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readers. The familiar departments of the paper will be maintained in all their excellence. There will be careful reports, prepared expressly for the WERE-LT POST, of the Cattle, Wool and General Markets and the state of finance and trade. The literary

rred to simil

and rich perfume.

the Youthful Color &

veuts dandruff a

Restores to Gray Hal

And the burning candles symbol earthly love in deed and thought, "Lonely were my Son in heaven, And in Heart unsatisfied.

went into the kitchen to tell Mary that the door of his own hut. dinner was a decided success. I found her sitting on an old settee with her head thrown back against the window ledge. Her face was deathly pale and her eves closed. " Are you ill, Mary ?', I asked, taking her hand, which was cold and limp. Receiving no answer, 1 called Helen, and together we succeeded in restoring her to consciousness. And in lowliest heart that loves him seeks She looked around her in a bewildered way, then pointing toward the dining-room, said in a gasping voice : "Tell him-I forgive-Tell him-I have gone to-baby-I hope he-" between the struggles for breath I caught the words, will-bappy."

the stone the acre vielded. In reply to the kind man's tender words of sympathy at finding the forseken child where It must needs have perished of cold and hunway up in all the accomplishments of the ger, the little one could utter no reply, but district, which ranged from twirling a flapspoke with beseeching eyes the gratitude he fack to picking a panther out of a tree with felt for his deliverance, as the good man the old man's flintlock riffe. The pastimes wrapped his cloak around his shivering limbs and pleasures of budding Pige county mal-

ry flowers to their destruction, and sow "According to the late Peleg Underhill onis and brouchitis broadcast. The issa must have been a stupper. She was

ed to dream of springtime

fury peculiar to inland seas.

swamped.

for his life.

bis reach.

but a grav-headed man, an' ve mout jest as

well bait yer trap in some other swamp Ze-

" 'That was a great blow so the young peo-

ple,' continued the Sheriff. ' Ezekiel struck

into the woods and Melissa shucked wolves

with a heavy heart. By and by Sim Smith

of Pocono met Melissa. He was on the up-

per side of fifty, gray as a rat, and owned a

farm. When he asked old Jobson for Me-

"'Ye've draw'd the proper bead the fust

"Melissa hadn't anything to say in the

matter, and the wedding was fixed for Christ-

mas Eve. On that night the population of

three townships was at Jobson's -- sixteen

people in all. Old 'Squire Morgan was there

to tie the knot. Ezekiel Merryweather was

the only absentee. It was a fine moonlight

night and as cold as Greenland. The wed-

ding was to come off at nine o'clock. Every

little while the howling of wolves could be

heard on all sides of the clearing. That

was nothing uncommon, though, and nobody

thought anything of it. About eight o'clock

the howling was more than usually loud and

Jobson. 'They're closic' in on that deer

The howling came near and nearer.

"Wolves is hungry, to-night,' said old

" ' Blamed if I don't think they're goin' to

take that deer plumb through our turnip

patch,' said Jobson. 'Well, let 'em go.

We've got other business besides carin' for

"The wolves came closer and closer. Their

snarling could be heard in the house. But

window. The howling, and barking, and

the wolves were not moving. Mellssa went

"' Why, dad,' said she 'them wolves has

treed suthin' in our spring house, They're

thick aroun' it, and some of 'em's goin' down

"Sure enough,' says Jobson, 'they've

druy suthin' inter the spring house, sartin.

Wall, boys, take your guns. We mowt as

well stop this yer noise 'fore we perceed.'

prolonged in one direction.

to a window and looked out.

the chimley."

pooty reg'lar I reckon."

She

was about to take the fata plunge. In fact, a passel o' ornery wolves to-night; hay,

time, Sim. Ye've hit me plumb back o' the

fore-shoulder. The gal's your'n."

kiel.

fissa, Jobson said :

those soft, treacherous ones that have unwa-

sun shone warmly, and the great lake seem-

The crib larder was like Mother Hubbard's

cupboard, and Kals trom took his small boat

and rowed ashore. In the few hours he

spent among th e shops and in taking a glass

of beer with his friends, the wind changed,

and when he reached the shore with his

stores, he found the lake churned up to the

He was worried, but had such confidence

in his little Irish girl, as he called her, that

he spent the night quietly. The next day

day found the storm as wild as ever, and he

spent the hours of daylight striding up and

down the shore, for by this time he knew

the few provisions had given out, and that

his wife was actually suffering for food .-

Twice he launched his boat, and twice it

At dark the light gleamed out from the

crib top, but to Kalstrom's eve it had a bale-

ful glare, and morning found him determin-

swore with some round Scandinavian oaths.

