A Mining Story.

An Eastern young man returned home a few days ago from a trip to Colorado for his health, and, in narrating his adventures, he told about buying a silver mine for $3000.

"I knew they'd rope you in!" exclaimed the old man. "So you were ass enough to buy a humbug mine."

"Yes, but I didn't lose anything. I formed a company and sold half the stock to a Connecticut man for $7000."

"Y—you did!" gasped the old man, as he turned white. "I'll bet I'm the one who bought it."

"I know you are," coolly observed the young man, as he crossed his legs and tried to appear very much at home.

—"I say, Sprigstein, I don't hear you howling round so much now about Anarchy, Socialism, division of property, and all of them modern inventions. What's come over you?—didn't it pay?" "Vell, you see Shorty, the shircumstanshes vas schanged a leetle. My oncle in Owstralia, he died lasht veek, unt I shust get vord as he leefe me tree tousan' dollar. You don' peleefe I divite it mit deese fellers—schkarsely."

—There is a new thing in flowers in New York. It is a lily of the valley of a bright pink hue, but preserving all the pleasant odor and other attractive qualities of the original white blossom.

When you read that a millionaire works harder than any of his clerks, please to remember that he also gets more pay.

—"Company in distress makes trouble less." A company of defeated soldiers does not.

For Sale and To Let.

FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber will Sell that VALUABLE PROPERTY formerly owned by the late Oliver Boultenhouse, Esq.

CAPT. E. S. TOWSE.

Sackville, Nov. 23rd, 1887.

To Rent.

THE house and grounds formerly the residence of the late Reuben Chase, Esq., Upper Sackville. There is a vegetable garden and flower garden. The house is commodious and comfortable, with good barn and outbuildings. Also a number of good hens for sale. Possesion given immediately. Apply to

MRS. REUBEN CHASE,
Upper Sackville.

Sackville, April 13th, 1887. tf

FOR SALE.

TWO Colts, four years old, broken and sired by the best breeding, sired by Walde Barnes" Horse respectively; three years old, of "Barnes" 1 Colt, one year old; 1 Brood old, will exchange for Cattle; 1 ry fine Steers, five years old, well n. Also some good Sheep, "Shrop." Leister" Grade.

Terms easy, on Approved Notes.

D. L. HANINGTON.

Dorchester, Oct. 3rd, 1887.

House and Lot

For Sale or to Let.

THIS desirable Property formerly owned by Alex. Johnston, is situated at Upper Sackville, convenient to School, Church, Store and Post Office, and is a very pleasant locality. The House is new and very convenient; Outbuildings are in good repair. There is also a Blacksmith Shop and Carpenter Shop on the premises, and plenty of good water.

Terms very favorable. Apply to

CHARLES FAWCETT,

May 11th, 1887. Sackville, N. B.

For Sale.

THE PREMISES occupied by me in Baie Verte, consisting of a Dwelling House, Shop, Office, Outhouses and Wharf. The location is one of the most convenient and desirable in town, and only a few minutes' walk from Churches, School House or Station.

If not sold within a short time, the Shop, with Office, suitable for any kind of business, can be let separately.

Title undoubted. Apply to

T. A. WELLING.

Baie Verte, May 25th, 1887

Notice of Sale.

To Henry L. Mitchell, late of Sackville, in the County of Westmorland, in the Province of New Brunswick, and all other Persons whom it may concern:

NOTICE is hereby given That under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the thirteenth day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three, and made between the said Henry L. Mitchell, then of Sackville aforesaid, in the County and Province aforesaid, Cabinet maker, of the one part, and Josiah Wood, of Sackville aforesaid, in the County and Province aforesaid, Gentleman, of the other part, and registered in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the County aforesaid, by the Number 45,428, Folio 29, Libro P, 4, on the thirteenth day of August, in the year aforesaid, which said Mortgage was assigned to the undersigned Thomas A. Kinnear, of Sackville aforesaid, in the County and Province aforesaid, Barrister-at-Law, by the said Josiah Wood, by Indenture bearing date the third day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven, and registered in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the County aforesaid, by the Number 52,388, Folio 102, Libro I, 5, on the fifth day of December, in the year last aforesaid: there will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction, at or near the "Brunswick House," (so called,) at Sackville aforesaid, in the County and Province aforesaid, on WEDNESDAY, the TWENTY-FIFTH DAY OF JANUARY next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, the LANDS and PREMISES in said Indenture of Mortgage, described as follows: "That certain "piece or parcel of Land situate in Sackville "aforesaid, bounded as follows: Easterly by "the Station Road (so called); south-westerly "by lands leased to the Colonial Foundry "(so called) as a Road; westerly by the Rou- "tenhouse Shipyard Road (so called); and "north-easterly by Lands of Christopher "Milner, said piece or parcel of Land con- "taining one acre, more or less." Together with all and singular the Buildings, Improvements, Privileges and Appurtenances to the said Premises, belonging or in any wise appertaining.

