ONEY Was also For foolish and

creepin' and

haouse wuz dark an' still,

tin up in bed.

bones ud breck.

When I give a jump an' my packin's went fivin'

Fer there wuz pa a standin' in front of a painted

An'we heerd a hoot, an' there wuz Joe a squat-

'le give a jump an' landed, an' I thought my

Ez I felt two tight arms givin' a bear-hug

I'll never have a better-if I live till a hundere

Be clus the hull year thro', but the put savin'

Fergit your pocket books an' give your hearts a

\_\_\_\_

ROMAIN'S LEGACY.

His Christmas Present to Mrs.

Blake and Her Children.

balmy as spring! Exquisite, if one had

some one to enjoy it with; but I'm lonesome. Poor Tom! How I hoped to see

you again, to tell you that the fault was

mine in that quarrel; and you are dead

-buried only last week, they tell me-

never a child or a chick to bid me wel-

please tum to ye nauction?"

"Dood-mornin', Mister Man; will you

As these words fell on his ear, Mr.

Romain turned and saw two little chil-

They were pretty children, too—a boy and a girl, exactly the same size. Blonde

mouths that were always smiling be-

the stern, handsome man who was so

"Come to your what?" repeated Mr.

"To our nauction," the boy explained

"Papa's gone to Heaven, and we's goin' to have a nauction; it's to det money,

you see; we's goin' to sell all our sings.

CHILDREN.

"Did your mamma send you?" asked

we'll do now."

Mr. Romain.

Mamma says ye more ye folkes come, ye

earnestly regarding them.

-Florence E. Pratt, in Judge.

until Christmas!

year!" thought

paced the wide

could hear us far an' near-

to Chris'mus day:

were married; so if any thing happens to me, my dear boy, you may consider Nellie and her interests your legacy from

But the moon wuz a-risin' noble over to old Tur den thought struck him, and he hastily

> what used to be Mr. Tom Blake's tore it open and read: MeadowFarm?"
> "Old Mr. Brown, sah; he got power-

main, sorrowfully. "I wonder if it could be that the check I sent from England did not get to him in time? In the to you a Merry Christmas, but with any case he's dead, and Nellie and the children penniless, and—" glanding at children not an unhappy one. I am "Very sincesely your friend, as I was your the letter again—"a legacy to me!"

Tand now, my dear friend, to morrow can not earthed it is a natural conclusion of the owner that in case it contains precious metals it is part of a buried treasure. It seems probable that the bell once belonged to a Port uguess monastery.

"An auction almost at Christmas eve! Why, it seems fairly barbarous," thought Mr. Romain, indignantly, as fell he entered what had been the pleasant who home of his friend Tom, and was so by soon to be left desolate under the hands of the auctioneer.

It was early in the day, but already the house was filled with neighbors who had come from miles around to attend the sale; and as Mr. Romain moved smong them his east were constantly greeted with remarks on the foolishness of "signin' for people."

Sick at heart, he entered the little

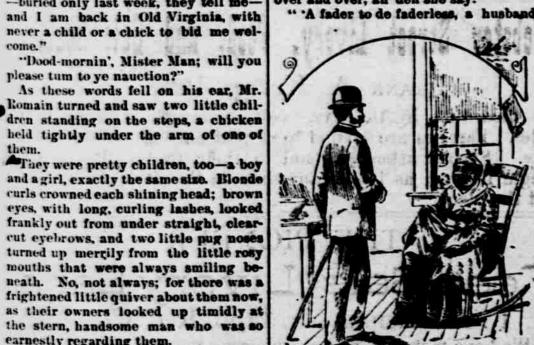
kitchen back of the house, which was his as yet unoccupied, save by Mrs. Blake's on, faithful old colored cook, Aunt Nancy. An She was sitting on a split-bottomed chair, rocking herself to and fro, and occasionally wiping her eyes with her blue-checked apron. "Where is your mistress, auntie?"

Mr. Romain asked. There was a kindly ring in his voice that unlocked the old woman's burdened heart, and she sobbed aloud as she answered:

"Oh, massa, she done took de chilluns, an' gon' to her cousin's Miss Rachel. It jest broke my po' ole heart to see 'em go! But Miss' Blake say she couldn't stand it here, an' dey have to go soon sure. Po' things! only de good Lord know what's to come of dem, she NLY two days

'Oh, massa, hit's awful hard on missis, dis is. She went all over de How different house dis mornin' tryin' to say goodbye to it. De little ones a-clingin' to the one I looked her kep' a pickin' up things. 'Mamma, dey won't take my wockin'-horse, will forward to this Mr. Romain as he restlessly det my little chair? dey ask. Missis tried to hol' back de tears an' speak chirk to dem chilluns, but when she come to her own room she say: 'You stay out here, darlings; mamma wants to go in here alone.' I took de chilluns, but presently I peek in de room, an' dere was my po' missis, a kneelin' 'fore massa's big arm-chair, wid her head a lyin' on de big family Bible dat she'd put on de chair; she had her arms around dat, an' she was cryin' softly.

