16th,

A. D. 1888, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

PURSUANT to an order of foreclosure and sale granted herein on the 4th day of December, A. D., 1888, unless before the day appointed for such sale the amount due to the Plaintiff herein upon the mortgage sought to be foreclosed together with the costs of suit be paid to the Plaintiff or his solicitor or into court. All the estate, right, title, interest, claim and equity of redemption of the above named Defendant, of, in, to or out of the following described lot, piece or parcel of

LAND and PREMISES,

situated in the township and County of Annapolis and bounded as follows:—

Beginning at the south-east corner boundary between the lands hereby agreed to be conveyed and the lands of Hannah Charlton at the main road as at present situate; thence running westerly along the north side of said road until it comes to a certain road or way owned and occupied by Silas Margeson; thence running northerly along the said road or way as at present situate and defined by the fence, across the brook five feet to a post, which forms a part of the dividing fence along the said way; thence turning and running east at right angles with the said private road ten feet, taking in a water privilege, to a post as at present situate, being a part of the fence of the herein conveyed land; thence turning and running northerly the several courses of the curve in the said fence, as at present situate and defined, until it strikes the said line fence; thence northerly along said line fence to the corner boundary between the lands hereby agreed to be conveyed and the lands of the said Hannah Charlton; thence easterly along the line between the said lands until it comes to the lands of said Hannah Charlton; thence southerly along the lands of the said Hannah Charlton to the place of beginning, containing three quarters of an acre more or less.

TERMS.—Ten per cent. deposit at the time of sale, remainder on delivery of the deed.

J. AVARD MORSE, High Sheriff.

O. T. DANIELS, Solicitors for Plaintiff.

Annapolis, Dec. 10th, 1888. 5t41

THIS YEAR'S

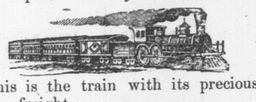
MYRTLE CUT and PLUG SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See **T & B** IN BRONZE on EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

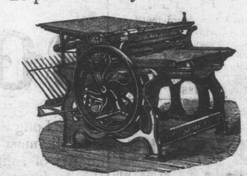
Pictorial Poetry.

This is the steamer that's built aright,
That has been going day and night
Bringing goods from every clime,
Bought for cash in the nick of time,
To please the buyers at Sancton's.



This is the train with its precious freight
That met the steamer at the dockyard gate,
And carried the goods with lightning speed
Till they thought it would jump the track, indeed,
To please the buyers at Sancton's.

This is the horse, as firm as a rock,
That hauled the goods from the seaport dock.
All spread out by a careful hand
Midst novelties of our own dear land,
To please the buyers at Sancton's.



This is the press of modern make,
Run with such speed the rafters shake
That spreads the news in town and province
And tells of what has been done of late
To please the buyers at Sancton's.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Poetry.

Christmas.

BY C. L. H.

Shake off the pressure of business,
Close up the office and store,
Lay aside work for a season,
Christmas is now at our door,
Happy young lips are proclaiming
Bright expectations in view;
Hopes the dear hearts have long cherished
Claim recognition from you.

Cast to the winds every selfish
Miserly feeling of gain;
Let the heart's noblest promptings
Just for one day hold the rein;
Make it the merriest Christmas,
Happiest, brightest of days;
Fill your own heart with the sunshine,
Till all shall feel warm in its rays.

Many a blossom is throbbing,
Weary and sick at the core,
Held by successive misfortunes
Closely to poverty's door.
Open your eyes to the needy,
Open your purse to their aid,
Give them one day of glad sunshine—
Lift them up out of the shade.

Shame on the hoarder of riches,
Giving to Christmas no share,
Shutting his stony heart coldly,
Deaf to humanity's prayer.
Happier the humblest boot-black,
Filled with the jolliest glee,
Sharing his two-penny purchase
With those who are poorer than he.

Well may he pity the miser,
Coldly encased in his pelf,
Slave to his Heaven-given treasures,
Thinking of none but himself.
Never a warm 'May God bless you!'
Drops this glad day on his head,
Voices that shout "Merry Christmas!"
Fall on his ears as of lead.

Select Literature.

Story of Christmas.

BY WILLIAM C. STODDARD.

No, it had never before been quite such a winter as that. Not in Perryville. Away back in November it began to get ready for the storms. It froze the mill pond, and then there was the finest kind of skating. The wind blew off all the snow that fell and left the face of the pond like the great pane of plate glass in the show window of McMunn's jewelry store. It stayed so until it was all skated into spider-webs, with figure 8's and great X's. Jim Denike said that the first thing a fellow did when he went to that pond was to sit down.

