

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

BY WILLIAM CARLTON.

And this blessed night, long ago ago
A babe was born, whose infant cries
Brought guiding star in eastern skies
And joy supreme to comfort human woes,
That Christmas night!

With beasts of burden and in manger born,
The Sun of God beheld the light,
And wise men led by star at night,
With frankincense and gold and myrror
That Christmas night!

And He who humbly came all peace to bring,
Will guide the outcast in his flight,
And shape her course to penance and light,
And lead her weary footsteps to the grave,
That Christmas night!

For there are lives that are unblest'd with
Peace,
Storm-tossed and laden down with woe;
Whose weary plodding through the snow
Need kindly help until their journey cease
This Christmas night!

Remember what He said, "What'er ye do,
To the humblest of my creatures"—
Love sufficed his God-like features
"What'er your acts to them I'll judge ye through"
This Christmas night!

But not your love on Christmas night alone
Is needed for your suffering kind;
All nights are His, whose loving mind
Bore human pang to human sin alone
This Christmas night!

No sparrows fall escapes his watchful eye,
No homeless one who roams the street
Shall find His saving care less sweet
Because in blinding snow they walk or lie
This Christmas night!

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE LOWLY.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit."
Mr. Spooner was not exactly a selfish man, nor totally indifferent to the moral or domestic condition of those around him; but he was usually too much occupied with that which he deemed "his own affairs" to pay much attention to the affairs, or even necessities, of his neighbors—in fact he hardly knew what he could do best in order to relieve, or to assist those who might be entitled to a share of his bounty or benevolence.

He was not a very demonstrative man, and not at all a conventional one, nor by any means given to feasts and festivities.

If he was just in the vein he might have done a kindness to any worthy person who would ask him, but he would suffer many things to go, rot, decay, or to be eaten up by "moths and rust," before he would think of offering them to anybody, simply because he thought nobody wanted them.

He had never bestowed a Christmas gift, or any other kind of gift, on any one in his life, nor had he ever given one, and hence he permitted the annual festival to come and go without an active participation in it. Nevertheless, Mr. Spooner sometimes did wish that he could or had taken an active interest in that which seemed to concern everybody, and which was every year becoming more fixed in the hearts and minds of people; especially, thought Mr. Spooner, those people who have children, or fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, nephews or nieces, to say nothing about grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins, etc.

Mr. Spooner, although something of a philosopher, yet never for a moment supposed that giftmaking is largely the result of habit, and that the habit once formed continues to grow stronger and stronger by exercise, and that the happiness resulting from such a habit correspondingly increases, so that after a time the giver is more signally blest and feels more joy than the receiver.

It is true, of late years he had frequently been tempted to make a gift to some worthy object, but the obstacles in the way of its attainment was the counter temptation not to do it, suggesting the while "What's the use?" "Save your money," or perhaps the super-cautious suggestion, "his gift may not be acceptable; nobody wants it," and that mortification and self-reproach will be the consequence. The greatest obstacle in the way, however, was the fact that he did not know what to give, or to whom.

If he could only have known beforehand who was in want, and what they wanted, it would greatly facilitate the act, because he was always afraid his gifts might be too good for one class of recipients and not good enough for another class, matters that are very apt to control the actions of those who are only half in earnest, or with purposes only half formed. But the opportunity came at last.

Mr. Spooner, on the day before Christmas, had fared sumptuously at a hotel in a large city, and late in the evening, in the front of the building to pick his teeth, smoke his cigar, and read the morning paper; after which he thought to take a stroll, partly on business, and partly to "gawk" into the showy windows.

The building next to the hotel was a large shoe store, and as he was passing, he observed a little boy and a little girl, peering into the window wistfully, and admiring a small pair of boots, with copper-toes and a smaller pair of misses' gaiters. They were bright, intelligent children, but poorly and thinly clad in the air, although not very cold, still was raw and unfriendly, especially to those not comfortably clothed. He only stopped a moment to take a superficial gaze and pass on, but in that moment he looked at the radlock of his heart was developed, and it continued to "burn" him until he introduced it into the lock and finally opened it.

