

HOBOKEN ADVERTISER.

INDEPENDENT AND DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE.

VOL. IV. NO. 21.

HOBOKEN, N. J., DECEMBER 20, 1879.

PRICE ONE CENT

"Jim! Our Jim!"

An aged couple in Medway, Mass., had a merry Thanksgiving. At the outbreak of the war their only son ran away to sea, and served under Farragut at New Orleans, and with Cushing in the *Albemarle* exploit. Here all traces of the sailor was lost, and it was supposed that he was drowned in the river when the torpedo exploded. His sister died a few years ago, and his parents have been living in retirement and poverty. Late on Wednesday night a man with a scar on his face knocked at the door and requested a lodging. He was admitted by the old lady, who asked her aged husband to entertain the stranger while she was making a cup of tea for him. The stranger kept his hat on, and the old lady noticed that his eyes followed her every movement.

To the old man he represented that he had formerly lived in the neighborhood.

When asked his name, he gave an evasive answer, but asked if James Merrisk lived there yet.

"I am James Merrisk," answered the old man.

The old lady had been watching the stranger closely. Before he could utter another word she stepped quickly to his side, lifted the hat from his head, gazed a moment into his face, and sank into the arms outstretched to receive her, loudly screaming, "Jim! Our Jim!"

"Yes, your Jim; come home for Thanksgiving," exclaimed the stranger, as he kissed the aged face with joy, and turned to his father, whose frame was trembling with gratitude.

After a while he related the eventful history of his wanderings.

He had been severely wounded by the explosion of the torpedo, as the scar on his face testified. He was pulled from the river by one of the boats which came to the relief of the crew of the *Albemarle*. He lost his senses by the concussion and wound, and after the latter healed he was permitted to go at large as harmless, knowing nothing of himself, not even his name. Finally he fell into the employ of a former surgeon of the rebel army, and with him went to a plantation outside of Raleigh, N. C. One day, however, the surgeon examined his wound, and determined to try an experiment. He opened the wound in the head, and found the skull fractured and pressing in the brain. With the aid of another surgeon the skull was lifted or trepanned, and the wound again closed gradually. Merrisk's condition improved, but it was fully a year before his memory returned.

Remember It.

There are periods in the life of almost every man—especially a railroad man—when his life, his reputation, or his situation depends upon a moment of time. Therefore, how very essential it is that he should be possessed of an instrument that will mark the time correctly. We know of but one way to obtain that instrument, and that is to go to G. Meiners & Co.'s, 152 Washington street, and get one of their superior Rockford watches. They are universally pronounced by Western railroad men to be the most correct timekeepers now manufactured.

This firm have also a beautiful display

of jewelry of all kinds, suitable for the holidays. Give them a call before making your purchases elsewhere, as they take pleasure in showing goods.

ALL SORTS.

—Now give your girl the sack—sealskin.

—The weigh of the transgressor is short.

—A man's sentiment for himself never fails.

—Song of the dry goods clerk—"Swinging in de laine."

—Wanton jests make fools laugh and wise men frown.

—Old sledge is still the favorite game with most blacksmiths.

—The *Hawkeye* says: "All the American navy needs is some boats. It has plenty of water."

—Servant girls use just as much kerosene to kindle the fire, but they have learned how to dodge.

—A Texas dog ate up eight dollars worth of postage stamps and was mailed to that other clime.

—Tight boots and an accusing conscience are about equal in their ability to make a man uncomfortable.

—There is a proverb that "the truth should not be spoken at all times," and it is a rule well lived up to.

—A new way to fight a duel: Let each one of the combatants swallow a dose of poison, and then toss up for the emetic.

—If your wife objects to kissing you because you smoke, simply remark that you know some girl who will. That settles it.

—"It's cool to day," said a mother to her little son. "Yes, it's school five days out of the week," replied the embryonic paragonist.

—The *Yonkers Gazette* has an article entitled "What do we eat?" That depends. If you live in a boarding house no human being can tell.

—If a man is bald it is said to be conclusive evidence that he has been thoroughly married. A smooth head and a smooth life seldom go together.

—Take two letters from money and there will be but one left. But when a dishonest carrier took money from two letters there wasn't anything left.

