

Why Not Buy Useful Christmas Gifts?

Why not let your remembrances take the form of serviceable things that will be a perpetual source of pleasure to the recipients? The tax on your purse will be no heavier. The Seven Corners Store is full of articles that anybody would be glad to receive. We mention a few, with the range of prices:

Ladies' Writing Desks, \$4.50 to \$6.80. Music Cabinets, \$4.50 to \$4.80. Book Cases, \$4.75 to \$5.50. Fancy Rockers, \$7.95 to \$27. Easy Chairs, \$5.75 to \$6.50. Fur Rugs, \$1.75 to \$5. Baby Carriage Robes, \$2 to \$10. Corner Chairs, \$4.50 to \$26. Couches, \$8 to \$30. Chiffoniers, \$4.75 to \$67.50. Sofa Pillows, \$1 to \$15. China Cabinets, \$10 to \$100. Curtains, \$50 to \$85.

The Seven Corners Store is the place for people who know just what they want, as well as for those who "haven't the faintest idea" what they shall buy. It is a helpful sort of store—you are welcome to draw on the good taste and judgment of those connected with it to any extent you may desire.

CORTON & McCABE.

Artistic Goods at Reasonable Prices.



Christmas Week.

THE PARISIAN CLOAK HOUSE.

We offer a great variety of goods for Xmas presents.

Do You Want

a nice Ostrich Boa, a Fur Seal, a Fine Muff, a Beautiful Silk Vest, Comfortable Flannel or Woolen Socks, a Pair of Warm, Stylish Cashmere Socks, a Pair of Warm, Stylish Tea Gowns, a Nice Jacket or Gilette for your child, a Beautiful Fur or Plush Cape for yourself.

Any of the above will make a nice, serviceable and sensible Christmas present.

Ostrich Feather Boas. Beautiful Silk Wafels.

Parisian Cloak House,

74-76 E. Main Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Be Generous to Others, But Don't Forget Yourself.

You will need a supply of nuts and fruit and other delicacies for the further attractiveness of the table during the holidays. We are prepared to meet your most exacting wants. Our goods are pure and fresh—that makes them the cheapest to buy and the most healthful to use. Buy our Canned Fruits and Vegetables, our fine Teas, our delicious Coffee, our clean and wholesome Raisins and Currants. You will like them.

SALMON'S,

26 W. MAIN ST., Powers Block.

132-134 N. CLINTON ST.

Enright Brewing Co's

ALES and PORTER

Are Absolutely Pure.

\$1,000 offered for the detection of any ingredients

other than Hops and Malt in the manufacture of them.

Telephone 579.

CHRISTMAS MIRACLE.

Once upon a time—it was so long ago that everybody has forgotten the date—there was a little boy named Wolff.

He was 7 years old. He had neither father nor mother and was left to the care of an old aunt, who was so cold hearted that she never embraced her nephew except on New Year's day and was so penurious that she heaved a deep sigh every time she served him to a dish of soup. The poor little fellow was naturally so good that he loved the old dame, only he had such a dreadful fear of her that he could not look at her without trembling.

Because Wolff's aunt was known to have a house upon a good street and a stocking full of gold she did not dare to send her nephew to the school for the poor, but she had so haggled with a teacher for a reduction in her prices that the teacher was vexed to have a scholar who brought her in so little. Little Wolff was also dressed so poorly that the fool's cap was often unjustly fastened upon him or dunces were written upon his back, and his comrades were unreasonably prejudiced against him.

All the other pupils were sons of rich citizens and made the orphan the butt of their jokes or the object of their malice. The poor child was wretchedly unhappy and would often hide himself away in corners to weep.

The time of the Christmas festival approached. On Christmas eve the schoolteacher conducted all of the pupils to midnight mass and afterward led them back to their homes.

As the winter was extremely rigorous that year, and as for several days a great quantity of snow had fallen, the children all came warmly bundled and muffled in fur caps which turned down over their ears, double and triple coats, knit gloves and mittens and good heavy boots that had iron nails and thick soles.

Wolff alone presented himself, shivering in the same old clothes that he wore every day and Sunday, summer and winter, and his feet were covered with only the low wooden shoes of Strasburg.

His naughty companions, seeing his poor appearance, made a thousand jests at his expense, but the orphan was so occupied in breathing upon his cold fingers and by the aching chilblains that he did not heed them.

Soon the band of boys, marching two by two, with the schoolmaster magisterially at their head, started for the priest's house.

It was good to reach the church, which was brilliant with lighted candles. The children, excited by the gentle heat, sweet perfumes and glittering snow, profited by the organ's din and the swelling chants to prattle in a low voice.

