

The Chatham Record.



CHRISTMAS BELLS

For the merry bells a ringing, Peace and goodness to us bring. On the sacred Christmas morn, With the first of winter's dawn, On the day that Christ was born...

BEN AND THE PRESIDENT



CHRISTMAS EVE ADVENTURE

It was at ten minutes to the half hour, with the coal bin piled high and the water tank full to overflowing, that the whistle blew on the 7:30 train. Ben sat on a trunk in the baggage car waiting for the train to start.

before he died, an' often's the time I rode in the cab with him. He showed me how to work the lever and the whistle valve and all the rest of it. If you could only get some one to fire now—



YULETIDE

CHAPTER X. [CONTINUED.] "Very well. To begin, then, we must go back thirty years, boy—probably more than you have lived. Well, thirty years ago I left dear old England—ah, Miss Arnold, it was not so simple a thing to leave England then...

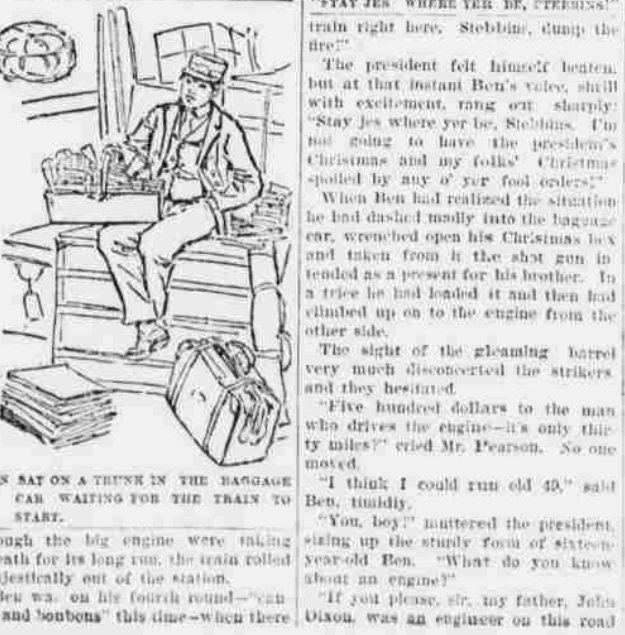
IN THE CHINA SEA

A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE. BY SEWARD W. HOPKINS. [CONTINUED.] "The greedy and covetous eye of the Chinese fell upon the beauties of Talmooch. You may—your may not—understand this governmental system of China. To be brief, the Emperor is now under the rule of the Manchus—a practice of Manchus in China. The Emperor has been called—was, when I was of the world—a progressive man, but my experience here has led me to believe that greed and avarice are about all there is to the Chinese religion. A cousin of the Emperor's name was Heng-Ko-He. I was said that he fell in disgrace with the Emperor, and to restore himself to favor, he set out to conquer some new land and thus enrich his royal cousin's treasury. At one time twenty years ago, this monster Heng-Ko-He crossed the ocean upon his little island and brought death and desolation with him. I cannot begin to tell you of the number of victims and the barbarities practiced by Heng-Ko-He and his followers. The ruling family at Quental, who were Kaleks, were all put to death. The men of Talmooch were brutally murdered. The women were treated in the most brutal manner. Some of the women of the Emperor were very beautiful. These were taken away. A government was established which was similar to that of a tributary province of China—dependent, save that it contributed largely to the maintenance of state at Peking. Heng-Ko-He proclaimed himself governor. He set up a court at Quental. He appropriated the palace of the former king. He presented many interesting things to the people of Talmooch and other lands. He levied taxes that were excessive. He practiced all sorts of cruelties. My own dear wife was taken by this hated monster, ah, American, you can appreciate my sorrow—my grief—my hate. Part of these fearful words—these words of an ungodly man—yes, the blasphemous words of the monster fell ever upon my wife, and she was taken to Quental. I heard afterward that she had borne a child rather than submit to the indignities heaped upon her. The old man was weeping. Miss Arnold had buried her face in her hands and was sobbing. The blood boiled through my veins. I felt that I would like to take a shot at Governor Heng-Ko-He. The sad memories he had aroused seemed likely to put an end to the missionary's story. I wanted a short time, and as he did not proceed to speak to him. "But why do you remain here, Mr. Avery?" I asked. "Are there not happiness and forgetfulness for you in England?" "A bitter-sourie played around his mouth. "Crickmore," he replied, "when you have felt the sorrow I have felt, you will also feel a mortal pleasure in remembrance. But by that as it may, I could not leave, even if I would. For twenty years these have been my opportunities to escape. So here is the penalty here for any apparent effort to defend the objects of the government, and so complete is the system of espionage established by Heng-Ko-He, that not one word of us has ever been able to escape. We are waiting that will. And say that will you please, I am far on the pathway now. What matters it?" "But of your own. Is that, has a testimony of Heng-Ko-He's cruelty?" "Aye, even this poor old man has many times told the tale of his royal wrath. Crickmore, I have died a thousand deaths. I have stood with this man in fire, praying to God that my soul be released from the tormented body. But it is His will that I should endure yet a little longer. What He pleases, I am ready." "What was your punishment for?" I asked. "Nothing. Heng-Ko-He is a hateful man. He tortures those who kill him. No European could survive death or torture at his hands. I have known him, when I was suffering the awful torment he put upon me, to call his officers, that they, too, might enjoy the inspiring scene of an old man's tears. Ah!" "The fiend! He is a devil, not a man!" I said fiercely. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Wishing you a MERRY XMAS



Quickly crouching down, he ran up to the group. Facing each other were the engineer and the president. "This is a dastardly plot of yours," Mr. Pearson, the president, was saying. "But you would force me to give in by any such course." "All right, sir," replied the engineer. "Then we'll have to quit the train."



STAY JER' WHERE YER BE, STEEBINS!

The president felt himself beaten, but at that instant Ben's voice, shrill with excitement, rang out sharply: "Stay jers where yer be, Steebins. I'm not going to have the president's Christmas and my folks' Christmas spoiled by any of yer fool orders!"

The Victimized Baby Protests.

When I'm older I'll be glad, Now my life is horrid sad. Folks give me at Christmas time Toys that only cost a dime.

A Holiday Echo.



Charles Dickens's Good Work.

But for the great novelist, Charles Dickens, there is little doubt but that the keeping of Christmas, except as a purely religious feast, would have died out many years ago. His efforts led to a revival of Christmas as a festival of general rejoicing and jollity.

Too Good to Live.

If the small boy were always as good as he is on Christmas Eve he would certainly die young.—Puck



Kris Kringle's happiest moment.