"O Sissy," exclaimed the boy, "but I do wish that Santa Claus would bring me a pair of copper-toed boots like those in the box to-morrow morning."

"Yes, Bub," responded Sissy, "and if he was to bring me a pair of gaiters like those just below them, wouldn't I be a good girl?"

Mr. Spooner passed on, but every little boot and gaiter he saw all that blessed forenoon, and he repeated to himself, as he seemed to be re-echo of the wishful words of those two little children, and he half wished they had imparted him to purchase the articles they so much needed; and then he reproached himself for not having done so without being asked.

After dinner Mr. Spooner hid himself again to the front of the hotel. The weather had undergone a perceptible change; clouds obscured the sun, and vagrant flakes of snow were falling. Turning his gaze towards the shoestore, he beheld the same little boy and girl of the morning, their teeth chattering with cold, and engaged in an earnest and wishful colloquy on the subject of the boots and gaiters in the window. He now scanned them in more minute detail. Their clothing was thin but clean, and considerably patched, but their footgear was bad—very bad—and a world too large for them—in fact for the owners had attended to business.

THE POLISH JEW.

During the war of 1813, when Buonaparte made that desperate attack upon his faithless ally of Russia, the Saxon General, S—, had gathered his troops in a deep and wooded delfe, and over the bivouac were conversed with the guide who had offered to lead his troops to the surprise of a Russian out post.

The day, which was drawing to its close had been gloomy and lowering, yet was treacherously warm for the season, and little indicated the approaching snowstorm, which was to overwhelm the conqueror, and check his hitherto irresistible course.

The form of General S—, as revealed by the lurid embers, broad and muscular, braced in the tightened uniform of his nation, and decorated with innumerable crosses and orders, contrasted forcibly with the appearance of his companion, a Polish Jew, slight in figure, and enveloped in the loose black gaberdine of his race; his cheeks wan, sunken and sallow, and against each hung a spiral curl of sandy hair, depending from an upright cap of black felt; his eyes keen and gray, were restless and inquisitive, not unlike those of a famished cat who expects injury, and is watchful to avert or revenge. He bent instinctively, as he saw the tones of General S—'s voice smote upon his ear, and his glances fell before the penetrating regard of the military commander.

The latter was, indeed, a man to be appreciated with awe by every one who knew the sternness of his character. Brave to despise, and dignified to general discipline, the slightest breach of military duty was punished with implacable rigor. His man and officers respected but loved not their commander; yet no one dared provoke his anger, for so sure and fatal was his aim, that every duel he fought cost the life of his antagonist.

"Jew!" said the general in his severest tone, "you have promised to conduct my troop, by a secret path, to the surprise of the enemy. If you bring us in safety through this labyrinth, name your own reward; but if you fail, I shall be yours for the remainder of the service. But tremble, Hebrew, if you mean us falsely; for by the bones of my ancestors, and the honor of my sainted mother, the slightest suspicion of treachery on your part, insures your certain death—your death with all its horrors—long, lingering, fierce and cruel."

The guide made a low and shrinking obeisance, but without speaking, as though he feared denied the power of utterance.

"Dog!" exclaimed the wrathful general, "lost hesitate; dost tamper with my patience? By heavens, if you swear not promptly to execute your mission discreetly and faithfully, life is not yours an instant."

The Jew looked up, aghast. His ashen complexion seemed intermingled with a leaden hue, as if convulsed by some internal agony of remorse or fear; but habitual command of his passions soon wrought its effect—emotion passed away, and his features resumed their wonted expression of anxious endurance.

"By the beard of Aaron," said at length his answer, "I have sworn to bring you where your enemies are encamped; therefore are you worthy with your sword, which means most righteously to keep his oath?"

The general regarded him with a withering look. "No one trusts a spy, even when employing him," he whispered to his aide-de-camp, "Sternberg, keep your eye on that fellow; I like not his looks. If you see any opportunity of betraying us, on the instant bring him before me."

The subaltern touched his hat in sign of obedience, and orders were soon after given for the troops to be in motion.