The snow storms came along one after another, elegantly, instead of rushing it, and the sleighing was laid on a few inches at a time, just as it should be, so that all the roads were in first-rate visiting order.

Boggs, the harness man, said that he sold more bells during that December than ever before in a whole year. You could not wake, anywhere, without hearing a jingle.

With such a winter, Chrismas was sure to come. People said so. Not a soul in all the valley had a doubt of it except Batty Perouse. He did not say a great deal about it except to Puns, and as Puns had a bone in his mouth at the time, there was no reply made.

'You see, Puns,' said Batty, 'it can't come to you, for you're a dog. It can't come to mother and the baby and me, for we've only half enough to eat now. It can't come to Grandfather Sharin. You and I met him in the village this morning.'

The great, hungry blue eyes of Batty Perouse lacked the expression of quiet, unyielding pride which some people said his mother's had. They were a child's eyes, but they were in the habit of seeing a great deal. Through some very remarkable things were all the while getting into his mind, and it was just so with his ears. He had not seen any Christmas in the face of Grandfather Starin, nor had any other pair of eyes in Perryville. Jim Denike had said that a face with that amount of frost in it was a good thing to have around in July, but it was too much any time after the butternuts began to fall. There was not one grown up person in Perryville, who had not made the remark that Jim talked too much.

A little while after his conversation with Jim, Batty sat by the cradle and was evidently in a deep study. There was a fire in the cook-stove near him, and that and Puns and the baby, were his only company, for his mother was over in the village doing some plain sewing for the doctor's wife, and she knew that the doctor's bill against her would be a very long one. There was a small parlor in front of the kitchen, and a bedroom adjoining that, but when the cottage planned itself, it had decided not to have any more rooms to use up furniture for people who hardly had any.'

Batty was eating his dinner a full hour before the right time. There was a wonderful slice of cold meat between the two pieces of bread. It was not every day that such a dinner was left where he could get at it, and the slight and smell had been too much for him. He was only six years old and had not learned to withstand uncommon temptations.

'I don't believe the baby will cry until noon,' he said gravely. 'Mother, she'll be home pretty soon after that. She won't bring any Christmas with her. Jim Denike, he said it wouldn't be here till to-morrow, anyhow. He doesn't know what's going to happen to-morrow. Nobody knows as much as that.'

Jim may have taken the general public opinion for a guide, or he may have consulted the almanac. At all events, he was at that moment standing in front of the shoe shop with a pair of skates in his hand. He was a fat, rosy-faced, black-eyed youngster of fourteen, with a large mouth. Whenever his eyes began to sparkle and dance it was a sign that his mouth was about to open. They were dancing now, as Grandfather Starin came marching stiffly and icily up the street. Said Jim, with what for him was an uncommon solemnity of voice:

'Squire?'

'Well? What is it? Speak out!'

'Did you know that to-morrow would be Christmas if it got here?'

'What of it? What do you mean?'

'Well, you didn't look as if you did. I told Batty Perouse, this morning, that you'd never had one.'

'You impudent young rascal?'

Jim Denike dodged away out of the reach of the uplifted cane, and the Squire stalked on in silent but bitterly offended dignity. His young tormentor turned in the opposite direction, remarking:

'Guess I've given him a Christmas present. It's more'n he's given anybody else. Hope it'll stick into him. He doesn't care a cent if they starve, and Dr. Perouse was just as good a man as he is.'

A few rods further on, Jim's eyes began to dance again.

'Good morning, Dr. Smiles. Wish you Merry Christmas. It's coming, to-morrow.'

The bland face of the one physician the village contained since the bankruptcy and death of Batty's father, beamed very benevolently as he responded:

'I wish you a Merry Christmas, James. The same to your father and mother and the family.'

'One thing I am glad of, doctor.'

'What is that, James?'

'I met little Batty Perouse this morning. He said his mother had almost worked out your bill. He said she said she could earn something to eat, then, if the shirts fitted.'

'Hump! Good day, James, I do declare I must speak to my wife about this.'

'Exactly,' muttered Jim Denike, as he again walked on. 'Maybe that's a Christmas present for him. I s'pose I am about the worst boy in the village, but I'm goin' to be liberal with what I've got.'