"'Oh, my husbard?' she whispered over and over, an' den she say:



"I shet de do' den. By'm by she come out, all white an' tremblin', but she more we'll det money; and if dere's tried to smile on de chilluns as she led enough, we's not goin' to sell my wockin' dem down the walk.

horse. I'se dot Pickie, dis here chickie, safe—me and Rosy take turns holdin' huggin' her rag doll an' tryin' to hide it under her apun, an' Romain was totin' Pickie, de chicken, clost in he arms. 'De nauction man can't take mamma's chillans, an' so be can't take ours,' dey'd

> "Romain?" repeated her visitor.
> "Yes, sah, Romain; dat's for a frien' Massa Tom's. Massa not see him for years, but he talk a heap o' Mr.

"Thank God! Tom forgave me," whisered Mr. Romain, as he left the kitchen in response to the business-like tones of the austioneer that now rang out clear and cold as he began offering the partor

Great was the indignation of one spin-ster when the first bid of a tall, handsome stranger carried the price far be-youd the sum she had mentally decided on, and he secured it without opposition. Her feelings were soon shared by most of those present, for a similar her—but we tan't hole ye horse. I dees article offered for sale, from Mrs. Blake's piano to Romain's rocking-horse. The stranger outbid every one, and was soon

"Oh, no! she's cryin', an' we dus onght we'd help ask folkes. Please him being the representative of Mr. And smiling in a friendly but half-

in, Mr. Man."

And smiling in a friendly but half-lightened fashion, the children trotted down the walk. As their little figures vanished, Uncle Peter came around the house.

"Who are those children, uncle?"

"Dey's po' Massa Riake chillans, ash. Yo' 'members I tole you how Massa Tom done die las' week; well dey's his twins. Dey do say it's boan'lous how Miss' Blake's bein' treated. Massa Tom done sign a note fur a gammana, an' he can't pay, an' dey is tar be a metion dere to morrow, an' Massa Tom not dead a week her property that night.

Ritcher's Casteria

And taking up as old letter, a low accompany her, and went home, won-laugh burst from his flux so he west iss witty allusions to an almost forgotten college scrape.

In a line of the children to accompany her, and went home, won-light they all said the metal contained a large percentage of gold. If the testing was to endure the agony of seeing her home despotled of its treasures.

Mr. Miller has a treasure, for the bell

How pretty and homelike it still in half-inch relief letters: looked! There was her husband's big arm-chair, still drawn up to the table, "To think I threw away a friendship just at she had left it; the family Bible like that? almost groaned Mr. Romain, still lay on its seat, but on it lay somethe circuit of the bell, and the space between the two ends is ornamented with

A VALUABLE BELIO

his library, reading over letters and lawyer he had brought, the anotionale mayor he had not map in your your and the holder of Mr. Blake's unfined in an out me, in me out me, in the with Ten Mahn, for it was thin same moraling him to Europe to take presention of a large estate left him, and yourney he had reached home for the first time since his hurried departure.

"I was just beginning my hattle with the world then," his mused; "mov I feel like world then, in mused; "mov I feel like a warrier, huttle-curred and louely. How enthusiastic Ten and I mere was greatly surprised; but, with the patience hors of deep suffer and into the half, and was indeed to the little world then," his mused; "mov I feel like a warrier, huttle-curred and louely. How enthusiastic Ten and I were then! how close our friendship was!"

