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VOL. 17. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1889. NO. 38.

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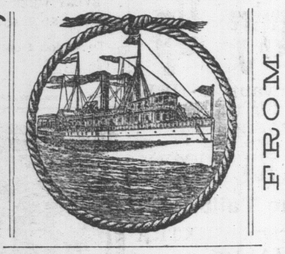

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Poetry.

Christmas Cheer.

Our hearts are glad when Christmas comes
With merry voice for young and old,
The pure white snow his garlands weaves,
And mantles him against the cold.
What shall we say on such a day,
But Hail to all this festal mirth,
'God will to men'—repeat again,
And spread its peace o'er all the earth.

With right good cheer we hail the morn,
And sing with joyance loud and free,
The Blessed Babe of Bethlehem
Once more our living guest shall be;
And all child-life for His sweet sake,
Will have a higher, holier birth,
And friend and foe will better know—
There's peace and love for all the earth.

Let pleasant feeling rule the hour,
Let brotherhood be truly known;
A truce to envy, hate and strife,
Let each his friend in friendship own;
For one sweet hour let goodness reign,
And sense of human love and worth;
Once more be heard the blessed word—
'Good will to men,' and 'peace on earth.'
—*Wm. Brunton in Portland Transcript.*

A Legend.

I read a legend of a monk who painted
In an old convent cells in days bygone,
Pictures of martyrs and of virgins sainted,
And the sweet Christ Face with the crown of thorn.

Poor daubs, not fit to be a chapel's treasure—
Full many a taunting word upon them fell;
But the good abbot let him, for his pleasure,
Adorn with them his solitary cell.

One night the poor monk mused: 'Could I but render
Honor to Christ as other painters do,—
Were but my skill as great as is the tender
Love that inspires me when His Cross I view!

'But no; 'tis vain I toil and strive in sorrow,
What man so scorns, still less can He admire;
My life's work is all valueless; to-morrow
I'll cast my ill wrought pictures in the fire.'

He raised his eyes within his cell—O wonder!
There stood a visitor; thorn crowned was He,
And a sweet voice the silence rent asunder;
'I scorn no work that's done for love of Me.'

And round the walls the paintings shone resplendent
With lights and colors to this world unknown,
A perfect beauty, and a hue transcendant,
That never yet on mortal canvas shone.

There is a meaning in the strange old story—
Let none dare judge his brother's worth or need;
The pure intent gives to the act the glory,
The noblest purpose makes the grandest deed.

Select Literature.

Uncle Zenas and Cicely.

'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall.

Strong and cheery was the voice that sang these words to the rough accompaniment of an old cart, drawn by a venerable horse, which rattled along over a frozen country road. The cart has a canvas cover, on one side of which was printed in somewnat shaky and uncertain red letters:

Mr. Zenas Kerr,
Dealer in Fish, Fruit, Crackers,
And other things.

Day after day, summer and winter, in sunshine and storm, the cart went rattling over ten miles of country roads along which Mr. Zenas Kerr's customers lived. The owner, a jolly old man, with a kindly, honest face, sat on a low seat in front, and his melodious voice could often be heard before the cart could be seen, or before he rang the large brass bell that gave warning to busy house-keepers of his approach.

Sometimes they heard it late at night, for he was often belated, and when the night was darkest he seemed to sing loudest. His songs were generally 'gospel hymns,' and the sleeping farmers and their families were awakened by the words of 'Coronation,' or 'Jesus, Lover of my Soul,' ringing out on the night air.

'Uncle Zenas is late again to-night,' was their drowsy thought. 'I hope he'll get home all right.'

For everybody knew Uncle Zenas, and everybody loved him. He was always cheery, obliging and kind, especially to the children, and thoroughly good and honest. His whole life had been spent on the little farm he owned, and on the road he had traversed daily for full fifty years.

On Sundays, Uncle Zenas and Aunt Serelda, his wife, came down the road to the little 'meeting house' to hear the 'preachin',' and often they would stay for the Sunday School, and sometimes to the 'experience meeting' which followed it. It was Deacon Zenas Kerr's pride that he had not failed a single Sunday in his attendance at church for fifty-four years, and he humbly and gratefully said that 'the Lord had been awfully good to him in the way of health, or he couldn't have done it.'