For terms and particulars apply to the undersigned.

Dated the seventh day of December, A. D. 1887.

THOMAS A. KINNEAR,
Assignee of Mortgagee.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

Bargains. Bargains.

Just received direct from the Manufacturers, a Large Assortment of

CROCKERY,

Consisting of China Sets, Colored Sets, Dinner Sets, Meat Dishes (all sizes), Chamber Sets, Vegetable Dishes, Dinner Plates, Tea Plates, Soup Plates, Bowls, Pitchers (all sizes), Jelly Moulds, Cheese Plates, Cups and Saucers, Fancy China Cups and Mugs, Tea Pots, and other articles too numerous to mention, for sale CHEAP for CASH by

C. W. KNAPP.

Glassware. Glassware.

CONSISTING IN

Tumblers, Goblets, Pickle Dishes, Preserve Dishes, Pepper Bottles, Salt Shakers, Mustard Pots, Glass Sets different Colors and Patterns from 45c. to $1.50, Water Pitchers, Molasses Pitchers, Lanterns, the latest Improved Granite Iron Teapots—cheaper than ever, a lot of very nice Vases (different styles and patterns), also a large assortment of Lamps of all kinds, a few nice Sets of Casters and Butter Dishes in Nickel, Lamp Chimnies of all sizes, for sale Cheap for Cash by

C. W. KNAPP.

HARDWARE, &c.

A good Assortment of

Coal Scuttles, Oil Cans, Manure Forks, Axes, Butchers' Knives, Carving Knives and Forks, Meat Choppers, Can Openers, Combs, Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Scissors, Pipes, Purses, Match Safes, Boys' Carpenter Tools, Slate Pencils (by the box), Spectacles, etc., etc., for sale Cheap for Cash by

C. W. KNAPP.

Hats and Caps.

A good Assortment of

HARD HATS and FUR CAPS, for sale cheap to clear out. Also a good Assortment of

Christmas and New Year Cards

On hand, Cheaper than ever. Also a good Assortment of

Groceries, Spices, &c.,

For sale Cheap for Cash by

dec13 C. W. KNAPP.

CARDS

IN thanking the people of Sackville and vicinity for their patronage during the last fifteen years, I wish to remind them that I have moved into my new Store (next door to my late stand), where, with more room and improved facilities, I shall be better able to serve them than ever before. I will be glad to see all my old customers and as many new ones as possible.

FOR THE CHRISTMAS TRADE

I HAVE A STOCK OF

Ricksecker's Perfumes.

These are the most beautiful Goods in this line ever shown here. Also a Fine Assortment of

PLUSH GOODS,

In Dressing Cases and Ladies' Work Boxes, very beautiful and at moderate prices.

Plush & Leather Photograph Frames

And other Goods, suitable for Christmas Presents. Dont purchase before seeing our Stock. Our Stock of

Drugs and Patent Medicines

Has been materially increased. ☞ Particular attention given to Dispensing.

A. DIXON,
dec14 DRUGGIST.

MOORE'S!

An Elegant Assortment of

Fancy Goods

In Plush, Leather, Brass, China, Glass, Silverware, &c.,

☞ FOR XMAS, ☜

WILL BE FOUND AT THE

BOOK STORE.

☞ Toys, Games, Cards, Books and Stationery, in great variety; Skates ☜ and Children's Sleighs, specialties, ☞ at wonderfully low prices; Christmas Tree Ornaments and Candles in ☜ abundance. ☞

Call early and see the Goods before the best are selected.

N.B.—**Wall Paper** at Cost for Cash.

Intercolonial and Eastern Extension Railways.

Christmas and New Year Holidays.

EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued from all Booking Stations at *One First Class Fare* from Friday, the 23rd, until Monday, the 26th December, inclusive, and from Friday, the 30th December, until Monday, the 2nd January, inclusive.

