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All kinds of Carpenter Work Done.

General jobbing done on short notice and satisfaction guaranteed.

Office and Shop 721 Twelfth Street. ROCK ISLAND

A PRELUDE.

In youth, beside the lonely sea, Voices and visions came to me. Titans and her furive broods Were my familiars in the woods.

ANACREONTIC.

I'll be the fruit on yonder vine That bends its luscious purple tips To tempt that liquid eye of thine And melt upon thy rosy lips.

THE LOST GROSCHEN.

It had been snowing all day, intense cold had succeeded the storm, and the stars, shining brightly in the clear sky, looked down on the good old town of Nuremberg in the year 1500.

And so, mother, he sings—you should hear him! The angels in heaven have not sweeter voices," exclaimed Christine, and the lad, taking up his lute, struck the chords lightly, then began to sing, while the mother and daughter listened with clasped hands and tearful eyes.

"My dear, I want to speak to your brother, who has just been singing."

"He is not my brother," said Christine, surprised. "No! Well, it does not matter. I want to see the lad who was in church with you. Tell him Master Kriegwinckel wants him a minute."

"You have a beautiful voice, my lad—an unusually fine one. I am an old man, but I have seldom heard such a voice as yours. You understand what you sing, too, and you love music. You have all the makings of a great artist. But—you do not know how to sing!"

"That is because I have never been taught," said Maso sadly and humbly. "I observed that. It is not your fault, and it can be remedied. How old are you?"

"Fifteen on Candlemas day."

"Very good. I have a proposition to make you. Have you relatives?"

"None. I am all alone."

"Better still. I will take charge of you. I will take you back to Munich with me; I will teach you music and singing, and in three or four years—you will see! Kings and princes will invite you to come to court and sing for them, and I shall have the honor of giving the world another great musician. Perhaps you have heard of me. I am Kriegwinckel, leader of the choir in Munich."

"I would be only too happy, master," Maso stammered, "but I am obliged to my living. I have nothing."

"You will not need money. I will treat you as my own son, and you will earn a great deal more than your living when I have taught you music. It is agreed, is it not? Ah, it was not for nothing that I watched you in the church, followed you out and after losing sight of you in the crowd searched for you until I heard your voice through that window. But I must leave Nuremberg tonight. Come."

The boy took up his cloak and lute, saying: "Goodby, Christine, I will come back some day. Do not forget me."

The girl clung to his arm and whispered: "I shall never forget you. I thought at first that you were an angel because you sang like one and were as good as one. I will love you all my life."

"Then ask your mother to kiss me good night. It will bring me luck," he said, and the Widow Gudule, clasping him in her arms, prayed that heaven's blessings might always follow him. As he turned away he handed his purse to Christine, saying:

"The master says I shall not need money, so here are my day's earnings. I have had a very good day, and they will help you until your mother can work again."

"Eight years passed. The Christmas bells were ringing merrily, and the people, coming out of their houses to attend midnight mass, greeted each other with Christmas wishes. Among the throng there was none who received more salutes and friendly smiles than an elderly woman who leaned on the arm of a beautiful young girl, tall and slender as a reed. By the light of the torch she carried, the girl's bright blue eyes, rosy cheeks and golden hair were seen, and every passer looked at her with admiration; young and old greeted her smilingly, even portly burghers murmured as they met her, 'God bless that sweet young creature!' while the poor people exclaimed aloud, 'God bless the widow and her daughter for their goodness and charity to us!'"

These two were but simple working people, yet all Nuremberg honored them. Every one knew that Dame Gudule Dachs, when left a widow with her child to bring up and her husband's debts to pay, had set about bravely to perform the task. She had become the most successful embroiderer in the town, her daughter had soon grown celebrated for her taste in designing new patterns, and now the widow owed nothing and could hardly fill all the orders she received from the richest ladies in the land.