Their march was conducted with all possible silence and precaution, and for upwards of an hour proceeded in security and hope. By degrees the way became more intricate and entangled with low underwood, or up-hill and miry, break- ing their ranks, and scattering the men in confusion, until they were obliged to lead to wade through patches of splashy ground, into which foot and horse sunk knee deep, and with difficulty toiled through, only again to plunge deeper into some marsh.

Still these difficulties might be only on account of the intricate path; it was necessary for them to pursue, and might forebode no sinister intentions on the part of their guide. On, therefore, they were commanded to struggle their way, encountering fresh obstacles at every step. At length horses plunged in swamps, and fell exhausted; and many died. By the most strenuous efforts, General S—, his staff, and the remainder of the troop attained an eminence, overlooking a wild and desert plain. It was but the work of an instant to dispatch scouts to reconnoitre, and seize and bring before the general, the Polish Jew guide. Suspicion was indeed strong against the latter, not only for bringing them through this morass, evidently with a view to dishearten and discomfort the soldiers, but twice during the confusion, he had endeavored to escape; and now, whether overcome with fright or guilt, would do nothing but prostrate himself on the ground, and exclaim, "Mercy! mercy!" Vain were assurances of safety, unless all interrogatories as to his knowledge of the road or the proximity of the Russians; the same shrill prayer for mercy, the same frantic cry of despair alone arose upon the stillness of the night.

During this paroxysm the scouts returned, bringing with them the peasant, who by dint of threats and bribes, had formed them that the Russians, who were at least double their number, were encamped within a mile of the place, and expecting the arrival of the Saxon detachment; that the road they had traversed led to a narrow defile, and that the enemy's camp, where, if any survived, they could be easily dispatched before they had obtained a firm footing, being previously worn out with the fatigues they must undergo in their march.

"By which road can we escape the snare into which we have been led?" demanded the general of the peasant.

"Easily enough," was the reply. "You have only to descend on your right, and keep the beaten path, and you turn your backs on the Russian force."

"You shall go with your friend, as a surety for the truth of your direction," replied the general, "and I pray you, added he, significantly, "to remark how we punish a false guide."

He lent his mouth to Sternberg's ear, and glancing contemptuously at the still crouching Jew, whispered his commands in a few emphatic words. The aide-camp started; but, with true military subordination ventured not upon expostulation with his superior.

In a few seconds the sounds of twelve spades might be heard trenching the moist earth, surely and deeply. The sound smote upon the stillness of the night, impressing silence and awe, and conveying something of terrible import to every listener.

THE HARSH TONES OF THE GENERAL BROKE UP THIS MANUSCRIPT.

"Seize and bind you up, and cast him into the trench which is digging below; then form into ranks, and every man march over the traitor Jew's grave."

For a brief instant there was a pause of horror; but before the general could look his displeasure the fierce behest was fulfilled. Yell after yell burst from the struggling wretch, as he was hurried down, which was shortly exchanged for stifled and smothered cries, as the earth was heaped over the hapless victim of his own duplicity and the general's revenge.

SELECTED MISCELLANY.

You can induce a boy to eat tar by forbidding him to eat sugar.

Langtry says: "I am not pretty; I am beautiful;" and we suspect she half tells the truth.

A quack doctor would look with disgust upon a present of a cane with a duck's head carved upon it.

There are 500,000 Masons in the United States, and not more than half of them claim to be the oldest.

English papers seem to be as densely ignorant of American politics as the politics of their own country.

It is now in order for the youth who smoke cigarettes to form a league refusing to kiss the girls who chew gum.

"What would you do, Mr. H. if your wife died?" asked Mrs. D. "I would bury her."

The man who claims to have seen a rainbow after dark should prosecute the liquor dealer who sold him his variegated concoction.

So much fun has been made of the "Hub's" favorite food, that a Bostonian feels flattered when told that he "doesn't know beans."

He who carries a horse chestnut in his pocket to keep off rheumatism is the fellow who is afraid to look over his left shoulder at the moon.

An artist remarks, "The best part of beauty is that which cannot be expressed." We always thought that powder and rouge were sent by freight.

"Convict this man of being a gambler!" said the Texas judge. "I won't bear it. He's an infant in cards! Why I beat him out of \$120 last night—when I was pretty drunk, too."

