THE MARION RECORD.

"A DEMOCRATIC FAMILY NEWSPAPER."

VOL. 4. MARION, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1895. NO. 50

CHRISTMAS DAY.

O all dear days is Christmas Day,
The dearest and the best;
For in its dawn the angels sing
Glad songs of peace and rest,
And over the world Christ-Child comes
And makes His shining way,
To bless our simple earthly homes
On Christmas Day.

Dear days of silent woods, the trees—
The hemlock, pine, and fir—
Shield in the chilly winter breeze,
And wait a breath of myrrh
Till the sweet music Bonny Bangle's bells
Their airy music make,
And dancing feet of boys and girls
Chorister praises make.

Christ-Child came to Bethlehem,
Mary's happy lovers,
Crooned within her breeding arms
A warm enfolding nest.
And many a day church-child
Receives arms to-day
Like the Christ, the undefiled,
On the dear Christmas Day.

Dear Christ-Child a mother dimly saw
Through tears as faint outline
Above the baby face that laid
Her own in love divine.
So your little sex-friends
The sacred passion-flower
In purple sign of sorrow spreads
Its love's most rapturous hour.

Dear Christ-Child the Wise Men brought
Their gifts of gold and spice;
"Gloria" swept the midnight skies
Over her Pearl of Price.
And down the ladder of the stars,
Across the shining way,
The angels watched the Christ-Child come
That first dear Christmas Day.

O dear days is Christmas Day,
The year's dearest dear,
Crown and clasp and topmost sheaf
Of all the joyful year.
The dancing feet of boys and girls
Gayly to and fro,
And "Merry, merry Christmas" rings
In all the winds that blow.

Mrs. Spangler, in Harper's Round Table.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

MISTER PERCY Beckwith was despondent despite the Yuletide cheer that everywhere surrounded him. He sat in his comfortable apartmennt intently gazing at the glowing coals in the open grate. The coals seemed to glare at him, as though curious of the cause of his depression.

"I am ashamed of myself, and I ought to be horsewhipped for acting like a cad; but it's too late now (heaves a deep sigh), the damage is done. Let me see—it was just two years ago that I left Raleigh. Poor Agnes, when I bade her good-bye, I really loved her; but then, well, she is only a country girl, with country manners, and it would be a mistake for me to marry her now. I recall the day we parted—didn't she look pretty, though? By Jove! she was a sweet, pure, rustic picture! And when I kissed her, she sobbed just a little and wished me good luck and whispered that she loved me. Ah, well! those are sweet, pathetic memories! Since coming to New York nearly everything I have touched has turned into gold; but I have grown rich too rapidly for my own good.

"But she did care for me then, and I acted like a cad. It's too late now—but I wish I knew whether she is happy and well."

With these words, Mister Beckwith broke over a velvet hassock, advanced to the window, and presently returned to his chair before the fire, at which he gazed perplexedly.

"I'd give anything," he finally exclaimed, "if I knew what would happen within the next twenty-four hours."

"Do you really?" he seemed to hear a musical voice at his elbow."

Mister Beckwith was startled.

"I—I—I," he stammered, turning his head slowly with a searching look. A woman stood beside him, at least he thought so. He rubbed his eyes, pinched his arms, kicked his feet against a chair leg, to satisfy himself that he was not dreaming. "At first I couldn't believe I saw you," he said apologetically.

"Was it because—I am only a Christmas fairy? You seem startled."

"I am, rather, you see. With all the respect to yourself, I have never believed in ghosts or fairies, and that sort of thing."

"If I grant your wish, and permit you to peep into the next twenty-four hours, then will you believe—Yes? Very well. You shall know what is to happen within the next coming diurnal round; but I must warn you that no matter what you may do or say, you cannot alter the course of events. You will be obliged to follow blindly and implicitly. Look into the handglass at your side."

Thereupon the fairy disappeared, leaving Mr. Beckwith more confused than ever. For several moments he sat silently wondering what it was all about and what had happened.