—"Now, tell me candidly, are you guilty?" asked a lawyer of his client in the county jail. "Why, do you suppose I'd be fool enough to hire you if I was innocent."

—When you come right down to "sounds of industry," a boy, a club and an old tin pan can do as much business as six carpenters working on a new house.—*Free Press*.

—A Kentucky man has a Bible two hundred and fifty years old, and he thinks it would last two hundred years longer. But what he saves on Bibles don't keep him in pistols.

—A Boston woman cut her dress from a pattern in a magazine dated 1873 before she discovered that it wasn't 1873, and it took three doctors to tide her over that long, lonely night.

—"I don't have enough religion to brag of," says an old Nevada miner, "but I

never get into the cage to go up or down without feeling how puny I am and how great my Maker is."

—A Milwaukee girl, suffering from lock-jaw, was left alone with a mouse by a shrewd physician, and she contrived to open her mouth enough to give a yell that made the crockery in the china closet rattle.

—Years and years ago it used to be said that a girl might be willing to be kissed when she voluntarily put a boy's hat on her head. That cannot be true, for hundreds of pretty girls are now wearing the little round Derby hats, and looking well under them.

—Old Mrs. Cuir says she has always noticed that in the summer time, when it is not needed, the sun is always hot as an oven, while in the winter, when the warm sun would be very agreeable, it is as cold as an ice-house. We have noticed this too. It must be the fault of the almanac makers.

Come and inspect our large stock of

NEW YEAR CARDS

P. JANSEN,
Old and New
CLOTHING, FURNITURE, GUNS,
PISTOLS, BOOTS, SHOES, &c.,
BOUGHT AND SOLD,
No. 45 Garden St.,
Near First Street, Hoboken, N. J.
—o—
Largest Prices Paid for Second
hand articles.
Intelligence Office for Females.

WM. N. PARSLOW,
General Furnishing
UNDERTAKER
99 Washington-st., Hoboken.

Orders Promptly Attended to, DAY
or NIGHT.

**THEY ALL DO AGREE
THAT**

J. & W. OBREITER

164 WASHINGTON-ST.

BET 4TH AND 5TH STS,
Sell the

BEST CIGARS IN THE CITY.

CHEAP—SEE!

7 Connecticut cigars for	25c
6 Mixed cigars for	25c
5 Havana favorites for	25c
4 Fine Havanas for	25c
3 Genuine clear Havanas	25c

Etc., Etc., Etc.,

Just out! Little Havana Champion,
5 cents each or 6 for 25 cents.

Extra inducements offered to box customers.

THOS. F. HATFIELD,

DEALER IN

Teas, Coffees,

SUGARS & SPICES,

130 First Street,

Bet. Grand and Clinton.

HOBOKEN.

J. C. FARR,

Successor to WILLIAM C. HARP.

Wholesale dealer in

LUMBER, TIMBER, BRICK, LATH.

Lime, Cement, Plaster, Sand, &c..

Yard at Fifth Street Dock.

HOBOKEN, N. J.

Keep on hand Yellow Pine Timber, Step
Plank, Ceiling, Flooring, &c.

Go to

DRIESEN!

The Popular

Clothier and Tailor,

76 WASHINGTON STREET,

And see his immense stock of

WINTER CLOTHING.

Which he offers to sell regardless of cost
in consequence of the mild weather.

Go and see him, as this is no
humbug.

ADAM SCHMITT,

Boot & Shoe Store

138 WASHINGTON ST.,

Bet. 3d & 4th Sts.,

HOBOKEN, N. J.

Formerly 200 Greenwich St., N. Y.

HOBOKEN ADVERTISER

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1879.

Published Every Saturday by
MOYER & LUEHS
 34 Washington Street,
 HOBOKEN, N. J.

—No CORRESPONDENCE will be published unless accompanied with the name of the writer. Not necessarily for publication, but as a matter of security to ourselves.

FERRYBOATS VS. ELEVATED RAILROADS.

