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Business Directory.

H. P. MOORE

Editor and Propr leto

MEDICAL.

Accounts payable monthly.

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uthorized Capital . \$5,000,000.00

Ten-year maturity shares are paid Monthly Instalments of 50c, per share for

Walking slong behind him, you would | was all one. have noticed how faded and thin his coat 120 months, when payments cease-\$60.00 was, and perhaps you would have smiled | passed, familiar as the mall; themselves, listening and thinking away !" ald in-maturity value \$100.00. at the great patch on the elbow of the and yet forever a mystery. sleeve his music was tucked under. But Money to loan at 5% straight loan had you come the other way and met my | ways fell into a panic at the sight of her.

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of cheer.

Frozen moors and snow heaped folls, Carols rise and yulo fires glow, Shine from out the dark green pine. Yule tide peace and joy be thine. Blessed Christmas I ripg it out. All ye tuneful fostal bolls, Unto cheerless hearts, wherein

All our yule decked bomes about ; Angels stand within the door-Christmas tido is come once more ! "Oh, Davy, did you know-they say-some of the tombs go under this mall, and the Seleet Family Reading.

Inder the Bust Beethoven.

Poetry.

MERRY CHR ISTMAS.

Morry Christmas! ring it out,

Through the sweet magnelia' roves,

Neither hope nor gladness'dwells.

Heavens smile, and stars sbine out,

All ve happy festal bolls.

Sprays of silver mistleton

as a jewel. The sparkling promise | loving and amused expression. of a perfect Christmastide was in the bundle laden and bright eyed with exercise. Joyous excitement tingled in the frosty money spent with as little saving as at | bare branches overhead and buffetted the on again in doleful sileuce. Christmas, and a great many people buy articles of very little real value skirts of langhing girls, who came on, leaning merrily against it and passed in a bright whirl of petticoats, with little shricks of fau. One group of these, a knot

bound for the public garden, jostled against

little ceremony.

think of nothing comforting to say just

There, behind the iron fence, was the old cemetery with its moulds and tombs. lying so still and coll in the winter sun- other name you called him?"

before, amid the flowers and the tender grass of spring. Draxy's eyes grow large and solomn as she looked, and it occurred to her, in some dismal association of ideas, to say, darkly :

stones we are walking on I" be cheerful had failed to gain the least | too !" response from Davy. But something about this gloomy question and her saucer and flash of fun into his fage.

T was bright weather-cold and clear down at the little face beside him with a But presently be added in a bitter tone : air, and the old mall on the big common "What then? It is no worse to be lying of beauty in the noble hall that gave it clicked and pattered to the tread of gay | underneath the stones than to walk on | character of old and breathed the spell, crowds passing either way, all winter rosy, above them, all your hopes gone, ambition long vanished now, but haunting us forever crushed out of you."

His voice quivered and broke. Draxy wind, that with a keep rosh swept the stale her little hand in his, and they kept | that filled the eye and mind and made a "Drax," said he presently in a tone of

"What?" she responded eagerly. "Here is the baroness," said Davy. "Oh, my gracious! Oh, Davy, please filled with cathedral shade. turn of and walk the rest of the way on a tall lad with a small maiden at his side awlat old a ren in. No, I can't." and crowded them quite off the walk with

The only wonder is they did not crowd | ing there beside the malls on the big

either, poor lad-poor bonny Davy in his | was she-impervious and indestructible-

think of patches or faded clothes, for there looking for? Whoever it is I pity him.

I fear he would not thank me, though, this common, and-she'll catch you."

having playing football down on the parade | till they reached music ball place and

"Don't look so awful, Davy," pleaded | again, and his eyes clouded with a desper-

: leasuntly :

the little girl. "Besides here comes that ate look that was pitiful to see.

could hardly help wishing the story to be face that passed, as if on the eternal watch a familiar nook out of Davy's way.

"Ugh-h-h !" chattered Draxy, who al-

"I wonder who that awful old woman is

Davy throw back his head and laughed

-a genuine boy's Isugh -sweet to hear.

turned into the court.

the world, but at last you will walk across | youth.

him from the trouble that lay at his heart, | me."