As the people entered the church the organ's peal rose to the vaulted roof, and Widow Gudule, kneeling at Christine's side, heard her murmured prayer: 'Sweet Saviour Jesus, protect him! Bring him back to us that I may tell him I have not forgotten him!'"

The mother smiled sadly, for she had had experience of the world, and she knew that with young people remembrance often fades. Every Christmas eve Christine had said, "Suppose he should come tonight!" and when her mother tried to explain how unlikely it was that the youth who for a single hour had been their guest should ever think of them again the girl only shook her head and answered, "He will come."

My father's creditors took everything except my lute, so I left Florence, and now I earn a little money by singing in the streets, but I often have to sleep in the open air and without supper."

As they entered the church Maso doffed his hat reverentially, dipped his fingers into the holy water font and touched them to Christine's. Then the two children knelt down in the shadow of a great pillar which rose to the high arched roof. At the end of the nave stood the altar, gleaming with wax lights and flooded with the rising incense; priests, acolytes, and chorists were engaged with the Christmas service, and one could see the fluttering white surplices and the glitter of gold and precious stones on copes and stoles.

The whole congregation joined in singing the carols, and the weak, broken voices of the aged, the silver ones of the children, the sweet tones of the maidens, the clear high notes of the young men and the strong, deep ones of their elders combined to produce harmonies both powerful and sweet. Maso could not keep silence. Suddenly his voice rose above the rest, and it was so full, so clear and so sweet that every one near turned to look at him. A tall man wrapped in a great cloak left his place, and coming nearer to the lad listened attentively, with his eyes fixed upon Maso's face as long as he continued to sing. Neither of the children noticed the stranger.

After they left the church Maso led Christine into a provision shop, and not allowing her to spend her only coin purchased ham, fruit and pastry for her, and then, seeing that she shivered in the cold night air, he took off his own cloak and put it round her shoulders. "Now I will take you home," he said. And when they reached her door she asked wistfully: "Will you not come in and have supper with us, as if you were my brother? Mamma will be so glad."

Maso followed her in and was welcomed by the Widow Gudule. While they sat at supper Maso told them of his childhood's home in Italy, which had been opulent, but sad, because motherless, of his father's ruin and death and of his own wanderings.

"And so, mother, he sings—you should hear him! The angels in heaven have not sweeter voices," exclaimed Christine, and the lad, taking up his lute, struck the chords lightly, then began to sing, while the mother and daughter listened with clasped hands and tearful eyes. As soon as he stopped there was a knock at the door. Christine opened it fearlessly, for there was nothing in that poor home for robbers. Outside stood the tall man who had been in church. He recognized the child and smiled as he said:

"My dear, I want to speak to your brother, who has just been singing."

"He is not my brother," said Christine, surprised.

"No! Well, it does not matter. I want to see the lad who was in church with you. Tell him Master Kriegwinckel wants him a minute."

This man was one of the most celebrated musicians of that time, not only in Munich, where he lived, but throughout the music loving world. Little Christine, however, knew nothing about him, and thinking that the stranger merely wished to compliment Maso upon his singing she bade him enter. He bowed politely to the widow and then addressed Maso, saying:

"You have a beautiful voice, my lad—an unusually fine one. I am an old man, but I have seldom heard such a voice as yours. You understand what you sing, too, and you love music. You have all the makings of a great artist. But—you do not know how to sing!"

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The widow was growing uneasy, for her daughter was 16 years old.

Suddenly, just as the priest turned round to administer communion to the faithful, a voice in the choir rose above the organ's strains, and Christine's face was transfigured as she whispered, "It is he!"

Oh, that beautiful voice—powerful, impassioned, yet as sweet as if it came straight from heaven!

"Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth!" he sang, and Christine, carried out of herself as she listened, swept softly and wondered whether it were not indeed an angel's voice. With a saddened look in her soft blue eyes, she followed her mother out of the church, casting a wistful, timid glance up the dark winding staircase which led to the choir, and the widow, who also had recognized the voice, hurried her daughter away.

