# AMANCE GLEANE

## GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1885.

## POETRY.

62.5

00.7

#### THE VISITOR. Buton Courier.]

VOL.XI.

There goes the bell ! A visitor, I gurss, And I'm a fright and haven't time to grees, II'm ! Mrs. these in from across the way ; What put it in her head to call to-day ? ... To see what she can see-that's all, no doubt, That woman's nothing but a gal-about. I hate her supercliftons airs. That horrid girl is bringing her up stales ;

"Tis Mrs. Goasic, I doclare, why this "Is quite a pleasure, I am sure. (A kiss.) So kind of you to call -'tis quite a treat; Let me romove your shawl-pray, take a seal We're all upact this morning, it is true, But we can always find a seat for you. Pray, don't spanger = there is no need ; I'm very glad you've called-f am, indeed.

### A STORY OF CHRISTMAS.

#### BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

There had never before been quite such a winter as that. Not in Perry-ville, Away back in November in began to get ready for Christmas. It froze the millipond before any snow came for the freest kind of skating. Then it blew off all the snow that fell and left the free of the poud like the and left the face of the pond like the grat pane or plate grass in the show window of McMunu's jewelry store. It stayed so until it was all skated into spider webs, with figure 8's and great X's. Jin Denitke suid that the first thing a Minw did when he went on to that p and was to sit down. The news storms came along one af-ing it, and the sleighling was laid on a few inches at a time, just as it should be, so that all the roads were in first rate visions order. Boggs, the immess man, said that he sold more before in a whole year. You could not wake up without hearing a

could not wake up without hearing a jingle. With each a winter, Christmas was

With each a winter, Christmas 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 and a bone in his mouth at the time discrewas no reply made. "You see, Puns," said Batty, "it can't come to you, for you're a dog. It can't come to wother, and the baby and me, for we've only half enough to eat now. It can't come to father, for he's been goue up to the stans since last summer. It can't meme to Grandfather Starin.

It can't many to Grandfather Starin. You and T mut him in the village this

The second secon

you Merry Christmas. It's coming to-The bland face of the one physician the village contained since the bank-ruptcy and death of Batty's futher, beamed vory benevolently as he re-

sponded : "I wish you a Merry Christmas, James. The same to your father and your mother, and the whole family." "One thing I am glad of, doctor." "What is that, James ?

most worked out your bill, He said she said she could earn something to eat, thea, if the skirts fitted." "Humph! Good-day, James, I do declare! I must speak to my wife about this."

"Exactly," muttered Jim D-nike, as he again walked on. "Maybe that's a Christmus present for him. I s'spose

I'm about the worst boy in the whole village, but I'm going to be liberal with what I've got." He was protty nearly at his own gate when a serious but very pleasant voice called by name, and he said to himself: "He'sour minister. I won't be saucy

to him. He's a real good fellow-'

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. It 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 Perose this morning, and he said his mother said that the'r Christmas had come to them already. 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, he beats me. Bat-

ty seemed to have some kind of a no am." tion, though. Guess I'd better try him again. It's about the baby, somehow." Then he said he would ask his mother, and his chance for it came at the dinner table. It surprised him a little,

dinner table. It surprised him a little, she had so much too much to say, but before she g.t through with him his father had a coughing spell. Ho was not suffering from a cold either. At the end of it he said, in a husky voice : "James, you go over the hill, after dinner, and cut a sied-load of eversnid Jim. inas."

"Why, father, we've enough now to set up a Sunday-scool celebration-"Do as I tell you. Bring a good load right to the house. I'm going to see about some things."

