

BUSINESS CARDS.

E. S. YOUNG & CO.
DEALERS IN
Naval and Military Goods & Equipments.
Watches, Jewelry,
Musical Instruments,
and Strings of all kinds.
All Northern current bank notes taken at par, at
No. 16 Pollock Street, nearly opposite the Post
Office, New-Berne, N. C.
Sept 3 64 tf

THOMAS MCCORMICK,
ARMY AND NAVY TAILOR,
Fallock Street, Opposite the Episcopal Church,
NEW-BERNE, N. C.
Uniforms made to measure with promptness.
ARMY AND NAVY GOODS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS FOR
SHELD.
W. L. FOALK, C. W. WEST,
FOALK & WEST,
AUCTIONEERS,
No. 56 Fallock Street.
66tf New-BERNE, N. C.

J. H. WATTS,
Watchmaker & Jeweller,
(Fallock St., a few doors west of Middle St.)
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired in a
skillful manner.
Dec. 2, 1864. 73-tf.

39 CRAYVEN STREET.
R. G. BROWN,
Commission Merchant and Wholesale and
Retail Grocer,
39 CRAYVEN STREET, NEW-BERNE, N. C.
Feb. 1. 51tf

C. P. LOOMIS,
(Successor to C. B. DIBBLE.)
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
dealer in
Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes,
Hats and Caps, School Books,
Stationery, &c.
South Front Street, New-Berne, North Carolina,
mar 9 15tf.

WEINSTEIN & BROTHERS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Dry Goods, Clothing, Jewelry, Fancy
Goods, Hosiery, Boots, Shoes,
Hats, Caps, &c.
Corner of Fallock and Middle Sts., New-Berne, N. C.
All the above named articles will be sold at a
small advance above cost. Come one, come all
and examine the stock.
21tf

F. N. BARTHOLOMEW,
DEALER IN
Gold and Silver Watches,
Clocks and Jewelry,
Middle Street, next door to the corner.
Particular attention paid to repairing of Watches,
Clocks and Jewelry.
New-Berne, Aug. 16, 1864. 59 tf

LELAND, BIGLOW & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
And Wholesale dealers in Fruits, Groceries, Provisions,
Foreign, &c.
Fallock Street, 1st door from East Front Street,
New-Berne, N. C. 48-tf.

STAG HOTEL.
BY C. A. EVANS,
First Street New-Berne, N. C.
The Table is constantly supplied with the best
of the market afford.
New-Berne, N. C., Dec. 24, 1864. 11-tf.

R. F. LEHMAN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
New-Berne, N. C.
Office in Brick Building on Railroad Street, near
Pollock street.
New-Berne, Dec. 24, 1864. 11-tf.

J. SCHILLINGER—Dealer in
Foreign and Domestic Wines and Liqueurs,
Lager Beer, Cigars and Tobacco.
Middle St., four doors South of Fallock, New
Berne, North Carolina. 29-tf.

I. EDWIN WEST,
DEALER IN
Books, Stationery,
Newspapers, Magazines,
and Fancy Goods.
No. 30 POLLOCK STREET, adjoining the Government
Bakery, New-Berne, N. C.
Sept 3 64 tf

FRENCH FLANNEL SHIRTS,
EXTRA SIZES, and length,
ALSO,
Under-shirts and Drawers.
A good assortment at
C. P. LOOMIS',
South Front Street,
mar 9 1

WATCHES! WATCHES! WATCHES!!
All who wish to buy a really good American,
Swiss, or English Watch—Gold or Silver—at the
lowest market price, should call at
TOMLINSON'S, Craven street,
below Post Office, New-Berne.
11f

L. SIMON
Has taken the Store on the Corner of Middle
and Fallock Streets, which he has stocked
with a large variety of fine

READY MADE CLOTHING,
Boots and Shoes,
Hats and Caps,
Furnishing Goods,
Family Groceries

of every description, which he hopes by fair deal-
ing, low prices, and excellent quality, to dispose of
by a rapid sale.
Come and give us a call, and you will find SIMON
ready to give you a better bargain than you can ob-
tain any where else.
L. SIMON,
72-tf.

WALL PAPERS,
WINDOW SHADDS, CARPETING, EN-
amelled Cloth, &c., &c.,
C. P. LOOMIS',
South Front Street,
mar 9

NORTH CAROLINA TIMES.