Uncle Zenas and Aunt Serelda lived alone in a snug little brown house, made so cosy and comfortable in an old-fashioned way by Aunt Serelda, that Uncle Zenas often said he wouldn't exchange it for the finest house in the country.

'If we only had children now,' Uncle Zenas would sometimes say, regretfully; and Aunt Serelda would add, quaintly and oddly enough—

'Or, if we only had grandchildren, Zenas. Somehow or other I've kind of got over mindin' it so much that we aint never had children, but it does go hard not to have any grandchildren.'

'That's so, Serelda; that's so, 'speshly on Thanksgivin' and Christmas times. Nothin' would suit me better, Serelda, than to see half-a-dozen boys and girls sittin' 'round our table Thanksgivin' day a-stuffin themselves with roast turkey and pies and sweet cakes. 'Twould be cheerin' wouldn't it?'

'Yes!' Aunt Serelda would say. 'I've often and often thought so. An' sometimes when I'm makin' the Christmas doughnuts and gingersnaps I can't help makin' an extry big doughnut, all twisted and braided, or a big ginger-snap horse, frosted all over, and then I think how happy some child would be if I could slip 'em and some other pretty things into its stockin' of a Christmas night.'

'I wish you could, Serelda; I wish you could,' Uncle Zenas would say, in a very regretful tone.

With these feelings, who can wonder that even when Uncle Zenas and Aunt Serelda were seventy-two years old they adopted a girl of twelve years.

Uncle Zenas was driving homeward one stormy evening, late in the Autumn. The tire of one of the wheels of his cart had loosened when he was four miles from home, and the accident so delayed him that it was nine o'clock when he reached a point within a mile of home. He was singing 'Coronation' with unwonted vigor—although his garments were soaked with the rain that poured in through the thin canvas cover, and blew in at the front of his cart. Suddenly a sharp, clear voice rang out from the roadside—

'Say, mister!'

Uncle Zenas reined up his horse with a jerk.

'Who is it?' he asked.

'Me,' was the indefinite reply.

'Well, who's me?'

'Cic'ly White; I'm lost, and haven't any place to go to.'

While speaking, the lost girl came to the side of the waggon, and began climbing up over one of the muddy wheels. She seemed to Uncle Zenas to be small and slight, and without shawl or bonnet. Mounting slowly to the seat by his side, she said coolly—

'Now you can drive on.'

'Ho! ho! You don't say so! Much 'bliged, I'm sure!' exclaimed Uncle Zenas, with a smile.

Sitting by his side, with the cold rain driving into both their faces, the girl told all that she was ever able to tell about herself, and all that Uncle Zenas ever knew. There had evidently been more storm than sunshine in her young life and Uncle Zenas's old cart was as peaceful and comfortable a little haven as she had ever found.

'My name's Cic'ly White,' she said, bluntly. 'I don't know where I came from, nor where I'm going. I don't b'long to nobody, and nobody b'longs to me. I'm eleven years old, going on twelve. Once I lived in a big 'sylum, or something in a big city. One day a big, ugly man and woman come to the 'sylum, and took me to the country, and the most they did was to scold, and sometimes beat me. Their names was Smith, and they said that my name was that, too. But my name was White to the 'sylum, and that's my name now.'

'I didn't have as much to eat as I had at the 'sylum, and the man was always saying I didn't earn my victuals. One day he said he was going west to take a new start, and then a little while after they sold most of the things in the house, and said they were too poor to take me, and they could leave me somewhere on the road. So they took me with them, and after I had rode in the waggon for two days or so, they made me climb out, and then they drove off and left me in the woods all alone by myself.'

'Smith said if I follered 'em he'd horsewhip me. He needn't been afeerd. I was jest as glad to get shet of them, as they was to get shet of me. I walked the road till towards night and went to a house, but a big dog got after me, and lickity-cut I run back to the woods. Then the storm came up, and I got soppin' wet in the bushes I'd crawled into—and here I am, half-starved, and wet as can be.'

