off into a corner of the tent'and cried softly

## The best coal for winter use

Lehigh Valley

Hard White Ash



It makes a botter fire and has more "last"

to it than lighter Ceals.

L. C. LANGIE,

East Main St. cor East Ave.

South Clinton, cor. Alexander St., North Ave. Near N. Y. C. R. R.

Telephone 332.

## Imported Nurnberger and Basler Lebkuchen, Marzipan and Honigkuchen

JUST RECEIVED FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Greenobles, Pecans, Paper Shell Almonds. Do not be imposed upon by interior houses offering you Marbots for Greenobles, as there is no comparison to the genuine Greenobles in price or quality. To convince yourselves, examine our goods before purchasing elsewhere. We import these goods direct during the holidays only, consequently guarantee you finest goods. No old stale goods kept over and mixed

up with goods the year following. We have also received a fine importation of Holland Cucumbers, Diff Pickles, Appetit Slid, Herring in wine sauce, Kieler Sprotten, new imported ervelat Sausage, Pommeranian Goosebreast; cheese of every variety you can think of; rerm in Peas, Mushrooms, French fair very fair-little girl of perhaps six string Beans, Asparagus, Olives, fine honeless sardines, Sauces, atsups. Stuffed Prunes, Marinirte Herring, all kinds of canned and drep blue that seemed to have a world of pickled goods; Bottled Ales of every description; fine old Scotch and Irish Whiskies put in fancy quart jugs. tall and see our immense stock of Wines the largest and best assortment in Western New York. We handle goods from all parts of the globe. We carry first quality goods. All goods purchased from us are guaranteed to keep her thoughts to herself. And so she be as represented. Call and convince yourself of the quality and quantity of goods carried by the reliable house of.

B.FEIOCK&CO.,

135 E. Main St. Inne St. Peul

PAY'S TWO CHRISTMASKS. off into a control to be reelf.

But she control tress Association of the action of the act



in the snow, and bounded up again, and

"Where do you live, little one?" "At Twenty fifth street and Cleveland avenue." said she glibly.

"Well, you had better run home," said man was no "here we are at Grand avenue, and great ste papa and mamma will grow uneasy if "Hello their little one stays out too late, and it is said he. aiready growing dusk. Youder is that church, you see, keep your eye on that, and you can find your way home."

And as he saw her with a goodby go

dancing through the snow he went on to his own home, the happier for the short glint of sunshine from the little one's curls. "Grand avenuel Grand avenuel I have never been so far as Grand avenue before!" and the almost ran into a decrepit old woman bent with age who was plodding through the now blinding snowstorm. "Hello, little golden curls! Where are

you going this evening?" she asked. 'Going home to our Christmas tree.' said little Fay as she clapped her hands gayly "Won't you come and go with me?" "Oh no. I have a more beautiful one. Come and see mine," said the old woman, while her eyes gazed keenly at the necklace little Fay wore.

lown on Cleveland avenue and Twenty

"That is just where I am going," said the little old woman, "so we will go along together." And asking about the Christmas tree she started Fay to talking, while | to a little strange house, but no one was they went on and on and on, and it kept scarcely see each other, and Fay asked if they were not almost there, and the old woman said. "Yes, they were," and then she



told Fay she would carry her if she was tired, and lifting her in her arms she did not seem such an old, decrepit creature at all as she went stalking through the snow storm, while little Fay fell asleep thinking

The morning papers that Christmas morning called upon all generous people to add to the happiness of Christmas morning and help to heal two wounded hearts toward the land where Santa Claus greets by restoring to them their little daughter Christmas amid snow and ice. Fay, with "blue eyes and golden hair." them down, and thus it went day after prairie, "is this some joke of yours?" and day and week after week, but if the earth had swallowed her up little Fay could not have disappeared more completely.