Then he got up and put on 1 is had and overcoat, and went off into the vil-

lage." 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 Guess window, and somelow or other he before she lay down, and hung some-stopped and looked in. It was a pleasfor breakfast didn't choke mo. she wasn't very bungry. Children who grow old too soon only grow old in spots, and all the rest of them stays young. Batty was old about in front of the fire sat an old lady, and some things, and not about, some othher face had a withcred worn-out look, but there was a faint glow upon it that When his mother came home, in ers. the middle of the afternoon, and said he might go ont for a play-pell, he and Puns went right along, just as if they had a slot or concething to play with. He therefore did not hear his mother may have come from the blazing hickory. She was knitting, and her lips moved as if she was singing something, and her foot rested on the rocker of a He therefore did not hear his mother tell the baby, so cheerfully : "I'm glad there is one good man left in Perryville. What a blunder I made about Dr. Smiles and his wife." Matters in the village had been go-ing ri ht along, but Batty knew no more about these than about his meth-se's converse steps, but he did not hear her say : "Here a strain with the baby the sowing for the doctor's wife, and she know that the doctor's wife, and she know that the doctor's bill against her would be a very long one. There was a small parlor in front of the kitchen, and bedroom adjoining that, but when the obtained itself it had decided not to have any more rooms to use up furniture for people who hardly had an Smiles he had been assured by the doc-tor that uo charge had been made by "I couldn't help doing it, somehow. "Pears to me almost as if it wasn't just him against Mrs. Perouse. body must think so meanly "No ody must think so meanly of me as that," said the doctor, warmly. Then she stopped, but the knifting "A man who opprosed a woman in her and rocking went steadily on. Grandcircumstances, would have to skip father Starin looked into the cradle for a moment and then be turned silently away. It had been choked up with blankets and such matters from the Christmus Grandfather Starin seemed to himfrosty furrows in his face began to twist into an expression of definate. When a man is in the habit of having his own way he will have it, even it costs him to twist stors-room, and the fat little pillow When was dinted deeply in the middle, as if his own a small head had been lying there. Its him Grandmother Starin had done all that saying to herself . "That's just the way it used to look "I'll see !" he said, quite loudly. after I toos her up. He can't heip re-menobering. On, how I do with Christ-mas would come again to this house !" The old man attended so his duties as usual, indoors and out, and then he After that he asked the minister how many children he had, and he put the many children he had, and he put the same question concerning some of his poorer neighbors. Then he marched cesolutely 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'li have a Christmas in spite of 'em all, if money will hav one." came back to sit down and wait for

"Wish you a Merry Christmas I" Eatty 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

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

"Jim Denike says there isn't any "I mot little Batty Perouse this morning. He said his mother had al-most worked out your bill. He said

aw Sandy Caws." At that very moment Jim was on his way home from Sheaver's wood 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

"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

"What do you mean, yon-" "Why, little Batty Perouse says his mother said you never let go of any-

thing you once got your hands on. You must have stuck to all the Christmas you had last year, just as you did

"You saucy your girascal!" exclaimed the deacon, as he sprang from the sleigh, but as his feet touched the snow there was a heaped up sled with a black-eyed hoy on it, glancing away down the hill at express train speed. "He got her old house awful cheap," said Jfm as the air made his cheeks

tingle. "He might as well have a Christmas present of what some folks think about it." "Deacou Travers drove on grumb-

Justice is justice. 1'd no idea she any hard feelings about it, and her father's a rich man, too. Richer'n I

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

"Guess you didn't raise 'em judge,' id Jim. "Wish you merry Christ-

"Raise 'em? No. Merry Christmas," said the lawyer, crustily. "I don't raise poultry." "Guess not," said Jim. "Little Bat-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 those turkeys had been a 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.

Benike's front yard, Grandfathor Starin had shut his own gate behind him. He went round to the side door, and that carried him past the sitting room

words arouse in the throat of Grandfather Starin. If the words the spectacles pointed said

at could have found their way up-but they could not-they would have been: "Glory to God in the highest. On

ear h peace, good will to nen." At that very moment Jim Denike was saying to his mother. "Do you suppose I'm really the

siest boy in Perryville ?" "I hope not, my son ; but I must say that you talk a great deal.