ADVERTISING RATES:

1 Square, one insertion, \$1.00
1 " every succeeding insertion, 50
One inch makes a square, and all advertisements
will be continued until notified, unless otherwise or-
dered, and charged accordingly. To secure inser-
tion they should be handed in by THURSDAY
evening. All bills are to be settled on the last of
every month. The Times has a large and a large
circulation in the District of North Carolina than
any, if not all, other papers combined, and reaching
every part of the District in the best method of
advertising that could be desired.

THE UNION OF LAKES, THE UNION OF LANDS, THE UNION OF STATES NONE CAN SEVER; THE UNION OF HEARTS, THE UNION OF HANDS, THE FLAG OF OUR UNION FOREVER.

VOL. 2. NEW BERNE, N. C., SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1865. NO. 5.

OUR STORY.

THE TELL-TALE SIGNATURE. A DETECTIVE STORY.

BY JOHN B. WILLIAMS, M. D.

One day, while cozily sipping a cup of tea, and talking over our courtship days with my wife, a loud ring of the bell informed me that a visitor wished to see me. The servant girl ushered into the apartment a young lady of remarkable beauty, who stated that she wished to see me privately on very important business. My wife, (God bless her!) who is by no means of a jealous disposition, discreetly withdrew and we were left alone. I offered the young lady a chair, and informed her that I was at her service. After a little hesitation natural to her years, she made a statement to me which I will condense as follows:

Charlotte Melvin (my fair visitor) was the only child of Reuben Melvin, Esq., who had resided on the bank of the Hudson river, about twenty miles from New York. Her father had been devotedly attached to her, and they lived as happy as it was possible to live together. He had gratified every wish of hers, and for years not a single cloud obscured their calm and peaceful happiness. About a year ago Charlotte had been introduced to the son of a gentleman living in their neighborhood, and mutual love had sprung up between them. Her father had not opposed their union, as it was a very desirable match on all sides, and it was settled they should be married next spring. Things went on this way for some months. Leonard Appleby visited her father's house every night, and everything went as merry as a marriage bell. But suddenly their dream of happiness was dissipated, and that, too, by an extraordinary occurrence. Her betrothed was one morning found in the garden attached to the house in a half-senseless condition, his clothes and hands bespattered with blood, and her father had mysteriously disappeared. Every search was made for him, but without any avail; and her lover Leonard Appleby had been arrested on the charge of having murdered him, and it was supposed that he had concealed the body somewhere, it was evident from the appearance of the place where Leonard was found in the morning, that a terrible struggle had taken place; the flowers and roots were torn up, the shrubbery broken, the ground in various places was covered with blood, and a knife, which was proved to have belonged to the prisoner, was also stained with the vital fluid. The most damning evidence, however, against the prisoner, was the fact, that Mr. Melvin's watch and purse were found in his possession. Leonard Appleby was removed to the county jail, where he was incarcerated at the time. Miss Melvin called upon me; his case not having been investigated from the fact of the body of the man he was supposed to have murdered not having been discovered. But the strangest thing of all in this affair was, that a week after the catastrophe a brother of Mr. Melvin appeared and claimed his whole property by virtue of a will which he exhibited, and by which he was made sole heir to all his brother's property. There was no disputing the will, for it was unquestionably signed by the deceased, and Richard Melvin took possession of the whole of the property of his late brother, and did not offer to expend one cent for the support of his niece Charlotte, who was thrown upon the world in an utterly destitute condition.

Such was the substance of the story told me by Miss Melvin; and she further added that three weeks had elapsed since her father's death, but that no satisfactory result had been obtained as to how or by what means he had come to his end, and that although she had employed almost every detective officer in New York, they had been unable to afford her any satisfaction.

“Miss Melvin,” said I, as soon as she had finished, “it is not very strange that your father should have left your uncle all his property! From some hints you have let fall, I should judge they were not on very good terms with each other during your father's life.”

“You are right, Mr. Baker,” said Miss Melvin; “they had never spoken to each other for years. My poor father could never bear to hear the name of his brother Richard mentioned, and I heard him say frequently that he was a bad hearted man.”

“Are you sure the signature to the will was really in your father's hand writing?”

“I am perfectly satisfied of it; so much so that when some of my friends advised me to contest the validity of the will, being firmly convinced that my father did sign it, I refused most positively. I care nothing about my father's wealth, and it is not to regain this I ask your assistance, sir. My motive is to free Mr. Leonard Appleby from the imputation of a crime, of which I am sure he is as innocent as I am.”