Here was hallowed ground. The very

paving stones were like old friends to Davy

but at sight of them down sank his head

Those were the days before the great city

conservatory had gathered under one

ample roof that mass of musical life-

tudents, teachers, directors and what not

population was dispersed about the homes

and lodgings of the city, the diligence of

eternal piano playing authouncing their

Loan and gaunt and brown and wrinkled | shiver, "ho's as bad as the baroness !"

story at the same time, for a plain, shabby | mute burdy gurdy !

about them instead.

threadbare clothes !

There were no fine feathers about Davy,

Davy's face, bilieve me, you would never

for choosing such a time to introduce him,

when his head was drooping and the

brown eyes were heavy with a mist that

"oh do you see what fun the boys are

Davy cart a heavy glauce toward the

lively youths, but could not muster a word

Up went Davy's head at that, and his

Ernest Maxwell carried some masic

under his arm too. It was by the same

divine composer se Davy's. No sweeter

because it had such an expensive binding,

I am sure. Noither was Ernest Maxwell

himself, any grander because of his own

But he stemed to think that he was,

and he gave Davy a very patronizing ned

ja-t coaxing him, bribing him to go to

to Germany and study. Schwartz told me

"Oh, my poor Davy | And you've got to

give up your music and go to work in that

so in the c'ass yestarday." -

tiorrid old place."

eyes measured the approaching figure

simost gathered into drops.

or a vmile to please her.

steadily.

expensive binding.

as he passed.

Ernert Maxwell and he sees you."

Draxy looked very sorry, but she could | as they were out of sight on the landing. "Who's that?" demanded the gruff voice then, so she only crept a lit'le nearer to of a sharp old gentleman who had been his side and cast her eyes around in quest | talking to the pleasant man in the box

> "That, sir ? That boy is a genius." "Hump-genies! Well, what's the "Oh," with a laugh, "we call him that

Here and yonder, on the soldiers' because he looks so much like the pictures graves, still waved some drabbled remnant of Weber. And there are more than myof the little flags placed there, long months | self who think that there is in that young man the making of such another com-"Well, if there is be'll make it." "No chance now," sail the other.

They have just lost their father. mother is an invelid, and there is a brood of young shavers to look out for. Poor people are buried down below these flag- | chap has got to drop music now and roll up his sleeves to support the family. This | the floor. "Dear little Draxy! All her efforts to is to be his last concert. Mighty shame In the old music hall an upper light

entering through hidden windows far eloft eyes and hollow tone brought a quick smile | gleams goftly over balcony and niche and bust and flashes back from the glass panels "Yes, I have heard it," he said, looking of the gallery doors, girdling the walls twice round. But it was not that pearly brightness far

A mighty presence then abode therein

very sancinary of the place. It was the majesty of the great organ, coming from stage to dome like a and all its dusky heights and dim recesses

How solemnly that hush and show fell Tremont Street. I can't go by that on that brooding statue of Beethoven, standing, a dark sentinel, before the organ Oh, that myeterious old woman, crouchmouth.

Now, farther still and hidden in some deeper recess of the organ forest, another voice a wakes.

Then another and another wakes and sings, and soon the place is full of music and fragrance and beauty, and the tree tops shake it out upon the sir, like dewy

Now the echoes, murmuring the last cadence over and over, to get it by heart, die away themselves, and all is still. "That's very good, Davy," said Drazy, tired of being a princess chained to the

wall, and stretching her active little limbs in a brisk walk up and down the stage. Suddenly she trotted off down the steps, and Davy, looking after her saw her talking to a poor old woman who was cleaning "What you doing ?" piped Draxy in her

friendly way. "Faith, darlin'," said the old woman, straightening up and holding one hand to her back, "'tis cl'aning up a bit I am.

basket of torn scraps, "I suppose you are the janitress." "Jinnethress, is it? Faith, then, perand soft or the fine cheerful plan and lines haps that is it. I sorub the flores and stairs beyont outside, and I pick up the

stoof they throw down in here." Draxy looked at her thoughtfully. decisive little tone. "What ails your poor

cliff with thundery gloom about its head me ould bones are crackin' wid it. Ivery when you see them hard at work, are

little carrds"-

"Me ould man is bedrid this five year, saying: and the little childther-the grandchildther, darrlin, wid the poor mother in hiven-God be merciful to her swate soul. takes care of his mother and the little I worrke to kape the little childther."