The poor waif's half-humorous, half-pathetic story touched the tender heart of Uncle Zenas.

'You poor little soul,' he said, 'We're most to my house now, and my Serelda 'll have something nice and hot for both of us, and we'll see if we can't get you a better bed than the one the rain drove you out of.'

Aunt Serelda took the forlorn bedraggled child right into her motherly heart. 'Them Smiths must have been unfeelin' brutes,' she said.

It was evident that Cicely was a homeless and friendless child. In her memory there was no recollection of father, mother, sister or brother. Beyond the 'sylum' she knew nothing—not even the name of the city in which the 'sylum' was; and with only the common name of White for a clue, it was useless to try to trace the identity of the girl.

'So we'll keep her,' said Uncle Zenas.

'So we will,' said Aunt Serelda.

The 'neighbors' said it was 'a foolish thing to do, because,' they said, 'there was no telling who or what she was.'

'She's one of the Lord's onfortinit little ones,' said Uncle Zenas.

But still the neighbors said it was 'risky business,' and hinted about 'bad blood' and 'natural born wickedness.'

'I'm not afraid,' said Aunt Serelda, shaking her head decisively. 'There's natural-born wickedness in the best of us for the matter of that. Only some of us has better chances to outgrow it than others. That's all. This child hasn't had her chance, like other folk, and people that's so awfully good themselves oughtn't to throw stones at a child like her.'

Cicely was neatly dressed and sent to the village school, where some of her actions tended to strengthen the surmise that there was 'bad blood' in her veins. She was certainly 'full of mischief,' both at home and at school.

'But it's innocent kind of mischief,' said Uncle Zenas. 'She ain't a bit tricky or mean or dishonest, and I don't b'leeve she ever told a story in her life. The child never had any fun before, and she has to have a good deal now to make up for what she lost.'

This kindly view of the matter was very comforting to Cicely, and was not calculated to lay her under any great restraint. The neighborhood was eminently respectable, and most decorous in its conduct. Most of the families could produce 'documents' in proof of their respectability, and Cicely was—'goodness only knows what or who.'

The opinion was gaining ground that she would one day burn the house over the heads of Aunt Serelda and Uncle Zenas and decamp with their silver spoons and candlesticks.

Uncle Zenas, hearing this, said to Cicely, 'I'd trust you with my old pocket-book, and all that's in it, any day.'

'And I wouldn't touch a nickel of it,' said Cicely, stoutly and truthfully; then she added, very earnestly, 'Because I know that you know, and I feel that *you* feel that I wouldn't.'

'That was the best definition of the word 'confidence' I ever heard,' said Uncle Zenas.

Thanksgiving Day came, and there was some one to be supremely happy over the ginger-snap horses and the 'double-and-twisted' doughnuts Aunt Serelda made, and to 'stuff herself' on Uncle Zenas' finest gobbler. Cicely was very, very happy. She was very grateful, too, and often said to herself—

'I only wish I could do something to show how much 'bliged I am. Just washing dishes and sweeping up and carrying in chips and peeling potatoes and running of errands ain't anything at all.'

The fierce New England winter came early that year, and lingered long. The oldest inhabitant had never known a colder one. Snow fell almost every day after the first of November; the strong, cold winds blew day and night; the snow drifted, and for days there was no sunshine.

But Uncle Zenas went his hard round day after day; his cheery voice rang out in song through the dark and dreary woods; he urged his old horse on through drifts of snow; his bell rang its note of merry warning before doors closed and bolted against the winter's storms. His burly figure, muffled to the chin, clambered out of the cart, and appeared in snug kitchens even on these blustering stormy days.

'It's a great 'commodation to have you come round with so many things we need and can't go to the store for in this weather,' said his patrons. 'But, really, Uncle Zenas, you ought not to expose yourself so, at your age.'