“It does, indeed, seem perfectly preposterous that he should have committed the deed. There appears to be no possible motive for it.”

“Ah, sir, if you only knew his heart as well as I do, you would be convinced that it is utterly impossible that he could have committed the dreadful deed. My father loved him, and imposed no obstacle to our marriage.”

I reflected a few minutes on this strange case, for, to tell the truth, at the first glance I did not know what to make of it. The whole affair appeared to be involved in mystery. Of course I did not for a moment suppose that Leonard Appleby was really guilty of Mr. Melvin's death. The utter absence of motive, and the fact that he had everything to lose and nothing to gain by the death of the father of his betrothed, satisfied me that he could not be the guilty party. Then the thought naturally arose in my mind if Leonard was innocent, who was guilty? Here again I could come to no satisfactory conclusion. It is true my suspicion pointed to Mr. Richard Melvin; but there was nothing I could gather from Miss Melvin's narrative which served to confirm a single one of them. As has been seen, she did not even deny the signature of the will.

“Has the will been proved, Miss Melvin?” I asked at last.

“Oh, yes,” she replied, “uncle took possession of the property some weeks ago.”

“And what have you been doing since?” I asked, more out of curiosity than anything else.

“I have obtained some magic pills, and I am doing very well; as I before said, I have no concern for myself. I wish you to prove that Mr. Leonard Appleby is innocent.”

“Have you a letter or any document with your father's signature attached to it?”

“I have a number at home,” she replied; “by-the-by, I think I have a letter of his with me now, written to me six years ago, when he was in Washington.”

So saying, she took from her reticule the letter in question, and handed it to me.

“Will you allow me to retain possession of this?” I asked.

“Certainly,” she replied; “but I can assure you again that if you suppose the will to be a forgery, you are mistaken. The will is undoubtedly genuine.”

“Well, my dear young lady,” I replied, “I do not doubt your word, but you may be mistaken; at all events, I should like to judge for myself.”

Making a few inquiries as to the exact position of her father's house, and as to the means of reaching it, I bade her good morning, and expressing a desire to see her again that day week.

When she had gone, I immediately put on my hat and coat, and directed my steps to the recorder's office, for the purpose of examining the will. Aided by the index I soon found it, and commenced to read every word of it.

It was by no means a long document, but went on to state that he, Reuben Melvin, being of the same mind, did there bequeath unto his beloved brother, Richard Melvin, all his personal property and real estate, etc. The document appeared to be drawn up in perfect legal form, and the most capacious special pleader could take no exceptions to it whatever. At last I came to the signature. I took the letter which Miss Melvin gave me for the purpose of comparing the signatures.—There could be no doubt whatever, but the signature was genuine; the letters were formed exactly the same, and were evidently written by the same hand.—Still there was a marked difference between them. That attached to the letter was bold and firm—while that attached to the will was weak and tremulous.

This fact immediately aroused my suspicions. A person's signature rarely differs, except where the mind is influenced; but then again I reflected that time might impair a person's writing, and compared the date of the will to that of the letter. What was my astonishment to find that they were both dated on the same day, namely, January 1st, 1840. I next held up the document to the light, for the purpose of seeing if there was a water mark on the paper. I found such was the case, and the words, “Connecticut Mills, 1843,” could be made out distinctly.

Here then was a will, purporting to have been signed in New York, on the 1st of January, 1840, by a man who was in Washington on that very day, and on paper that was made three years afterwards. And yet there could be no disputing the fact that the signature was a genuine one. The whole truth in a moment flashed across my mind, and I immediately set about unraveling the web. I went to work with a good heart, for I had but little doubt of success.

My first proceedings was to make inquiries as to the exact date of Mr. Melvin's disappearance. I discovered that it was on the 3d of June, and that Richard Melvin had come to take possession

of the property on the 10th. I also made inquiries as to the past life of the heir to the property, and found that in Boston, from which town he came, he bore a very disreputable character, and that no one would trust or believe him.

