

## White Star Line

To Queenstown and Liverpool

November 26, Majestic  
" 28, Celtic  
December 3, Germanic  
" 10, Teutonic  
" 12, Cymric  
" 17, Oceanic

## Allan Line

To Glasgow

November 27, Sardinian  
December 11, Lauertian

## Anchor Line

To Glasgow

November 29, Anchoria  
December 6, Ethiopia  
" 13, Columbia

## Atlantic-Transport

To London

November 29, Minnehaha  
December 3, Messeba  
" 10, Manitou

## Italian Sailings

To Naples and Genoa

November 25, Silesia  
" 29, Calabria  
December 2, Nord America  
" 2, Gallia  
" 3, Phoenicia  
" 6, Lahn  
" 9, Sardegna  
" 16, Citta di Torfno  
" 20, Roma

## American Line

To Southampton

November 26, St. Paul  
December 3, St. Louis  
" 10, Philadelphia  
" 17, St. Paul

## French Line

To Harve

November 27, La Savoie  
December 4, La Champagne  
" 11, La Lorraine  
" 18, La Touraine

## North German Lloyd

To Bremen

November 27, Friedrich der Grosse  
December 2, Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse  
" 11, Cassel  
" Kronprinz Wilhelm

## Dominion Line

To Queenstown and Liverpool

December 10, Merion

## Cunard Line

To Queenstown and Liverpool

November 29, Euria  
December 6, Campana  
" 13, Umbria

## Red Star Line

To Antwerp

November 29, Kroonland  
December 6, Zeeland  
" 13, Finland

## Hamburg-American

To Hamburg

November 29, Graf Waldersee  
December 6, Penn  
" 11, Moltke  
" 15, Deutschland

## Holland-American

To Rotterdam

November 29, Amsterdam  
" 29, Potsdam  
December 6, Rydam  
" Rotterdam

# Christmas In The OLD COUNTRY

Frank J. Amsden & Son,  
Steamship Office,  
Under Powers Bank,  
Rochester, N. Y.

## HER ANSWER

The battle at last was finished. The victory was lost and won, and while the defeated army had fallen back to take shelter in the woods and mountain passes the victorious host had encamped upon the field of action. A thick, misty haze hung over the landscape, through which the setting sun shone like a great copper shield burnished and ready for combat.

Since early morn the battle had been in progress, and the carnage was frightful. Even the sturdiest of the surgeons had more than once turned pale as they worked over their improvised operating tables, and all had felt a sensation of faintness that they did not care to own. In one corner of the field when the fight had been the hottest, in a little grove of half a dozen trees at the angle of a stone wall, knelt the colonel of a New York regiment beside the prostrate form of his own lieutenant, a young man of English birth and a great favorite among his comrades. His breath came slowly and painfully, and when he strove to speak the lifeblood welled up in his throat so as to almost choke all utterance.

"Creston, my boy," said the colonel in the low voice which he always used when in the presence of suffering, for the colonel was as kind and as gentle as a woman to the sick, "is there anything more that I can do for you—any word or message that you want to send? For you know—"

Creston's lips parted with a faint and almost imperceptible motion, and the colonel, bending low, caught the words, "Lift—me—up." Raising the dying man to a half sitting position, the colonel held him in his own strong arms and gently wiped the red froth from his lips.

"Colonel"—the words were weak and low—"my vest—open—the—pocket—inside—"

The exertion was so great that he could say no more. The colonel, opening the vest, drew from an inner pocket a miniature, the portrait of a young and beautiful girl, so beautiful that even then the colonel could not help gazing upon the likeness with interest and admiration.

"And this?" he questioned as he held it up to the eyes of his dying

comrade. The pale face of the sufferer grew strangely bright when he looked upon the bit of painted ivory before him.

"In England," he whispered, "she lives—Densmond in Devonshire—you'll remember—take her this yourself—no one else. Find her in Densmond—Amelia Burton. Tell her—I didn't forget"—A torrent of crimson lifeblood gushed from his lips, and all was over. The colonel arose, folded a blanket and placed it beneath the head of the corpse. Then the night winds gathered and whispered among the trees and brushed with their dark pinions the bright, cold drops that stood on the pale forehead of Herbert Creston.