And taking up an old letter; a low there digging a vanit in a lot near the "Old Landing," on Elimboth creak, and about these fast below the surface found this bell, mouth down. The mea taking the train to Brighten and from haven, and then extended his jodiness to he now has it in his presentes. Mr. Miller fluid into the bell, and was influenced to halfage that it grapes we have a factor and the second to halfage that it contained cold to halfage that it contained cold

was to endure the agony of seeing her home can be relied upon the pages of the next letter which met its sye, and read:

"My DRAR FRILOW: After all, I fad Temple was no one Chip Relia, the old dog, lay basking in the list rays of the setting bun, and he is willing to give it if I meritage his no and under that lead. I think not it is all, it is all the children ran joyfully up the walk, and at the setting bun, and bunded up to meet them. The children ran joyfully up the walk, and at the alght of the reams, when the set is all it is a seen as the setting bun, and bunded up to meet them. The children ran joyfully up the walk, and at the alght of the reams, when the set is all it is a seen as the setting bun, and the Mrs. Blake gave herself no time to inch in thickness. In shape it is a coro- times. - Texas Siftings. the rim of the bell runs this inscription.

SOI DE BANCICO DARTIAGA.

thing she had not left there, and as she picked it up she read her own name on the big envelope. With fingers trembling so she could hardly use them, she tore it open and read:

the tween the two ends is ornamented with little diagonal figures, which to Mr. Miller suggested the fleur de lis of France, but they seemed too regular in "My DEAR Mas. BLAKE: When you read the shape for this design. A plain part of "MY DEAR MRS. BLAKE: When you read the inclosed letter, written twelve years ago, by ful rich on dat farm. Yo' see, sah, hit's got a coal-mine in it. Oh, yes, sah, he's rich."

"MY DEAR MRS. BLAKE: When you read the inclosed the bell is ornamented in the same manner. There is no date, but the bell is not deny it is my right to give you the inclosed deeds, etc., securing to you your home. He gave me mine. "And Tom mortgaged that land to save my old home," thought Mr. Romain, sorrowfully. "I wonder if it could be that the check I sent from En-

> e scholar is encouraged in this bety the fact that several hundred ers worth of Sanish doubloons were ral years ago found in the Sound the mouth of the creek on whose the bell was discovered. Mr. er was first persuaded that there precious metal in the bell by his d Joseph Metzner, who is a molder e foundry of Moure Brothers and some knowledge of metallurgy. property on which the bell was dis-ed belongs to a Mr. Forsyth.—N.

RAPPING AN ELEPHANT. of Afgica.

pull elephant, one of whose tusks cen damaged in his youth and had no totally decayed. His head was forward in order to rest his one ter tusk upon the central pull in to hide the presence of pullification. Perfume is only put in to hide the presence of pullification. Dobbins' Electric Soap is pure, white, and unacented. Has been sold since 1965. Try it now. nt and motionless, quite hidden in ter tusk upon the ground, his loosely coiled between his forewas also resting on the ground, his great ragged ears flapped sodically in vain endeavor to shake e myriads of mosquitoes that per-atly hovered around his head. Sudthe forest was lit up by a most afterward by a crashing peal of der. The elephant raised his head a startled jerk, his huge limbs ing with fear.

most before the rumbling echoes of thunder had died away, the rain, had been threatening for so many s, fell in torrents. Flashes of tning succeeded each other so rapidat the attendant peals of thunder and the violence of the wind soon ased to a veritable tornado-a ical hurricane.

es were blown down and uprooted il sides. The terrified elephant re-ned for some time motionless with ned for some time motionless with but as the tempest continued, the ster became suddenly panic-stricken, charged madly through the dense at, stumbling and falling over the nks of uprooted trees in his endeav to gain some open patch where there ild be no danger of being crushed by falling timber.

Indeed, in the midst of a mad rush, elephant sank to the ground with a rp squeal of pain. The poor brute severed the vines that supported of the traps that had been arranged.

of the traps that had been arranged previous day, and a heavily-weighted previous day, and a heavily-weighted ar was plunged between his shoular. For some moments he remained tionless, then the great body rolled wly from side to side in vain envor to free himself from the spear, the weapon was barbed and the mts had penetrated too deeply to shaken off. Here he remained, exusted, until daybreak, his hide coved with patches of mud and deep red ears of blood.—Herbert Ward, in ribner's Deaver's Wealthy Bootblack

isn't every day that a colored man y be seen who is rated at \$25,000, who a well stocked farm of 380 acres, a bank account and, at the same time, putting in fifteen hours a day at a otblack stand. Such a man is making s home in Denver. His name is Jacob lower, and every day he plies the acking brush at a chair on Lawrence acking brush at a chair on Lawrence reet in front of the Gibbs House. hower is a full-blooded African of large se and powerful frame. He is a man pon whem forty-nine years have rested ghtly, and yet his has been a life of smance and vicissitude, whose recital sould scarcely be credited were it not at the atrange facts are corroborated. at the strange facts are corroborated by scars upon his body and by an honor-bie membership in the G. A. R., where he bootblack-ranchman is recognized a man whose word is as good as his bad.—Denver News.

