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The Semi-Weekly Tribune is issued every Tuesday and Friday. Price, $2 a year. This edition is being enriched by the addition to each Friday's paper of a handsome pictorial supplement of 20 pages, in which are printed a profusion of "half-tone" and other pictures of great beauty and artistic merit. This supplement is dignified and able, and not only most entertaining, but immensely educational upon the minds and tastes of the family. An increasing number of subscribers indicates public approval of this feature of The Tribune. Sample copies of Friday's paper, free.
The Tribune Almanac for 1898, now in preparation, will contain several features of value, not included in previous numbers, among them the new Constitution of the State of New York, providing for non-partisan municipal elections, The Tribune's digest having been approved by Joseph H. Choate, a prominent member of the Constitutional Convention; the Constitution of the United States; the Dingley Tariff Bill, rates compared with the Wilson Bill, the Reciprocity clauses in full; a history of the Greco-Turkish war; the principal events of 1897, etc., etc. The regular features will be retained, viz: Election returns for 1896 and 1897, in detail; platforms of all parties; an extended array of statistics of trade, commerce, finance, money, production of precious metals, manufactures, public debts, pensions, railroads, shipping, etc.; the names of the principal officials of the United States and the several States, with their salaries; an abstract of the latest principal laws of Congress and the State Legislatures; and a great multiplicity of other valuable matters, to which every intelligent man wishes to refer annually. 25 cents a copy. Copies may be ordered in advance. The Almanac will be out early in January.
A large number of Pamphlet Extras, some of them of great interest, have been printed by The Tribune. A circular describing them will cheerfully be sent to any one inquiring by posta' card.
THE TRIBUNE, New York.

I TOLD HER FAIRY STORIES.

I told her fairy stories
In the old days long ago,
As we used to sit at evening
In the firelight's ambient glow.
She was a tiny maiden,
Yet she loved me then, I know,
When I told her fairy stories
In the old days long ago.

I told her fairy stories
When we had older grown;
Those tales of love and courage
That lovers long have known;
When we used to watch the shadows
Like a tide's incoming flow,
As she whispered that she loved me
In the old days long ago.

I tell her fairy stories
Almost ever evening now;
But they've lost their old-time glamour
And we've changed about somehow·
For we've married one another,
Yet she loves me still, although
She don't believe the stories
As in the old days long ago.

—*Rochester Times.*

TILDA'S CHRISTMAS.

MARY ANGELA DICKENS.

Author of Cross Currents, A Mere Cipher, Prisoner of Silence, &c.

From the Philadelphia Sunday Times.

It began in the summer time, one evening in August, when 'Tilda, on her knees, scrubbing out the dirty little kitchen, was feeling as though she could bear life no longer.

Quite suddenly she paused in her work and raised her grimy, tear-stained face. Outside in the street a voice had uplifted itself, not as the voices of the dwellers in George Street were apt to do, but in song. Through the open door and windows the voice floated; with her scrubbing-brush suspended, 'Tilda listened, spell-bound. It was a tenor voice—one of those voices which carry conviction to far harder hearts than 'Tilda's. It was a startlingly beautiful voice for a street singer, even though it was worn and roughened with hard usage.

'Tilda could neither analyze or criticise. But she could feel. The song was "The Devout Lover," and the words passed over her head as though they had no meaning. But the tender rhythm of the music seemed to sweep round her and wrap her away from all her trouble into a very heaven. The song went on. 'Tilda's white lips parted in a smile of positive ecstasy, and she scarcely breathed. Her great blue eyes shone. She had heard no music such as this in all her life. It seemed to her something too beautiful to belong to this world.

The song drew to its end; the last long lingering notes died away; and then, for 'Tilda, silence fell upon the world. She did not hear the noises of George Street as they reasserted themselves. She had forgotten her work. She knelt on, motionless, gazing away into space and seeing nothing.

Such proceedings were not to be indulged in with impunity in the house of Gilkes, and a torrent of language and a box on the ears roused 'Tilda from her dream. But she fell asleep that night with the voice ringing in her ears. All the next day she listened and longed. Would the singer come back? Should she ever hear the song again? Seven days had gone by, and she was dragging wearily up and down George Street late in the afternoon with Billy Gilkes, the baby, in her arms, when she started so violently as almost to drop her burden, and a wave of burning color flooded her face. Away behind her at the end of the street the voice was rising again.