'Oh, I guess I'll stand it!' Uncle Zenas would reply. 'You know I'm a poor man, with my living to make in all kinds of weather, and the only way to make anything in my business is to keep at it. I sell more this kind of weather, for folk would rather buy of me than to go to town over these awful roads.'

Aunt Serelda worried a great deal about Uncle Zenas that winter, and her anxiety was shared by Cicely. She would follow Uncle Zenas to the cart, and hold the reins while he 'snuggled himself up' in blankets and robes and drew on his great mittens. And when he came home, after dark, Cicely would be first to hear him singing:—

'I'm a-coming home, I'm a-coming home,
I'm a-coming home to you;
I'm a-coming home, I'm a-coming home,
Oh, tiddie I dum, I dum, I do!'

It was a great secret in the Kerr family that Uncle Zenas had 'made that song up' himself, although the neighborhood had a half defined suspicion of the fact, and were quite sure that it could not be traced to Watts.

Uncle Zenas had made Aunt Serelda and Cicely a promise that gave them great satisfaction. He said that he would not go out peddling once between Christmas and New Year, and his patrons were notified of this promise, and most of them heartily approved of it.

Christmas and New Year's day came on Saturday that year, and on the Friday before Christmas Uncle Zenas started on the last trip for nine whole, happy days.

The day was exceedingly cold and stormy. The wind was blowing fiercely, and fine hard snow filled the air. But Uncle Zenas had in his cart a great many things previously ordered by his patrons, and he felt that he must deliver them, or, some Christmas dinners would be spoiled.

'But,' he said, 'I'll be home early, for I've got such an early start, and I shan't stop at any place where I ain't got an order. I'll be home by sundown *sure*.'

The long, cold day wore wearily away. The storm did not abate as the daylight waned. The sun went down; the night came quickly, and Uncle Zenas did not return.

Aunt Serelda peered out often and anxiously from the little white-curtained window, and Cicely listened intently for the first note of the cheery song.

But six, seven, nine o'clock came and the looked and hoped for face did not appear; the song was not heard, and the night grew wilder.

Where was Uncle Zenas?

A mile from home, lying by the roadside, with the snow drifting over him, and his hands lying helplessly by his side.

He had been hurrying homeward, belated by the dreadful condition of the roads. While descending a steep hill the front wheel of his waggon had suddenly fallen off, and the good old man had fallen heavily forward, striking his head on a great stone by the road.

He tried to rise, but could not, and in a moment he was insensible. The horse, unable to move the disabled cart, stood quietly in the road with drooping head. It was a little after nine o'clock, and if help did not come soon it would come too late.

The storm was at its height. A faint light could be seen far down the road. It moved slowly, and was a long time coming up the steep hill. Once it stood still for several minutes. That was because of the exhaustion of the brave little girl who carried the old tin lantern in her chilled hand.

'Grandfather!'

There was no reply to the shrill, childish cry.

'O grandfather!'

The voice wavered and trembled, and died away in a little quiver that told of tears. 'I'll go a little farther,' it said.

A little farther, and Cicely was kneeling by Uncle Zenas, calling him by endearing names, kissing his cold cheek and chafing his freezing hands.

He moved once, turned his head from side to side in the snow, but did not speak. Cicely forgot her weakness, her terror gave place to great courage and strength. What people called her 'assurance,' but what was really her self-possession, was of great value at that moment.

'I must have help,' she said decisively.

She covered Uncle Zenas with the thick winter robe hanging from the seat of the cart, mounted the old horse, and started for the nearest house, half a mile distant. It was nearly ten o'clock when she reached it, and the wind roared so that she had to pound on the door with her lantern to make herself heard.

'Good land of liberty!' was all old farmer Johnson could say, as he opened the door and looked down on Cicely, bundled to the eyes in her snow-covered wrap.

'O, Mr. Johnson, grandfather is over on Chestnut Hill in the snow! He fell from the waggon, and don't know anything. Do come at once!'

In a very few moments farmer Johnson and his three stalwart sons were hurrying toward Chestnut Hill in a great sled with two horses hitched to it. Cicely would go too, in spite of Mrs. Johnson's protest that she had better stay where she was, and go to bed.