| THE GENERAL M  | ARKETS.   |
|--|---|
|  | CITY, Dec. 15.  |
| ATTLE—Shipping steers  Butchers' steers  |   |
| Native cows  |   |
| OG8-Good to choice heavy   | 350 0 370   |
| No. 2 hard   | M . M   |
| ORN-No. 2  | 6520 65   |
| ATS-No. 2  | 4 0 40  |
| TE-No. 2<br>LOUE-Patents, per sack   | 2 8 9 2 5   |
| Fancy  | 210 0 215   |
| AY-Raled   | 730 0 730   |
| UTTER-Choice creamery<br>HEKSE-Full cream  | 7 . 2   |
| GG8-Choice   | 1750 20   |
| ACON-Hams  | 10 0 11   |
| Shoulders  |   |
| ARD  | 630 69  |
| TATOES   | 30 9  |
| ST. LOUIS.   |   |
| TTLE-Shipping steers  Butchers' steers   | 10 0 17   |
| DG8-Packing  |   |
| OUR-Choice   | 10013   |
| TRATE KA S mal   | 150 0 175<br>1940 18  |
| No. 1  | 21 0 714  |
| 78-No. 2   | 11 0 11/2   |
| TER-Creamery   |   |
| <b>3</b>   |   |
| CHICAGO.   |   |
| CS - Shipping steers CS - Facking and shipping EEF - Fair to choice  | 13 0 15   |
| EET-Pair to choice   | 10 0 10   |
| LOUB-Winter wheat  | 18 6 58   |
| MEAT -30 3 FM  | 10 0 Mg   |
| ATS-No. 2  | 600 G   |
| TE-No. 2   |   |
| TIKE Creeny  | 1 2 4 5   |
| NEW TORK   |   |
| TITA Company to prime  | BB  |
| Sid-Good to choice   | HB 0 830  |
| 72.72  | 1000  |
| EX-50.2  | -   |
| THE RESIDENCE OF THE PARTY OF T | THE RESERVE TO SERVE THE PARTY OF THE PARTY |

turned to Leves. Ones, at Easthourne, the last Lady Brancey presented "Jack" to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and he was introduced to Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, at Cowes. He was a great favor to everywhere, had three fine collars given him and a silver medal. "Jack" was nearly and a silver medal. "Jack" was nearly thirteen when he ended his notable parcer. -N. Y. Senday Journal.

A .- There is a most remarkable echo in a cave in Kentucky. B-What is there remarkable about

A .- If you call out "Hello, Smith" the echo says, "What Smith do you mean?" no less than fourteen distinct The Battle of Life.

The true here will endeaver to make the most of life, and to this end the first consideration is a robust constitution. Like a good general on the battle plain, who, when expecting an attack from the enemy, will entrench himself in fortifications, so he, when disease is in the atmosphere or hovering in ambush amid climatic changes, will fortify his system against every encroachment the grim monster may seek to make. Many a grand life has ended for want of timely precaution in the hour of need. When fever and influenza are abroad, when the damp chilly days touch the marrow when sever and influents are abroad, when the damp chilly days touch the marrow bones, when effluvia and malaria walk hand in hand, then it is that the system should be fortified by a use of that superb strengthening tonic alterative of Dr. John Bull's Sersaparilia, which keeps the blood pure and the functions regulated, so that disease can not enter the citadel of life.

"So THE old gentleman kicked you down the stoop when you called to see his daughter. Did he break any thing?" "Yes, he broke our engagement." — Philadelphia Times.

STATE OF URIO, CITT OF TOLEDO, BTATE OF ORIO, CITT OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY,

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of one hundred dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that can not be cured by the use of Hali's Catarrh Cure.

Frank J. Cheney.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896.

[SEAL] A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and muccus surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. Chener & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggista, 75c.

"Dozs alcohol affect the blood!" asked the professor of the medical student. "I

should think," replied the young man, "that it might have some tendency to get into the jug-ular vols."—Washington Post.

Java must be a moral place to live in; we never see it advertised except as "pure Java."—Puck.

Will be found an excellent remedy for sick headache. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Thousands of letters from people who have used them prove this fact. Try them.

It is fortunate that we are not all rich. Some of us would not know how to act if we were.—Boston Traveller. COUGHS AND COLDS. Those who are suf-fering from Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, etc., should try BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Sold only in boxes.