The dirty, sun-parched street disappeared from before her eyes. Billy was no longer heavy. She was no longer tired. She turned involuntarily and moved, drawn by those long sweet notes, up the street toward the singer.

He was a tall man, gaunt and thin. His face was pale, and there were hard and bitter lines about it; lines of degradation, too. His features were well and strongly cut; he had grey eyes which even sullenness and cynicism could not wholly mar; and his rough hair fell over the true musician's forehead. 'Tilda, standing close beside him, with Billy clasped to her, and her eyes fixed rapturously on his face, saw nothing of this. Every sense but that of hearing was in a trance. When the song ended, a sigh of exquisite regret and satisfaction came from her, and he turned and saw her. He looked at her for a moment in silence, and when he spoke it seemed to 'Tilda inevitable that the lips from which such sounds issued should smile kindly. There was something in his eyes, too, which struck her vaguely as being just right.

"You like that?" he said.

'Tilda nodded. He looked at her for an instant longer, and then he began to sing again. 'Tilda was crying, when he dropped, tears of pure happiness. This time he spoke to her roughly.

"You little fool!" he said. "What's that for?"

"Tilda wiped her eyes on Billy' torn frock.

"I don't know," she said falteringly. "Haven't you anything real to cry for?" he said, scanning her attentively.

'Tilda's answer was written in her eyes and on her quivering lips.

"Poor little girl!" he muttered under his breath. "Poor devils, all of us!" And with an indescribably bitter twist of his thin lips he suddenly broke into "The Devout Lover."

A little crowd had collected by the time he had finished, and sundry halfpence were bestowed upon the singer. 'Tilda had not a half-penny in the world, and she would not have dared to offer it had she had one. But he looked at her again before he moved away, with a sudden smile of farewell, which brought a faint, uncertain reflection of itself to 'Tilda's wan face.

After this there came for 'Tilda nearly a fortnight during which she lived in a veritable seventh heaven. Almost every day the singer came, and always during that time in the late afternoon which was devoted to the airing of Billy. This was so wonderfully lucky 'Tilda told herself, in almost awestruck surprise at her own good fortune. She was almost always able to be in waiting at the corner. Or if she chanced to be so far away as the other end of the street, the first sweet, penetrating notes reached her instantly. Once or twice the whole afternoon and evening wore itself away in blank silence. He did not come. On the afternoons following these occasions 'Tilda would station herself at the corner with her face quite drawn with suspense. And when he did appear the glow of light which transformed it was positively radiant. He looked at her keenly the first time this happened, and he began to sing at once without speaking.

They knew each other well by this time, though they did not seem to talk much. A few brusque questions had put the man in possession of the simple facts of 'Tilda's life. And though he told her nothing about himself, 'Tilda understood in some mysterious way that he too was unhappy and lonely and very poor. It seemed to her to make a bond between them, and side by side with the awe with which his voice inspired her there grew up a pathetic little impulse of pity. He had a cough, and she used to ask him how it was, and to recommend simple remedies, timidly enough, indeed, but with a touch of anxious solicitude which suggested a womanly sense that a man is but a poor helpless creature after all.

It was a dull, chilly evening when 'Tilda's short-lived spell of happiness came to an end. Tilda had cast many anxious glances at the sky, fearing lest rain should drive her to take Billy indoors. But the singer came first, and it seemed to Tilda that his voice was more wonderful than it had ever been before. He sang on and on, with only the shortest pauses, in which he did not seem inclined for conversation, and at last he stopped abruptly.

"I'm giving you the whole lot today," he said. "I shan't be here again—yet."

The light went out of 'Tilda's face, and she stood gazing at him over Billy's flabby person with wide eyes. She did not speak.

"I'm restless," he said, and an odd, wild gleam lit up his eyes. "I'm going round the country for a bit—seaside."

Still 'Tilda did not speak. Her lips were quivering a little. He spoke impatiently, but whether the impatience was for her or for himself might have been a nice question.

"Come, come!" he said. "You musn't take it to heart. I shall come back and sing to you again, you know, and you must be a brave little soul and keep up your heart. See?"

'Tilda nodded. The conditions of her life had stunned all idea of lamentation or appeal in her, and she made no protest now. But she sat down suddenly on a doorstep, and with one glance at her he began to sing. When he had finished he turned to her.