with scraps. "Ab, God bless her! What's thir, at all? family, are you!" Davy colored and Is it pickin up the carrds ye are, darrlin'? looked away. Look at that now. Ab, go and sit down

doin the loikes of that." here last night, and so you see I made part | little kiss.

of this litter," said Draxy. "Why !" she exclaimed again directly.

scraps for dear life and saying to herself | get back."

while the soft Christmas twilight fell time myself. Now, I've get a boy, I without, and the great fugue rolled and | would like to have him study music abroad thundered from the organ.

seemed almost to rook and roll with the eilence that the slow ticking of the great

Davy had finished practising, and his little sister, half way down the hall, was wondering why he did not come out and call her. She began to look often toward

on the balcony.

Davy uncovered his head reverently as one grieving? them out of notice too, and out of this common, grinding her old, cracked, half he passed under the grave face of the great master, and Draxy, whose little boot beels first sound and looked toward the organ. little mouse was Draxy, trotting along at | Who has forgotten her? In rain and soon came clicking over the stage, cast one shine, year in, year out, there she was furtive glance up toward the stitue and Those rosy girls, sweeping by in their always, sullenly turning the organ crank, then skipped behind the pedestal in a But something drew them nearer to this

bright gowns and plush and furs, looking scorning the charitable who dropped pen- great hurry, trotting up a step or two so brilliant and so be witching near her, you | nice, and with her eagle eye piercing each | toward the organ mouth and ouddling into step by step. "Oh, Davy !" she crooned, with a little two faces it has drawn so near?

"Who is?" said Davy absently, unrolling It was music that never was writtenrained upon, blown upon, shone upon-it | his music on a projection of the pedestall music that was never heard before and will "Ugh! That old black Beethoven, all not be heard sgain, for Davy is inspired. There she would be still when next you wrapped up in his cloak and scowling and He is playing from his own soul. This is his farewell to music and to all his hopes and dreams. The organ grieves for him. Then be gazed up with love and wistful-The master on his pedestal listens sadly

and seems almost to stir with pity. At last there comes a piteous strain was something in that beautiful dark eye Oh, Davy, just imagine you were-the one. in bronze, the beautiful lad at his feet, Davy has flung his head down on his and brave, clear brow, a prince might Aud you've walked and walked all around ambitious, desperate, in living flesh and arms. The music is ended.

est poors from the hearts we have made "Davy," whispered Drazy from her ing the vellow keys where his face lay shadowy nook, "let's play this is a dark | bidden, cavern, and the banks of organ keys are "Oh, Davy!" sobbed a little voice, and Draxy and the baroness were great fun | the dragon's teeth gnashing at me. I am Draxy's arms were around his neck, her always, but the last notion struck him as a princess chained to the wall, and you soft, wer cheek pressed close to his. Just

then a graff old voice said : "Come, come!" This won't do! Stop this spivelling !" An arm that seemed too fatherly and gentle to belong to such a voice took in He ran his fingers down the keys. There Davy and Draxy at once as they sat on the

"Come! What's the matter here, I said Draxy, proud of knowing all about the Where he had dropped from was the mystery. Had he been hidding in some far in some lower region, emiled down at recess of the organ. -which now constitutes a little world her bright little face and then sat waiting Impossible to say. But there he was, dreamily. "Do you know," she prattled

> spite of his orders against snivelling. Davy turned around, pale and dazedwell acquainted with it and dare to cuddle sourcely aroused yet from his dream. "Bir !" he said, half proudly, balf sadly "What are you orying about?" demand-

ed the old gentleman. "Crying !" repeated Davy, with flashing eyes. "I'm not crying !" He drew himself erect, and the

"Ah! Spirit, too-eh?" said the gentleman exultantly. Then he wheeled suddenly on Draxy.

It calls back to the pleading voice with loy and courage.

"Ob," said Draxy, peeping into the

"That is too hard," she said at length in a

"God bless ye, darlin', and keep ye long "So you're the kind of little girl who from the same. 'Tis rhumatiz, dear, and helps poor old ladies with lame backs toime I rise meself from pickin' up these | you?" said he.

"Poor woman! Who makes you do ed never a word. such bard work?" said Draxy, beginning in another aisle to pick up torn checks and old woman, who stepped back in a hurry, programmes.

