THE LEGEND OF GOLDBERG.

CHIEF THE CONTROL OF No the plague was in the town.

There had corpes laid unburied,
And whom death had chanced to spare
Were all hidden in the houses
From the postlential six.

So in party had they hidden.
Drawing night, arraid of day,
Praying, waiting, sourcely hoping,
For the dread to pass away.

Came the mow, then morning surishine, Came the Christmas as of old, But no form moved in the village; It lay silent, white and cold.

Rose that morn the singer, Caspar, From the bed where he had lain (He alone of all the stricken In his home would rise again).

"I alone," he thought, "am living; Lalone"-bis eyes grew dim-"I alone of all the village Ma, repeat the Christmas hymn.

What though death may be awaiting-What is death?—the day is bright; I will sing the Christ child story-Hing it looking on the light!"

Open then he threw the shutter. and upon the silent street From his lips rang out the anthem, Strong and hopeful, clear and sweet Through the frosty air of morning

The old Christmas anthem rang-What was that? Another shutter Opened wide as Caspar sangl And mother and another!-There was limit to the slain-

God he shanked! A moore of volces Joined with Caspar in the strain? and they knew no more were dying

That the hand with power to stay Had been reached out to deliver-This they knew on Christmas day. Stanley Waterloo in Chicago News.

## CHRISTMAS STORY

"It was Christman night, 184-," comimued Plunkett, "when I first seed Peter Simpson, though it had been norated erround for some time that there was er stranger in the settlement, and that he was erkin to old Billy Brooks, and was ergwyne to settle ermong us if he could and or place to suit him.

Brown drew his chair up closer to the old man and remarked:

"Them war the days when you played the fiddle, and I hain't much to brag on no music that come up to Sugar in the Goard' when I was er handling the straws and you was er pulling of the

"Tve seed the day I could fairly make er fiddle talk," nodded Plunkett, and then continued:

"On the Christmas night of 184-thar was a party at old man Jimmy Lawrence's, and we'd all gathered and the young folks had played er game er two of sich as 'Thimble,' and 'Timothy Tuberbutin,' and 'Snap Out,' till at last they gathered partners and begin to walk erround and erround, and Peter he was there a stranger and he didn't have no partner and wasn't er having nothing to do with the walking erround. So Lucy Coats, as good or girl as ever lived in Georgia, wanted to make him feel at home, and so she axed him to be the middle fellow.

"That's the way the play is. They all have partners but one. The odd one gets in the middle as they all walk erround and sing, and when they git to the part in the song where it says 'Right here I'll find her they all change partmers and the middle man has the right to jump beside some of the girls if he is quick enough and then that fellow that loses his girl gets in the middle, and so it goes."

"Oh, I know that old play," spoke Brown, at the same time drawing his chair a little nearer to the old man.

"Well," continued Plunkett, "Peter he got in the middle, and the youngsters derround and erround ersinging and er heerd 'em er mile:

and it's cold stormy weather, er drinking all the cider; o'll be the binder?

A STATE OF THE PROPERTY OF THE

t here I'll find her. come and Peter and and got by

has told me : that very

"But," continued the old man, "on the 8d day of December on the night of

ANG PERSON LINEY WHO LIGHT COOP IN me and Lucy she turned and lowed: "Mr. Plunkett, let me make your acquainted with Mr. Simpson.'

"Then Peter he shook hands erlong with me and took er seat by me, and it warn't no time till me and him was just like old friends, and he lived by me er long time and I never had er truer friend or better neighbor, and Christmas makes me think erbout these old times and these old neighbors that have passed away forever.

"Well," continued Plunkett, "Peter and Lucy married during of the year, 184—, and that's what I want to tell you about.