Fortunately the wind was more quiet, and

after hard work he came under the lee of

crib walls. His wife had spled him, and she

cast him a rope from the top story of the

crib ; for the waves rolled so high that all

the storm doors and shutters were battened

down and the white caps splt at the lantern

He caught the rope and passed up his

bundle of supplies. She dropped it a second

time ; and, just as he got it under his arms

a great wave swamped the boat, leaving

him elinging to the wall, blinded and bruised.

and depending on the little woman up aloft

She began hauling on the rope, and had

drawn bim as high as the still frame-he

thrusting fingers and toes into whatever

crevices offered. As he reached his right

hand up, the wind came round the the cor-

ner with a yell and tore him loose, dropping

him into the lake ; but the faithful Irish girl

paid out the line as fast as she could, and he

found himself with a chance for life still in

Up he came, hand over hand, and as he

ptered the window he saw her fall, and in

the dim light he noticed a strange discolors-

tion of her face, and the fact that her dress

Well, to make a long story short, when he

picked her up he found the wedding-finger

of her left hand entirely gone, and the ten-

don ripped out up to the elbow. It had

been caught between the rops and the stone

casing when he fell, and his great weight,

plying against the wedding ring, had done

the mischief. But, as she said, "It weren's

a time for faintin', miss." And she had

hauled him up with the right hand and

The rugging of the hemp had out has

mouth cruelly, and she had ground her

knees against the wall so deeperately that

the thick stuff gown she wore was frayed

That night the wind shrieked and roared

till the lake went mad with the poise, and

the waves threw their spray among the pl-

geons under the eve of the inntern-roof, and

the injured woman moaned through the

house for the relief that did not come. Kal-

strom signalled and signalled for help, and

four days after the accident a boat got out,

and Mrs. Kalstrom was taken to the hospital,

where the wound was dressed, and where

When I saw her first, I noticed with great

satisfaction that a fall of pretty lass covered

her maimed hand, and that "Big Charlie"

under his rough husk held a real reverence

and affection for her. To these feelings he

bore witness everywhere, and when his

friends would play upon him and half in

jest and half in earnest, say : "Ah, Charlie,

she lay for many a weary day.

was torn to rags in front.

those strong white teeth.

through and through.

as they drove before the wind.

ed. "I'll go ev I hev to swim vor it." as he

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Did to night smid earth's gladness Rise no thought of Him that died. Rise no thought of her that worshipped Bethlehem's manger straw beside

'Royal gifts to men he giveth. And his angels on them wait ; But the Lord of men and angels Chooseth ever humblest state, his own love's thirst to sate. "So he chooseth that no angels

Light to night his Christmas trae Heavenly service for his brothers, For himself earth's charity ; and the brightness of his Christmas measure

of earth's love shall be." On the Christ-child's tree the tapers With a glow, e'er deep'ning shine Prayers of grateful heart ascending.

Sin o'erthrown in some soul's shrine Loving thought in noble action grown more like to love divine.

Then the Christ-child, smiling softly, Gazeth in his Mother's eyes, Listening to the angels' singing Sounding through the starlit skies. "Gloria in excelsis Deo"-as of old the strong words rise.

With the song of angels mingling Earth's glad Christmas harmony, And the Peace of God descending In hearts warm with charity, While far down the streets of jasper shines

the Christ child's Christmas-tree. -Edith M. Cook in Catholic World for January.

## ONE CHRISTMAS.

ing; so my servant and myself had decked gain some clew as to the whereabouts of her the rooms with evergreens, and were busily friends, engaged making mince ples, erullers, and

letter for you 'cause she tho't it might be crape, and several photographs. from some of yer folks who're comin' to same breathless way.