Draxy, coming back to the basket, with the sort of chap who wears thin clothes her skirt held up like an apron and filled all winter and gives up his music and

wid ye, miss, dear. Shure, ye mustn't be "No, I'm just going to help you. I was her brother's neck and gave him a rousing

that she would never tour up and scatter checks or programmes again as long as she | sight to ree. So the poor charwoman and the little gentleman quitty. "I have heard about meit went up and down, hard at work, you down stairs, and I've been here some

Oh, what a thing it was to hear the ever. mighty rumble of that giant bass! You could feel it shake the floor beneath your feet. It made the balconies vibrate and ling. tromble, and sometimes the great hall

Then, when it ended, there was such clock seemed like the heart bests of the risce, which you could hear because it was

the stage and then at the great clock face Hark ! Could that have been a strain of

Draxy and the old woman turned at the They had scarcely listened while the great fague was rolling through the ball. well, "Come here, old lady. So the old

magical strain, and they crept toward it What is Davy playing? Oh, what is this that is making tears fell fast on the

It made a touching picture, the dark master on the pedestal, immortal, pulseless then a wild crash across the keys, and

"Good-by, good-by !" he whispered, kiss-"Davy," chirped Draxy, at his elbow, more droll than usual and quite beguiled must come in with your sword and save

> organ seat, and seemed to hug them and shake them at the same time.

> looking very grim, except about the eyes, which were kind, and-was it possible?had a suspicious wetness about them, in

rose in bis cheeks.

PRICE THREE CENTS

Join us in the fireside glow,

And presents by the chimney side

Make lovely all the Christmastide.

To-day the hurrying world must pause,

THE CHRISTMAS MORN. Shinleg in the Christmas sky. Bometimes meets the human eye, While the church bells, sweet and slow. Peal their joy out down below. On the far horizon's hem A hint of far off Bethlehein 'Tis one softly luminous star. Like that the magi saw afar. Bright holly and the mistletoe

The children look for Santa Claus, While in the air the silver chimes Recall the old Judwan times. The ringing bells and tokens say That in a stable, dim and gray, The Light of All the World was born His bed a manger, rough, forlorn, Where meck-oyed oxen, with their hay, Stood in a trance almost of graco Before the sweet Madonna face, And, half in awe and half in prayer.

Seemed to suspect some god was there. This world will never cease to know. Though conturies come and conturies go. The story of those ancient times, The meaning of these Christmas chimes Which come with their perennial grace With blessings for the human race. So what to us are Ice and snow And all the wintry blasts that blow If on the sky's horizon hom

We see the star of Bethlebem? -Joel Benton.

"Now look at me !" he ordered. Draxy looked right into his eyes. Something that she saw there must have reassured her, for pretty soon she smiled, though he was pinching her ear.

Draxy started with aurprise, but anwer-"Is she?" he asked again, turning to the

but recovered herself and courtesied, "She is, sir ! God bless her !" "And you're the kind of fellow who brothers and eisters, are you?" the gentle-"Oh, I'm real sorry for you," said men went on, turning to Davy. "You're

buckles down, trying to be a father to the

"Is he?" persisted this monotonous old gentleman, turning to Draxy. For answer she ju-t put her arms around

"Well, theu," sail the old gentleman conclusively, "it happens that I am the 'They stick into this metting so. And it's | kind of an old man who loves to help good miles and miles up and down these rows of boys and girls. Sometimes I send the boys off to study music, and I look after And away went Draxy, picking up | the little risters and the bibles t li the boys The looks of Davy and Draxy were a

-in Europe. He dosen't want to go, how-

"My name is Maxwell," went on the od

At this the brother and sister exchanged a glance, but they were dumh and tremb-"And," said the old gentleman mysterionely, "I've got some money that does want to go." Here he laid a great, kind band on Davy's shoulder. "I'm going to

send you with it, sir." Draxy screamed, and, running into Mr. Maxwell's arms, hugged him with frantic Davy gasped, gripped the kind hand, and

theu-it was no use-broke down. "Helio! Perhaps you're not crying now! roared Mr. Maxwell, pleased as he "Sir-Mr. Maxwell-do you really mean it? Oh, I will work so hard and pay you music, or was it the sad, ead voice of some | back, every cent, and, oh, Mr. Maxwell,

> Davy wrung that great hand once again, bereft of words. "Well, let's see." Then said Mr. Maxman is laid up and the children cold and hungry, are they ?"