Already the sun was casting long shadows over the landscape around the pretty English village of Densmond in Devonshire, for Densmond was pretty and everybody said so—that is, everybody who had ever been there said so. And, as for those unfortunate beings who had not been there, they were so very much in the minority that no one ever cared a straw what they said or thought.

The day had been hot and sultry, and with the advent of the cooling breezes of evening every one who could possibly get out of doors did so, for the air was delicious now after the overpowering heat of the day.

Along the dusty highway a man, well dressed and evidently a stranger in the country through which he was passing, was walking slowly, evidently absorbed in thought. He was about forty, of a bronzed complexion and dark hair, now slightly tinged with gray. On the whole, he was far from handsome, nor did the scar of a saber wound across his forehead add to his attractions.

Just now he paused before a cottage that stood somewhat back from the public road, almost buried in flowers, like the modest and retiring cottage that it was. Sounds of happy laughter came from an arbor concealed by the surrounding hedge. Colonel Nathaniel Pember paused but a moment, however, before he opened the gate.

"Can you tell me," he asked one of the party of young girls that met his view as he entered, "if you know of any one residing in this neighborhood of the name of—of Amelia Burton?"

"Yes, indeed," answered one of the young ladies, with a mezzing

smile, "but you'll have to hurry, though, for there will be no such person here after tonight."

"She—she is not sick—not dying, is she?" questioned the colonel hastily.

"Oh, not at all," answered the young lady, with a pleasant laugh; "only she's going to be married to Lord Littell tonight."

"Married?" said the colonel half to himself; then aloud: "Can you tell me where she lives? I must see her upon business—something very important."

"It's not very far from here. The house in the park that you see on the left belongs to her father. But you must hurry. It's after 6:30, and you've scarce an hour."

Colonel Pember turned and walked hastily along the road. "Married—married—then I am too late. Perhaps not. I don't understand it. I can't." And with every step he took came the refrain, "Married, married, married."

The next day Densmond was all excitement. The daughter of the Hon. Crofton Burton had refused at the last moment to marry Lord Lorloose Littell. And then, too, the appearance of this suspicious looking American. That must not be overlooked. Surely there was something in this, "if those as knew would tell." But the Hon. Burton, M. P., would tell nothing, and as Lord Littell had left for town that morning he could tell nothing, and Miss Burton had declared that she would tell nothing. So there the matter rested, and like every other sensation was almost forgotten ten days after.

Almost, I say, for Colonel Pember had taken lodgings at the Pot and Kettle, and scarcely a day passed but he made his way to The Oaks, the residence of Mr. Burton, who seemed to have a great fancy for his company.

Nor was it long in becoming common talk that the colonel had returned to Miss Burton on the eve of her intended wedding a blood stained miniature, the token of a schoolgirl love that she had given to Herbert Creston, the village ne'er do well, and that as she saw the picture, stained with his lifeblood, the old love had returned, and she had refused to marry any one else.

So passed a year, and again summer visited the little village, sprinkling the lawns with yellow dandelions and the hedges with all manner of sweetness. From the many

irregular came the sounds of cattle and of fowls upon the clear and silent air, mingled with the distant dashing of brooks. The trees, resplendent in their "garments of green," cast grateful shadows for the noontday wanderer. And then the gardens—roses everywhere! The air was one mass of perfume, delightful and overpowering, the first sweet gift of summer.

During this time Miss Burton had not been seen by the village folk save on one or two rare occasions, and those who had viewed her reported that she was looking pale and sickly and that she scarcely ever spoke. Now, however, at the approach of summer she had thrown off her gloomy aspect, laid aside the "inky cloak" that she had insisted upon wearing and had even gone so far as to ride out into the country and always with the colonel as a companion.

One night they walked together in the gardens that almost entirely surrounded The Oaks. There was no other light than that of the stars. As Amelia paused the colonel placed his arm about her and held her hand.

"You have my answer?" he questioned softly.

She raised her face slowly. Their lips met.

"It is 'yes' he asked. And she answered, 'Yes.'"