He was pretty nearly at his own gate when a serious but very pleasant voice called him by name, and he said to himself:

'He's our minister. I won't be saucy to him. He's a real good fellow.'

Then he answered, cheerily:

'How d'ye do, Mr. Knox?'

'Pretty well, James. I hope you will have a Merry Christmas.'

'Hope so. If it comes.'

'If it comes. Won't it? Have you forgotten what it meant?'

'No, I haven't forgotten. But then it doesn't come to some folks. I met little Batty Perouse this morning, and he said his mother said that their Christmas had come to them already. All they were going to have.'

'Why, what did she mean?'

'Batty said that she said it was in the cradle, where it should be, and there wouldn't be any other kind for them.'

'I understand. Good morning, James. Biggest sermon I've had in a long time. I must think about that.'

'Well,' remarked Jim to himself, 'if he understood it, it beats me. Batty seemed to have some kind of a notion, though. Guess I'd better try him again. It's about the baby, somehow.'

This he said he would ask his mother, and his chance for it came at the dinner table. It surprised him a little, she had so much to say, but before she got through with him his father had a coughing spell. He was not suffering from a cold either. At the end of it he said, in a husky voice:—

'James, you go over on the hill after dinner and cut a sled-load of ever-greens.

'Why, father, we've enough, now, to set up a Sunday-school celebration—'

'Do as I tell you. Bring a good load right to the house. I am going to see about some things.'

Then he got up and put on his hat and overcoat, and went off into the village.

Batty Perouse watched the baby faithfully until it woke up and crowed, and he gave it the bottle of milk before it had time to cry.

'You needn't let it choke you,' he said. 'Mother said it would choke her if she drank any of it. What I drank for breakfast didn't choke me. Guess she wasn't very hungry.'

Children who grow old too soon only grow old in spots, and all the rest of them stays young. Batty was old about some thing and not about some others. When his mother came home in the middle of the afternoon and said he might go out for a play-spell, he and Puns went right along, just as if they had a sled or something to play with. He therefore did not hear his mother tell the baby so cheerfully:—

'I am glad there is one good man left in Parryville. What a blunder I made about Dr. Smiles and his wife.

Matters in the village had been going right along, but Batty knew no more about these than about his mother's conversation with the baby. He had not heard Mr. Knox repeating here and there, his saying about Christmas and the cradle. He did not know that when Grandfather Starin met Dr. Smiles he had been assured by the doctor that no charge had been made by him against Mrs. Perouse.

'Nobody must think so meanly of me as that,' said the doctor, warmly. 'A man who oppressed a woman in her circumstances would have to skip Christmas.'

Grandfather Starin seemed to himself to be hearing all the while. The frosty furrows in his face began to twist into an expression of defiance. When a man is in the habit of having his own way he will have it, even if it costs him a little.

'I'll see!' he said, quite loudly.

After that he asked the minister how many children he had, and he put the same question concerning some of his poorer neighbors. Then he marched resolutely to the toy store and into several other places where 'holiday goods' were sold.

'We'll see about it,' he growled, through his long, white beard. 'I'll have a Christmas in spite of 'em, all if money will buy one.'

Some of the purchases he made were ordered to be sent at once to this place and that place, but there were several lots that were to go to his own house.

'I'll take 'em around myself,' he said, 'in the morning. I'm going to have a Christmas, I am!'

All that should have done him some good, and he said so, but his face seemed to grow harder and all the wrinkles to freeze deeper until he set out for his own house. He could not get there without passing the cottage of Mrs. Perouse, and just before he reached that, he all but stumbled over a small dog.

'The—the-curf!' he exclaimed, as he recovered his balance, and Puns sprang away with a little black and tan yelp. He was entirely safe in a moment behind Batty Perouse and looked out from his refuge with a bark all ready to let go. He would have preferred the other side of the fence, but had a deal of confidence in Batty. That was more than Batty had in himself, for he backed off towards the edge of the sidewalk and his eyes grew wider as he looked up at Grandfather Starin.

The old man paused and looked down, and a great hoarse croak came struggling up to his hard mouth. It tried twice and the second time it sounded like:

'Wish you Merry Christmas!'

Batty instantly responded:

'No, sir. It can't come. We've got ours. All that belongs to us. Father's got the rest where he is. Mother said so.'

There came another harsh croak that Batty could not understand, and thus the old man walked on. Puns came around in front of Batty and began to look brave.

'Jim Denike says there isn't any Christmas for him, Puns. Jim knows. He's been to one. He said so, and he saw Sandy Claws.'