"Well," he exclaimed, whimsically, "if that doesn't beat anything I have ever experienced. A real live little fairy, with rosy cheeks and charms galore. Dear me! I'll take a walk, or I will soon be seeing alligators and green mice with red tails."

Mister Beckwith rose, brushed his hair, donned his stylish fur-trimmed overcoat, and paused to take a final look at his handsome countenance in the handglass. He almost dropped it, and an expression of horror and dismay overspread his face. He looked a second time, then a third, turned the glass over and around, and exclaimed: "Well, I'm blowed!"

In the glass he beheld not himself but his chamber in miniature. He was dressing by gaslight. Just then the door opened, and a man handed him a letter. He glanced at the handwriting, and threw the note into the fire unread. Then he proceeded to finish dressing. It was impossible for Mister Beckwith to put the handglass on the table; he held it with a terrible fascination.

"I must be mad," he gasped, "to see such things. That letter was from Agnes, and I was a coward to destroy it before reading the message. Perhaps she—"

When he looked into the mirror again the scene had shifted. He was standing at the street door, evidently arguing with a shabbily dressed man who was holding a bill toward him. He requested the money due him, and then demanded it peremptorily. Mr. Beckwith became furious, and struck the man a blow which sent him reeling down the steps and prone on the pavement.

"That was my tailor asking for something on account," mused Mister Beckwith. "Poor fellow! I wonder if this is a true presentiment that I shall have to knock him down."

Once more he looked. The tailor had vanished, and Mister Beckwith was standing on the sidewalk confronted by an emaciated, poorly-clad woman, evidently in the last stages of consumption.

"Help me," he heard her say; "help me. I am an outcast, a homeless, shelterless wanderer. I am dying—can't you help me?"

He drew a roll of bills from his pocket, flaunted it in the face of the wretched woman, and then handed her a dime.

"What a contemptible scoundrel!" ejaculated Mister Beckwith, forgetting for an instant that it was his own image that he saw. "I'd eat my hat if I were as mean as that. If I should happen to meet that woman she shall have all the money she wants, poor thing!"

He was now enraged at the mirror for disclosing such shocking truths about himself, but he still held it in a firm clasp, as though completely subjected to its spell. Once more he looked into the mysterious depths of the quicksilver, and his face suddenly grew asken. He saw the door open softly and through it entered Agnes Turner. She was dressed in the same summer gown she wore when he bade her good-bye two years before. A flower nestled in her glossy dark hair, and a strange wistfulness lay embosomed in her large blue eyes. Slowly she approached him and placed her hand on his shoulder. For a moment she stood silent, then she uttered his name tenderly. In response he seized her rudely by the arm, pushed her out of the room, and locked the door in her face.

"No, no!" shouted Mister Beckwith hoarsely. "This great lie, or I am mad."

He hurled the offending mirror to the floor with all his force. There was a loud crash of broken glass, and Mister Percy Beckwith awoke—to discover that he had upset and shattered a richly decorated Japanese vase.

"That was a horrible nightmare," he said to himself a few minutes later. Then he packed his portmanteau, left the house, and took the very next train for Balston—and his heart's happiness.

Christmas in Colonial Times.

The Puritans were sorely tried by the way in which Christmas was observed in the colony in 1658, and at the first General Court subsequently held the following law was passed:

"For preventing disorders arising in several places within this jurisdiction by reason of some still observing such festivals as were superstitiously kept in other countries, to the great dishonor of God and offence of others, it is therefore ordered by this court and the authority thereof that whosoever shall be found observing any such day as Christmas or the like, either by forbearing of labor, feasting or any other way, upon any such account as aforesaid, every such person so offending shall pay for every such offence five shillings as a fine to the country."

The following from a letter from Amos Lawrence to his son, William K. Lawrence, then at school in France, shows the beginning of the change of sentiment. Its date is December 27, 1830:

"I suppose Christmas is observed with great pomp in France. It is a day which our Puritan forefathers, in their separation from the Church of England, endeavored to blot out from the days of religious festivals; and this because it was observed with so much pomp by the Romish Church. In this, as well as in many other things, they were as unreasonable as though they had said they would not eat bread because the Roman Catholics do. I hope and trust the time is not far distant when Christmas will be observed by the descendants of the Puritans with all suitable respect as the first and highest holiday of Christians, combining all the feelings and views of New England Thanksgiving with all the other feelings appropriate to it."