Each boasted of the delights which awaited him in his own family circle. The burgo-master's son had been before his departure a monstrous goose, with truffles spotted with marks like a leopard. At the house of an alderman was a spruce tree, all planted in a box, from which were suspended oranges, sugar toys and jumping jacks, and the notary's cook had fastened behind her head with a pin the streamers of her cap, which she never did except on days of inspiration, when she was sure to succeed in her famous sweet dishes.

And then the pupils also talked of what the Christ child would bring about, what he would put in their shoes, which all would take care to leave at the fireplace before going to bed.

In the eyes of all sparkled the anticipation of joy. They thought of the paper roses, the bags of nuts, the trumps and drums, the laden soldiers arranged in battalions, machineries smelling of the varnished wood and purple puppets that could tumble and jump.

Little Wolff knew very well from experience that his old, avaricious aunt would have him go to bed without any supper, but innocently he hoped that the Christ child would not forget him, for had he not been all the year as good and hardworking as possible? He, too, planned to put his pair of wooden shoes close to the ashes in the fireplace.

The midnight mass terminated, the faithful went away impatient for the treats which were to follow, and the troop of pupils, always two by two and following the teacher, left the church.

But under the porch, sitting on a stone bench surrounded by a stone niche, a child was sleeping—a child covered with a white woolen robe, but with naked feet, notwithstanding the cold. He was not a beggar, for the robe was clean and new, and near him upon the pavement of the vestibule, wrapped in a coarse cloth, were a square, a plane, a hatchet, a polisher and the other tools of a carpenter's apprentice.

Lighted by the stars, the child's face, with its closed eyes, had an expression of divine gentleness, and his heavy red brown ringlets seemed to shine like an aureole around his white forehead.

But it would have made you grieve to see the child's feet blue with the cold that cruel December night.

The pupils so well clothed and shod for the winter passed indifferently before the unknown child. Some of them cast upon the little vagabond a look in which could be read all the common contempt of the rich for the poor—of the well fed for the hungry.

But the last of all and stopped, very much moved, before the beautiful sleeping child.

"Alas," said the orphan, "it is frightful for the poor little one to go without shoes when the weather is so cold. And it is still worse not to have either slippers or shoes to put before him while he sleeps on this of all evenings, so that the Christ child might have a place to put something in to comfort his misery."

Carried away by his good heart, Wolff drew off the wooden shoe from his right foot and softly put it before the sleeping child.

Wolff, who was now with snow water, footsore and forlorn, he returned to his aunt's house.

"Look at him, the good for nothing!" cried the old woman, full of fury upon seeing him return with but one shoe.

What have you done with your other shoe, you little, miserable young one?"

Wolff did not know how to lie, and though he trembled and stammered with fright he tried to relate his adventure.

But the old woman broke out into snuff, frightful laughter. "So monsieur unahoe-for-beggars! So monsieur strips off his covering for a barefoot! This is a fine way to do. Oh, well, I will leave the remaining shoe in the fireplace to-night, and the Christ child will put in it something to whip you with in the morning. I will answer for it. And tomorrow you shall pass the day upon dry bread and water, and we will see if the next time you will give your shoes to the first beggar that comes along."

The wicked woman, having given the child two blows, made him go up to the attic, where under the eaves he climbed into his bed, but he was comforted with the sleep of the innocent, though in his sorrow he had soaked his scanty pillow with bitter tears.

The next morning, when the old aunt was awakened by the cold, she descended to her lower room.

Oh, marvel! She saw the great chimney full of sparkling playthings, bags of magnificent bonbons, riches of all sorts, and in front of that wealth of treasure the shoe that her nephew had given the sleeping child. It was close beside its mate, which she had left there, intending to put therein a bundle of whips before calling Wolff.

Now, when he ran to her, awakened by her cries and in ecstasies at seeing the beautiful gifts of the Christ child, the intention of both was called to a halt in the street. They ran to learn what was the matter and saw all the gossip of the neighborhood assembled at the fountain in the public square.

"What a very pleasant thing has happened, and a very extraordinary," they were saying.

"All the rich people's children, whose parents wished to surprise them by sending them from the most beautiful gifts, had found nothing but whips in their shoes. The beautiful things had all disappeared."

Then the old woman and the child, remembering the marvelous presents in their chimney place, were full of fright. Suddenly there was seen approaching Father Zwingli, the benevolent faced priest.

Behind the bench at the church door in the same place where on the previous evening a child clothed in white, but with naked feet in spite of the great cold, had rested his sleeping head, the priest had just found a circle of gold imbedded in the hard stone.

All the bystanders crossed themselves devoutly, comprehending that the beautiful child who had dropped asleep there and who had near him the carpenter's tools was Jesus of Nazareth, who had become again for one hour such as he was when he labored in the house of his earthly parents, Mary and Joseph.

They bowed before the miracle which the good God wished to perform to re-awaken the confidence and charity of a child.