The New York Evening Telegram is worrying more over the danger of travel between Hoboken and that city than the thousands on this side of the river who cross at least twice a day and in some instances oftener. There may or may not be an object in the course pursued by this journal. Any and everything publicly agitated detrimental to a city or derogatory to the safety and welfare of its citizens must necessarily impede its progress, reduce its population, and proportionately benefit adjoining places. This same paper some time ago also seemed very much concerned because so many families were moving from Jersey, particularly Hoboken, to New York, they finding it more convenient and cheaper to reside in Harlem since the innovation of elevated roads. We do not quite agree with our prominent and more powerful contemporary over the water, and would not dare, on general subjects, to raise our humble voice against or question its superior knowledge, more brilliant ideas, and sound sense; but in this particular instance we do pretend to more thoroughly understand the case at issue, and publicly enter our protest against any such damaging reports. Our ferry is by no means unsafe, and elevated roads are certainly dangerous means of travel. In spite of the terrible picture drawn of collisions, boiler explosions, ice jams, etc., yet to come off while crossing the Hudson, and the opposite painting of the actual comforts and conveniences of residing in upper New York, we are prepared to decide in favor of the ferryboats and Hoboken. Records do not lie, and the histories of the various two-story roads in New York, as far as accidents are concerned, are by no means flattering. Who was ever killed or injured on a Hoboken ferryboat? And for several winters past there has been little or no inconvenience or delay from ice jams.

HIS LAST SPREE.

An Old Gardner Found Dead by the Roadside Almost Nude.

In a dilapidated shanty in the most lonely and isolated section of North Bergen lived, up to a week ago, Thomas Burns, a bachelor and peculiar character, bordering on fifty years of age. The man was known as the "old grave-digger," having performed such duties off and on for years past. He also did odd jobs for the farmers in his vicinity, and was considered a quiet and harmless old man, doing wrong to none but himself. He was at times a hard drinker, and had frequently suffered from delirium tremens. He had few advisers and no friends or relatives, and consequently when he felt disposed to indulge it was generally kept up for weeks before his terrible appetite for

liquor could be satisfied. About ten days ago he started out on a good spree which, unfortunately for the poor fellow, ended in his death. His body was found on Sunday morning lying just off the roadway near Brush's old hotel, New Durham, and from appearances he had only been dead a few hours. He was clad only in a shirt, and his limbs were terribly lacerated. It is believed he had left his home the night before dressed only as he was found, and, the place being very lonely, he was not met or noticed by any one. His wounds must have bled for several hours. He also attempted to enter several hours, judging from stoops and door-steps in the neighborhood which bore fresh blood stains. The body was removed, by order of Coroner Wiggins, to Parslow's morgue, from whence it was buried on Tuesday at the expense of the county. At the inquest, held the following evening, a verdict of death from exposure and excessive drinking was promptly rendered.

Concert of the Union Social Club.

The musical members of the above popular club gave their second concert at Odd Fellows' Hall, Wednesday evening, and, on the whole, were well received. Miss Lorton sang Millard's "Waiting" to a violin and piano accompaniment, and together with Miss Mary Clegg, who was heard in a brilliant selection from Robert le Diable, equally shared the honors of the evening and a hearty applause of a large and critical audience. Fred. Leonhard, Jr., possesses a good tenor voice, which he displayed to advantage in his rendition of the solo, "On Billows Rocking." Mr. E. Rubsamen played a very difficult selection, "La Sonnambula," on the violin, and was obliged to repeat. Misses Geisler and Walther and Messrs. W. Rubsamen and Beckmann, in a grand arrangement for two pianos, played very evenly, producing a very brilliant effect. The latter also sang "Schiffer's Gruss" and proved equally successful as a vocalist. Master Clegg, in a duet with his sister, made a decided impression. The glees and choruses by the club were also well rendered, displaying careful training and reflecting much credit on the director, Mr. Beckmann.

A Good Joke Spoiled.

