The Yale Expositor.

Read All the Store News in this Issue. It Pays to Trade in Yale All the Time

My Christmas Boy by Leonard H. Robbins.

I

HIS baby heart is richly blessed with gentleness and joy.
A happy little fellow is my Merry Christmas boy.
His face is like a morning lake before the storms arise
To mar the mirrored heaven blue of clear and beaming skies;
His eyes are springs of sweetest love from some eternal source
That streams to him untouched by taint along its earthward course.
In soul, my Christmas boy, thou art
Of the great, living God a part.

II

THERE lived a lad in Galilee a many years ago,
His little face with just such grace and gladsome love aglow,
And oftentimes I like to think that when his eyes would shine
They were no purer than the eyes of this dear boy of mine
And that the God who dwelt within His heart of holy clay
Abideth in the bosom of my Christmas boy today,
Filled with the selfsame breath divine, Christ and this Christmas boy of mine.

III

I READ the Saviour's story o'er and in its message see
That ev'n as he was God's own Son so every man may be.
Then for my Christmas boy I pray that good may always reign
Within his breast, victorious through the temptings and the pain;
That his pure soul, so white today, as stainless may ascend
Unto the Soul of Every Good, still perfect, at the end,
Nor could an end like Calvary Imbitter that great joy for me.

IV

HE is a thoughtful boy at times, my little Christmas boy.
Perhaps the angels whisper him of wonderful employ,
Of mighty tasks, long waiting for a fearless heart and stout,
Of business of the Heavenly King that he must be about.
Perhaps to lead a people is his portion in the Plan,
Perhaps to bear misfortune's yoke and live and die a man,
To lose and triumph in his loss
With his Big Brother of the Cross.

A CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN CALABRIA.

By PAUL LOUIS COURIER.

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ONE day I was traveling in Calabria. I had as companion a young man who had had less experience than I had in this little known part of Calabria. He was one of the most careless and happy persons in the world.

In these mountains the roads seem to be precipices, down which our horses slid and plunged dangerously. My comrade went first, taking a path which seemed to him to be shorter and easier than the regular road, which, however, could not have been worse. In doing this we became lost, and night was fast approaching. We had hoped to reach the railroad which would take us to civilization, as I termed it, where we could spend our Christmas more pleasantly than we now expected to.

As long as it was light enough we struggled along, and suddenly, just as it grew too dark to see anything twenty feet away, we came to a hut black and low. It looked sinister to me, but Jules was so glad that he just shouted.

In answer to his shout the door opened, and we saw a whole family gathered around a table on which was a white cloth.

"Come in, come in," said the oldest man of the party, but his looks were far from being as inviting as his

PLACED THEIR LITTLE WOODEN SHOES BY THE SIDE OF THE CHIMNEY.

words. He was black with the penetrating blackness of dry charcoal, but as we were very weary and hungry and our horses worn out we accepted the invitation. There were fine cabbage soup, baked potatoes and a chicken fricassee, with home baked bread such as falls in one's hands but too rarely. For dessert we had some chocolate, while the children were hurried off to bed after having placed their little wooden shoes by the side of the chimney.

The horses were well taken care of, and Jules was laughing and singing with the children until they were taken out, and then he gave himself up to telling the men, of whom there were four, of our adventures. One man in particular struck me on account of his somber silence. He spoke to no one and eyed us in a sort of sullen enmity.

This was a charcoal burner's home, and the man who owned this house was the one who seemed so somber. The old man was his father. The woman finished her work and brought out a few cheap toys and some bonbons and a few other little things such as

"I SAW IN HIS RIGHT HAND THE GLEAM OF A LONG KNIFE."

mothers manage to find no one knows where or how. The little shoes were filled, and we saw that all were sleepy. We, too, being so weary, were willing to retire, so the old man took us up a ladder to a loft above the room where we had been sitting.