When they reached the street, the girl looked about her in vain, for there was no sign of the red cap and dark curls of the young lute player, no strange figure was to be seen except a tall man wrapped in a handsome cloak and wearing a gold embroidered cap which glistened in the moonlight. When the two women arrived at their home, this person stopped quickly up, and with a bow said:

"Merry Christmas to you, Dame Gudule! Merry Christmas, Miss Christine! Will you let the Florentine singer share your supper once again?"

"I knew he would come, mother!" cried Christine, and the widow, in spite of her misgivings, almost against her will, added:

"He is welcome as before."

They all entered the house, and when the girl had lighted the candles on the supper table Maso Napone gazed round the room eagerly. It was unchanged, and he even recognized the old chest on which he, the poor orphan minstrel, had laid his cloak and lute on that night eight years before. When Maso took off his cloak, Christine was astonished to see that the slender stripling had become a strong, handsome man, who looked at her with smiling admiration. Her simple yet well fitting blue gown showed her graceful figure to advantage. While she filled his cup Maso said to her, "One might take you for an angel now."

Then he related how Master Kriegwinckel had brought him up and taught him and been a father to him. The old man was dead now, and Maso once more traveled about to earn his living by singing. But he went as a great artist, not a poor vagabond. Kings and princes wrote asking him to come and sing to them, just as the master had predicted. He was rich and honored, and yet he was not happy, for he was alone.

"Dame Gudule," he added after a pause, "you once gave me a mother's kiss—will you now accept me as your son? Will you let me ask Christine if she remembers her promise?"

"I remember," murmured the girl, while her mother smiled and nodded.

"You promised not to forget me, and to love me all your life," he said, taking her hand. "I have always thought of you, and I love you, Christine, my little Christmas rose! Sweetheart, will you be my wife?"

"I knew you would come back," was all her answer.

Then Maso put upon her finger a gold ring set with precious stones, and said gayly, as he kissed her lips:

"A queen gave me this ring, and I kept it for you, my darling, that are more precious than all the queens on earth!"—J. Colomb in Short Stories.

The Christmas Box.

The origin of the term "Christmas box," as applied to donations of Christmas spending money, is uncertain, though antiquarians generally seem to think that it was derived from the custom of placing money for masses to be said or sung on Christmas day—therefore "Christ masses"—in a box, which from this use was called a Christmas mass box, a term gradually corrupted to Christmas box and finally applied to all money given as a Christmas gratuity.

Yuletide Song.

Heigho, the Winter! The bluff old fellow, In meadow and field he roars again. The maple that late was deck'd in yellow Has doffed its leaves in the gusty lane. Heigho, sweetheart! I will find thy tippet. Thy dainty hood for thy golden head, And out in the frosty air we'll trip it And over the stubble gayly tread.

Heigho, the Winter! He brings the holly, The frolic of Yule's enchanted tree, And the mistletoe—now, by my folly, There will be a kiss for thee and me! Heigho, sweetheart! With a "Hey down derry!"

We'll sack the wood of its treasures now. But, oh, there's never a huckleberry Is half so red as thy lip, I vow!

—Richard Dyer.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Cuts, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children. Dr. G. C. Osceola, Lowell, Mass. "Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves." Dr. J. F. Knickerbocker, Conway, Ark. "Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any preparation known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y. "Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it." UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass. ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres., The Castoria Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

"A FAIR FACE MAY PROVE A FOUL BARGAIN." MARRY A PLAIN GIRL IF SHE USES SAPOLIO

BALD HEADS! What is the condition of yours? Is your hair dry, harsh, brittle? Does it split at the ends? Has it a lifeless appearance? Does it fall out when combed or brushed? Is it full of dandruff? Does your scalp itch? Is it dry or in a heated condition? If these are some of your symptoms be warned in time or you will become bald. Skookum Root Hair Grower

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