These Tickets will be good for the double journey and available to return by any Passenger Train until 5th January, 1888.

Excursion Tickets will also be issued at Through Booking Stations on 23rd and 24th December to Grand Trunk and Pacific Ry. Points at *One and a Third Single First Class Fare* good for return up to and including 5th January.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., November 16th, 1887.

N. B. & P. E. RAILWAY.

1887.——Holiday Season——1888.

EXCURSION RETURN TICKETS at One First Class Fare will be issued between all Stations on this Line from Friday, December 23rd, up to and including Monday, January 2nd, 1888, good to return until Thursday, January 5th, 1888.

JOSIAH WOOD,
President.

Sackville, Dec. 22nd, 1887. 2i

OVER $6,000
—IN—
CLOTHS ALONE

Have been imported and are now being opened up

For the Fall Trade!

NEW CLOTHS! NEW CLOTHS!

These heavy purchases were made in anticipation of the almost unprecedented advance which has since taken place in foreign woollens.

We respectfully solicit your inspection of the Stock before selecting your Spring outfit, as you will find our prices away below those of our competitors who have bought since the advance.

Our Cutter, MR. A. H. ROBERTSON, has arrived by last Steamer from a visit to some of the principal cities in England and Scotland. During his stay he has made himself thoroughly conversant with all the LATEST IMPROVEMENTS pertaining to his art.

Dunlap, McDonald & Co.

Amherst, N. S., Mar. 24, 1887.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE.

CLOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of diseases arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

JUST RECEIVED.

WE HAVE NOW IN STOCK

Oakum, Tar, Pitch, Herring Nets, Rope, Oil Clothes,

WHITE LEAD,

(Warranted), Drop Black and other Paints, Boiled and Raw Oils, best quality of **VARNISHES**, in Japan, Furniture, Oak Gearing, Rubbing, and best Finishing. A full stock of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, Ready-Made Clothing, Hats and Caps.

WALL PAPERS,

House Furniture in Bedroom Suites, &c. We respectfully invite inspection.

E. C. GOODEN & CO.

Baie Verte, April 12th, 1887.

LIVE MEN AND WOMEN WANTED. } **Good Pay.**

No Capital Required.

BY our method of doing business, agents may not fear having a lot of unsaleable goods remain on their hands. Our work is perfectly honorable and respectable, and any live man or woman, young or old, can easily make from $3 to $10 per day during the winter months in his or her own locality. Send a three cent stamp for circulars giving full particulars. Address

THE CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST,
4i Peterborough, Ont.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

TENDERS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and marked on the outside "Tender for Timber, &c.," will be received until WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4th, 1888, for all or any part of the timber and lumber referred to in a specification dated 14th December, 1887, and which can be obtained at all Booking Stations.

All the conditions of specification must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., December 15th, 1887. } 1i

HACYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM
CURES COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, ETC.

TO AGENTS THE CANADIAN NEEDLE CO. 46 and 48 Front Street East, Toronto, get up the Neatest, most Complete and Best Selling Needle Package in America. Send 25 Cents for Samples of New No. 4, finished in Fine Plush. Particulars sent when stamps are enclosed for reply.

Don't worry if you are out of employment. Write to Mr. Kowny, 41 Wellington Street East, Toronto. Send stamps for reply

(Continued from first page.)

"Put a 'velop on it, and write his name, and put it in the Pos'-office," insisted Polly.

Mattie's black eyes danced with fun as she looked from the letter to the very earnest face of the writer. "Billy," she exclaimed, "come here and see what Polly's been doing."

"He may look," said Polly, "but I don't want anybody else to know."

Billy was one of those boys who can laugh inside and not let a sound of it escape him. He looked at the letter,

"It's just the thing," he said. "I'll sign her name to it."

"And I'll do it up," said Mattie.

"It's got to go," said Billy, "and if it gets to him he may come."

That was the reason why, on the morning of the day before Christmas, Squire Leadenway gave his team a rest right in front of the Lummis house. He had not seen anybody yet, but a small, clear voice seemed to almost come up out of the snow:

"Mister!" it said. "Wait! Please!"

"Hullo," said Squire Leadenway, heavily, 'who are you? What do you want?"

"I'm Polly Lummis. It's a Pos'-office."

She held up the white envelope as she spoke, and he could now look down from his load of bags of grain into her round, rosy, and very eager little face. His hand, covered by a great thick yarn mitten, went right out and took the letter.