The members of Hudson Lodge, No. 71, A. F. and A. M., met at their rooms, in Crane's building, Monday evening, and surprised Worshipful Master Kunken with a magnificent gold hunting-case watch and chain. The grateful recipient was thoroughly overcome, and had much difficulty in properly acknowledging the gift. The article, of course, had to be closely inspected by every one present, and during its progress around the apartment, brothers Wolf and Crane, always ready for a joke, managed to substitute a very inferior silver "ticker" in the case instead of the original. It was some hours afterwards when Mr. Kunken, who, in taking another look at the treasure, noticed the change, which, to some extent, spoiled a good joke. The intention was that he should not discover the trick until he was in the act of displaying the instrument to his wife. The party retired to Weber's Winter Garden, where a sumptuous supper was in readiness, and a general good time indulged in until "the wee sma' hours."

A Funny Case.

Mrs. Jacob Meyers, while crossing Henderson street, near Ferry, last Monday, was knocked down and seriously hurt by being run over by a horse in charge of James Dempsey, a blacksmith of Newark street. It appears that the husband of the injured woman seen Dempsey the next day and endeavored to compromise for a money consideration. Failing in this, however, he came before the Recorder and wanted a

warrant for his arrest. The Judge told him to be present the next morning at the examination. The remarks were misconstrued by the simple minded Teuton, who arrived in front of the court at the hour appointed in a dilapidated looking phaeton and his sick wife by his side, almost smothered in wraps and blankets. He had taken the woman from a sick bed in obedience to the instructions of His Honor, as he understood it. He was told to take his wife home and Dempsey was held to bail.

Miss Goodno's Funeral.

The funeral of Carrie W., the amiable and accomplished daughter of Pastor Goodno, took place Tuesday afternoon from the First Baptist Church, where her father officiated. The services, both at the church and grave, were most impressive and solemn. The deceased was a recent graduate of the High School, and was dearly loved by her classmates for her many sterling qualities. The sacred edifice was crowded, and no less than six clergymen assisted at the obsequies. The floral offerings were numerous, costly and of exquisite design, particularly a large chair and pillow, from the High School pupils. The choir, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Finlay, Miss Ina Finlay and Mr. James Morris, sang the beautiful selection, "Peacefully Sleep." The remains were interred at Grove Cemetery, West Hoboken. Messrs. Barkelew, Ackerman, Cruden, Lohman, Chancellor and Winslow acting as pall-bearers.

SAVED.

BY SHVANN.

A stranger came into our office last night,
 And held up a "Faber" for sale;
 'Twas an hour or so fore the forms went to press,
 And our "Ed." who was busy, grew pale.
 "Twas not always thus," the "merchant" exclaimed,
 "I once was a man, You're another.
 I've walked from Secaucus. Haven't eat in a month,
 I am a writer, and you are my brother.
 "If you purchase a pencil, I'll sing 'Pinafore' through,
 Or the 'Turkish Reveille' I'll whistle."
 While the editor studied—undecided, you know,
 Whether to stab him or use a pistol.
 He gazed at the piteous tramp, who exclaimed:
 "Or recite a few verses of 'Beautiful Snow.'
 That remark saved his life. The editor swooned
 Before the tramp got as far as "to hell below."

LACONICS.

—We wish our readers a Merry Christmas.
 —Everybody wonders why Professor Adolph carries a fan this cold weather.
 —"Nat" Hicks has added another pool table to his billiard establishment, No. 76 Hudson street. The place is the most popular resort in town and is nightly crowded.
 —We are informed that Capt. Wm. C. Morris, an old Mexican "vet," has been tendered the captaincy of Company "F," Ninth Regiment, vice Capt. Griffith, about to resign.
 —It is rumored that after Monday next the Hoboken Ferry Company will run an annex boat between this city and Brooklyn. The excursion steamer Minnie R. Child has been purchased for this purpose.
 —The Star of Bethlehem will be the subject of the Rev. D. B. F. Randolph's sermon to-morrow morning at the Free Tabernacle. Subject at the revival services in the evening, "Christ our Refuge."
 —A very successful fair has just been held by the ladies of the First M. E. Church. There was no chance-taking of any kind. The fair was conducted upon Christian principles, and has given great satisfaction.
 —Ex-Water Commissioner John McDer-

mott, better known as "Uncle John," has been confined to his home for several days past suffering from inflammation of the bowels. At the latest account he was rapidly recovering.