The first hours of the Christmas day had come before Uncle Zenas, safe in his own little home, with Aunt Seralda bathing his bleeding head, and Cicely asking again and again if he did not know her, came to consciousness again.

'It was most an awful narrer escape,' said Uncle Zenas, as he and Aunt Seralda and Cicely sat at dinner for the next three or four Christmasses that followed. 'I was just tuckered out when they got me home, and didn't know anything till next day. And then I was really 'fraid I wouldn't get a chance to eat Aunt Sereldy's turkey or the mince turn-over Cicely had made me.'

Geography of the Moon.

A BRIEF WORD PICTURE OF OUR NEAREST PLANET NEIGHBOR.

Though the moon is so near us when compared with the other heavenly bodies, it is still a very long way off when estimated by more ordinary standards. Under the most favorable circumstances our neighbor is nearly 250,000 miles away, and when viewed from so great a distance objects have to be of considerable magnitude if they are to be visible at all. A lunar mountain, even if it were as great as Mont Blanc itself, would only be shown like a tiny hillock by our mightiest telescopes. No object on the moon could be seen unless it were at least as large as a town hall or a cathedral. Were the great pyramid of Egypt on the moon it would only seem to us as a speck, which an artist who was making a sketch at the telescope would indicate by a dot with his pencil.

SIZES BY COMPARISONS.

There are certain spots or marks on the moon as seen with the unaided eye with which every one is familiar. They can be best observed when the moon is full, and it is a remarkable fact that the features exhibited by the full moon are always the same. In fact, the moon always turns the same face to us; we are never granted a glimpse at the other side, and as to what that other side may be like neither I nor any one else can give you the slightest information. The diameter of the moon is about 2,000 miles, from which we infer that the hemisphere which we do see has an area about double as big as the entire surface of Europe. Some of those large spots which form the features on the full moon are therefore about as large as France or Spain. These regions have a different color to the rest of the moon's surface, and the telescope shows that their floors are smoother than other tracts of lunar country.

We are certain that the surface of the moon no longer contains any visible water. It seems to have penetrated into the interior of the lunar globe at some period ages before telescopes were ever directed to the heavens.

Though the ancient sea basins are the only conspicuous objects in the naked eye view of the moon, yet when the telescope is used these features are not nearly so interesting as the craters. These are multitudes of small objects quite invisible to the unaided eye, though many of them must be a hundred miles or more in diameter.

To observe these objects with advantage we should select an opportunity when the moon is at or near the quarter. In any case we should avoid making our visit to the observatory at the time when the moon is full. You must remember that the moon derives its light from the sun just as the earth does. The sun illuminates that half of the moon which happens to be turned toward it, while the other half is in darkness, and accordingly as we see more or less of the bright half we see the moon more or less full. It is along the diameter of the moon at the quarter, or at any time along the boundary between the bright part and the dark, that the illumination is best suited for rendering faint objects visible.

NOT NICE FOR WALKING.

There is one particular kind of object which specially characterizes the geography of the moon. The type of this object is a ring, and of these rings there are hundreds. They have been most carefully drawn on the charts of the moon, and, indeed, the great majority have had special names assigned to them. Let me try to describe what one of these rings would actually look like if you were able to stand on the moon. You would find the ring to be a rampart of lofty mountains, surrounding a rough and rugged interior. The diameter of this circle will range from the smallest size that we can just discern, which will be a few hundred across, up to vast extents of 100 miles or even more in diameter, indeed, if you were standing in the center of one of the largest of these rings the range of mountains which, in their altitude and in their massiveness, may be compared with our Alps or our Apennines, names which, indeed, have been also applied with appropriateness to corresponding lunar objects. I imagine, however, that a walk on the moon would be attended with the most frightful difficulties from the nature of its surface alone, quite independently of other impediments of a still more insuperable description. The entire area of moon land appears to be an utter desert—a desert, too, not of sand but of rough rocks, carven into the wildest forms, and presenting every difficulty to one who should try to move across such a country. Lilliputians trying to run races over a heap of bricks would, I fancy, have an easy task of it as compared with the conditions under which you or I would try to walk upon the moon.