At that very moment Jim was on his way home from Sheaver's woods with a sled load of evergreens. At the top of the hill he had paused until Deacon Travers and his team should climb past him, so that he could 'coast it' down the road to the level, for there was not another team coming.

'Wish you Merry Christmas,' said Jim and his eyes had a bad twinkle in them.

'Christmas,' grunted the deacon.

'You're the luckiest man around here,' said Jim. 'Nobody else'll have more'n one Christmas and you'll have two.'

'What do you mean, you—'

'Why, little Batty Perouse says his mother said you never let go of anything you once got your hands on. You must have stuck to all the Christmas you had last year, just as you did of—'

'You saucy young rascal,' exclaimed the deacon, as he sprang from his sleigh, but as his feet touched the snow there was a heaped up sled with a black-eyed boy on it glancing away down the hill at an express train speed.

'He got her old house awful cheap,' said Jim, as the swift air made his cheeks tingle. 'He might as well have a Christmas present of what some folks think about it.'

Deacons Travers drove on, grunbling.

Justice is justice. I'd no idea she had any hard feelin's against me, and her father's a rich man, too. Richer'n I am.'

Beyond the long slide at the foot of the hill the sled-load of greens had to be dragged, and Jim was a little out of breath when he met Judge Peters, the lawyer, carrying a huge turkey in each hand. A man is never more helpless than when his hands are full.

'Guess you didn't raise 'em, Judge. Wish you a Merry Christmas.'

'Raise 'em? No. Merry Christmas,' said the lawyer, crustily. 'I don't raise poultry.'

'Guess not,' said Jim. 'Little Batty Perouse asked me what a fee was. He said his mother said you raised 'em. Real fat ones. Were they fatter'n them turkeys?'.

He received no answer whatever, but if either of the turkeys had been a brick he might have had one, and the lawyer's face was 'turkey red' as he walked on. Before the sled was in Mr. Denike's front yard, Grandfather Starin had shut his own gate behind him. He went around to the side door and that carried him past the sitting room window, and somehow or other he stopped and looked in. It was a pleasant, cosy sort of room, with a bright wood fire, blazing in an old fashioned, open faced 'Franklin stove.' Right in front of the fire sat an old lady and her face had a withered, worn-out look, but there was a faint glow upon it that may have come from the hickory. She was knitting and her lips moved as if she were singing something, and her foot rested on the rocker of a great wooden cradle.

'Sakes alive! She's crazy!' exclaimed Grandfather Starin, and yet he walked very slowly indeed to the side door and on into the house. She heard his heavy feet on the snow on the door steps, but he did not hear her say:

'He's coming. Oh dear! If Hester's baby were here! It's all I can do.'

'Maria,' said he, as he walked in, 'how did you ever get that thing down out of the storeroom? What did you do it for?'

'I couldn't help doing it, somehow. 'Pears to me almost as if it wasn't empty. To-morrow's—'

There she stopped, but the knitting and rocking went steadily on. Grandfather Starin looked into the cradle for a moment and then he turned silently away. It had been choked up with small blankets and such matters from the storeroom, and the fat little pillow was dented, deeply dented in the middle, as if a small head had been lying there. Grandmother Starin had done all that, saying to herself:

'That's just the way it used to look after I took her up. He can't help remembering. Oh, how I do wish Christmas would come again to this house!'

The old man attended to his duties as usual, indoors and out, and then he came back to sit down and wait for supper. His wife had gone into the kitchen to stir up the 'help' and take a look at the milk-pans. While she was there no less than five different errand boys came to the kitchen door with wrapped up parcels for Squire Star n, but she did not open one of them. She did but turn them over and draw her breath a little hard and say to herself:

'There can't be no Christmas in 'em, or they wouldn't ha' come to this house. It's mighty curious, though, and he doesn't seem to want to say anything.'

There he sat by the fire, grim and silent. His boots came off, one by one, at long intervals, and his slippers came on. His wife had put them there for him and she must have put something into them, for his right foot crept out and out, until the toe of that slipper rested upon the rocker of the cradle.

'Now, I kind o' wonder,' he said to himself. 'A man's memory isn't in his feet. There's something the matter with my memory, and the cradle began to rock, slowly and gently as if it were trying to stir him up and put him in mind of something. Then it stopped, and he arose and looked over at a book, which lay upon a round topped work-table where his wife had left her knitting.

'What has she been readin' of?'