—Councilman Webb, or Wilson, was fined \$400 and costs in the United States District Court this week. Is the Council still in doubt about the gentleman's guilt, or is the majority of the number afraid to take action against the Besson-Webb combination.

—Special "Christmas Tide" services will be held to-morrow evening at the First M. E. Church. A large and beautiful light-house will be erected on the platform. The Sabbath school will take part in the exercises. The pastor, Rev. D. R. Lowrie, will preach at 10:30 A. M.

—The performance for the benefit of Michael F. Connell, who was recently deprived of his sight, and which was to have taken place at the Coliseum, Thursday night, had to be transferred to Metropolitan Hall, owing to the former place undergoing repairs. It was well attended and, it is believed, a neat sum was realized.

—Manager Gantzberg, late of Weber's Germania Garden, has purchased the full interest of Charles H. Mues in the Coliseum. He intends opening the place, in the course of a few days, as a first-class Vaudeville theatre, and at present has a large number of mechanics engaged in completely remodeling and renovating the interior.

—Coroner Wiggins heard testimony on Wednesday night concerning the death of Thomas Fitzpatrick, the child run over by a swill wagon last week. A verdict of accidental death was rendered. It was rumored that the father of the dead boy and his friends threatened to assault Snyder, the driver of the wagon, and Coroner Wiggins accordingly did not have him present at the inquest.

—The Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D., will deliver his new lecture, "On Deck," at the M. E. Free Tabernacle, Park avenue and Fifth street, on Monday night. Mr. Vincent has already delivered two lectures in this city on former occasions on "That Boy" and "That Boy's Sister." His new lecture is equally, if not more attractive, than either of the others, and wherever delivered this winter, from reports, was loudly received.

THE University Singers,

Of New Orleans,
 WILL SING AT THE

FIRST M. E. CHURCH,

Washington St., near 8th, Hoboken,

Under direction of Rev. W. D. Godman, D. D.

President of New Orleans University.

Monday Ev'g. Dec. 29, '79, at 8 o'clock.

TICKETS, 25 CTS. No Reserved Seats.

LARGE LOT
POTATOES
 and
APPLES
 FOR SALE
 At 5th St. Dock,
 HOBOKEN, N. J.

COUNCILMANIC NOTES.

The Krollman badge troubles are not yet ended. A communication was received from that gentleman on Tuesday night, stating that he would pay for the missing article when he received a reasonable bill. The City Clerk was directed to ascertain the present value and make a new claim. Several petitions for licenses, etc., were received and granted. The committee to whom were referred the complaint of Isaac Mausfield against Christian Tanne, for keeping a disorderly house and wanting his license revoked, reported in favor of citing the interested parties to appear with their witnesses at the Council Chamber on Thursday evening. The report was adopted. The Mayor objected to another claim of Joseph Mevius, the park gardener, which was, however, after some debate, passed over his veto. The Clinton street sewer ordinance passed its second reading. A communication from the Mayor to the Health Warden, relative to locating infectious diseases, together with suggestions from Principal Campbell as to the better protection of school children, was referred to the Com-

mittee on Health with power. The letter very plainly stated that if the City Physician strictly enforced the ordinance relating to such matters there would be no need of bringing the case before the Council. A large number of claims were passed and ordered paid. The meeting then adjourned.

—A new athletic club was organized at the ferry this week, to be known as the "D. H. C." The object of the association is to particularly encourage and develop aquatic sports among the ferry and Duke's House employees. The veteran yachtsman, "Bill" Burrell, formerly commander of the famed yacht Maria, was unanimously chosen President; Pilot Bunt, Vice President; Captain "Jack" Marshall, of Hell Gate fame, Secretary, and Charles Harris, Treasurer. The members seem very reticent as to the meaning of the initials, and so far that matter has remained a conundrum, in spite of inquiries from all sides. Some say it means "Darn Hard Crowd;" others insist that the "Duke's House Club" is the correct title, and a few suggest that the letters might stand for "Dear Harmless Creatures." Probably the latter comes the nearest.

**SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF
The Popular Clothing Store!**

699 BROADWAY, Cor. 4th St., New York.

A. PAUL, Manager.

Our Fall and Winter Stock is now complete, and we offer it at Lower Prices than ever offered in our city. We manufacture all our goods, and pay no one any profit, and having lower expenses than any other house in New York, without any exception, offer goods accordingly. We quote a few prices for the season:

Suits, \$7.	Cheap at \$10.	PANTALOONS,
do 9.	do 12.	FROM \$2.00 to \$6.00.
do 10.	do 14.	
do 11.	do 15.	OVERCOATS,
do 12.	do 16.	FROM \$3.50 to \$25.00.
do 14.	do 18.	
do 15.	do 20.	

We have not one dollar's worth of old Fall and Winter stock on hand, having closed it all out to the trade. Don't be humbugged into paying large prices, but come and see us. Don't forget the number, 699 BROADWAY, Cor. 4th Street.

HOUSEKEEPERS' EMPORIUM,

136 WASHINGTON STREET.

Our Display of Fine

Treble Electro Silver-Plated Ware
IS UNSURPASSED!

The assortment comprises the newest Patterns and Decorations. Call and see the

New Japanese Spoons and Forks!

DINNER AND TEA SETS
IN THE—

NEW OPAQUE CHINA.

Also, French China and Fine Glassware, Fine English and American Cutlery.

PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

EDWARD A. CONDIT & BRO.

CASTLE POINT COAL CO.

Wharf and Yards, Foot of Sixth St.

ALL KINDS OF

Coal at Wholesale and Retail
AT LOWEST PRICES.

TUGS COALED AND WATERED.

M. T. BENNETT, Jr., Pres.

JOHN STEVENS, Treas.

Great Inducements.

Having made extensive purchases before the late advance of prices, we now offer our entire large stock of

Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, &c.,

at the old bottom figures.

Now is the time to secure a sensible and valuable Christmas present by paying a small installment on any article in our line, which will then be reserved for the purchaser until called for.

G. MEINERS & CO.,

152 Washington Street, Hoboken, N. J.

THOS. F. CALLAHAN,

Successor to

E. A. KINGSLAND & CO.,

Formerly at No. 53 Nassau St.

Fine Printing, Blank Books,
AND STATIONERY

AT LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

No. 30 Pine St., New York,

Between Nassau and William.

RESIDENCE---225 Garden Street, Hoboken, N. J.

WEDDING STATIONERY AND VISITING
CARDS SPECIALTIES.

CHRISTMAS AT HILLSIDE.

Christmas eve! How the young hearts of Christendom beat at the sound of that blessed holiday!

It has kindled the eyes and quickened the steps of the young folks at Hillside, for the house has been astir all the week—every one on the watch—for each member has a secret, and many a joke is played by the children on each other.

Mamma has gone into the city several times, and always brings home a bundle, to be hidden away carefully until the happy Christmas morning.

But there is plenty of work the evening before, and mamma says that the little ones must be off to bed early on Christmas eve, there is so much to be done by the good spirits in the silent night.

"Just tell us one sweet story before we go, ma," said Violet.

"Would you like to hear about the Krist-kindlein children?" asked mamma.

"O, yes, that will be so sweet; now we are all quiet," said Rose.

With these words, the group of children settled themselves around mamma before the open grate, the ruddy blaze of the bituminous coal the only light in the family room.

With an arm around little Rose and little Paul upon her lap, with Violet and Fred on stools at her feet, mamma commenced:

One of the dear friends of little children tells this sweet story. It is an old legend that on Christmas eve the Krist-kindlein came in the form of a bright, beautiful boy, with waving auburn hair, the softest hazel eyes and with the sweetest smile that ever lit up the face of childhood.

With him came an angel, a beautiful, strong angel, on their errand of love.

The bells were ringing out their merry peals from every belfry in the city; the ground was covered with crisp snow; the sleighs with their silver bells flying in every direction, the shop windows brilliantly lit and filled with all sorts of beautiful shining toys; the windows of all private houses illuminated too; the streets filled with people and their children, many a little urchin stepping up to the windows to peep at the happy families within.

Above this crowd floated the Krist-kindlein and the angel but the people did not see them in the clouds. Descending now and then, the Krist-kindlein would stop at doors that he was about to enter, but the angel said: "Not there, there is discord among them," and so they passed on, for the loving Krist-kindlein could not press a kiss upon the cheek of such.