A good old Quaker lady after listening to the extravagant yams of a person as long as her patience would allow, said to him: "Friend, what a pity it is a sin to lie, when it seems so necessary to your happiness!"

"But how did you happen to lose the nomination?" A majority of the delegates were in favor of you and every body opposed you would be a candidate.

"So did I, and it was all owing to a certain man being taken unexpectedly ill." "What man?" "The man I hired to get the boss drunk."

"Edward, what do I hear—that you have disobeyed your grandmother, who told you to jump down the stairs?" "Grandma told me to tell you not to, papa. She only came to the door and said: 'I wouldn't jump down those steps, boys.' And I shouldn't think she would, an old lady like her."

A beautiful young woman, whose veil caught fire in a fire, N. Y. church, replied to her mother's warning not to keep a flirtatious clergyman, who wrapped her in his robe's supply—several elements of romance—but the usual consequence is rendered impossible by the fact that this girl was the "bride of the church" and her rescuer a priest.

Slim John, well known on the West Side said to a very stout German: "Hans, why is it that I can't raise a stomach like yours?" "Was dot so?" replied the citizen of Teutonic propensities. "Dot was an easy von and you don't forget it. You was seed does carpenter building does houses? Well, was you off putting pay windows on does smokehouses?"

A stranger dropped in one morning at a Washington drug store and called for a bottle of Congress water. The intelligent clerk ducked beneath the counter and promptly produced a bottle of old Monogabala. The customer looked at it, then, denouncing his glances, remarked, "Do you call that Congress water?" "That's it," answered the pill-com pounder, smiling pleasantly. "Every congressman who comes in here drinks it."

NOTICE.

To the Farmers and Mechanics of Oregon, Washington Territory and Idaho: We wish to call attention to the fact that our annual Catalogue and price list for 1882-83 is now ready for distribution. It will be found very valuable and instructive reading, and will be furnished gratuitously. Send your name and postoffice address to: FARMERS and MECHANICS' STORE, 184 First Street, Portland, Oregon.

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Books & Music Bought—Send to Wiley B. Allen, 153 Third Street, Portland, for any book or music published. Orders by mail filled promptly. The "Musical Pastime," a monthly journal of music, 30 cents a year. Send stamp for full catalogue of music.

Frank G. Abel, the Portland photographer is leading the profession in all the novelties of the art. His work is always of the best and his customers are satisfied with what they receive.

The male and female minstrels at the Elite theater in Portland are treating crowded houses. The Turlors are the latest sensation and more talent is on the way.

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THE "WHITE" WE HAVE THIS DAY SOLD
our entire interest in, and transferred the secrecy of the White Sewing Machine to Mr. John B. Garrison, of 107 Third Street, Portland, Ore. Mr. Garrison will hereafter supply the growing demand for this superior and popular sewing machine.

THE MAN WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE SEEN A RAINBOW AFTER DARK SHOULD PROSECUTE THE LIQUOR DEALER WHO SOLD HIM HIS VARIEGATED CONCOCTION.

SO MUCH FUN HAS BEEN MADE OF THE "HUB'S" FAVORITE FOOD, THAT A BOSTONIAN FEELS FLATTERED WHEN TOLD THAT HE "DONES'T KNOW BEANS."

HE WHO CARRIES A HORSE CHESTNUT IN HIS POCKET TO KEEP OFF RHEUMATISM IS THE FELLOW WHO IS AFRAID TO LOOK OVER HIS LEFT SHOULDER AT THE MOON.

AN ARTIST REMARKS, "THE BEST PART OF BEAUTY IS THAT WHICH CANNOT BE EXPRESSED." WE ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT POWDER AND ROUGE WERE SENT BY FREIGHT.

"CONVICT THIS MAN OF BEING A GAMBLER!" SAID THE TEXAS JUDGE. "I WON'T BEAR IT. HE'S AN INFANT IN CARDS! WHY I BEAT HIM OUT OF \$120 LAST NIGHT—WHEN I WAS PRETTY DRUNK, TOO."