"Things must say themselves, moth-er. Little Batty Perouse, he's just ike me. He says the queerest things."

"What does he say ?" "You can't 'most almost say 'em over again. They're queer. Sound kind o' like a picture of something

you never saw. "Some small children are very old, 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 tered : eeling, but he did not say anothee word to his wife about holidays or thr

cradie. 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

o bring up and to think over all about Dr. Perouse, and what he said and what he did. I can't make it out somehow. He didn't do right by me, Maria. He was a dreadfully bitter and obstinate man. 1 can't, somehow, remember just how it was." The old man paused and the wife's fingers wiped a stitch of her knitting as she responded, in a low hesitating oice:

"He was set in his way. "So was Hest er. She isn't one bit

ike you and me. She sided with her husband from first to last. Either she was wrong or I was wrong, and sho'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 ome 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 re-peat to his wife any of the things he had beard in the village, and he postpoued until morning saying anything about what he had done or meant to do with his purchases.

Away down the road there was light in Mrs. Perouse's window until about one o'clock. She had some sewing to do, and she was dreadfully tired when she lay down, with the baby be-side her, and Batty in his crib, at the foot of the bed. Both of them were sound asleep, and she went softly, just that were stacked upon it.

eradle in some sort of defiance. His he pushed right past both of them into face grew set and determined, and he

"We will have a Christmas, anyhow, if money will 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 open air, and nobody could have helped looking away ali around the sky to see how uncom ly crowded it was with stars, and how with all, their might and main they

were shining. He went on to the barn to take a look at his well-fed stock. He patted his great oxen, three yoke of them, and threw some corn into theirmangers. Hemus 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 cradie."

There were no wasps astir in the barn in winter, but something seemed

to have stung Graudfather Starin, for he hurried out right away. He mut-

"Nobody did say it. Nobody did say it; but I heard it: "They wrap-ped Him in swaddling clothes and they laid Him in a manger.'-they made a made of it." 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 shoue, lamp-like and wonderful, just above a white-roofed cottage away down the road.

"No, sir," exclaimed Grandfather Starin, No, sir, Nobody did say if, What is the matter with my memory? Is it anything I read last evening? No-body said it, but I heard it. 'And the star came and rested over where the young child lay;' but then that star is only the morning star." That last word was followed by an-

other of his hoarse croaks, of some-thing that refused to be spoken clearly. All the frost of the winter morning seemed to be gathering in his face. There were none in his feet, for he walked on and on, as if he were following that particular star. lie 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 at first, and then he almo could not see it. When he stood still in front of Mrs. Perouse's gate it was a full minute before he could see any-thing. "It in't so," he said. "I sin't in my right mind. What on earth can

have come over everything." There he stood and looked, and there really was something very cur-ious to be be looked at. There was a heap of evergreens on the doorstep. A barrel of flour stood a yard or so inside the gate. A nam 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 The fore end of its runners were pricked away

the house.

"It's in my bedroom," said Mrs. Pe rouse, as if she knew what he was after, and in half a minute more a faint souall answered her from the middle of a great bundle that he brought out in his arms.

"Father ?" "He'll be warm enough. I grabbled up everything there was." But what are you going to do?"

"Hester, the baby is coming to my house. So is Christmas. You and Batty follow right along The cradle' already now. All warm, nice. I'll send Mike aftor these things. You're just a coming home, Hester. That's alt

He turned and strode away with his big bundle of blankets, and the little squall still sounded musically from the beart of it.

"Mother," said Batty, confusedly, ss he looked after him, "that Christmas was Grandfather Starin, only his face was warm and red and shining. Will he bring back the baby ? What made him shine ?"

The light was in the old man's face yet when he strode vigorously into his own sitting-room. "What is it John !" exclaimed his wife, "Where have you been ? What is it ?"