The Yule Log.

A custom at one time prevalent in England, and still observed in some of the northern districts of the old country, is that of placing an immense log of wood—sometimes the root of a great tree—in the vast chimney place. This log is often called the Yule clog, and it was on Christmas Eve that it was put on the wide hearth. Around it would gather the entire family, and its entrance was the occasion of a great deal of ceremony. There was music and rejoicing, while the one authorized to light it was obliged to have clean hands.

It was always lighted with a brand left over from the log of the previous year, which had been carefully preserved for the purpose. A poet sings of it in this way:

With last yeere's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending,
On your psaltries play,
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a teending.

The Yule log was supposed to be a protection against evil spirits, and it was considered a bad omen if the fire went out before the evening was over. The family and guests used to seat themselves in front of the brightly burning fire, and many a story and merry jest went round the happy group.

HOLLY AND PALMS.

Suggestions for Pretty Christmas Decorations.

Year after year Christmas comes and goes, its joys and merrymaking losing no whit of interest and sentiment for young or old; and while always new each season in their giving of pleasure, the same old customs continue to prevail, with alterations in detail only.

The day would hardly seem like Christmas without the hanging of Christmas greens, and though a greater variety is offered in the way of decorations than formerly, those are still most liked and used that bear out the old practices and significance; and chief among them are the mistletoe and holly, whose very names carry one back to the days of ancient English cheer at Yuletide, with wassail bowl, Yule log and joyous merrymaking.

The most favored mistletoe comes from across seas, according to Harper's Bazar, but some is sent from Canada and the South, where, particularly in Texas, it grows in large clumps on the live oak trees, always to the latter's gradual destruction; for, being a parasite, it saps the oak's life blood, flourishing luxuriantly the while. It is not so artistic in appearance as its English cousin, the leaves more commonplace and the berries smaller and poorer in quality, though more in quantity. Strange to say, the Texas mistletoe, like the prophet in his own country, is not greatly prized at home, and at few of the Christmas festivities does it make part of the decoration, while in all other quarters a cluster of the oddly shaped green leaves and opaque white berries must almost of necessity be suspended in the doorway or from the chandelier when Christmas comes in, and it never fails to cause the same jesting and merriment; for a kiss stolen under the mistletoe is one's right, and the pilferer cannot with justice receive rebuff.

The English holly, too, is finer in quality than that grown on American shores; the leaves are a better green, and the berries larger; and before the holiday season sets in great hampers of it are shipped from the English ports to delight American eyes and hearts. An attractive manner of using it is to tie big bunches with long satin ribbon loops and ends, matching in shade the hue of the berries, and place them over pictures or mantelshelf, or fasten against the wall, especially in some picturesque nook or corner. Underneath the mantel, when there is no fireplace, the space may be banked with masses of the spiny leaves and bright berries; jars or vases may be filled with them, while holly wreaths and ropes are another form of decoration, very effective both in large and small apartments.

Next to the mistletoe and holly the laurel and ground pine are most favored, the former's glossy leaves and green berries suggestive of good cheer, and always forming an effective background when gay berries or mosses are used in addition. The ground pine coils easily and gracefully into wreaths, and is invaluable for twiring about stair-cases or pillars, or for using in decoration on a large scale, when boughs of spruce, hemlock and cedar are also much in vogue.

For the past year or two an innovation in Christmas ornamentation has been the use of potted non-flowering plants and shrubs, from the tall palms to the delicate maidenhair and silvery fern. There are several varieties of palm beside the round-leaved one, most common of all; the long plume-leaved variety is much favored, and also the new dwarf palm from the Isle of Bourbon.

Christmas Confabs.

The best Christmas courtesy is the mistletoe bough.

The forbidden fruit on the Christmas tree tempts the small boy.

A woman will never remember that a little slipper goes a long way.

Santa Claus is about the only person who knows what the small boy wants.