"Ah, it was good," said the people, "to have the poor and innocent rewarded and the rich and contemptuous punished!" —Translated from French by Francis Coppes in Romance.

FATHER'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

They Were Useful to the Family, and He Saw Little of Them.

We were talking about Christmas presents, the girls and mother and I, when father came in. Then we changed the subject just a little bit, because it was father's presents we were discussing. Father sat down by the stove and rubbed his hands—he had just been out at the barn—and a queer expression slowly settled upon his features.

"Say, mother, and Ned and girls," he said, "I don't want any of you to get me any presents. Tain't no use, you know."

"Why, father," said Lena in an aggrieved voice, "we always get you useful presents, don't we? I don't think believe in things that are not useful."

Father's eyes twinkled. "Yes," he said, "but I sometimes think they are a little too useful, you know."

Nell shrugged her shoulders impatiently, but mother said: "Let father have his little joke. What is it this time, father?"

The old gentleman, having warmed his hands, settled himself back comfortably in his big chair, and his eyes twinkled more than ever.

"Well, let's see," he went on in a rambling manner. "Do you remember the dozen hamsteiches I had 'korchief' that you gave me last Christmas, Lena? I guess I used one on 'em just once. Some way or other," with a genial, impartial glance at the company, "Lena and Nell have been using 'em, and I've been using 'em, and Nell's old torn ones."

"He, he! I don't know just how 'twas, but it's a fact. Then, Ned, do you remember the compass you got me for a birthday present last June? It was a nice little compass, and I guess a feller about your size thought so, too, for he's been using it ever since. Then, let's see, there was the silk handkerchief that mother gave me at birthday, and I put it away—cheerful, and the first thing I knew Lena was a-wearin' of it inside her jacket. Yes, my presents are all useful, a little bit 'no use'ful, maybe. See the point, don't you?"

Father's next presents had his name written on each of them, and none of us ever again thoughtlessly used the dear old man's things.—American Agriculturist.

It Is Well Spent.

A dollar, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, or more for a handsome pocketbook at

CHRISTMAS IN INDIA.

A Lazy Picnic Amid the Tropical Surroundings of Calcutta.

The sun shines gloriously overhead. The sky is a pale, cloudless blue, and the foliage around, in every shade, and tint from brown to scarlet, from the palest to the deepest green. We wander along the grass under the trees beside the avenue and find a quiet spot, with a pool of clear water haunted by swans before us. The ground is carpeted with soft grass and shaded with trees. On one side, 800 yards away, is a bank of shrubs, with the most gorgeous variety of coloring, from mauve and lilac to crimson red; on the other three, cool, restful green leaves. On such a Christmas morning it is good to be alive.

Let us think of it as we shiver over our fires in England. We spread our rugs and coats on the ground and lie down and smoke lazily. Presently the Khidmutgars arrive with hampers. We do not move, for in India we have not that irrational and idiotic notion that a picnic is no picnic unless you wait upon yourselves, lay your own lunch and burn your own fingers over your kettle. The lunch is admirable from the solids to the fruit, from the drinks to the ice. Nothing has been forgotten, for once a Khidmutgar has been taught a thing he may be relied upon to do it again with absolute exactitude on a similar occasion till the crack of doom unless he is idiotic.

A picnic is a complete rest, with nothing to do save to lie still and enjoy. No one even talks unless the spirit moves him. For the most part we sit quiet, drinking in the beauty of the scene. The servants pass silently to and fro, handing dishes, which are accepted or rejected as silently. It is waste of energy to speak. The cool breeze fans us gently. There are no mosquitoes. All is peace. Last of all come the coffee and the cigars.—Saturday Review.

Christmas Holly.

No one can tell when holly was first used for Christmas decorating, though it was certainly at or soon after the Christian era. Indeed it may have been long before, for some of the traditions concerning it have an appearance of antiquity about them which cannot be ignored.

There is said to have been a sacred tree to destroy which was to insure disaster. Avaricious legend, ordinary tale, runs in this way: A youthful hunter lost himself in a forest, and his supplies running out he was in danger of starving. No game could be discovered, and in the midst of his distress a wild beast, the like of which he had never seen before, appeared. Taken by surprise, he seized the bough of a tree, tore it off and prepared to defend himself with it. It changed to be a holly tree, and the moment he disfigured it he fell to the ground and was turned into a stone. His brother, after many months' searching, was informed by a friendly fairy of the mishap that had befallen his brother, whose body he had found lying under the bough he had torn off. A charm was given the searcher to enable him to restore the headstrong youth to life, and after a long journey the task was accomplished, and the two brothers were reunited.—Selected.

Christmas Table Decorations.