"Maria ! Cradle ! It's Hester's baby; Christmas has come to our house. She and Batty are coming. Gifts, Maria, don't you remember? Gold and frankincense and myrrh. Hurrah! Wish you Merry Christmas, Maria !'

Grandfather Starin's face looked as if the sun had just risen in it, and before you could count seven the cradle was occupied. Breakfast was on the table, all the presents except the catables were scattered around on the floor, and Batty sat there with his new mittens on, gazing at them as if they were a dream. Jim Denike away over at his house in the village, was telling his father and mother what he had seen, and his mother was re

marking that it made the morning feel kind of warm. It was a pity they could not have seen the whole thing, just as it went on. Grandfather Starin bent down over the cradie, and the haby got his hands gripped stoutly in-to the thick, white beard, and Puns came up opposite to him with a wood

en soldier in his mouth. "Mother," said Batty, "will Christ-mas go away again, now it's come? "Maria !" shouted the old man to his wife, although ahe was sitting close him with an open book in her lap.

coming? How did he know?" "He's a friend of yours Batty ? - So ! What can I get for Jim ? Maria, Bat- published three years latter. ty can't use more than haif the things

The Hermet of Cleveland County

[Shelby Aurora ]

NO. 46.

Cleveland county's recluse and odlity has vanished. The ecceptric man who shunned man's society, wh heart had never felt the blandi of woman, the strange man who never owed any man one dollar, who never attended a funeral during his life, never heard a sermon since infancy,

and never saw a town in his life, has strangely and suddealy passed away, for on Sunday morning (22ad) he was found dead in his bed. He shunned the companionship of every human being, he was afraid of a woman, the startled deer of the huntsman's trend and scent. He lived where his father lived and died where his father died and term insted a narrow, contracted life whose

thoughts began and ended in self. He was a sober, modest, quiet, truthful and honest man who for 66 years attended to his own business and never meddled with any one's business for-66 years-his whole life. This is the lesson of Thomas Burgess' life. He never went in debt, but always had a few dollars to lend to the diligent and left about \$1,000 worth of property.

which he had saved. . The Sabbaths he spent alone in com paniouship with his God and Bible. the latter his only companion. His pleasure was to be alone with pature, cultivate solitary and alone his land, or hunt and fish. His neighbors, whom he seldom saw, knew his idiony erasie and testify to the right life of the ex centric Thomas Burgess, who simosi led a hermit's life.

'An Early Newspaper.

WILMINGTON, N. C. - In reading gain the admirable address of Capl Ashe, before the Press Asmoo 1881, for the third or fourth time, I potice what is perhaps an inaccu one which you might like to correct. "Maria, do you hear that? No, it won't. It's come to stay. I hope it has come to every man in Perryville. newspaper published west of Raleigh You say that up to 1812 there was no There isn't a mean man is the village. Best people ! Finest lot of children-" "I wish them all a merry Christmas," the following item, and as I came acre began Mrs. Perouse, carnestly, but Batty was saying to his graudhather "Did you tell Jim Denike you was "Travels to the Alle ghany Mountaine and back to Charleston by the Upper I declare. There he was waiting. Best boy in the village. I must see about him. Skates? Gun? Cannon? carolinas," 1805, p. 267. These trav-els were begun in 1802, and the boak

"At Lincol

in our had any other pair of erryville. Jim Denike had the with that smouth of eyes in said thu in it was a good thing to have nd in July, but it was too much the butternuts began to is not one grown up perart that Jim talked too much. the remark that Jim talked too much A little while after his conversation

Buty sat by the cradle and any in a deep study. There was ovi was a the in the cook store near him, and that and puss and the baby were

ating his dinner a full hefore the right time. There was inderful slice of cold meat bo-true was pieces of bread. It was read by that such a dinner was A WOI We III left whi could get at it, and the all had been too much for i am only six years old and had not learned to withstand uncom-