"Now I must go," he said. "Good-bye for the present, little thing. He hesitated a moment. Then he held out his hand, and she laid her small fingers in it.

"You'll mind your cough?" she said faintly and appealingly. And he went away.

In the unbroken discord and ugliness of the days and weeks that followed, the misery of her life closed round 'Tilda like a dense fog of despair. Whether matters had really grown worse during that fortnight, or whether the temporary lightening of her wretchedness made it seem worse now that the darkness had settled down again, she did not try to decide. But as the winter drew on there is no doubt whatever that all her troubles were very definitely accentuated. The cold weather came early, with bitter rain and piercing winds. Summer in George Street had been bad enough, but there had at least been an outlet in the summer time. The whole Gilkes family had seldom assembled under the roof, except to sleep. 'Tilda herself could escape from the vigorous tongue—and hand—of her step-mother, if it were only to overtax herself by carrying Billy about. But now no such escape was possible, unless accompanied by acute physical discomfort. Even the wet weather, however, was not so bad as that which succeeded it—bleak, biting frost.

The cold was such as had not been known for years, and George Street suffered acutely. Everyone was out of work. There was very little food, very little fire.

November gave place to December, and still the frost held. Of the singer there came no sign. For many a long day and week 'Tilda had hoped and believed that he would come back, and she had longed until her poor little heart was sick with longing, to hear his voice again. But as Christmas drew nearer, bringing no touch of the Christmas spirit into her life, leaving her outside all hope and happiness, she sank into something like apathy. There was no help for her anywhere in the world, she felt, dumbly; the singer would never come back; and even Christmas held nothing for her.

She had been sent one afternoon by Mrs. Gilkes to see if she could get a loaf of bread on credit from any of the neighboring shops. She was returning empty-handed, with dragging, reluctant steps, dreading the blows which assuredly awaited her failure even more than she dreaded the piercing cold. Her head was swimming a little; it often did so in these days. And her ears were ringing with one of the carols she had sung so often and so happily—the first verse over and over again:

"Hark, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

She turned a corner and suddenly stopped abruptly, clasping her thin blue hands involuntarily over her heart. The first verse of the carol was no longer ringing in her ears. But away in the distance the second verse was rising:

"Mild, He lays His glory by;
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth."

She was not far from George Street. A few moments' headlong run, growing swifter as the voice grew clearer, and she reached the corner.

There in the darkness of the winter afternoon stood the singer.

'Tilda did not move when once her eyes rested on his figure. She was rather behind him, and she stood motionless, her hands tightly clasped, her face transfigured, until he had finished. Then, hardly knowing what she was doing, she went towards him, and he turned and saw her.

"Ah, little thing," he said. "There you are!" He was terribly altered. As 'Tilda's eyes rested on his face and saw the sunken cheeks and hollow eyes, her heart seemed to stop beating. He had come back; come back at Christmas, with a carol on his lips; but he spoke feebly, and with little gasps, and 'Tilda realized—as she had not done in her first wild joy—that the notes of the carol had been husky and broken.

"Oh," she cried, "you've took ill!"

He smiled a little.

"Yes," he said. "I suppose I have. Did you think I was never coming back?"

"I—didn't know," faltered 'Tilda. Joy and distress were fighting for the mastery, as she looked at him until she felt quite faint. "Oh, are you very bad?"

He made a slight gesture of indifference.

"It's all right," he said. "And what have you been doing with yourself? Starving, by the look of you. Father out of work?"

'Tilda nodded:

"I don't believe as you ought to be out," she said.

He looked at her with an odd expression in his eyes.

"I told you I would come and sing to you again," he said.

"Have you got far to get back?" she persisted earnestly. "Where do you live?"

"At Marmaduke Buildings," he returned lightly. "But I don't think I shall be there long, 'Tilda."

He was interrupted by a fit of coughing which left him white and shaking, and brought the tears into 'Tilda's eyes.

"You'll go home now, straight," she pleaded, "and have a cup of hot tea? Do!"

"Very well," he said. "Good-bye, little thing." He took her hand and held it close for an instant, looking at her again with that odd expression. He had dropped her hand and turned away, when he took a shilling out of his pocket and closed her fingers over it.

"Don't make a fuss!" he said hurriedly. "Carol-singing pays, you know." And then he was gone.

