

Fairies Keep Christmas.

A fairy woke one winter night And looked about with glances bright. "I think I will arise," she said, "And leave my comrades in their bed, And I will go abroad and see How mortals fare." So, full of glee At such wild daring, forth she went On bold investigation bent.

THE LIGHT IN THE COTTAGE.

"There was a light last night in the haunted cottage." My wife's little mother spoke it with shiver and whisper at the breakfast Christmas morning. "Toinette and I looked at each other as if to ask, 'Is her old trouble coming back?' She, catching our glances, shook her head.

and properly executed, and that for this reason no tenant would take the house at any rent. Still another legend, picked up by me in conversation with "old settlers" and considered from a professional point of view, was to the effect that the present owner was a man beyond middle age who had been disappointed in love, the object of his affection being the daughter of the woman who had murdered her, and that he came to the house every little while, like one to the tomb of his departed, to mourn over his loss, the girl having considerably married the man she loved. It will be observed that the little house seemed the nucleus of several tragedies, real or unreal, and therefore became an uncanny spot to the superstitiously inclined. A community of houses, like a community of persons, seems necessarily to cover disreputable constituents, and the cottage, from its meanness of appearance and its unpleasant antecedents, looked more disreputable than any of its neighbors, and seemed, therefore, always an object of suspicion.

spot from the ends of the earth year after year that my past may never be forgotten by me. I ought to be dead, but I dare not die; I shall taste tonight of such food as we ate that night. All that we had, I would give up all my riches if I might eat it with my loved ones, but it is not to be—not to be.

CHRISTMAS FEASTS. Old Time Dinners of Amazing Proportion. What They Used to Eat in the Days of King Arthur—Boar's Head Served With Ceremony—An Ancient Dinner to the Poor.



WEARY WAGGLES RECEIVES A NOVEL PRESENT.

It is almost impossible to say when the custom began of celebrating Christmas with a sumptuous feast. It is certain, however, that the observance has never lapsed since English history began. Whistlercraft, a writer who delved deeply among the traditions and records of the reign of King Arthur of the Round Table, describes the Christmas dinner of that day in verse:

great house was most imposing, for it was not brought without a procession. First came a runner in a horseman's coat with a boar spear in his hand. Then a huntsman in green with a naked and bloody sword. Then two pages in saracenet, each with a mess of mustard, and last the bearer himself, chosen for his size and strength, proudly holding the huge silver platter on which the boar's head lay.

Christmas in Denmark. The tree is always lighted on Christmas eve in Denmark, and the family all meet together then. The older people get their presents on a plate at their places at the table, and the children's gifts are on the tree. Roast goose is always the chief feature of our Christmas eve dinner and a dish of rice is eaten on Christmas eve before dinner is served. Apple fritters are eaten instead of plum pudding. Christmas day itself is observed strictly as a religious festival, but the day before and the day after Christmas are holidays. The theaters are open, and the young people give dances. Our little Danish children do not know about Santa Claus. They have instead what they call a Nissen, meaning a Christmas brownie in the shape of a little old man with a large gray beard who is supposed to live under the ground. Another Danish superstition is that at midnight Christmas eve the cows in the stable rise and low in salutation, and on Christmas eve young maidens tell their fortunes by breaking the white of an egg into a glass of water and watching the shapes it assumes.

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Chime on, Sweet Bells! Oh, sweet across the glistening fields The Christmas carols play, And joyously each loving heart Doth greet this holiday.

FAUBLES', Bellefonte, Pa.