"I don't believe the baby will ery un said, gravely. tione pretty soon after thet, bring any Christmas with panike, he said it wouldn't e'll I -morrow, anyhow. He what's going to happen Nobody knew as much as

ay onve taken the general pub-on for a guide, or he may have if the almanac. At all events, hat moment standing in noe shop with a pair of hand. He was a fat, rosy-100 ed youngster of fourteen, mouth. Whenever his sparkle and dance it was is mouth was about to open. They were dancing now, as Grandfather Starin came marching tilly and icily up the street. Said what was an uncommon so mity of voice :

Well ? What is it ? Speak out." he Christmas if it got here ?"

of it ? What do you me a don't look as if you did. Perouse, this morning, that 10,20

Impudent young enscal !" enike dodged away out of the the uplifted cane, and the niked on in silent but bitterly ity. His young tormen the opposite direction, re-

more'n be's given any-lope it'll stick into him ocsn't care a cent if they ir. Perouse was just an he is." ce again,

ng, Dr. Swiller. Wish

supper. His wife had zone into the kitchen to stir up the "help" and to take a look at the milk pans. While she was there no less than five different errand boys come to the kitchen door

money will buy one." Some of the purchases be made were ardered to be sent at once to this place or that place, but there were several loss that were to go to his own house. with wrapped up parcels for Squire 8 aris. But she did not open one of them. She did but turn them over and draw her breath a little hard and "Fill take 'en around myself," he suid, "in the morning. I'm going to have a Christman, I am !" All that should have done bim some say to herself : "There can't be no Christmas in 'em,

or they wouldn't ha' come to this house. It's 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, od, and he said so, but the face seem d to grow barder, and all the wrined to grow barder, aud all the wrin-kles to freeze deeper unlil he set out to-morrow for his house. He could not get there without passing the cottage of Mrs. Pe-rouse, and just before he reached that, he all but stumbled over a small dog. "The-the cur !" he exclaimed, as he recovered his balance, and runs sprang away with a little back-and-tan yelp He was entirely sale in a moment beat long futervals, and his slippers came on. His wife had put them there for him, and she must have put something

him, and she must have put something into them, for his right foot crept out and out until the toe of that shpper rested upon the rocker of the cradle. 'Now, I kind o'wonder," he said, to himself, "a man's memory isn't in his fest. There's something the matter with my memory," and the cradle be-gan to rock, slowly and gently, as if it were trying to stir him up and put him in mind of something. Then it stop-ped and he arows and looked over at a book which lay mon a round topped work table where his wife had left her knitting. He was entirely sale in a moment be-hind Batty Perouse, and looked out from his refuge with a bark already to let go. He would have preferred the other side of a fence, bu, had a deal of couldence in Batty. That was more couldence in Batty. That was more than Batty had in himself, for he back-

"What has she been a-reading of?" up at Grandiather Starin. In The old man paused and looked down, and a great hoarse croak came struggling up to bis hand mouth. If tried twice, and the second time it The spectacles she had dropped upon the open page second to mark a place for his eyes to begin at ; but once more the harsh, hourse, croak, without any

ant cosy sort of room, with a bright wood fire blazing in an old-fashioned, open-faced, "Franklin stove." Right "I'm gud I can do that mu b. He

will see them first thing in the morning.

Batty awoke. As soon as he looked at the window and was sure about being there, he knew ke had been dreaming, He tried ever so hard to remember what it had been about, and the effort kent 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 bell- went by, and after that there was something more cranching, but it was very faint. He lay so still he hardly breathed, for Jim Den-ike had told him that Santa Claus came in a sleigh with bells, and you could hear him if you would listen 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 Bat-ty 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 eyelid came togethor again after a while Old people are apt not to sleep well, and

than usual that night. He knew what time the moon went down by the change in the kind of light that poured in at his window, but it was a written on one thing after another, glorious night, even after only the "I declare ! Mr. Knox, Boggs, Dea 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 tnat 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 nodressing they could hear him chuckling out-