He did not come the next day, and 'Tilda tried bravely to possess her soul in patience. Neither did the day following bring him. And on the third day 'Tilda could bear herself no longer. The recollection of his thin, white face, his cough, his feeble voice, haunted her day and night. He was ill, she knew; he was lonely, she felt sure; what if he were lying all alone this Christmas-time, with no one to take care of him? What if he should die, and she should never see him again?

It was with these two thoughts dragging at her heart-strings until she hardly knew herself that 'Tilda's resolution was taken. When all chance of his coming on that third day was gone by, she moved from the corner at the top of the street where she had waited for him heedless of the icy cold, and turned her back on George Street, with her face white and set. She went out into a main thoroughfare, and there she stopped and spoke to a policeman.

"Please, where's Marmaduke's Buildings?" she said.

The policeman looked at her curiously.

"Don't know the name about here," he said. "There's a Marmaduke's Buildings at Notting Hill."

"Which is the way?" said 'Tilda.

He gave her some directions, and told her to ask again, and 'Tilda thanked him and set out.

It was a long way. To 'Tilda, unused to London except as represented by the immediate vicinity of George Street, it was a journey fraught with difficulty and danger indeed. The streets, full and bustling with Christmas traffic, bewildered her. The lights and the darkness alike confused her, and the noise made her giddy. Again and again she lost her way, and had to retrace her steps. Again and again she asked for directions, only to think despairingly that her destination was as far off as ever. She was stiff with cold and faint with weariness when at last her tremulous question was answered by the words:

"There y'are. Right oppersite."

It was a wretched-looking place, a dirty, tumble-down court. But this was a matter of course to 'Tilda. She had always known that he was very poor. She crossed the road to the entrance to the court, and then she hesitated a moment. Her purpose held as strong as ever, but it had suddenly occurred to her that she did not know his name. It was late in the evening now, nearly nine o'clock, and it happened that there was nobody about at this end of the court, though away in the distance two or three men were standing about. But at this moment a little child with a jug in his hand ran out of a door close to her.

"There's a singer lives here," said 'Tilda, as he passed her. "Which house is it?"

The child stared at her for a moment.

"Him as goes round the streets?" he said. "On your left there. Top back." Then, being in too great a hurry to indulge his evident curiosity, he ran on.

The door of the house he had pointed to was only half closed, and without a moment's hesitation 'Tilda pushed it open and went in and up the stairs. She met nobody, though she heard voices as of women quarreling and children crying. Up she went, until she left the voices behind, and stood before the door of the top back in a deep silence. She knocked softly. There was no answer. She knocked again, louder this time. Still there was no answer; not a sound within the room. 'Tilda opened the door and went in.

There was no light within the room itself; not even a gleam of fire, and it struck deadly cold. A ray from the gas lamp outside was all that 'Tilda had to guide her, except a feeble, husky voice which, from a corner of the room, seemed to be trying to find the notes of a Christmas carol, "Hark, the herald angels sing." If 'Tilda had stopped to think about the matter, it would have seemed to her that she had known all the time how it would be. But she did not stop to think. She groped her way until she found a box containing two or three matches and an end of candle, which she lighted. Then, with the candle in her hand, she turned to the corner from which the voice came.

The singer was lying, dressed as she had seen him last, upon a ragged, dilapidated bed. His face was flushed and drawn, and his eyes were wide open. For an instant, as she met them, 'Tilda's heart seemed to leap in her throat; they looked so much as if he "was himself," as she expressed it. Then she understood that they did not see her. The hoarse, faint notes of the carol went on and on.

A strange little quiver of indescribable, heart-broken feeling passed across 'Tilda's face. It left her features alert, resolute, capable-looking as they had never been since she took up her residence in George Street. There was one little sobbing sigh, and she wasted no more time in looking at him. She turned, and holding the candle above her head, surveyed the wretched room.

It was not dirty. Her quick eye, going back to her grandmother's training, saw that in a moment. It was only hopelessly poor. There were dead ashes in the grate, and by the side of the hearth stood a broken box with a few bits of sticks and coal. This was what 'Tilda was looking for. In a few moments more a cheery little fire was burning.