"God belo us, sirr ! 'Tis true, then."

you don't know, sir, you don't know."

"And the rheumatiz is pretty bad, ch ?" "Dade and it is, sirr. May yerself niver know the loiks of it !" "Well, obcor up, clil lady. I'll see what we can do for you. We'll make a merry Christmas for the children, after all." Where in the great city was such a scene

of joy as there in the shudow of the organ

under Beethoven's statue on that Christ-

And as the little group stood under the statue of the marter he seemed listening with sclemp gladness to the music of those grateful voices. For of all music on this earth the awaet-

happy .- Boston Transcraipt. THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS. Ob, the paint is on the baby, And the baby's on the floor ! Oh, he's wriggling hard, and maybe He's not setting up a roar!

Lines the youngster through and through. He has chowed the sheep and shephered, And he's munched the Hottentots, And he's dined upon the leopard Till his stomach's full of spots. Oh, he whirls in flendish frolic Till he like a pinwheel flica In a knot of painter's colic

All the paint is off the camel

And the yak and kangaroo

And the wombat's gay enamel

That no poppormint unties. And from Frisco to Atlanta You can bear him in the night Yelling things about old Santa That are rude and impolite, Wishing ho'll no'er turn a calm leaf

A Pleasant Medicine.-There are some pills which have no other purpose evidently than to beget painful internal disturbances in the patient, adding to his troubles and perplexities rather than diminishing them: One might as well swallow some corrosive material. Parmeleo's Vegetable Pille have not this disagreeable and injurious property. They are easy to take, are not unpleasant to the taste, and their action is mild and soothing. A trial of thom will

In minding your own business ask help of no neighbor.

In his book of life below, Where a premium's on the pain leaf And there isn't any snow. -Philadelphia Press You shall find all men full of opinions but knowledge only in a few.

prove this. They offer peace to the dyspeptio.

Going up to practico?" Davy set motionless and rapt, lost in the "What are you crying about, then?" he D'avy took off his hat in an absentminded way and answered drearly enough: great molian roar. "Hear it breathol" he demanded in a terrible tone. "Yes, sir. Is Schwartz's time up yet ?" whispered ; "Hoar it breathe!" "Be-cause I want to !" said she, stiffen-His fingers ripple down across the keys. "Schwartz just left. Coast is clear. ing her little neck. Going to astonish us this time, ch, Davy?" Far above, in some high tree top of the "Oh! Because you want to, eh?" Come Davy's features quivered. "I am more forest pipes, a voice awakes in answer to here!" likely to break down altogether," he said, his touch that lingers on the car awhile, so Draxy came, rather defautly, I am turning away quickly with Draxy and soft, so sweet, so pleading, and then sinks afraid. But then he did seem such an indashing his sleeve across his over as toon | again into its nest of silence. terfering old gentleman.

Then most of the young music studying on, "when I'm out in the audience, at

whereaboute, and the old "quarterlies" in the murio hall serving to display the up like this against it"-"Sh!" said Davy, catching the first results thereof to the interested public. The old storm doors crosked as they "No use. Draxy!" burst out Davy, as swung in, a bright fire in the darkness of soon as they were out of hearing, "I don't | the lower hall winked cheerily through the see uny just ce in it, and I can't hear it. | gloom, and from the gaslighted window of There's that snob, Maxwell-his father is the box office samebody leaned out to say

whisper of a belived, inspiring sound-the wind beginning to fill the giant pipes. It comes in a low, murmuring rush, as if from underground, now nearer, nearer, louder, farter, t li it swells and rices with a panting sweep up the hoge boles in that great forcet of brazen pipes and fills their "Ah, Herr von Weber! That jon mighty sides us if to burst them.

Davy looked over at her and amiled.

"I'll come and make the dragon sing to

on instead," said Davy, going to the organ

was a soft rat'le of ivory, but no other

"Haven't got the stram on, have they?"

domestic habits of the great organ. Davy

reaching to press a knob that rang a bell

concerts, and the hall is full of people, and

the gas is lighted, and the organ looks so

black and big, I never can believe I am so

ness into the bending face above him.