In planning for Christmas festivities the question of table decorations is of real importance. Therefore suggestions for a unique and artistically arranged dinner table may be of service. The covers may be laid for as many as may be desired. In the center have a square bed of holly, from the middle of which there may rise a small Christmas tree suitably decorated. At either end of the table stand the candelabra, which for this occasion should have red candles and red shades. At each lady's place have a corsage bouquet of bright red flowers tied with red ribbon and for the gentlemen boutonnières of mistletoe. Have suspended over the table a little above the tree a large bell of red flowers, from the top of which reaching to each plate, may hang red ribbons about an inch wide, held in place by the weight of the dinner card, which should be perforated near the top, allowing the end of the ribbon to pass through and tie in a bow. On the upper side of the card should be written the guest's name.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Christmas at Osborne.

The royal bear's head, the baron of beef and woodcock pie, which are indispensable for a British sovereign's Christmas feast, are all sent from Windsor to Osborne ready cooked. The bear's head is brought in in a silver case, preceded by choir boys singing a carol as follows:

The queen's bear's head in hand I bear
Bedeck'd with toys and rose-mary,
And I pray you, my people, be merry.
Quot carol d'oro
Edmund lauder Domingo.

Lord Edward has provided this in honor of the king of Wales. On Christmas to be served.
In Requiem Atria
Caput atri d'oro
Edmund lauder Domingo.

Exchange.

A Servant's Christmas Dinner.

The poorest family in Servia will pinch themselves all through the year so as to have money enough to buy a pig at Christmas. Skewered to a long piece of wood, the pig is turned over a blazing fire until cooked, the guests watching the process with increasing interest. After dinner stories are told and songs are sung. Sarmatians, who, in the person of an honored guest, is present to receive instead of to give presents, departs after the feast, decorated with a long ring of cakes around his neck and laden with such gifts as his friends can bestow. The feasting room is symbolically strewn with straw.—New York Journal.

Way Santa Claus Drives Reindeers.

That Santa Claus comes with reindeer simply means he's interested in the way little fellows still in bed.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 8th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,

Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system.—Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Gifts Suitable for Men.

A Seal Cap, a pair of seal gloves, a fur robe, for driving gloves, a pair of gents' dress gloves, a handsome umbrella and cane combination, or one of our holiday hats. Call and we will show you a great many more things, from which you surely will find something to suit the most fastidious man, old or young.

Meng & Shaffer,

Leading Fur Manufacturers.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!!

Vast Numbers Witness the Burning of L. C. Langie's

Coal every day; at home, in the office, the work room and the store. We believe a large proportion of those who view this kind of a fire know that the best coal to burn is sold by L. C. Langie whose office is at the corner of East Main street and East avenue, and whose yards are on South Clinton near Alexander, and on North avenue near the railroad.

Chinkers in Langie's coal are scarcer than white mice and it is economy to buy of him, since he sells at as low figures as any dealer in the city. Give him a trial order and you will be a customer of his for ever afterwards. He delivers promptly on receipt of order and you will not be obliged to wait an unreasonable length of time, as is sometimes the case.

A CHRISTMAS MENU.

That Would Tempt Even a Dyspeptic. At this season of the year nearly every housekeeper is puzzling her brains about what she will prepare for her Christmas dinner. A nice breakfast on Christmas morning most also be served. A good way out of the dilemma would be to visit Culross's bakery. There will be found nice breakfast rolls, crisp, fresh crackers, delicious pies, light, white, sweet bread, cakes that would make our teeth water, cookies, fried cakes, cream puffs, cocoanut kisses, jumbles, in fact everything in the line of fine pastry and all fresh, all made of pure ingredients and all at reasonable prices. Remember the number, 30 State street.

Freshly Filled Every Day.

Is the dollar table at Lilly's. No trouble to choose the right thing there.

Another Road in Rochester.

The Pennsylvania is talked of. If there were twenty roads coal could not be better or cheaper than it is now at J. M. Reddington's, 99 West Main street. Try a ton. A postal card will reach him, or telephone.

Buster at Lilly's.

Than at this time last year. Buster last year than the year before.

You Want Soft and Smiling Coal.

For the best Scranton and Pittston brands go to Louis Edelman, 40 North avenue, near railroad. You will like him to deal with, and will go again.

Keeps us Hustling.

The fifty-cent window is a hypnotizer, and no mistake. Some people are hard to convince that we really sell such pocket-books and leather novelties for half a dollar. Lilly's, 96 State street.

When in Doubt.

buy her a silk umbrella. There are a hundred styles at \$5 in Lilly's shop, to say nothing of others at lower and higher prices.

It's Nip and Tuck.

Between the 50-cent window and the dollar table at Lilly's.

The reliability of the testimonials published by us for Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is particularly proved thereby, that the Co. offers to pay \$100 to a benevolent institution for any one testimonial not being genuine.

You Can't Waste a Dollar

on Lilly's dollar table. Nothing on