Then 'Tilda went back to the bedside. The carol had died away into an incoherent mumbling; the eyes were shut, and there was a look of heavy unconsciousness about the whole face which frightened her. With the instinct of semi-starvation, her first thought was to give him food, and she looked about the room again in search of anything to eat. On the one table was a piece of bread and a jug containing milk. But the bread as she touched it was hard and dry and the milk was sour. There seemed to be nothing else, and her intention being thus frustrated, 'Tilda's thoughts took a new turn.

"He'd better have the doctor," she said to herself. "That's the best."

She went out of the room and down the stairs, and at the bottom she paused. She did not know where the nearest doctor lived. She had no intention of wasting time, and she had just made up her mind to knock at the nearest door and ask directions when a woman pushed open the front door. To her 'Tilda put her question.

The woman was a tousled, dirty, uncomfortably stout person, but she happened to be in a high good humor, having just come in for a substantial Christmas dole. She made 'Tilda explain the situation at some length, and eyed her curiously.

"What! 'im up stairs?" she said. "'E keeps hisself to hisself, he does, and that's wot comes on it, yer see. "'E's been a lyin' there these three days, like 'nough. An' you're a friend of 'is? Lor! Well, you run along to Dr. Mason, third turning on your left, first 'ouse, an' see if 'e'll come."

'Tilda was gone in an instant. She never stopped to take breath until she found herself at her destination—confronted with a gentleman who was in the act of opening the door with a latchkey.

"Please, are you the doctor?" gasped 'Tilda.

* * * * * * *

"I don't know how you think you're going to get your fees, let alone other things!"

The speaker was the singer, and the day was Christmas Eve, a fortnight later. The singer, gaunt and pale, but with returning strength in his voice, lay in his bed. By his side stood the doctor, and at the foot of the bed was 'Tilda, a surprisingly neat and trim little 'Tilda, though pale and thin, for she had tidied her hair and her dress on the day when the singer recovered consciousness, and she had kept up the habit.

The doctor was a young man with a strong and kindly face. He laughed at the somewhat grim observation.

"It wasn't my fault that you didn't go into the hospital, you know," he said. "But we've pulled you through—that's the main point—thanks to your little nurse."

He glanced at 'Tilda as he spoke, and a rosy flush of delight spread over her face. But the singer moved uneasily.

"'Tilda," he said, "do you mind going downstairs for a bit? I've something to say to Dr. Mason."

But when the door was shut upon her the singer did not speak. The Doctor walked away to the window, and there was a long silence. It was broken at last by Dr. Mason. He turned abruptly to his patient:

"Look here," he said; "there's no need to tell me anything. You've been delirious you know, and—I know the kind of story. Will you take another chance if it's offered you? That's all I want to know."

The singer was lying with his face to the wall, and he did not turn round.

"Yes," he said.

"Then I'll see that you have it. It won't be much, you know—not the right thing—but it will keep you."

"And 'Tilda?" said the singer stretching out his hand, still without turning his head.

"And 'Tilda," said the doctor laying his hand in the thin fingers.

The doctor was gone when 'Tilda came in again, and the singer was lying very still. She had a little basket in her hand and a sprig of holly.

"I met the district lady downstairs," she said joyfully, "and she gave me these. There's jelly in the basket, and oranges, and all kinds! You'll have a bit of Christmas after all!"

The singer moved.

"'Tilda," he said, "come here and sit down."

"Tilda obeyed, carrying her holly in her hand.

"'Tilda," he said, "have you ever thought of what will happen when I get well?"

She started painfully, and the color died slowly out of her face, leaving it very white. Through all the days of his illness she had lived from hour to hour, and the future had no existence for her. He felt her hand begin to tremble, and his fingers closed suddenly round it.

"We shall be married, 'Tilda," he said. "That's what will happen."

And, after all, this was what Christmas had held in store for 'Tilda.

The Curse of a Mother.

Two weeks ago, Joseph Williams, fireman on the Northern Pacific Coast passenger train, in a moment of insanity threw himself into the firebox of his locomotive, and was instantly burned to death.

The frightful manner in which Williams ended his life brings to light the fact that he was the victim of a woman's curse. It was stated by railroad men that the fireman was running the switch engine in the Mandan (N. D.) yards at the time a young girl was run down and crippled for life. She subsequently came into prominence through the appeals of her friends for postage stamps, with which to enable her to procure artificial limbs. The mother of the girl, who appeared in the yard very shortly after the accident, assailed the young engineer with all the language at her command, and finally wound up with:

"May the God above us, that loves my girl, end your days in the firebox of your own engine!"

