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BY GEORGE B. GOODLANDER,
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CLEARFIELD

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A NEW-MEXICAN CHRISTMAS
EVE
It is Christmas Eve in Albuquerque,
Blazing the festive torches placed
on the surrounding adobe walls illumine
the old church on the plaza.
There is a grand ball at the Plaza,
to which we and our family are most
respectfully invited. The orchestra
of music already invites us to the ball-
room. We enter. The floor is full of
hundred couples are gliding through
the graceful "Spanish dance," or "slow
waltz," as it is termed. The sound of
a new kind of gold and silver medals
are to be seen in the throng. A
full-armed Major General of volunteers
adds the color of his epaulettes to
the occasion. The rambles have passed
in their various and scintillating
and three rows of the dark-eyed creatures
sit ranged around the room.
The Mexican women look best
in a ball room. Their black eyes,
black hair and white complexion
gladden the eye. They are dressed in the
gayest of gowns, and their ornaments
of gold, silver and diamonds
glitter and sparkle. They are
dressed in the gayest of gowns,
and their ornaments of gold, silver
and diamonds glitter and sparkle.
They are dressed in the gayest of
gowns, and their ornaments of gold,
silver and diamonds glitter and sparkle.

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BURNS AND BECHER.

A STRANGE STORY.

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A CHRISTMAS SLIGHT RIDE.

THE STRANGER WITNESS.

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CAPACITY OF CISTERS OR WELLS.

MEASUREMENTS.

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The last strange story comes from
Florida. During the war Fred Halse-
man left Tampa Bay and went into
the "back woods" of the Everglades.
He took with him his wife and their
youngest child, a boy five years.
The wife and mother got separated in
some way from the others, and luckily
happened to wander back to her home.
Three years went by. The war was
over. The older sons had returned
from service in the army and were
working the plantation. During all
this time nothing had been heard of
the missing pair. They were mourned
as dead. One day, in the spring of
1867, a man, apparently about thirty
years old, leading by the hand a boy
of five, ran joyously up to the ver-
and of the plantation house, and began
a series of violent howlings of the aged
moor. His demonstrations of affec-
tion were interrupted by the screams
of the lady, who rushed to the arms
of the oldest son. Both struck the intruder
painfully. He tried to speak, but was
obliged to devote all his energies to
the task of fending a soft spot in the
front of his head, and he fell, just
in time to be knocked down. He lay
by the younger sons and negroes, who
found the sound of the scuffle had called
to the spot. As he fell, something tum-
bled from the pocket of his ragged coat,
and was a picture of the widow. The
dead planter had carried it with him
when he plunged into the swamps.
There was a general outcry, and a
demand for an explanation. The story
of the disappearance of the boy and his
mother was told. He was Fred Halse-
man. In his wanderings through his vast hid-
ing place, he had fallen into a fanning
spring. When he clambered out, his
son ran away, as if in flight. He ran
after him with a surprising speed. The
child, when caught, screamed for his
father. It was long before he could
be persuaded that the young, fresh,
vigorous man who climbed out of the
pool was the aged, decrepit white-
haired man who had fallen into it.
He saw that his hands were no longer
trembling, that his heart was no longer
beating, that his step was firmer and
his eye keener, but the suddenness
of the transformation puzzled him. He
had fallen into the Fountain of Youth,
which Ponce de Leon sought in vain
and called the Florida swamps. He had
been back and plunged his son into the
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the Fountain of Youth, which Ponce
de Leon sought in vain and called the
Florida swamps. He had been back
and plunged his son into the spring.
It was a miracle deed. The tradition
about the fountain has always been
that its wonderful water changed the
aged into young men. It was long
before he could be persuaded that the
young, fresh, vigorous man who
climbed out of the pool was the aged,
decrepit white-haired man who had
fallen into it. He saw that his hands
were no longer trembling, that his
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