The Christmas stocking doesn't come as smooth as the bathing suit variety.

Santa Claus's favorite girl is the one that gets engaged just before Christmas.

The Christmas card is a cheap yet useful present, so long as you buy the kind without the date on it.—Judge.

Lord Aberdeen is making money out of his big fruit and hop farms in British Columbia. He has upward of 1090 acres under cultivation, and his investment is already earning substantial dividends.

THE TRUE YULE LAND.

Scandinavians Always Celebrate the Day Properly.

In no land is Christmas more generally celebrated and means more than in Scandinavia. Peace and good will is not only the rule, but it is acquiesced in by all. The courts are closed, old quarrels are adjusted, and feuds are forgotten. A pretty symbol of the spirit that reigns is the Yule night practice of placing in a row every pair of shoes in each household, typifying that during the year the family will live together in peace and harmony.

Scandinavia is truly the land of the Yule log, of Christmas stories and legends of Thor and Odin. Then is the time for skating, sledging, dancing, and a general frolic. It is customary for every member of the family to take a bath on the afternoon preceding Christmas, and oftentimes it is the only thorough bath that is received during the year. When the eve comes the Bible is read in nearly every household and family service is held. In many villages candles are left burning in the windows all night to give light to Kristine, who brings the gifts. It is also the custom to set a cake of meal out in the snow as a Christmas offering. The birds of the air are thought of, and a sheaf of wheat is placed on a pole in front of each house to provide them with food.

On Christmas evening are the usual games, and they are more than likely to be interrupted with a knock at the door and the entrance of four or five boys dressed in white. One carries a colored star-shaped lantern, and another an ornamented glass box containing two dolls, representing the Virgin and the child. The boys chant a carol or two and after partaking of refreshments are dismissed, to continue their journey to the next house. The games are likely to be interrupted again by the coming of another band of merrymakers. This time it is masked performers, wearing tattered uniforms, decked with tinsel, and carrying wooden swords. They perform tricks and pantomime. These performances are always enjoyed, and the performers never go away from a house empty-handed. The festivities do not close until a late hour.

Digestion Defies Hypnotism.

Saturday morning several Ann Arbor medical students challenged Santanelli, the hypnotist, to a peculiar experiment. In his week's stay here he has constantly claimed to be able to control the digestive organs of his subjects while they are under his hypnotic influence. This the medics doubted, and to this final trial they challenged him. He accepted. One of his men was taken to a restaurant and given a full meal, after which he was hypnotized, with directions not to digest the food given him.

Twenty-four hours were allowed to elapse, and last evening a doctor was called and he was awakened. The attendants attempted to empty his stomach with a stomach pump, but were unable to do so. Then the patient was given strong emetics, but nothing could be brought from his stomach, indicating clearly that the food had been duly digested. The young medics are jubilant over the apparent success of their scheme.—Detroit Tribune.

Christmas Weather Proverbs.

A light Christmas, a heavy sheaf.

A warm Christmas, a cold Easter.

A green Christmas makes a fat graveyard.

A wind on Xmas Day will bring much fruit.

If ice will bear a man before Christmas it will not bear a man afterward.

If Christmas finds a bridge, he'll break it; if he finds none, he'll make one.

The shepherd would rather see his wife enter the stable on Christmas Day than the sun.

Since Last Christmas.

"Give me a pair of your eighty-cent ladies' gloves, Furpelt. That's all the Christmas present I'm going to make this year."

"Is that so? Why, last year you bought a $300 sealskin cloak for somebody's Christmas."

"Yes. Those gloves are for the same lady."

"Jove! Have times hit you so hard as all that?"

"Oh, no. We weren't married last Christmas."

Useful in His Business.

"I believe in giving useful presents, don't you?"

"Yes; they are better than a lot of frippery. What did you give your husband for Christmas?"

"A nice suit of bullet-proof clothes."

"Umpire?"

"No; spring poet.

NORTH STATE CULLINGS.

OCCURRENCES WORTH NOTING FROM ALL OVER THE STATE.

What Auditor Furman Says.