The spectacles she had dropped upon the open page seemed to mark a place for his eyes to begin at; but once more the harsh, hoarse croak, without any words, arose in the throat of Grandfather Starin.

If the words the spectacles pointed at could have found their way up—but they could not—they would have been:

'Glory to God in the highest. On earth peace, good will to men.'

At that very moment Jim Denike was saying to his mother:

'Do you suppose I'm really the saasiest boy in Perryville?'

'I hope not, my son; but I must say you talk a great deal.'

'Things must say themselves, mother. Little Batty Perouse, he's just like me. He says the queerest things.'

'What does he say?'

'You can't most always say 'em over again. They're queer. Sound kind o' like a picture of something you never saw.'

'Some small children are very odd, James. They get over it as they grow older.'

'It's curious, mother. Seems to me I never had just such a feeling about Christmas, and I'm awful glad about those greens.'

Grandfather Starin and some other people may also have had that sort of feeling, but he did not say another word to his wife about holidays or the cradle. He sat still in his arm chair, after supper, until, at last, he seemed to speak without intending to:

'Maria, I'm getting old.'

'We are both getting old, John.'

'I believe my memory is failing me. Here I've been a sitting and a trying to bring up and to think over all about Dr. Perouse and what he said and what he did. I can't make it, somehow. He didn't do right by me, Maria. He was a dreadfully bitter and obstinate man. I can't somehow remember just how it was.'

The old man paused and his wife's fingers dropped a stitch of her knitting as she responded in a low hesitating voice:

'He was set in his way.'

'So was Hester. She isn't one bit like you and me. She sided with her husband from first to last. Either he was wrong or I was wrong, and she'd ought to have seen her duty.'

'He was her husband.'

He sat still again, stroking his full, white beard and trying to remember, and his foot again got upon the rocker, but even that slow and gentle motion confused him worse. Up to the hour when they went to bed, all his memories played hide and seek with him, and the things he wanted would not come up. Things he did not want just then, came up in their places. It was a very curious thing and a dreadful trial to an old man who needed to think up his quarrels. He did not repeat to his wife any of the things he had heard in the village and he postponed until morning saying anything about what he had done or meant to do with his purchases.

Away down the road there was a light in Mrs Perouse's window until about nine o'clock. She had some sewing to do and she was dreadfully tired when she lay down with the baby beside her and Batty in his crib at the foot of the bed. Both of them were sound asleep, and she went softly, just before she lay down, and hung something at the head of the crib. It looked like a pair of woollen stockings and a pair of mittens.

'I'm glad I can do that much. He will see them the first thing in the morning.'

Batty awoke. As soon as he looked at the window and was sure about being there, he knew he had been dreaming. He tried ever so hard to remember what it had been about and the effort kept him awake. All of it that he could get back was what must have been a toy store a mile long.

'Guess it was Christmas,' he said, 'but it won't come.'

Then he thought he heard something crunch, crunching upon the snow in front of the house. Then some bells went by and after that there was some more crunching, but it was very faint. He lay so still he hardly breathed, for Jim Denike had told him that Santa Claus came in a sledge with bells, and you could hear him if you watched for him. Puns was shut up away back in the kitchen, and he was not an easy barking dog anyhow. He had to be set a going. It grew so still that Batty said to himself.

'If any kind of Christmas should come, I could hear it before it got here.'

Batty's mind was evidently in a fever on that subject, but his eyelids came together again after a while. Old people are apt not to sleep well, and Grandfather Starin had more trouble than usual that night. He knew at what time the moon went down by the change in the kind of light that poured in at his window but it was a glorious night, even after only the stars were left on duty.

The winter was doing its very best for that Christmas, and Jim Denike believed that he had done something, for he said so. He came home from somewhere or other very late. All the rest were in bed and the parlor that contained the Christmas tree was locked. He went to his own room, next to that of his father and mother, and all the while he was undressing they could hear him chuckling outrageously.

'I'm afraid he's been saucy to some one,' said his mother to herself. 'I must ask him about it in the morning.'

Another chuckle from his room sounded as if Jim was stuffing a pillow into his mouth and then all was still.

It was so very still around the Starin homestead that Grandfather Starin said it kept him awake, and that it confused his memory more than a good deal of noise would have done.