Then they came to another and more humble home. Looking in through the window, there was a poor widow and her son, their faces shining with happiness. The home was very poor, but a picture of neatness. On the table stood a fir tree with a few colored candles, a few bright balls, some red apples and sugar toys, and on the top, with outspread wings, a small candy angel.

The two did not seem to walk as the children of men did, but moved along with a gliding motion, passing through doors without opening them; and thus they stood before the astonished pair, a soft halo around the head of the beautiful boy, but they did not see the smile upon his lovely face.

"You are very happy," said a sweet voice, "on this Christmas eve."

"We ought to be," replied the mother, "when it is the eve of our dear Lord's birthday."

"You seem very poor," continued the voice.

"We have our daily food and clothing, and we want no more."

"But your next door neighbors have everything that riches can give."

"Yes," said the mother, "but without Christ—we have Him; and don't you see

this beautiful fir tree? It was sent to us by one of His dear servants; so you see we have friends too."

"Where does that good friend live?" inquired the voice.

"It is the good Fraulein Weiss; everybody in Heidelberg knows her. She has a Christmas tree to-night for the children of the poor. Johannes has been sick and could not go out on such a cold night, so she sent us this pretty tree and a goose with all its dressing and onions, and a mince pie, for our Christmas dinner. Ought we not to be happy? But I wish I could see the one that speaks such kind words."

"That cannot be now," said the angel, "but will be seen hereafter, so be content."

The Krist-kindlein then kissed the two upon the forehead, and then silently passed through the closed door to search for the good Fraulein.

That was a blessed kiss, for with it came the spirit of the Christ child; the love, the joy and the peace of heaven; for these were truly the children of the kingdom.

Passing on they came to the good Fraulein, whom they found in the midst of her group of happy children.

A large fir tree stood on the table, glittering with colored balls and candles, decorated with every variety of pretty things made of gilt and silver paper by Fraulein's own hands, assisted by numerous young friends, ready to help one who was always trying to increase the happiness of others.

She had gathered many comfits, too, so that none would go away without something substantial from the Christmas tree.

They were all sparkling, but none so bright and merry as the good Fraulein, and the Krist-kindlein pressed his kiss upon her brow and left the same blessing upon all whom she pointed out as loving and good.

Fraulein was forty-five years old, but the Christ-child dwelt within that heart with all the freshness of youth, and when she lay down upon her pillow on that Christmas eve, it was with the sweet kiss of benediction flooding her warm, loving heart.

And so all that night, beneath the stars of heaven, the angel and the Krist-kindlein passed around, and ere the errand of love was quite ended, the day had dawned and many a kiss was left upon the sweet faces of the young sleepers, dreaming happy visions about the coming day and the joys of the bright Christmas season.

It is true that none had seen the faces of the two, but who can doubt that just such spirits are present in all where the spirit of holy, heavenly love animates the household.

Mamma folded her hands and kissed her group of rapt listeners, for her story was done.

"That is a beautiful story," said Violet.

"I wonder who wrote it."

"I think a kind old story writer named Hans Anderson. All the children loved him; but he is gone and will never write any more sweet stories."

"It was a pretty story; I wish the Krist-kindlein would kiss me," said Rose.

"Yes, my children, it is a beautiful fancy, and may be true with us all if we will have it so; so we may all have that blessed kiss of the Krist-kindlein."

SAMUEL EVANS,

Importer of

FINE WINES AND LIQUORS,

also,

EXTRACT OF JAMAICA GINGER.

Raspberry Syrup, Essence of Peppermint
Ginger Cordial, Gum Syrup, Heiland
Bitters, &c.

First-class Billiard and Pool Table.

121 FIRST-ST., HOBOKEN, N. J.

HANDSOME PRESENTS

Given away to all Patrons

Now's your time to replenish your stock of

GLASSWARE

And other useful Household Articles

BY PURCHASING YOUR

Teas and Coffees

From the Great

Atlantic and Pacific

TEA COMPANY,

58 WASHINGTON-ST.,

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