It was from my sister, Mrs. Elwood, who "Christmas Eve, 1872." It is addressed to ter Lucy, and Mr. Mayhew, the gentleman tionate husband."" to whom Lucy was engaged, would spend Christmas with me. I had not seen my written on the margin. Perhaps you may and Mr. Mayhew was an entire stranger, words are almost effaced." threatened invasion of my quiet home.

mas with us."

"Yes'm," was the laconic answer.

expected arrival of Queen Victoria you strong frame shook like an aspen. would answer yes'm in the same indifferent for the cool reception of the, to me, exciting made my heart ache with pity. news annoyed me. Her face flushed for a moment, but she made no further comments. blank astonishment, Mary was a comely-looking young woman, with large, soft, brown eyes and an abund- my wife," he said, in tones of the deepest ance of brown hair slightly tinged with red. anguish. She was remarkably neat in appearance, re- I took the lamp, and sliently led the way

means sullen-only very sad. When she first leaving him alone with his dead. came to live with me her melancholy demeanor had a most depressing effect upon my demanded Lucy, with an injured air.

found it difficult to accustom myself to love," I responded. Mary's sad ways.

the bright side of life. She answered in a his dead love. voice quivering with suppressed sobs.

" She's fainted again," remarked Helen, applying the restoratives once more, but this time without success, for we saw no signs of ren and all agreed. returning life.

I was thoroughly alarmed, and sent Mr. Maybew for the doctor, who, fortunately, was at home, and obeyed the summons in stantly. He took Mary's hand, placed his ear over her heart, opened her evelids and examined her pupils, and then said slowly : "She is dead, The question is, what has

killed her ? Heart disease, probably, accelerated by a severe shock." I was completely unnerved, and wept sin-

cere, heartfelt tears over the inanimate form of my poor Mary, who died as she had lived, making no moan over her burden of pain and sorrow.

In the room Mary occupied was a small I did not expect any company for Christ- box, which I carried down to the parlor, after mas, yet could not allow the day to pass the first excitement had subsided, thinking without some slight observance, such as deck- that by examining the contents I might lost his sword in his fall, but he held his hugle in his fist, and with this he joined battle

The box contained mementoes such as woother indigestible delicacies, when little men treasure. There was a package of yel-Ben Shafer rushed into the kitchen exclaim- low letters tied together with a bit of faded ribbon, a little blue shoe, still bearing the "Miss Bronson, I bin down to postoffice imprint of a baby foot, a lock of dark hair for pap, and Miss Lippencott give me this and a golden curl held together by a band of

"All the letters were evidently written by Christmas with ye !" He threw the letter the same person," said Helen, who had been across the table and ran out again in the examining the dates, "and this seems to have been the last one received. It is dated

wrote to inform me that herself, her daugh- 'My darling wife,' and signed 'Your affec-"Here is a photograph with something

niece since she had grown to womanhood. be able to decipher it, Mr. Mayhew. The consequently after reading the letter I was I held the picture toward him. He was thrown into a flurry of excitement at this seated on the sofa, some distance from the table, but came forward and took it from my "Mary," I said addressing my servant, hand. I saw him start and turn pale, while "three visitors are coming to spend Christ- great beads of perspiration broke out on his forebead.

"George Mayhew, died March, 1873," he "I really believe if I should announce the read, in a low, trembling voice, while his Christmas Eve-betrothed to Jane-sailed away-India-ship lost-never heard offoundered on coast of Africa.

He covered his face with his hands and tone," I observed in a slightly irritated voice, sobbed in a dry tearless sort of way that Jane-held on to hope-never would marry-pined away-etc. ted-mortgage on Jane's mother's house-

Lncy and her mother looked at him in "Let me see her. Miss Bronson. She was

served and ladylike in manner. She had to the room where we had laid her. He been with me nearly three years, and during threw himself on his knees beside the lounge that period I had never seen even the shadow and placed his cheek against the cold still of a smile on her face; yet she was by no face. I put the lamp down and turned away, and tea. Captain Goodygoody saw Jane no one ever took the trouble to look out of a "Aunt Ruth, what does it all mean ?"

spirits. Her predecessor had been a rollick- "It means that Mary was Mr. Mayhew's ing Irish girl, who made the whole house wife. Doubtless when his grief is spent he They were married on Christmas. ring with her merry laughter; therefore 1 will explain. Such grief is surely born of