A GOOD OLD QUAKER LADY AFTER LISTENING TO THE EXTRAVAGANT YAMS OF A PERSON AS LONG AS HER PATIENCE WOULD ALLOW, SAID TO HIM: "FRIEND, WHAT A PITY IT IS A SIN TO LIE, WHEN IT SEEMS SO NECESSARY TO YOUR HAPPINESS!"

"BUT HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO LOSE THE NOMINATION?" A MAJORITY OF THE DELEGATES WERE IN FAVOR OF YOU AND EVERYBODY OPPOSED YOU WOULD BE A CANDIDATE.

"SO DID I, AND IT WAS ALL OWING TO A CERTAIN MAN BEING TAKEN UNEXPECTEDLY ILL." "WHAT MAN?" "THE MAN I HIRED TO GET THE BOSS DRUNK."

"EDWARD, WHAT DO I HEAR—that you have disobeyed your grandmother, who told you to jump down the stairs?" "GRANDMA TOLD ME TO TELL YOU NOT TO, PAPA. SHE ONLY CAME TO THE DOOR AND SAID: 'I WOULDN'T JUMP DOWN THOSE STEPS, BOYS.' AND I SHOULDN'T THINK SHE WOULD, AN OLD LADY LIKE HER."

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN, WHOSE VEIL CAUGHT FIRE IN A FIRE, N. Y. CHURCH, REPLIED TO HER MOTHER'S WARNING NOT TO KEEP A FLIRTATIOUS CLERGYMAN, WHO WRAPPED HER IN HIS ROBE'S SUPPLY—SEVERAL ELEMENTS OF ROMANCE—but the usual consequence is rendered impossible by the fact that this girl was the "bride of the church" and her rescuer a priest.

SLIM JOHN, WELL KNOWN ON THE WEST SIDE SAID TO A VERY STOUT GERMAN: "HANS, WHY IS IT THAT I CAN'T RAISE A STOMACH LIKE YOURS?" "WAS DOT SO?" REPLIED THE CITIZEN OF TEUTONIC PROPENSITIES. "DOT WAS AN EASY VON AND YOU DON'T FORGET IT. YOU WAS SEED DOES CARPENTER BUILDING DOES HOUSES? WELL, WAS YOU OFF PUTTING PAY WINDOWS ON DOES SMOKEHOUSES?"

A STRANGER DROPPED IN ONE MORNING AT A WASHINGTON DRUG STORE AND CALLED FOR A BOTTLE OF CONGRESS WATER. THE INTELLIGENT CLERK DUCKED BENEATH THE COUNTER AND PROMPTLY PRODUCED A BOTTLE OF OLD MONOGABALA. THE CUSTOMER LOOKED AT IT, THEN, DENOUNCING HIS GLANCES, REMARKED, "DO YOU CALL THAT CONGRESS WATER?" "THAT'S IT," ANSWERED THE PILL-COMPOUNDER, SMILING PLEASANTLY. "EVERY CONGRESSMAN WHO COMES IN HERE DRINKS IT."

"WILL YOU PLEASE PASS THE SHERM?" ASKED A QUIET MAN AT A LUNCH COUNTER. "HAVEN'T ANY?" SQUEALED THE GIRL IN ATTENDANCE. "SOME JAPHE?" QUERIED THE QUIET MAN AGAIN. "DON'T KEEP IT!" SQUEAKED THE DAMSEL. "I SAY," CHIPPED IN A CURIOUS PASSENGER. "DO YOU MEAN BY SHERM AND JAPHE?" "NOthing," REPLIED THE LITTLE MAN DOLEFULLY, "ONLY THE HAM IS SO OLD AND MUSTY THAT I THOUGHT THE REST OF THE TRIBE MIGHT BE AROUND SOMEWHERE, AND I'D LIKE TO SEE 'EM."

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Explained at foot of this column.

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THE "WHITE" WE HAVE THIS DAY SOLD our entire interest in, and transferred the secrecy of the White Sewing Machine to Mr. John B. Garrison, of 107 Third Street, Portland, Ore. Mr. Garrison will hereafter supply the growing demand for this superior and popular sewing machine.

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