"I'm afraid he's been saucy to some one," said his mother, to herself. " must ask him about it in the morning. Another chuckle from his room. sounded as if Jim were stuffing a pillow into his mouth, and then all was

It was so very still around the Star-in homestead that Graudfather Starin and it kept him awake, and that it

said it kept him awake, and that it confused his memory more than a good deat of noise would have done. Before five of clock in the molning— Christmas morning—he gave the mat-ter up, and arose and dressed himself without saying a word to his wife. 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 craffe, and he looked into it for a full minute, but there had was nobody there. There had

shouted :

there was nobody there. There had not rear enough to kiss her. He stopped not kiss head, in 1 it is worth heading, toat farkers to near enough to kiss her. He stopped to use it with head, it is the best thing known for near enough to kiss her. He stopped near enough to kiss her. He stopped to use it with head, it is the best thing known for near enough to kiss her. He stopped to use the best thing known for near enough to kiss her. He stopped to use the best thing known for near enough to kiss her. He stopped to use the best thing known for near enough to kiss her. He stopped to use the best thing known for near enough to kiss her. He stopped to use the best thing known for near enough to kiss her. He stopped to use the best thing known for near enough to kiss her. He stopped to use the best thing known for near enough to kiss her. He stopped to use the best thing known for near enough to kiss her. He stopped to use the best thing known for near enough to kiss her. He stopped to use the best thing known for near enough to kiss her. He stopped to use the best thing known for the best there is your life in waiting.

up, like a pair of eager dog's cars. bought. One sled is enough for him It was all too much for the old man obclieve in, and he turned for an-

other look at the star. Just then he heard something that sounded very much as if a boy was trying to growl. It was not exactly so. It was only the disappointed voice of Jim Denike. There he was crouching behind : fence post, and keeping down a shiver. "You here? What are you herefor, at this time in the morning?

"Wish you a Morry Christmas, squire. I got out of bed and came 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 sny Christmas is come, I'm going home.

"You can go right along." Jim's teeth chattered as ho hurried away, but between them they mad some noise, and there was a small, white figure at the bedroom window. "Mother! Mother! Christmas has come. He is out there, now, standing by 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. by C. A. Snow & Co., Patent lawyers, He hardly knew precisely how his "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 be Grandfather Starin had more trouble had forgotton it. He did not sup-than usual that night. He knew pose that anybody in the house was up Gate. or had seen him, and he walked into the little front yard and read what was

"I declare ! Mr. Knox, Boggs, Dea-on Travers, Judge Peters, Dr. Smiles, Denike, old Pat Gilbooly. No name at all. What's got hold of old Perry-ville? What's got hold of me? There, nobody said it, but I heard it. Had they brought gifts, gold and frankin-cense and myrrh?—that's it, gifts.' Hurrah for Christmas! I declare, I wish Maria was here. I've never seen Heuer's hoky. It's an awful time. Hester's baby. It's an awful time. That there star kind o'dazzles me." Mrs. Percuse had hurried down stairs and Batty bad left Puns out of

the kitchen, so that now, when the front door swung open, a woman a small boy and a dog came suddenly out and the latter began at once to bark at the evergreens.

"Hester I" exclaimed Grav dfather Starin, "Christmas! Merry Christmas -" and a very great, hoarse choking sort of croak followed, but Batty shout-Hame fastener. W. H. Hook, Springdale, Ky. Chura

"Christmas has come !" and Pau danded around the barrel and barked like mad. Mrs. Perouse gave one look at Grandfather Starin and at all the things between the door and the gate and held out both of her hands as far as she could reach. Sob-sob-sob-it did seem so hard