The Raleigh News and Observer contains the following. "In a conversation with Auditor Furman he noted with pleasure that the 35 per cent. falling off in the sale of fertilizer tags argued a corresponding ability of the farmers to do without the fertilizers. The extraordinary increase in farm products, the Auditor continued, would point to the fact that the farmers failed to buy fertilizers because they did not need them, rather than because they were not able to buy them. It shows, moreover, that there is less debt, more income and that they are better able to "live home" than heretofore. Another indication, said the Auditor, of the improved condition of the people is the promptness with which the sheriffs are settling their taxes in full. There can be no doubt that the people as a whole of the Old North State are in better condition than they have been since the war."

Cremated Himself.

An intoxicated negro named Owens cremated himself at Corneto, Edgecomb County, Monday night. He was placed in the lock-up and shortly afterward the building was noticed to be in flames. Many people rushed to rescue the man, who perished in the flames with the building. It is believed Owens set fire to the lock-up, thinking he would thereby make his escape.

Pension Warrents.

The force in the State Auditor's office has been very busy sending out the pension warrents for the year. The warrants for the county, accompanied by the list of pensioners, is sent to the register of deeds of each of the ninety six counties in the State: the register of deeds delivers the warrants to the pensioners. There are about 5,100 names on the State pension list.

Dobson Visited by Fire.

The town of Dobson, capital of Surry county, was visited by a destructive fire Thursday morning. A block of buildings were burned and it was only through the heroic efforts of the citizens that the Hotel Norman was saved. The losses are not known and neither is the origin of the fire. There was no insurance on any of the property destroyed.

Rear End Collision.

A rear end collision occurred on the Asheville & Spartanburg road, at Beuna Vista, Wednesday morning. One freight ran into another, damaging the engine and smashing five cars. Fireman Dan Goodson was severely injured about the head and arms. Engineer Tom Fisher was slightly hurt. Goodson is in the hospital at Asheville.

The Graveyard Insurance Cases.

C. R. Hassell, the arch-conspirator in the Beaufort graveyard insurance cases, was convicted at Trenton on Thursday. Others are on trial. M. A. Marshall, an important State's witness, mysteriously disappeared Tuesday night. No trace of him can be found. The opinion is freely expressed that he is not alive.

W. N. Prather, a baker and prominent citizen of Charlotte, was found dead in his room with a rope around his neck. His death had, however, really been caused by an overdose of morphine. He was a sufferer from melancholia and dyspepsia. He was a prominent Mason.

Mr. Will Ashe, who is connected with the State Geological Survey, has been sent to Atlanta by Governor Carr to look after the North Carolina exhibits there, and to distribute pamphlets and papers setting forth North Carolina resources.

Governor Carr offers $200 reward for the capture of the unknown persons who attempted to wreck train No. 40 on the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad at Neuse river bridge, near Goldsboro, on the night of November 29th. The county of Wayne offers $50 reward and the railroad $500.

Replies which are coming in from all parts of the state show that May the 10th will be well observed in the public schools as Vance day, in memory of the late senator. In each city school a collection will be taken up for the monument fund.

The New Englanders of Colorado have just organized a New England Association for that State.

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Marion Record

Is the only Democratic Newspaper in McDowell county, and has a large circulation in adjoining counties. It publishes all the news without fear or favor, and is the organ of no ring or clique.

It is the bold champion of the people's rights, an earnest advocate of the best interests of the county of McDowell and the town of Marion. Its advertising rates are reasonable, and the subscription price is $1.00 *per year in advance.*

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If you haven't enough interest in your county's wellfare to sustain the best advocate of its diversified interests, and its truest friend—the newspaper—you need not expect a 2-column obituary notice when your old stingy bones are hid from the eyes of progress in the ground.

—o—

All who owe subscriptions to the RECORD will be dropped from our list unless they pay up at once.

Yours Respectfully,

The Marion Record,

Tonsorial,

WM. SWEENEY,

Practical and Scientific Barber. Over Streetman's drug store. Call and see me, as I promise satisfaction in all instances.