This was several years ago, but the words rang in the ears of the man who recently leaped into the furnace to his death. He could not forget the words; they were with him constantly. He seemed to hear them repeated every moment, and it was the mother's curse that finally drove him to take his life. It was an irresistible impulse that came over him on that fatal morning when he was on duty in the fireman's cab; the fire charmed him. There was in the blaze a sort of fascination that impelled him to make his deathbed in the live coals.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by Local applications, as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Washing the Face.

The method of washing the face daily is of great importance, as even if one only washes it twice a day the operation has to be gone through 700 times in the course of a year, and this would naturally affect it for good or evil. Highly scented or highly colored soaps should be avoided, and one which gives a soft lather and does not cause any feeling of irritation is the best. The soap should be well rubbed into the face with a clean piece of flannel, and then bathed off in a basinful of absolutely clean water, so that every particle of soap may be removed. After thoroughly bathing, the face should be dried with a Turkish towel, and then, if the skin be coarse and thick, it may be rubbed with a rough towel, but if the skin is at all sensitive a very soft towel should be used, and the face finally well rubbed over with a piece of chamois leather. Gentle friction of the face with soft leather, or, better still, with the finger tips, when clean, tends to remove lines and to prevent the formation of wrinkles. If lines have formed the skin should be rubbed in a direction contrary to their length, as, for example, if there are vertical lines between the two eyebrows, they should be rubbed from side to side; if there are straight lines across the forehead they should be rubbed down from the hair to the root of the nose and back again.

Consumption Positively Cured.

Mr. R. B. Greeve, merchant, of Chilhowie, Va., certifies that he had consumption, was given up to die, sought all medical treatment that money could procure, tried all cough remedies he could hear of, but got no relief; spent many nights sitting up in a chair; was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery, and was cured by use of two bottles. For past three years has been attending to business and says Dr. King's New Discovery is the grandest remedy ever made, as it has done so much for him and also for others in his community. Dr. King's New Discovery is guaranteed for Coughs, Colds, and Consumption. It don't fail. Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

Russia serves its national soup of beef, boiled cabbage, sour cream, and fermented beet juice, and it is ready to be eaten at any time during the day. A huge roast pig served with boiled buckwheat, cooked with liver and the heart of the pig, is the principal dish at dinner. With this veaten a cheese creamed with butter, sugar and raisins and colored eggs also grace the board.

Rheumatism Cured.

"My husband has had rheumatism and could not rest at night. His hands were drawn out of shape and he did not have much use of them. He could scarcely walk. He began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and after the use of a few bottles is all right and is able to rest well at night." Mrs. A. L. Ogden, Clearfield, Pa.

Hoods Pills cure all liver ills. Mailed for 25c. by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

In Spain they are fond at holiday time of a soup made of sweet almonds, cream and a fish first roasted before the fire and basted with lemon, garlic and oil.

Faithful Unto Death.

The New Haven friends of Miss Lucinda Day learned recently of her death in Springfield, Mass. She was 87 years old and a representative of one of the oldest families in New England. She had lived all her life, with the exception of a few years spent in New Haven, in the old Day homestead.

Miss Day was the eldest daughter of Aaron Day and was born November 5, 1810. The old homestead is near Park Church, in West Springfield. It is a quaint old house, a landmark in the town, and was never shown to visitors without the accompaniment of a romantic story of love and constancy.

Seventy years ago Miss Day had a love affair. The lover was a sailor; on his departure for his last voyage, Miss Day promised to place every night a lighted candle in the window to greet him if he returned by night. He never returned, but Miss Day never abandoned hope of seeing him again and last night was the first in several years that a candle has not shone in the window. It was because the hand that so faithfully performed that duty was cold in death.

Miss Day was the eldest of six children, all of whom lived to more than the allotted three-score and ten years. Her early life was spent at home, where she was educated in the public and private schools. After her maturity she taught school for some time at Riverdale. Later she came to New Haven to continue her studies. While here she started a small private school which she conducted for about a year.

Miss Day was up and about until within a few days of her death, although she suffered a stroke of paralysis a few years ago. Her last illness was but of a few days' duration. She leaves three sisters—Miss Lydia Oakes and Mrs. Eunice Bliss, widow of Israel Bliss, both of whom resided with her in the old homestead, and