Or course there are exceptions to the rule "the good die young," but there aren't many of us.—Elmira Gazette.

Proclamation "Barx to Brooklyn, ch?" "Yep." "Come

ecrose any thing remarkable?" What?" "The bridge."-Life. A Dosg in Time Saves Nine of Hale's Hon-ey of Horehound and Tar for Coughs. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

A MAN no sooner gets old enough to know how to talk well than he also learns the value of not talking at all.—Atchison Globa. Ann unlike all other pills. No purging or pain. Act specially on the liver and bile. Carter's Little Liver Pills. One pill a dose.

Household recipe—To preserve eggs al-ways pack them in layers—Binghamton Republican No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption

Cares where other remedies fail. 25c. Boxs of the man who never should have

got married: "I would that my love would silent be."—Boston Herald.

WITTORT TOTAL

BOOK TO "MOTHERS" MARRO PORE BRADFIELD RESTLATOR CO. ATLANTA, CA

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

SPECIALIST, 163 SIGNS STREET, THE

converted into one continuous FOR SALE BY NEWS DEALERS, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13th.

PISO'S CURE FOR

Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physiciana. Cures where all cise fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

CONSUMPTION

Such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Fullness and Smalling after Boats Bizziness, and Browniness. Cold Chills, Flushings of Boat. Loss of Appetits.
Shortness of Broath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Biotches on the Shin, Bisturbed
Sleep, Frightful Broams, and all Nervous and Trambling Constions &c.

THE FIRST DOSE WILL CIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. BEECHAM'S PILLS TAKEN AS DIRECTED RESTORE FEMALES TO COMPLETE MEALTH.

For Sick Headache, Weak Stomach, Impaired

Digestion, Constipation, Disordered Liver, etc.,

they ACT LINE MADIC, Strengthening the in mecular Spotes, restoring long line Completion, bringing back the bree edge of appetite, and arouning with the SOSESHO OF MEALTH the whole physical energy of the human frame, One of the best guarantees to the Servers and Debitteted in that BEECHAM'S PILLS MAVE THE LANCEST SALE OF AMY PROPRIETARY MEDICINE IN THE WORLS.

Prepared only by THESE. HEECHAM, M. M. Moleon, Lancachive, England, Sold by Propagalate generally. S. F. ALLEN CO., 355 and 357 Canal St., New York, Sole Agents for the United States, she iff your druggist does not keep them: WILL HATE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS on RECEIPT of PRICK, Seta A BOX. Marries This Parally.

Elys Cream Balm to Com

of the LUNCS, CROUP TO THE THOO AT AND LUNCS Respectably Adapted to CHILDERON

\* Price 50c. Sold by all Druggists



The Christmas Number

page the original of the engraving here illustrated. It will also contain so pages of illustrations and reading matter contributed by the GREAT WRITERS OF THE DAY, and unexcelled in quality by that of any publication in the United States. This number will be one of the three num-

hree YYeeks For 10 cents These three numbers will contain a larger number

of illustrations and 50 per cent, more reading matter than that contained in any of the magazines. Therefore our offer embraces both quantity and quality. The three numbers for 10 cents contain: (1) Mrs. Amelia E. Barr's new serial, "The

Beads of Tasmer." Mrs. Barr is the author of that most successful serial, "Friend Olivia," just completed in The Contury; but hereafter Mrs. Barr will write exclusively for The New York (2) Hon. George Baneraft's description of

"The Battle of Lake Erie," beautifully illustrated. (3) Margaret Deland's latest story, "To What

(4) James Russell Lousell's poem, "My Brook," written expressly for The Ledger, beautifully illustrated by Wilson de Mesa, and issued as a FOUR-PAGE SOUVENIR SUPPLEMENT.

(5) Mrs. Dr. Julia Holmes Smith suns a series of articles giving very valuable information to young mothers.

5) Rebert Grant's brilliant society sovel, "Mrs. Harold Stage." (2) Harriet Present

neen, and George Proderic For-(8) James Porton, M. W. Haustine and

Officer Dyer (author of "Great Senators") tribute acticles of interest. In addition to the above, SPARKLING EDITOR-IALS, Blostested Poems, Herry Manualt Nonth's

batty column, and a variety of delightful reading of sterest to all marghets of the household. The foregoing is a sample of the matter which goes

to make up the most perfect Harjanal Family Journal ever offered to the American people.

Pitcher's Destoria.

yet scasely. PolyMon Make !"

DA WAS AND AND SOLVED IN

ichie Casterla.