You know how in climbing over an Alpine glacier the presence of a yawning crevasse is a difficulty which sometimes baffles the mountaineer. The lunar rambler will find his way occasionally barred by a fearful chasm half a mile or more in width, descending to a depth which his eye cannot fathom. Never in the course of his travels will he meet with any features resembling those which he is happily familiar on the earth. He will never meet with a brook or river; he will never see a grassy field or a tree; in fact, water being now entirely absent from the moon, it is almost needless to add that vegetation of any sort is not to be found there, either. It follows also that there can be no animal life on the moon, for every animal we know of contains water as a part of its organization.
—*Sir Robert Ball.*

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Shooting at a Mark.

There was a fall of rock at one of the tunnels on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, and our train was delayed at a flag station for three or four hours. The passengers strolled about to pass the time away, and a dozen of us had gone down the track half a mile towards a quarry when we came to rough-looking shanty erected about two hundred feet from the track, and partly hidden by great rocks. There was a small piece of red cardboard in sight on the building, but if it had any printing or writing on it we could not see from that distance. A passenger pulled out his revolver and observed:

'I think I can chip that card though it's a pretty long shot.'

He fired and missed it. Then a second pulled his revolver and fired and hit the corner of the card. Then out came seven or eight weapons and then a general blazing away for at least ten minutes, when the card fell. We had just put up our pistols when a man came running up from the quarry waving his hat and yelling: 'Stop! stop!' When he reached us he was out of breath and pale as a ghost.

'W-what are you shooting at?' he gasped.

'At a red card on that shanty.'

He beckoned for us to follow and led the way to the house and opened the door. The place contained nineteen kegs of blasting powder and 150 pounds of nitro glycerine, and some of our bullets had 'barked' two or three of the kegs. I don't know by what route the others got back to the train nor how long it took 'em, but I flew, and the rate of speed beat any pigeon record you ever heard of.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A MATTER OF LABELS.—'Human nature, says a rustic philosopher, 'don't change a mite from one generation to another, when you come right down to facts.

'We have to say jest about so often that young folks ain't what they used to be, and women folks have changed, and men ain't so brave and honest as they was, and children ain't children any more.

'But it's only in the out'ard appearances that things and people change; the thing itself is allus jest about the same.

'It strikes me that it's all a good deal like this everlastin' gettin' up the new kinds o' soap that they hev down t' the grocery store; there's a new label on the package every year, but I guess we had about the same kind o' soap when I was a boy.

'Men an' women an' boys an' girls is jest about the same that they always was; but bless ye, it don't do no kind o' hurt to change the labels on the human packages every few years or so?'—*Youth's Companion.*

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup, and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1. If your Lungs are sore, Chest or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Drs. deBlois & Primrose, Bridgetown, and Dr. Morse, Lawrencetown.

—Perhaps the largest element of personal character is taste. Find out what a person likes, what his preferences are, and you have the key to his character. That a man is sometimes seen in bad company is not half so strong evidence that he is a bad man as is a fact that he *likes* bad company. We cannot be too careful at this point. Young men, look out for your tastes. Parents, see that your children learn to love only the good and pure.

Death Dealing Drugs.

Such as Calomel, Morphine, etc., are remedies better left alone. They often weaken even strong constitutions. This Burdock Blood Bitters never does, it contains no mineral or other poison, and cures all diseases of the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels, and blood by unlocking the secretions and removing all impurities.

—Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year; you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.—*Dr. Chalmer.*

—A Japanese paper reports a battle of butterflies which took place on the 20th and 21st of August, near Nojima. It took place above a narrow road and was witnessed by many of the villagers. The fight was finished before noon on the 21st, and the adjoining fields were covered by the bodies of the slain.

—Many an otherwise handsome face is disfigured with pimples and blotches, caused by a humor in the blood, which may be thoroughly eradicated by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the safest blood medicine in the market, being entirely free from arsenic or any deleterious drug.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.