"In that old hewed log house that you passed on the road where the moss is er growing on the roof lives er nigger man by the name of old Tom that was the first nigger that ever Peter and Lucy had. Tom was some eighteen years old when Peter's dada give him to them, and old Tom and Peter had been brought up together, and Peter done just as much work as he required Tom to do, and they made good crops and in two or three years Peter had er right smart momey layed up, and so he bought some more land, after that he bought another nigger er two and they helped him, and soon paid for themselves and Tom and Lucy got ambitious to be rich and they went in debt, thinking they could work and pay out, and so things were moving erlong when old Tom, over yonder on the road, went to his young master and mistress and told 'em he wanted to marry one of old Squire Crawford's niggergals. Tom's master was willing for him to marry the girl that he loved, but the old squire he fixed up and before anybody thought erbout it he'd sold out his plantation and put out for Texas. Folks were crazy on Texas them days, and it didn't take er fellow long to git off for them parts when the fever once struck

"After Squire Crawford went off to Texas old Tom never was the same fellow. He didn't sing and dance erround like he always had and he'd set erround by himself and wouldn't have much to do with anybody, and Peter and Lucy noticed it and tried to git him to forget to Georgia on Christmas day, 184-, and the girl that went off to Texas, but they give her to Tom for his Christmas prescouldn't, and old Tom he begin to talk ent, and they live at youder moss covererround ermong the other niggers that ed log house, and I wish them a merry, self nor on my kin, but I never seed slavery was wrong and that he'd rather merry be dead than submit to it. Things went erlong this way till Tom he got worse and worse, till at last one night when the niggers had gathered out in their The Plous Greek's Christmas Table and yard and were playing and er singing under a big oak on the grass Tom he tled with his knife and looked down at the ground till he hered the niggers sing the old song:

'Old massa give me holler day He said he'd give me more, And I thanked him very kindly,

And I shoved my boat from shore. It's oh, my dearest May ! You're lovely as the day. Your eyes so bright They shine at night, When the moon has gone away.

"And from across the branch came the plaintive sound of negro voices from Freeman's quarter, and as Tom listened his heart seemed to go out in sympathy to the singers, for as they progressed he slowly raised his head and leaned forward, as if to catch the sound, and his lips moved in unison as the words

> "I took her hand within my own, Atonzwasin her eye I asked her if she would be mine. Her answer was a sigh. Oh, Emma, dear, dear Emma, From the Mississippi vale, in all this wide world over

There is none like Emma Dale, swelled upon the breezes, and at the finish he arose from his seat and walked toward the woods.

"When the niggers got through with their frolic Tom was gone, and the next morning when the other niggers went. to work thar wan't no Tom there, and it was soon known that Tom was a run-

"Peter and Lucy wouldn't hear to putting hounds after Tom, and so he was not heard from any more, and they had quit talking about him on the place. Thus it went for a year. The crops were sorry and Peter failed to pay anything on his thousand dollar note to old man Smith, but had to renew and borrow a little more. Peter was confident and Lucy was cheerful, and so they pitched another crop and resolved to economize, and work hard, never thinking that luck

had turned ergin 'em.

"Erlong in June, though," continued Plunkett, "the niggers that Peter had bought got the smallpox ermong them. all three of them died and the crop was lost, but Peter rolled up his sleeves and worked the harder and Lucyshe was jistthe same good little woman, and they made er pretty good crop and got it housed, and I don't think ary one of 'em ever thought erbout luck being ergin

that day-I never would forget it if I wartness | were to live or thousand years. Peter's

barn ketched er fire and burned up his whole crop and all three of his horses, and the very next morning old Smith was over there er pressing him for the twelve hundred dollars and said he had to have it or he'd take possession of the farm. The money would be due on the 25th day of December, and old Smith wanted his money or possession on that day. The prospects for a happy Christmas was mighty gloomy for Peter, but Lucy said:

"" Well, Peter, you've got me and the children yet,'

"'Yes, said Peter, and you've never her'd me complain, but I do hate to give up the home.

"That was erbout as much to do as there was erbout it, until at last Christmas eve night-rolled around and the litthe children hung up their stockings and talked themselves to sleep about old Santa Claus, and Peter and Lucy listened with hidden tears, and all through the long night they sat until the hands on the clock pointed to the hour of three, and then Peter raised his head and Nowed:

"'Lucy, we will have to give up our home to Smith.

"Before Lucy could answer a soft, catlike tread was heard upon the porch and the latch string was pulled, and as the door opened there was revealed to the sight of the astonished pair:

"Old Tom, the runaway.

"'I'se worth \$2,000 of amy man's money, and that will pay off old Smith's mortgage, said old Tom as he unalung a clean pillow case from his shoulder that was filled with goodies for the little ones, and that soon swelled the little stockings that hung on the mantel.