To reach our sleeping room we climbed a ladder and there found a sort of pallet of straw, clean, and with sufficient covering.

In this attic I saw by the feeble light afforded by a homemade candle quantities of dimly outlined things hanging from the rafters, but could not make out exactly what they were. In the dimness I thought they looked like men hung along there. There were rats, for I saw one. I have a horror of rats, and the thought that one might run across my face kept me awake. Even had my mind been free from other fears I should still have lain awake long after Jules was sleeping heavily. I could not sleep, so filled was my mind with the recollection of the tales I had heard of the lawlessness of these charcoal burners, who were but brigands after all.

I lay close to the chimney, which made the place quite warm, and soon I found the voices of those below could be distinguished clearly by lying near the crevice. I heard the sullen man and the woman talking. They seemed to be discussing something. The discussion was almost a quarrel. The man said:

"So, then, must we kill them both?"

"Yes." Then they apparently slept.

That is more than I did. I grew cold from head to foot. I must have looked like a dead man. Even today I grow cold when I think of it all—the little children put to bed with their hearts filled with joyous thoughts of the expected visit of the Petit Jesus, then ten or twelve lawless men and the bloodthirsty woman, and we shut in that attic, from which there was no escape and almost without means of defense. I did not even dare to try to waken Jules, for they would have heard us below, and that would only have precipitated our death. And even if we could have got out of the window, there were dogs—big, heavy ones—below. No; we had no possible chance, and I expected death each instant.

At the end of the longest quarter of an hour that I ever lived through I heard steps on the ladder and in a moment more saw the light which was carried by the sullen man from below. I saw in his right hand the gleam of a long knife. His wife came behind him, and she took the lamp from his hand. He was barefooted, as well as the woman, and she hid the light of the lamp from my face by shading it with her hand. I lay there too overcome by fear, I admit, to move. What could I have done in any case?

Whispering softly, the couple passed by where we lay and on to where I had seen the shapeless masses hanging to the rafters, and they uncovered a sack filled with hams—their provision for winter, as I now know. They cut two slices from one of the hams and disappeared again down the ladder with caution not to rouse us.

After this, while saying to myself that I must not let myself sleep, for this might have been a feint, I did go to sleep and knew nothing more until Jules roused me.

"Noel, Noel!" he shouted and ran down the ladder to the room below, where the children were doing as other children do on this day, examining and comparing their presents and eating a lot of sweet stuff not at all good for them. I soon followed and had a pleasant greeting from all.

After a good breakfast of ham and eggs and coffee our horses were brought. They had been well cared for and danced about. All the attic company of men, the children and the woman were dressed in their holiday garments to go to the village down below to mass. When we offered to pay for our lodging no one would accept it. And, more, there had been one chicken for breakfast, and as we were starting another was brought us all cooked to take along on our journey. The little girl said to me in confidence as she sat on my lap showing her poor little toys:

"I like chicken too. We had only two, but mother had to kill them for you. I don't know what I'll do without my Pickey. The other belonged to Joseph. Joseph is my brother, who died last month. My father loved him so much."

Here was the key to the riddle. The only thing they had that might be considered a luxury had been sacrificed for strangers, and what I had thought sullen roguery was but a father's hopeless grief over the death of his firstborn.

Farm for Sale.

160 acres two miles from Avoca, St. Clair County, Mich. Good soil, good buildings, ten acres good timber, twenty acres wheat on ground, near church and school, rural telephone. Address Herbert Streeter, Avoca, Mich. 31-

TO SEND WITH CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Calendars.

May all the days
Throughout this year
"Red letters" be
To you, my dear.

May all the jeweled beads
Upon Time's rosary
Be gold without alloy.
This is my prayer for thee.

Handkerchiefs.

Twelve bits of white fluff to my lady's boudoir—
As many as months in the year
Here's hoping that never a month nor moucholr
Will hold for that lady a tear.

A Box of Cigars.