"Post-office?" he said. "Yes. No stamp. Sakes alive! Santa Claus. Guess it doesn't need any stamp. I'll take it, Polly."

"Will it get him?" asked Polly.

"Hope it will," he said emphatically. "I declare! Santa Claus! You though you'd write to him, eh?"

"'Cause he isn't coming to our house," she said.

"That's bad," said the heavy old Squire. "He ought to come. Why, I'd like to see him myself."

"Thank you, sir," said Polly. I hope it 'll get him."

She darted back to the gate, and Squire Leadenway drove on to the village, chuckling to himself and remarking: "Fat little chub. Christmas. Well, now. Children of her size are kind o' sca'ce around Mossville."

Just a little later a squad of elderly men were standing by the counter in McGonegal's store, just back of the window-sash and pigeon-holes where he kept the Mossville Post-office.

Judge Hopper was there, and Elder Group, and Dr. Link, and McGonegal himself, and others were coming and going.

"I am afraid that there will not be much Christmas in Mossville," said Dr. Link.

"Why not, sir?—why not?" demanded Elder Group, combatively.

"No children," said the Doctor, with a wave of his hand. "You can't have a Christmas without children."

"Fact, Doctor—fact," said Judge Hopper. "All the young folks ever were in Mossville have gone West, or they've grown up to be old bachelors and old maids, like you and McGonegal and Elder Group. Perhaps it's as well, though. Very quiet village. No disturbance."

"No Christmas—" began the Doctor again; but at that moment the store door flew open, and Squire Leadenway stamped snowily in. He was an important man, very, and they were all ready to say good-morning to him, but he spoke first to the Postmaster.

"McGonegal," he said, "does that ere thing call for a two-cent stamp or a one-cent stamp, or will you take it out in trade?"

"Santa Claus!" exclaimed the astonished Postmaster. "He doesn't live anywhere round here. What does it mean?"

"It means Polly Lummis," replied Squire Leadenway. "Little chub, 'bout so high. Stopped me in front of their house. Said Santa Claus wasn't coming if the letter didn't get him. Guess they're too poor to have any Christmas."

"He is not poor; he paid for his farm," said Elder Group, severely. "He has four children."

"All healthy," said the Squire, "and he hasn't had a crop yet. What'll you do about the stamp, Mack?"

"Stamp? It 'll have to go to the Dead-letter Office at Washington."

"No, it won't" said the Squire. "I'd give something to know what's inside of it."

"I think I have some curiosity myself," remarked Dr. Link, mildly.

"I haven't," said Elder Group, with firmness. "It's a childish superstition."

"Open it comes!" remarked Judge Hopper at that moment, and it was curious to see those gray heads and wrinkled faces crowding towards that piece of paper, which was covered with curious signs and pictures.

"It needs an interpreter," remarked Dr. Link. It appears to be written in an unknown tongue."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Judge Hopper. "Guess I'm Santa Claus enough to take it home, anyway, and show it to my wife."

Everybody in the store saw it first, however, and the Judge showed it to three men and four women on his way to his own house.

"Sho!" said Mrs. Hopper, when she saw it. "Your name isn't Santa Claus, nor mine either. What made you keep it?"

"It's been to pretty much everybody in Mossville, Ellen. I thought you might see some fun in it."

"Sho! nonsense! You're too old a man to do any practical joking. So is Squire Leadenway. Did he write that scrawl, or did you?"

"Polly Lummis gave it to him. 'Tisn't a scrawl exactly. I've been trying to make out what she does mean. "That's a doll's face, and those must be sticks of candy."

"You don't say. She's a little thing," remarked Mrs. Hopper.

"Very fat and small," said the Judge.

"They're real poor, I've heard," she said; "just beginning to scratch along, now they've got their land."

"Well, now," replied her husband, "you see if you can make out anything more. I've got to go to the barn."

Mrs. Hopper sat down with Polly's letter in her lap. It was difficult writing to read, beyond a doubt, for it made her wipe her spectacles three times before she finished it. She must have read some of the words Polly had written, for she got up quickly and went upstairs. She walked straight to an old bureau, and unlocked a drawer and pulled it away out. It was full of children's toys.

"Twelve years ago," she said, "and I've never taken 'em out any year till the night before Christmas."

Then all that was in that drawer came out upon the floor, and she sat down by the heap she had made.