PIEDMONT AIR LINE.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

Northbound October 6, 1895.	Ves. No. 35 Daily	Sat'rn No. 36 Daily	No. 12 Daily	No. 18 E'sun	No. 32 Daily
Lv. Atlanta C. T.	10 0 m	11 15p	7 50a	4 35p	4 00p
" Atlanta E. T	1 00p	12 15a	8 50a	5 35p	5 00p
" Norcross	.....	12 56a	9 38a	6 2 p	.....
" Buford	.....	.....	10 16a	7 08p	.....
" Gainesville	2 25p	2 01a	10 44a	7 43p	6 32p
" Lula	.....	2 23a	11 14a	8 08p	.....
" Cornelia	.....	.....	11 26a	8 3 p	.....
" Mt. Airy	.....	2 59a	1 3 a	8 35p	7 35p
" Toccoa	.....	3 15a	11 53a	9 00p	.....
" Westminster	.....	3 50a	12 27p	.....	8 28p
" Seneca	.....	4 07a	2 42p	.....	8 44p
" Central	4 45p	4 33a	1 29p	.....	9 10p
" Greenville	5 36p	5 19a	2 16p	.....	9 54p
" Spartanburg	6 18p	6 18a	3 2 p	.....	10 43p
" Gaffneys	.....	6 53a	4 10p	.....	.....
" Blacksburg	7 06p	7 09a	4 30p	.....	10 30p
" King's Mt	.....	7 32a	5 00p	.....	.....
" Gastonia	.....	7 55a	5 28p	.....	.....
Ar. Charlotte	8 20p	8 35a	6 20p	.....	1 00a
Ar. Danville	12 05a	1 30p	11 25p	.....	4 40a
Ar. Richmond	6 00a	6 40p	6 00a	.....	8 55a
Ar. Washington	6 42a	9 40p	.....	.....	11 45a
" Bal'm'e P R R	8 00a	11 25p	.....	.....	1 17p
" Philadelphia	10 15a	2 00a	.....	.....	3 47p
" New York	12 53p	6 20a	.....	.....	6 23p
Southbound.	**Ves. No. 37 Daily**	**Sat'rn No. 35 Daily**	**No. 11 Daily**	**No. 17 E'sun**	**No. 31 Daily**
Lv N. Y. P R R	4 30p	12 15n	.....	.....	11 00a
" Philadelphia	6 55p	7 20p	.....	.....	1 12p
" Baltimore	9 20p	9 42a	.....	.....	3 15p
" Washington	10 43p	11 15a	.....	.....	4 29p
" Richmond	2 00a	12 55p	2 00a	.....	7 25p
" Danville	5 50a	6 05p	6 00a	.....	11 40p
" Charlotte	9 35a	10 55p	12 25p	.....	3 20a
" Gastonia	.....	11 39p	1 06p	.....	.....
" King's Mt	.....	.....	1 32p	.....	.....
" Blacksburg	10 49a	12 16a	2 06p	.....	4 37a
" Gaffneys	.....	12 32a	2 18p	.....	.....
" Spartanburg	11 37a	12 59a	3 05p	.....	5 22a
" Greenville	12 28p	1 50a	4 0 p	.....	6 21a
" Central	1 15p	2 37a	5 40p	.....	7 10a
" Seneca	.....	3 00a	6 05p	.....	.....
" Westminster	.....	.....	6 22p	.....	.....
" Toccoa	.....	3 50a	6 58p	6 00a	.....
" Mt. Airy	.....	.....	7 40p	6 50a	9 12a
" Cornelia	.....	.....	7 45p	6 25a	.....
" Lula	.....	4 41a	8 12p	6 57a	.....
" Gainesville	3 32p	4 59a	8 45p	7 20a	9 54a
" Buford	.....	.....	9 07p	7 48a	.....
" Norcross	.....	.....	9 42p	8 12a	.....
Ar Atlanta E. T.	4 55p	6 25a	10 30p	9 30a	11 20a
Lv Atlanta C. T.	3 55p	5 20a	9 30p	8 30a	10 20a

"A" a. m. "P" p. m. "M" noon. "N" night.

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