Better stop your cough while you can. Bys and bys nothing will do it. It is worth heeding, that Parker's Tonic is the best thing known for for her to speak, but at last she almost

per in folio, that comes out twice I'll drive around with 'em, after breakfast. Buy some more. I'm bound to week. The price of subscription is two have all the Christmas there is going !" "Oh, John, John !" said Grandmothe dollars a year ; but the printer who is Starin. "Please do. They won't any his own editor, takes by way of payof 'em have a Christmas equal to ours." Mrs. Perouse caught up Batty and ment, for the ease of his country sub scribers, flour, rye, wax, &c., at the bugged him, and it seemed as if there market price. The advertisements inwas not anything left for anybody to say. Even Puns lay down and gnawserted for the inhabitants of the coursed the wooden soldier in a sort of haptry are generally surest profit to prinpy, contented silence, but they were ters. The foreign news is extracted Il ready for breakfast as soon as the buckwheat cakes began to come in. from papers that are published at the Wherever Grandfather Starin's ersea-ports. The Federal Government,

rands took him all the forenoon, peo-ple that knew him had to look at him of which the constant a'd is to propa twice and there was something loud, gate among the people instruction, the and deep and tremendously hearty in the way he shouted to. every man and knowledge of laws, grants the editors. woman and child he met : "Hurrah Wish you Merry Christmas !"

Patents Granted.

valve gear. J. I. McCalop, Clinton, N. C.

J. E. Welling, Leesourg, Ky.

dast.er. H. C. Howell, Baton Rouge,

Cotton plauter. S. Cary, Centreville, La. Auger. B. N. Deblieux, Bay St Louis, Miss. Telegraph insulator.

Thiel, Clinton, La. Chopper.

cle'axle.

mal poke.

to carrier.

of periodical papers, throughout the whole United States, the right to reccive free of postage, the newspapers that they wish to enchange and Patents granted to citziens of the themselves or those which are addre Southern States on Dec. 8, 1885, and ed to them .- News and Observer Cor. reported expressly for the GLEANER

Durable Fence Posts.

opposite U. S. Patent Office, Washing-The oldest fence the writer has seen. ton, D. C. ; C. L. Barnard, Byhalla, Miss. Hay is a chestaut post and rail fence on a farm in Penusylvania, which was built more than fifty years ago. It set in the following manner: The holes were dug larger than is now usual, and with the old fashioned showed or spade ; the posts were of good size and the holes were tilled with stone tightly rammed down. No earth was put in, and the bottom of the post was consequently dry and exposed to a circulation of air. Large stones were laid on the top, which served to turn the rain from the hole. The posts and ralls have been whitewashed with lime at intervals, and this has prevented the growth of moss and helped to preserve timber. The fence has never been disturbed by frost, but remains upright.-American Agriculturist.

Well, if you have strength to our husiness, it is well. business has broken down, and push in him. If you want to snecess, build up your system use of Brown's Iron Bitters. M. Winfres, of Petersburg, Va "There is no medicine equal to Iron Bitters for general debilit cures dyspepsia, enriches the cures dyspepsia, enri-

/r fout of sorts' with i isorder, torpid liver, pair ipation, etc., neglect and i Birong's Bamaitvo for deers resident to

Subscribe for Tax Give year ha advante

Vahi B Roper, Atlanta, Ga. Velocipede. Ani-J. A. Bailey, Clinton, S. C. Baling press. M. T. Taylor, Mobile, Ala. Car. H. A. D. Thomas, Little Rock, Elevator and feeder. M. Umstadter, Norfolk, Va. Ark Gingham exhibitor. E. Walton, Cartersville, Va. Tobac-Ito Yan Mean Business? T. M. Moore, Rusk, Tex. Plaw. M. Daigle, Houma, La. Bridge, F. N. Raukin, Shelbyville, Tenn.

and cotton press. B. J. Du Bose, Lisbon, Ga. Grinding H. F. Dunn, Eagle Lake, Texas. J. M. Forguson, New Orleans, La. Boiler flue cleaner. C. C. Kierulff, Starke, Fla. Planter. P. C. Klapper, Louisville, Ky. Ventilator. J. W. Addis, Tyler, Tex. Locomotive