My next proceeding was to visit Oak Leaf Manor—the estate in question.—My purpose was to have an interview with the proprietor, so that I might observe him well and perhaps gain a few points by my scrutiny. I soon reached the dwelling, and ringing boldly at the bell, demanded an interview with Richard Melvin. After some little delay, I was admitted into his presence. I found him to be a gentlemanly man enough, but with rather a forbidding cast of features. I noticed two things in particular about him, one was, that he had a club foot, and had a restless manner. I made some plausible excuse for my visit—I think it was that I had cause for my visit—I think it was that I had heard he wanted to sell his property, and would like to purchase it if such was the case. He replied to me politely, stating, of course, that the report was false, and I bade him good morning.

When I left the house, I determined to visit the stable for a reason the reader will discover by and by, I found two very fine horses and the ostler, a good humored Irishman there.

“Fine horses, these,” said I, as I entered the door.

“Sure, an you may well say that, replied the ostler, proud of my notice of the animals.

“You keep them well groomed, too.”

“Faith, an' it's but little grooming they want.”

“I suppose they can travel pretty fast?”

“You've just bit the nail on the head. You should have seen them the day they came down here from New York; why, they did't sweat a hair, and it's a good twenty miles too!”

“Indeed! they did not then belong to the late Mr. Melvin?”

“No, indeed. Sure, and Mr. Richard Melvin brought them down with him, when he came!”

“They were not at all distressed, you say?”

“Divil a bit; they looked as fresh as if they had but just come out of the stable.”

“Did Mr. Melvin arrive here in the day time, or night time?”

“It was dark night.”

“I see you come from the old country; here's a quarter to drink my health—good day!”

“Good day, and God bless you, sir! And may the holy saints preserve you sir!”

My next proceedings was to visit several houses in the neighborhood; and inquire if there was an inn anywhere in the neighborhood, but all my inquiries were without any result. I then set myself resolutely to work to search for myself, for I was perfectly satisfied there must be some such place in the vicinity.

For a day or two my efforts were entirely unsuccessful, but one morning, while wandering by the side of the river, I noticed the marks of horses' hoofs, as if coming directly from the river. I immediately procured a boat and rowed directly across—the river was not very broad there. I then skirted the opposite bank, until I should come to another landing place. After I had proceeded a quarter of a mile I reached a spot where again the marks of horses' hoofs were plainly to be traced; this time, however, the direction was towards the river.—The impression was plain, the horses at this point had embarked on a boat or a raft, and had been conveyed to the other side at the point from which I had started.

I made my boat fast and looked about me. I found that I was on a small island, which was so thickly studded with green trees that I could see but very little in advance of me. Taking, however, the horses' hoofs as my guide, I came upon an old, dilapidated stone building, which had evidently been built long anterior to the revolution. It seemed to be entirely unoccupied, for all the shutters were closed, and thick grass and weeds grew in profusion.

I first of all directed my steps to a sort of outhouse, and here I was rewarded by a sight which made my blood tingle in my veins, being nothing more than the impression on the gravel of a clubfoot. These impressions were very frequent, and my conclusion was that Mr. Richard Melvin paid frequent visits to this uninhabitable dwelling. I next proceeded to try all the doors and windows, and found them all fastened down. I however soon effected an entrance by means of one of the windows. The first thing that met my gaze was a long candle and a box of lucifer matches.—These were placed in a small recess.—Although it was daylight, I lighted the candle and began to explore the house. I first of all examined the upper portion, but found nothing. I then examined the ground floor, with the same success.

I did not feel discouraged, for I felt a most satisfied, from the fact of the candle being there, that such would be the result.

I next proceeded to examine the cellar, and had not descended half a dozen steps before I heard a faint groan. I rushed forward and entered a spacious vault, supported by massive pillars. In a corner of this damp, dark and dismal dungeon, reclining on a heap of straw, with manacles on his wrists and ankles, I saw an old man, with a long, flowing white beard, who, I was satisfied, was Mr. Reuben Melvin. I held the candle over his head, and saw that he was sleeping. At that moment, I heard the sound of footsteps behind me, and turning round, saw that it was Mr. Richard Melvin advancing towards me with all the ferocity of a tiger.

A terrible struggle ensued; but I was the younger man of the two, and finally succeeded in overpowering, and affixing the manacles, with which he had loaded this poor brother, on his wrists and feet. The joy of the poor old man, at his release, knew no bounds. In a very few words, he informed me of all that had passed. On the night of the disappearance, he was seized by his brother and a confederate, and conveyed to this prison without being able to give the slightest alarm. While there, he had been compelled, under threats of instant death, to sign a document, the purport of which he did not know. His brother had visited him every day, bringing him a supply of food, but he could not have lasted much longer, as he was getting weaker and weaker daily.