"With the return of old Tom came prosperity to Peter and Lucy, for when old Smith found that Tom had returned and if put up for sale would pay the mortgage he made terms that enabled Peter and old Tom to go to work upon the farm and not only get out of debt, but yet rich, and Tom was set free long Fore any Yankees knowed him, and Peter he went out to Texas and found old Squire Crawford and bought the woman what Tom loved and brought her back

FAST THAT THEY MAY EAT.

How He Prepares for It.

For a month before Christmas every jest set out on er horse block and whit- pious Greek has observed a rigid fast, saysa traveler, consequently the "table," which on that day is spread in every house, produces something akin to fes-

> My friends of the evening before begged me to sit down and partake of the meal that they had prepared. It was somewhat of a struggle tome, I must own, for I expected it would not be served in very magnificent style. Still, I was not prepared for what actually happened.

On a small round table was placed a perfect mountain of macaroni and cheese -mot such cheese as we are accustomed to put with ours, but coarse sheep's milk cheese, which stung my mouth like mastard, and left a pungent taste therein which tarried there for days. Then herewereno plates, no forke, no specim

The master of the house had a knife with which he attacked the dish, and the one which on ordinary occasions fell to the mistress was now kindly placed at my disposal. As for the rest of the farmily, they were an example of the adage that fingers were made before forks, and these fingers grew perceptibly cleaner as the meal progressed.

What a meal it was, indeed; as if it verea contest in gastronomic activity. Yet it was pleasant to see the appetite with which great and small entered in to the contest and filled their mouths to overflowing with the savory mass. was left behind in the contest and had, I fear, to tell many untruths concerning my appetite and the excellence of the dish, and great was my relief when it was removed and dried fruits and nuts took its place.

To drink we had resinated wine—that is to say, wine which had been stored in akeg covered with resin inside, which gives the flavor so much relished by the Greeks, but which is almost as unpelatable to an Englishman as beer must be to those who drink it for the first time.

The wine, however, had the effect of loosening the tongues of my friends, who had been too busy as yet to talk, and they told me many interesting Christmas tales. - Exchange.

A FRIT EXCHANGE. A-bout \$500 will buy your wife as fine sealskin paletot as you could desire to surprise her with for a New Year's gift and it would only be a fair exchange for that \$1.85 smoking set which she placed in your stocking and told Burgess to charge to your account.—Fall River Advance.

## LUX DUX LIGHT

We had to name it "Lux Dux," because it is the "Light Leader." Lux Dux is Latin—stands for "Light Leader." So the appropriate name is "Lux Dux." The reason it is the "Light Leader" is because no other lamp gives so white a light, or such a steady light, or so much light, while consuming the same amount of oil. No other lamp produces a full flame with so small an amount of wick exposed. The Lux Dux emits no odor while burning, but it goes right on, turns night into day, darkness into sunshine, makes the longest evenings seem short. With a LUX DUX Lamp on your table, will not be tired or weary, reading or sewing. It is like working by sunlight. If you use you eyes evenings, the greatest boom on earth is a LUX DUX Lamp.

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VOL., II I

(Written for T

"Be patient

substance into substantiation: lieve in. The substance with substantiation. Catholics belie derstand the wo must remember are two things outward quali smell, shape, C of knowledge w the testimony ( the maller or 81 ceptible to our qualities rest. smell and taste we know there underlying par ward qualities of that substan imperfect know outward appear as they were a place in its su ward, impercep changed, this is

stantiation. "Do you rea such a change crament of the "To be sure." "What autho belief?"

"Because the and while I can stery I firmly b this point. She the altar appe wine, is simply. that after the bread and wine be bread and w and wine, but t Jesus Christ. or species of br main -intact; substance of th wine is changed Blood of Christ. that will intere that in the Holy stantiation, or a and not consub existence of to

place. "Why?" "Our Lord, at not say, "In thi Body;" "In thi Blood;" but he Body;" "This i which must nece of substance, fo in His hands Wa must have cease of Bread and wi hend ?"---

"I don't think as yet to accept part of my relig thank you for h
plained it. I w tion has set me

"I am glad to much. Jack. I rnore proof of th Bion "This is My find it recorded Greek and Latir nevier and can which, in those masonline gende terpret these ex This bread is My My blood—there right contradict one substance, Christ is another stance, and the other substance stretch those ex