Winter snows melted away and watered the earth for the coming of spring flowers; spring flowers blossonied into fruits of summer and were succeeded in turn by the falling of autumn leaves. Winter had whitened the northern fields once again, when on the edge of a rolling river close to the limpid waters of the Gulf of Mexico. where the sum still shone with warm. bright rays and the zephyrs still fanned the fragrance of the orange tree, a band of strolling gypsies were encamped. Dark browed and swarthy visaged they were, from the child playing in front of the tent to the old dame crooning over a wild melody. But there was one exception; a thought in them, lay in the warm sublight on the edge of the camp, dreaming dreams and thinking thoughts she dared not utter. In the weary tramps for the past year she had learned well the lesson that she must obey each nod and beck and tay dreaming and hearing nothing of the talk going on in the tent till she heard the

"Ilay after tomorrow will be Christmas. you know."

What was that? Christmas! She had not heard the word for a year! What memories it brought rushing crowding back been running for twenty miles—ever since upon her brain! Christniss! Could she they had left the little water tank just outever forget? She could see the Christniss side of R—. tree now, and the snow falling upon the streets of the dear old city, and Fido, too, and at last a little, bent and decrepit woman, who became a tall, strong woman so quickly and so mysteriously. It all she is lying on it there now. How did she seemed so strange, and so far, far away get here?"

When the hour for sleep came she was fer. Each in his heart thought nerhaps it

But she could not sleep. The ploture of a kind many face, and the warmth of a mother's fond embrace remained and abided with her. Hour after hour placed in this way till at last she could stand it no longer. Slipping on her shoes and slockings, and taking her little worn and rayged cloak, which reminded her of home she went quietly and cautiously into the moonlight and over to the wagon road.

Which way should she turn? Surely home lay this way, and she ran along up the road, and for the first time in on so many months laughed aloud in her glee. A rabbit ran along with its queer long leaps in front of her, and stopped once or ice to gaze back at her with its great gray eyes, and she laughed again in the moonlight and went tripping along. The moonlight and went tripping along. The moon sank lower and lower as she kept up

in the snow, and bounded up again, and ran scurrying off, saying as plainly as he could that he knew something delightful was at hand.

Fay had seen the Christinas tree and had been told how wonderfully beautiful it would be on the morrow, with its light ed tapers and wonderful presents, and fancy had pictured a paradise, and little five-year old fay was surely the happiest child in grim old snicky St. Louis.

"Did you know Christmas is coming tomorrow, sir?" she asked the white haired old man as she skipped along by his side.

"Why, to be sure it is! To be sure it is!" said he as an unwonted glow yarmed up his heart again, and they walked along several blocks while she told him over and over again what she was going to have on the Christmas tree. Presently he said, turning to her

Once in a great while she would pass a farmbouse, and when the sun was well up aloye the horizon she came to where a man was walking across the road with two great steaming buckets of milk. "Hello, little girl-where are you going?"

"l am going home," she said with

"You are out pretty early," he returned. Don't you want some milk?" And taking his cup he filled it for her, and then he did it again, laughing as he left, saying, "You must like good sweet milk."

Fay nodded and smiled and pripped along. After awhile she came to a railroad track. Ah, that is the way to go home surely, she thought, for railroads go everywhere. But how could she rider The past twelvemonth had taught her finan cial wisdom among the traders she had been with, and she knew that riding upon the train cost money, and she had not even so much as a penny. But she dismissed the thought of trouble and tripped along the track, plucking little flowers by the wayside and laughing aloud, overjoyed at the sound of her own glad, free voice. When she came to a long bridge

the great beams lying very far apart for hei? her heart beat a little more rapidly as she began stepping upon them, but she kept bravely on and clapped her little hands gayly when she got across. Soon she came there, and she sat upon a beam to rest. It was a very queer looking, little house, and looked like a great round tub set upon immense posts. After awhile she heard the hoarse whistle of an engine; then came the rumble of a heavy train, and the great fron horse, with his carriage, stood puffing and blowing right by the side of the strange kind of house, and a big iron pipe swung trail over to the houseton and she aculd itself over to the housetop, and she could bear water running. 🐎

tired. And she looked at the strong engine till she could hardly see it, for the tears tinue straight through to St. Louis. would fill her eyes in spite of all her efand steam came out and enveloped her, and to her it became a kind faced old man, with great, long white beard, and as it wrapped its soft arms around her it said: "I am the Spirit of Steam. As soft as I am. I draw this immense train of cars. But for me they would lie here helpless and useless. When I am called I respond with foy, and I leap through the air, whirling and where are you going?"
this great rumbling train after me by the "1 am Fay," said the little girl, "and the weight of my little finger. Climb up the Spirit of Steam helped me up on the engine

was to be so very long ago shall come back | sifice I drank some milk long before I came great engine and lay down in a corner. It man sprang into the engine and it started off with a snort the Spirit of Steam folded her in his arms again and sang in her car such a sweet and soothing lullaby that her soul floated far away into dreamland while she was carried swiftly over the country