Everything had turned out exactly as I expected. The trembling characters of the signature to the will, and the fact that it had been ante-dated, convinced me that it had been obtained by force. I then argued that the chances were that Mr. Reuben Melvin was not dead, but in some place of confinement. This place, I was satisfied, must be near Oak Leaf Manor, as it would be impossible to convey him any long distance without detection. I was also satisfied that Richard Melvin must have been in the neighborhood long before the time he was supposed to have come from New York, and it was to discover if my opinion was just, that I paid a visit to the stables.

The poor old gentleman was conveyed back to his residence, and was soon gratified with his daughter's presence. Young Appleby was immediately released from confinement. It appeared, by his statement, that, on the evening of the old gentleman's disappearance, while crossing the garden, he had been assailed by two men, and had received a wound on the arm, and had fainted from the loss of blood; when he recovered, it was morning, and that very moment he was arrested on the charge of having murdered Mr. Reuben Melvin, and the watch and purse belonging to the supposed deceased, and placed in his pocket by Richard Melvin, served to give some coloring to the charge.

I may add that, in a month or two, Charlotte Melvin and Leonard Appleby were married. Richard Melvin died, after two years confinement in the State prison, where he had been condemned for life. He died however without revealing the name of his accomplice, and he has never been discovered.

Something About Oysters.
A writer in the Springfield Republican devotes a column or more to a discussion of the merits of Fair Haven oysters, in the course of which he says:

The art of cooking oysters is not so far advanced in our northern cities as it should be. There is but one place, we believe, in all New Haven where steamed oysters can be had; and why they are not more common here is very strange. In Washington or Baltimore it is the favorite style of cooking them, yet many of our readers scarcely ever heard of them. They are eaten by the peck. You call for at least half a peck, or if you are very hungry, possibly a peck. Soon a small dirty boy comes and puts a hot plate before you.—Then the small dirty boy places a lump of butter beside you. Then you put some butter on the hot plate, with such other seasoning as you please, making a kind of rich gravy of the melted butter. Finally the small dirty boy brings a peck measure of his testaceous victims, plants himself square in front of you, and by a dextrous kink of the wrist lands an oyster with a graceful flip in the middle of your plate. Then all you have to do is eat 'em—ah, yes, eat 'em.

Oysters are native to the temperate and warm waters of the greater part of the globe, but nowhere else do they grow so fine as in America, and nowhere else are they so highly appreciated. We advise American travelers, who have been accustomed to them at home, not to touch them in Europe; they will be only disgusted and disappointed if they do. Paris is famed, and justly so, for epicurism, but Paris oysters, laugh!—they taste like copper cents. If America has a national dish, it is oysters; and they are a dish worthy of so grand a country. Give Johnny Bull his pudding and his beef, give Johnny Crapau his bouillon and fricandeau—we stick national character is fashioned by them? They are easy of digestion, and do not make one sleepy; they are stimulating, but do not make one meddlesome; they make one enthusiastic, yet keep his brain cool and clear.

OFFICIAL.
LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES,
Passed at the Second Session of the Thirty-eighth Congress.
[PUBLIC-NO. 7.]
AN ACT TO REPEAL THE PROVISION OF LAW REQUIRING CERTAIN REGENTS OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

to be members of the National Institute.
Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That so much of the act “to establish the Smithsonian Institution, for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men” as requires that two of the Regents of said Institution shall be members of the National Institute in the City of Washington, be and the same is hereby repealed.
Approved, January 19, 1865.

[PUBLIC-RESOLUTION—NO. 4.]
JOINT RESOLUTIONS tendering the thanks of the People and of Congress to Major General William T. Sherman, and the officers and soldiers of his command for their gallant conduct in the late brilliant movement through Georgia.
Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled, That the thanks of the People and of the Congress of the United States are due and are hereby tendered to Major General William T. Sherman, and through him to the officers and men under his command, for their gallantry and good conduct in their late campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and the triumphal march thence through Georgia to Savannah, terminating in the capture and occupation of that city; and that the President cause a copy of this Joint Resolution to be engrossed and forwarded to Major General Sherman.
Approved, January 10, 1865.