Lucy's face grew pallid. She clenched

Once I spoke to her about her dejected air, her hands and walked to the other side of telling her she should always try to look at the room. I wondered if she was jealous of

even Consumption, always giving entire sat- "The men took their guns and went out-Despite my remonstrances he passed the "Life has no bright side for me. Miss Bron-night in the room where Mary's body lay. Despite my remonstrances he passed the night in the room where Mary's body lay.

and carried him to his cottage home. denhood in those days were few, and it were When he opened the door, he exclaimed great reward for Melissa to get the promise " Here, wife, is a guest to our Christmas from her mother that if she would pile so Eve supper ;" and he led the new-comer by much stone wall while she was resting from his tiny hand to the blazing hearth-fire, turnips she could 'shuck the hide off'n the where he soon regained the needful warmth next wolf that dad fotched in,' or if she cut and comfort.

and plied a sufficient quantity of stove wood "And welcome he is." said the wife. before she went to work beeing the 'taters "Let him share with us the gifts which she might hold the pig at the next Christmas Christmas Eve has brought; in which childkillin' while dad stuck it. "It was one day in the fall of 1801 that

Ezckiel Merryweather first struck the Job-A BRAVE IRISH LAD. -- In the French Arson clearing and met Mellissa. She was havmy, the bugler of the 18th Royal Irish Regiing a holiday and enjoying it in shucking ment, at the recent battle of Tel-el-Kebir, wolves. The wolf crop was good that seawould have received the cross and bugle of son and old Jobson's traps were generally honor. The youngster, a mere lad, was full. Ezekiel fell in love with her at sight breast to breast with Major Hart at the head She fell in love with him, too, and he got to of the attacking force. Turning, as he taking in the Johson clearing pretty regular scrambled up the face of the works, to sound on his hunting expeditions. Finally he askthe charging call, a hostile rifle butt came ed her to marry him, and she said she would. down on his head, and he was tumbled back He laid the matter before her old man. into the ditch. I'e staggered to his feet, "' Wall, scarcely ; you can't have M'liss, picked up his bugle, and followed the red said Jobson. 'No young squirt of a bushwave, which had rolled by during his disaswhacker don't tie on to her if her dad knows ter. He got to the front, while the rank and It, an her dad's up to things what's goin' on file were treating the foe to the cold steel, round here pooty giner'ly. When M'liss according to the prescription of Sir Garnet goes away from this paster lot it'll be with Wolsely. Here he raised a brazen note, but some gray-haired old fellow as knows what in the midst of it was bayoneted in the to treat her to. She don't splice to nobedy shoulder by a Nublan. The Irish boy had

with his black antagonist, whom he put

down in no time with that "point of war."

called in Ireland "a hand and foot." Then,

standing over the prostrate captive, he blew

a triumphant blast. The performance is

related by Lieut. Drummond Wolff, who

adds in his letter that the drollery of the per-

formance set the soldiers laughing even in

the very thick of the carnage. The feat had

more humor and not less valor in it than that

of the French drummer at the battle of the

Pyramids, who had his right hand slashed

off by a borseman of the desert, but kept

hammering the sheepskin with his left .-

THE OUTLINE OF A CHRISTMAN ROMANCE.

Streets-brilliantly lit shop windows-toys

-gay crowds-snow on the ground-every-

Jane Allalone wandered alone-crowd-

Five years before, James Goodygoody-

William Badybady-rich, corrupt, dissipa-

Away, villain ! Rather poverty, crusts, etc.

Jane Allalone did. But just then the ship, Sim ?'

Turned out of doors-homeless.

Down by the dark river-Pier No. 8.

with James Goodygoody, which had not been

lost at all, came sailing up to the dock, load-

ed to the water's edge with china, silk dresses

struggling in the river. He fished her out

The cook dried her at the galley stove

W. Graham, Wholesale Druggist, of

with a boathook and bauled her on board.

Satisfactory Evidence.

Austin, Texas, wiltes: I have been hand-ling DR. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE

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it one of the most salable medicines I have

ever had in my house for Coughs, Colds and

Belfast Examiner.

foreclosure.

My Jane!

"My James !"

-It was Christmas Eve.

body out-Christmas turkey.

sweet sad face, wistful eyes.