Before five o'clock in the morning—Christmas morning—he gave the matter up and arose and dressed himself without saying a word to his wife. He was always an early riser, and he was one of those men who never tell why they do anything. He went down stairs to the sitting room and raked the embers out of the ashes and heaped up wood for a quick, hot fire. There was the cradle, and he looked into it for a full minute, but there was nobody there. There had not been for nearly thirty years, and so far as he knew there never would be again. He shook his head and looked as if he were shaking it at that cradle in some sort of defiance. His face grew set and determined and he said:

'We will have a Christmas, anyhow, if money can buy one.'

Then he walked out into the kitchen, but he stopped there only long enough to light another fire and to glance at the wrapped up packages. He passed from that into the open air, and nobody could have helped looking away all around the sky to see how uncommonly crowded it was with stars, and how with all their might and main they were shining.

He went to the barn to take a look at his well-fed stock. He patted his great oxen, three yokes of them, and threw some corn into their mangers. One stall was vacant and his feet carried him into it, without any corn in his hands. He must have forgotten that there were no oxen there, for he said it was a queer thing to do, and thus he added:

'My memory is failing me? What have I to do with that manger? It's as empty as Hester's cradle.'

There were no wasps astir in the barn in winter, but something must have stung Grandfather Starin, for he hurried out right away. He muttered:

'Nobody did say it. Nobody did say it, but I heard: 'They wrapped Him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger'—they made a cradle of it.'

Clear and bright and splendid was the winter sky above him and the white uplands glittered with a half dreamy glory and the morning star shone, lamp-like and wonderful just above the horizon. It was to the eastward and, as he looked, it stood exactly above a white-roofed cottage away down the road.

'No sir,' exclaimed Grandfather Starin. 'No sir. Nobody did say it. What is the matter with my memory? Is it anything I read last evening. Nobody said it, but I heard it. 'And the star came and rested where the young child lay'; but then, that yonder star is only the morning star.'

That last word was followed by another his hoarse croaks of something that refused to be spoken clearly. All the frost of the winter morning seemed to be gathering in his face. There was none in his feet, for he walked on and on, as if he were following that particular star. He went out at the front gate and down the road, and his lips puffed out small, frosty clouds, to tell how hard he was breathing.

The morning star grew brighter and brighter and brighter at first, and then he almost could not see it. When he stood still front of Mrs. Perouse's gate it was a full minute before he could see anything.

'It isn't so,' he said. 'I ain't in my right mind. What on earth can have come over everything?'

There he stood and looked, and there really was something very curious to be looked at. There was a heap of evergreen on the doorsteps. A barrel of flour stood a yard or so inside the gate. A ham lay on the barrel and a big turkey, ready dressed, seemed to be trying to hug the ham. Between the barrel and the doorsteps lay a new sled, as if it were waiting for somebody to open the door and let it come in, with some smaller packages that were stacked upon it. The fore end of its runners were pricked away up, like a pair of eager dog's ears.

It was all too much for the old man to believe in, and he turned for another look at the star. Just then he heard something that sounded very much as if a boy were trying to growl. It was not exactly so. It was only the disappointed voice of Jim Denike. There he was, crouched behind a fence post and keeping down a shiver.

'You here? What are you here for, at this time in the morning?'

'Wish you Merry Christmas, squire. I got out of bed and came away up here, just to hear what Batty Perouse would say when he saw them things. It's kind o' spoiled now, but I guess he'll say Christmas is come. I'm going home.'

'You can go right along.'

Jim's teeth chattered as he hurried away, but between them they had made some noise and there was a small white figure at the bedroom window.

'Mother! Mother! Christmas has come. He is out there, now, standing at the gate.'

Mrs. Perouse took one hasty look through the frosted panes, but she did not utter a word. She dressed Batty and herself in a wonderfully swift way. He hardly knew precisely how his clothes got on.

'Mother was it Sandy Claws?'

'Hush—sh—sh! Don't speak!'

Grandfather Starin must have heard what Jim Denike had said, but his memory had failed him again and he had forgotten it. He did not suppose that anybody in the house was up or had seen him, and he walked on into the little front yard and read what was written on one thing after another.

'I declare! Mr. Knox, Boggs, Deacon Travers, Judge Peters, Dr. Smiles, Denike, old Pat Gilbooly. No name at all. What's got hold of me? There, nobody said it, but I heard it. Had they brought gilts, no d'and frankincense and myrrh?—that's it, gilts! Hurrah for Christmas! I declare, I wish Maria was here. I've never even seen Hester's baby. It's an awful time. That there star kind o' dazzles me.'

(*Concluded on fourth page.*)

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