Polly Lummis had no secret to keep, now that her letter had gone, and Billy insisted upon it that if Santa Claus came to Mossville he would be sure to call at the Post-office and ask if there was anything for him. He piled up logs in the sitting-room fireplace after supper until the family had to push their chairs back and sit by the table. There they sat and talked and laughed about the apples and nuts they meant to have when the next Christmas Eve should come, and about all the good stories they had ever heard that belonged to Santa Claus and to Christmas, until the fore stick broke down in a great shower of sparks, and Mrs. Lummis said it was bedtime.

Hardly were the children in bed before Mrs. Lummis said, "Now, Nathan," and went into the spare room. He sat still, because he knew the secret, but he laughed all the while. She came back with a woolly bundle

All across the chimney-piece, pin after pin, she and he fastened their secret. A hood for Mattie, a tippet for Lou, another for Polly, and gray stocking and red mittens all around. How she had been knitting!

"Maria!" exclaimed Mr. Lummis. "Mittens for me too?"

"And you never saw me do a stitch of them."

"I declare!" he said. "Thick and warm. Maria. And I did get a little candy for the children after all."

They both laughed, real good, quiet, away-down-deep sort of laughs.

Perhaps they were soon asleep, and perhaps they were not, but they lay still all the rest of that night. That was more than Billy did. He and Mattie did some whispering right at the head of the stairs.

"If there's anything else there," she said, "you mustn't look at it."

"I won't," he whispered; as he came down as noiselessly as if he had been a young panther hunting for something. He had one of his mother's stockings in his hand, and there was evidently a parcel of some kind inside. He almost shut his eyes while he was pining it up, so that he would be fair and not see the other worsted-work, but he had to twist himself hard to keep from laughing. Then he went into the best room, and in a moment more a handsome new axe, marked "for father," lay upon the sitting-room table.

Billy went back to bed, and it was pretty late then; but it was two hours later when something very queer came to Polly. It was not a dream, for it broke right in through a great beautiful dream she was having about Santa Claus reading a letter, and it woke her up. She was sure she heard something. It was just as if there was a slow crunch, crunch, crunch on the path from the road to the house. She lay still as a mouse, whispering to herself: "He got it! He got it! I know he got it? That's Santa Claus out there.

It was not any such thing, for it was old Judge Hopper, all wrapped up, and trying to walk stealthily. As he got back to the road a lady came out from behind the snowdrift.

"Ellen," he said, "I hung the satchel on the door knob. They are all asleep and asleep."

She leaned forward and seemed to be looking at the door for a moment, and then she turned quickly away.

"Husband," she said, huskily. "Twelve years. It's as bitter as myrrh!"

"Yes, Ellen," he said; "but you and I have played Santa Claus once more. Polly's letter went to the right place."

"Don't," she whispered. And then she added, "It would be a real Christmas to me if I could see them in the morning."

"Best as it, Ellen," he answered her as they walked away. "We shall see them all—in the morning."

Whatever he meant by that, Polly had not heard a word, and lay still, wide-awake and listening, until she heard another crunch, crunch, crunch, and this time it was very heavy.

"He's come again," she said to herself. "He forgot something, and he had to go back after it."

Once more it was not Santa Claus at all; it was only old Squire Leadenway, with a turkey in one hand and a ham in the other. He put them on the door-step, and got back into the road again before he said to himself:

"I wouldn't care to have anybody know it, and be called Santa Claus for the rest of my life; but there'll be a better smell to their Christmas dinner, whether they cook the turkey or the ham."

Off he went, and he barely reached his sleigh, hitched at a little distance up the road, in time to escape being seen by a man who came from the direction of the village.

Everybody knew that Elder Group was compelled to live pretty closely. He was a stern old man, a terror to all the evil-doers and light-minded people around Mossville. He had no softness in him anywhere; but here he was now, and Polly could only be half sure she heard anything when he went from the road to the door. She was sure that Santa Claus was prowling around, however, and she whispered "There he is."

Elder Group did not know what a mistake she was making, but he took out of his pocket a little faded-looking blue silk bag, and hung it upon the door knob.

"It's all I can afford," he said to himself. "I didn't know what to buy. They can buy whatever they need most. A quarter-eagle won't go far. I'm glad somebody else has been here."

Nobody met him on his way back to the village, but he hardly passed McGonegal's store before the door of it opened. The Elder was watched until he was out of sight, and then the Postmaster came into the street, dragging a pretty well loaded new sled.