"Dick," said the engineer to the fireman The evening papers found clews and chased as their train went thundering across the



"HOW ON EARTH DID SHE COME THERE?" he pointed to a fair face partly covered with tangled curis, which lay sleeeping in

"How on earth did she come there?" asked Dick. And the blank amazement n his eyes was too genuine to be counter The two men sat gazing at each other.

Each was sure that he had been in that

"Don't you remember," asked Dick, "that I put your coat in that corner after we left R----?" "Yes," was the slow reply, "I do. And

But neither had any explanation to of when the nour for sieep came and was to recoming danger or some was a warning of coming danger or some envest a sleep from the hard hand of old sort of supernatural visitation to watch Nancy for headlessness, and she crawled over them, and determined to keep the



little one on the engine to the end of their run, if possible. Careful examination which showed a weak piston rod and gave opportunity to repair it, and the sight of an open switch, which saved the train, confirmed them both in their opinion, and the little waif slept on undisturbed.



Ah, if she only had money to pay for a of their division they learned that two ride! It was so far and already she was so freight wrecks had caused a deniand for crews, and so they were ordered to con-

Want of sleep the night before had had forts. But just then a great gust of smoke its effect upon their strange passenger, and not till they were again whirling away across the country did a little form rise in the corner and a little voice come forth through the dusk, saying: "Is it Christmas yet?"

"No, my little lady," said Jack Burns as he and Dick turned quickly and looked at tier. "Who are you, how did you get here,

steps and get on my train. I will take care here, and I am going home.
of you, and I will carry you home to papa and mamma, and the Christmas tree that ly, "and I haven't had anything to eat

And wrapped in the arms of the Spirit of | Before she finished speaking the choice Steam she climbed up the steps of the of Dick's lunch basket was before her. A good supper was soon finished, and the was very black and dirty with coal, but cold rain and sleet outside, joined to the she was so tired, and when a great strong warm blaze of the coal inside, caused the eyes to droop, and soon she was curled up

in the curner asleep again.
"Well, it does knock me out," said Dick.
"What do you think it means anyhow?"
"I don't know," said Jack dreamily.
"There is something uncanny about it all. She will unfold her wings and quietly

It was nearly daylight when little Fay opened her eyes and sat up. It was snow ing, and the flakes were coming down thick ing, and the flakes were coming down thick and fast, and the sight made her heart leap for joy. The weather was just like that of a year ago, and she remembered overy circumstance connected with that fateful Christmas eve. On and on went the train. After awhile they entered the suburbs of a great smoky city, for now it was broad daylight, and even the sun was trying to come up, and she could see the interminable row after row of houses, with the smoke from their chimneys curling up ward in the still air. Presently they came up to another station, and she heard a voice back on the train call out "Grand voice back on the train call out "Grand

"Grand avenue!" whispered the Spirit of Steam as it came in through the cab window and wrapped her in its arms. "This is your place! Come down the steps and I will hold you in my

And when the old engine pulled out from the station, and Jack and Dick found their strange passenger missing, they looked at each other, but said never a word. And Fay was standing in a snowdrift. It was very cold, and she followed two

men going up over the hill. She remembered Grand avenue and the kind old gentleman who had fold her to run home, but how could she find her way? And while she was thinking, and her fingers and toes were growing cold and her lip was beginning to tremble, she heard the chimes of the church and saw the spire that the kind old gentleman had pointed out to her, and away she went on the wings of her, and away she went on the wings of

In fact, the wind would have to have very large wings and work them with prodigious force to go half as fast as an did. And when she did get into the yard of the old house it seemed as if she would naver be able to reach the door, for Fido would not let her by but just pushed her down and played with her and kissed her and just barked and barked till he cried. And when she couldn't get the door mean and

tree just like the one a year before, and they both sprang up and screamed and ran to the door, and she felt their loving entering the door, and she felt their loving entering the door, and she felt their loving entering sees and tender lisses, her heart ran over with tears of love and happiness.