Far away in the wilderness of Virginia the night winds gathered and whispered and murmured and muttered and with their dark pinions brushed the bright cold drops of dew that clung to the blades of grass above the unmarked grave of Herbert Creston.

### Palmerston and the Empire.

When Lord Palmerston was premier of Great Britain, he took over the colonial office for a time during the absence of Lord John Russell on a foreign mission. His first question of the permanent secretary of that department was, "Mr. Merivale, where are the colonies?" He was cheered to find the office full of maps. "I manage the British empire, as you know," he said, "but I never could understand my latitude and longitude or make out where the British empire isn't."

### Books and Germs.

A medical journal draws attention to the dangers of circulating libraries and says that all books should be disinfected before being

taken from them. Experiments have proved that the germ of diphtheria will live for twenty-eight days in a volume and the germ of tuberculosis for more than a hundred days.

### FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

A Life Saving Elephant Who Caught Cold and Died.

A few years ago two children were bathing in the sea at a little town on the coast of France when suddenly for some reason or other they were carried out of their depth. In a few moments their cries as they struggled in the deep water aroused attention, but before any one could reach them they were rescued in an altogether unexpected manner.

An immense elephant belonging to a traveling circus happened to have been led down to the sea that morning to bathe, and as he was enjoying his bath close at hand he heard the cries of the children. Plunging through the water toward them, he lifted them very gently, one at a time, and carried them to a place of safety.

This elephant, whose name was Gus, recently died at Hereford from the effects of a severe cold. He had reached a great age and was said to be 150 years old.—Chatterbox.

### How to Tell the Time.

I've jus' learned how to tell the time; My mother taught me to. An' ef you think you'd like to learn I guess I might teach you. At first, though, it's as hard as fun An' makes you twist an' turn. An' mother says that they is folks—Big folks—what never learn.

You stand before the clock, jus' so, An' start right at the top; That's twelve o'clock, an' when you reach The little hand you stop. Now, that's the hour, but you've got To watch what you're about, Because the hardest part is to come, To find the minutes out.

You go right back again to where You started from an' see How far the minute hand's away. Like this—you're watchin' me? An' when you've found the minute hand, You multiply by six. An' then you've got the time of day. As sure as you're alive.

They's folks, I know, what says that they Don't have to count that way. That they can tell by jus' a glance At any time of day. But I don't believe no fibs like that. Because ef that was true My ma would know it, but she showed Me like I'm showin' you. —W. W. Whitelock in Leslie's Monthly.

### Nip.

One morning I found my terrier Nip sitting outside the store cupboard. He always liked to be near when it was opened, because he hoped to get something to eat so

took no notice of him; but he jumped up at me and then at the door, asking as plainly as he could that it might be opened. I scolded him for being so greedy, but he would not move.

Later in the day cook wanted something from the cupboard and remarked that Nip had been sitting there ever since breakfast. He seemed very excited and pleased when he found the door was really going to be opened, and when cook threw back the door he knew why Pussie, who is a great friend of his, walked out. Nip had been trying to tell us she was there all the morning, only we were too stupid to understand.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### The Boy Was Right.

Schoolteacher, examining the class lights on the youngest and so struck with his intelligent report that he questioned him with: "Now, my little man, what is 3 and 2 make?" The little one remained silent. "Well, suppose I were to give you five rabbits today and two more tomorrow, how many rabbits would you have then?" "Eight!" promptly answered the venile. "Eight! Why, how do you make that out?" "Cause I've got one to home already."

### Interesting Experiments.

Fix a needle in each end of a broomstick, rest the needles on two glasses placed on chairs; with the needles alone in contact with the glasses. If you strike the broomstick violently with another stick the former will be broken, but the glasses will remain intact. The pulse given by the blow has no time to pass on through the particles in the glass. The particles of the broomstick separate before the movement can be transmitted to the glasses.

### He Didn't Wait.

A Briton of the consequential species once descended on the fish embassy at Washington and was going to see his country's representative. "He's not in," replied Harry Bolchere, who was then an assistant. "Then I'll wait," said the Briton, posturingly seating himself at the end of half an hour came the word: "When he comes, do you tell him that Lord Lyons is here." "Oh, in an hour," said the fish ambassador, "the ambassador will be here, and he'll let you see him."