"I've got it to do," he grumbled. "I was caught in my own trap. I said I'd give Polly the sled if they'd load it. They did. Now just look at me! Playing Santa Claus after midnight instead of being in bed! At my age too. But then I'm Postmaster, and Polly's letter was delivered."

Polly was almost asleep when she next heard Santa Claus, and she dropped off, saying: "There he is. He got it—got it—"

Mr. McGonegal saw what was already on the door-step and hanging to the knob when he left the sled and its load in front of them, and he hurried away, remarking to himself: "It's kind o'warmer. Feels as if it might thaw. Mossville's is a right good sort of a place to live in. I'm glad it's Christmas. I'd like to see Polly, though, when that door opens in the morning."

The weather was really growing colder all that clear and glorious night.

Mr. and Mrs. Lummis were the first persons in their house to get up, for they both said that the fires must be blazing when the children came down. It was dark until a candle was lighted, and the moment it shone out Mr. Lummis suddenly exclaimed.

"Maria!" and then he stood still and looked at his new axe, and laughed and said "Christmas" several times, while she fumbled in the stocking which had been hung up for her. The parcel came out and was opened, and the spectacles made their appearance.

"Nathan!" she exclaimed. "From Billy and Mattie! How did they get 'em?"

She laughed too, but it was only a long-breath laugh that dosn't make any noise.

"Maria," said he, "I won't go to the barn till after they come down. Hear 'em? It won't be much of a Santa Claus for 'em."

"'Tis for us, Nathan," she began; but just then there was a racket on the stairs, and down they came, all four.

For a few moments it seemed as if they had found as much Christmas as they had any wish for. Hood, tippets, mittens, were all put on.

"Santa Claus was here last night!" suddenly shouted Polly. "I heard him."

"Let's go and see if his reindeer left any hoof-marks," said Mattie; and out they all went, just as if they expected to find some.

A great bright star was still shining undimmed in the east when the the door was opened, and all the billowy snow was bright with the glory of Christmas morning.

"Maria!" "Nathan, what is it?" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Lummis, as they hurried to learn the secret of the chorus of shouts the children raised at the door.

"Polly's letter!" "Polly's letter!" "Santa Claus got it!" "He did come!"

"Polly," said Billy, "you can't eat a turkey and a ham."

"He only knew my name," said Polly, "but he didn't forget anybody. He knew you wanted a sled. I told him so."

"Mother," said Mattie, "it's of no use. There's nothing to tell who sent 'em."

"Maria," said Mr. Lummis. H'm! h'm! I'm glad we came to Mossville. Nice village. Good neighbors."

"Santa Claus lives there!" shouted Polly. "The letter got him right away."

There was a great deal of Christmas in the sitting room when the Mossville gifts were laid out upon the table. The spectacles and the axe and the knitting-work were the most beautiful things there, but the gold piece and its companions of all sorts were a wonder to look at.

The next time Polly went to the village it seemed as if everybody knew her, and had a laugh ready. She was almost scared by the hugging she got from Mrs. Hopper, and she told her mother about "four funny old men, real funny," who had talked to her about Santa Claus.

—*Harper's Young People.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

—Master Freddy thinks himself by no means the least important member of the household. One evening, after he and his sister had gone to bed in the nursery, a violent thunder-shower came up. The children's mother, thinking they might be frightened by the storm, went upstairs to reassure them. Pausing just outside the nursery door, she heard Fred say to his sister, who was crying, "Don't oo be 'fraid, baby; me an' God's here."

A Quarter of a Century.

For more than twenty-five years has Hagyard's Yellow Oil been sold by druggists, and it has never yet failed to give satisfaction as a household remedy for pain, lameness and soreness of the flesh, for external and internal use in all painful complaints.

Keep in Good Humor.

This injunction applies not only to the mental but the physical welfare. Salt rheum, erysipelas, and all obstinate humors of the blood are perfectly curable by Burdock Blood Bitters.

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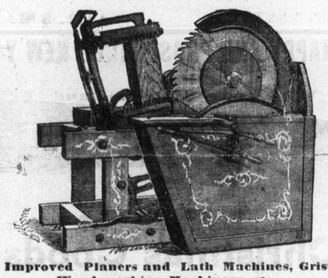

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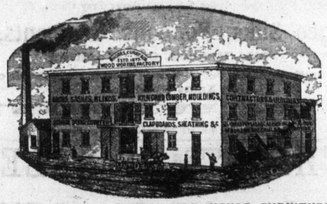

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