Many a film of fairy fancy
Goes up in smoke each year;
But, being a woman, of course I can't see
What dream chrysalides are here.
—Delineator.

THE HAYESES' CHRISTMAS.

The President's Wife Herself Put Up Delicacies For the Sick.

Christmas at the White House with Mrs. Hayes as its mistress was a succession of Christian charities and joyful gatherings.

"William, I want you to buy forty turkeys, besides our own, and vegetables, pickles and fruit to go with them," she said to the steward one Christmastide.

The steward has told with pride how for four years he got the forty turkeys and how the madam came to the storeroom, rolled up her sleeves and filled bags with cranberries, lemons, crackers and small delicacies for the sick.

The Hayeses gave the home Christmas presents in an original way. All the gifts were taken to the family room, assorted for each person and laid on tables. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes distributed them. At the tap of a bell some one was called, and, walking in, he received all his gifts. Each in turn came the same way.

The Tallest Holly Trees.

The American holly appears to attain its greatest size and perfection in southern Arkansas and Texas, where it is to be seen at times from forty to fifty feet in height. In much smaller form it grows naturally, however, along the south shore of Massachusetts among tupelos, black oaks, red maples, cedars, etc., but not much northward of Hingham and Quincy.

The Little Boy Who Moved.

The fairies missed him when they came
To play their evening game
They searched the old red farmhouse through,
They called aloud his name.
They even looked inside the barn,
But vain their questing proved,
So they made up their elfin minds
The little boy had moved.
Kriss Kringle missed him when he came
Upon his reindeer ride.
He hunted for him high and low,
But not a trace he spied.
But still he keeps a lookout sharp
To find him if he can—
The little boy who went one day
To live beside a man.
—McLandburgh Wilson in Judge.

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Santa's headquarters

And the place to buy your Xmas presents as our line is complete.

Dolls of All Kinds	Books	Lamps
Doll Heads	Hand Bags	Silverware
Doll Cabs	Handkerchiefs	Rings
Doll Carts	Card Albums	Neck Chains
Toy carts	Fancy Box Paper	Fancy China
Toy Wagons	Manicure Sets	Dinner Sets
Fancy China at Reasonable Prices		Chamber Sets
Drums	Shaving Sets	Water Sets
Chairs	Cuff and Collar Boxes	Cut Glass
Mechanical Toys of all Kinds	Horns	Games
Toy Pianos	Work Boxes	Back Combs
Toy Dishes	Cut Glass Bowls	Tie Racks
Hand Mirrors	Pictures, metal frame	Shaving Sets

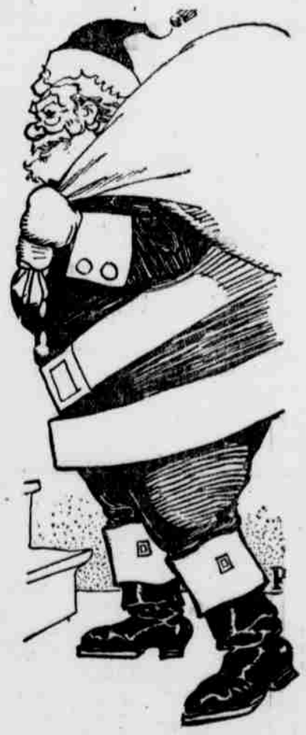
Candy, 10 cents per pound

Make your selections while the line is complete

....The Yale Bazaar....

(First Door North of Hotel Paisley)

J. L. Crandell, Prop. Yale, Michigan



A Merry Christmas....

To You All

Don't Make any mistake. Santa Claus can find just what he likes best to fill those stockings.

Choice New Nuts

Candy

that is pure and good to eat

We Also have a Nice Line of Fruits

Remember our Post Card specials—Choice cards at 1 cent each. Also a nice line of cards at 2 for 5c.

Our baked goods for Christmas trade will be extra fine.

GEORGE H. NIMS