Ah, but wasn't that a Christmasi would take a thousand yule loss to equal in Fay's eyes the little lighted takers hand in from the limbs of the evergreen or it would take hundreds of wassail boy to compare with the sugar plums and outdles that delighted her eyes. And then the dolls, and the wonderful watches with

the dolls, and the wonderful watches with real hands, and the tin tigers and lions that looked so fierce you could hardly recognize them, and the candy mice and pigs that deserved to be eaten and met their deserts, and Noah's ark, with so many animals that you could not tall what half of them were and ever so many wo derful things besides!

And when at last she lay so sweetly restful in mamma's arms, with papa looking ful in mamma's arms, with papa looking fondly down, every bell in the city seemed to know it and shouted out the glad tidings as loud as its brazen throat could yell, only gradually quieting down in its excess of loy to join at the close if the farmonious refrain—"Peace on earth!"

HARRY W. COCKERILL.

THE HOME OF SANTA CLAUS. [Copyright, 1892, by American Press Associa-Far off in the north, where the winter winds

With a flerceness they never have here. Where Nature is clothed with perpetual show, And the sleighing is good all the year. I traveled this season without any guide, Which I found was a bad thing to do.

For, walking along where I dared not to ride, Why, I stepped in a hole and fell through.



Fell through into what?" do I hear you in

It is lucky I still live to tell.

For roasted I'd been had there been any fire—
Down a chimney it was that I fell.

And who owned the chimney you never could Nor could find it, though far you should

it's needless to say that I made a great noise When I tumbled down there in a licen. scattered a lot of old Santa Claus! toys And awakened him out of his sleep. He raised up his head and he rubbed his round

Then he gazed while I made a low how. And you could not manifest greater surprise Should he come down your chimney now.



His parden I asked, though I said I fell down And was sure that he couldn't blame me.

He smiled, shook his head and proceeded to

For he couldn't be cross should be try-You'll come down a fine in a quieter way When you've rone through an many as I'm

and then Me mark of his early and then Me and the following to the continued whether with the And extends underground for mile Perhaps its large rooms you would its

To perceive where I make all my toy.
And game at the thousands and thou

To be given to good girls and beys.

The rooms were ablaze with sleet clear the state of the s And the lamps were of many a me-Bome orange, some green, there were units we

And ten thousand in red, white and black.
There were evergreen trees filled with attack
without end—

Here a doll, there a toy or a book—
Thich Santa had hung till be made the books

Just to see how attractive they'd look

Don't think," he remarked as we started around. "I alone make the toys which you see rap, and small fairles come forth from the

Who delight to do service for me. They work with a will, either daytime or night 

Who escorted us down a long hall. The first room we entered was filled with ten

Of these fairies, all working on dolls; There were dolls on the tables, and dolls on the

And new dresses hung round on the walla.
The fairles were making them look very The most costly could, some of them talk, And while I was looking one raised upits volce.
Saying, "Mamma, please take me to walk!"



And he said, "They are cute little elves notice sometimes, when they make a pice

They will wear it awhile on themselves. He nodded and bade them a pleasant good day. Then we heard a low chattering noise. As, leaving this room, we continued our way To discover some things for the boys. Attention was drawn by a ratile and hum To 4 room down the hall on our right.
We peeped in and saw twenty gnomes rough

They were beating with all of their might And some of their brothers were busy with these But their work with their sport they divide.
For when one is finished a gnome on it hope:



In the next they were making baseballs: And toy stables all fitted with stalls; Balloops and expresses, and cars that will run Many puzzles and numberless games.

And things new and queer that would care.

endless fun-But I promised I'd not tell their names. Phrough roem and through hallway thus esward wo passed.

Some made and some making arriving at last
Where old Panta receives his reports.
His messengers go to all parts of the land ing toy of all possible sorts To learn what the children desire: The list of the good ones he keeps safe at hand That of bud ones he throws in the fire.



My host was as busy as busy could be to, thanking hips much fift bis kind ness to