[PUBLIC-NO. 8.]
AN ACT making appropriations for the payment of invalid and other pensions of the United States for the year ending the thirtieth of June, eighteen hundred and sixty-six.
Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled, That the following sums be, and the same are hereby appropriated, out of any money in the treasury or to be appropriated for the payment of pensions for the year ending the thirtieth of June, eighteen hundred and sixty-six:
For invalid pensions under various acts, four million dollars.
For revolutionary pensions, per acts of March eighth, eighteen hundred and eighteen; May fifteenth, eighteen hundred and twenty-eight; June seventh, eighteen hundred and twenty-two; third section of act of July seventh, eighteen hundred and forty-eight; March thirtieth, eighteen hundred and forty-three; June seventh, eighteen hundred and forty-four; February second and July twenty-ninth, eighteen hundred and forty-eight; and second section act of February third, and act of March eighth, and act of July seventh, eighteen hundred and thirty-three, two hundred and thirty thousand dollars.

For pensions to widows, mothers, children, and sisters, under the first section of the act of fourth July, eighteen hundred and thirty-six; act of July twenty-first, eighteen hundred and forty-eight; first section of the act of February third, eighteen hundred and forty-eight; and act of June eighth, eighteen hundred and forty-eight; and act of July fourth, eighteen hundred and sixty-two, seven million dollars.
Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That the following sums be, and the same are hereby appropriated to supply deficiencies in the appropriations for the present fiscal year for the payment of pensions: act of July seventh, eighteen hundred and eighteen; May fifteenth, eighteen hundred and twenty-eight; June seventh, eighteen hundred and thirty-two; third section of act of July seventh, eighteen hundred and forty-eight; July seventh, eighteen hundred and thirty-eight; January seventh, eighteen hundred and forty-four; March third, eighteen hundred and forty-four; and act of February second and July twenty-ninth, eighteen hundred and forty-eight; and second section of act of February third, eighteen hundred and fifty-three, sixty-five thousand dollars.

For the payment of pensions under the first section of the act of July fourth, eighteen hundred and thirty-six; act of July twenty-first, eighteen hundred and forty-eight; first section of the act of February third, eighteen hundred and forty-eight; and act of July eighth, eighteen hundred and sixty-two, three million five hundred thousand dollars.
Approved, January 11, 1865.

The Legend of Santa Claus.

This popular name of Saint who presides over Christmas and the toy gifts of that welcome season, is derived from Saint Nicholas. The legend of his first appearance is an Italian one. According to this, a shoemaker named Giraldi, who lived in Ferrari, was so miserably poor, that his labor from day to day barely kept his family from starvation, and he was unable to give even a small dowry to his pretty daughters. It was not thought proper to marry without a dowry; and thus the young girls, though each had an admirer, were compelled to remain single. Their father, however, went every morning to the shrine to pray to his patron saint, St. Nicholas, that he would work a miracle to relieve him from his distress.

One of his nearest neighbors, a rich merchant, who chanced one day to hear his simple petition, ridiculed the idea of his expecting the saint to take care of his daughters, and recommended him to choose a patron saint who would be able to do something for him. “Mine,” he said, “is the Jew Buonajuto; he lends money at two per cent. a month; and if you know how to manage, you may make four with it. He is not so deaf as St. Nicholas.”

The poor man was shocked at this implausible speech, and assured the merchant that his religious faith could never be shaken. He went every day to church, notwithstanding the other's mockery.

It was now Christmas Day, when the merchant and the Jew settled up their yearly accounts; Buonajuto found he owed his friend three hundred ducats, and wishing to give him an agreeable surprise, he ordered one of the ducks he had carefully fattened, to be killed and roasted, and then with his own hands introduced the three hundred gold pieces into the inside, and sewed them up. He then sent the duck to the merchant as a Christmas present.

The merchant's wife, who shared the common prejudices against Jews, declared she would not touch the duck, and the rich man resolved to sell it. When Giraldi passed on his way from church, his neighbor, as usual, bantered him on his devotion showed him the Christmas gift his patron Saint had sent him, and taunted him with the stolidity of Saint Nicholas, who could not even send him a piece of bread.—Finally, he offered to sell the duck for a dollar, and to wait for payment, as he knew Giraldi to be strictly honest. The shoemaker carried the duck home, and when he carved it for his Christmas dinner, and the three hundred ducats fell out, his first exclamation was—“Praise to Saint Nicholas!”