

OLD YEAR, FAREWELL!

FAREWELL, farewell, farewell, friends must part...



Dakota night. The prairie, wrapped in mysterious shadows...

For Hans Brynjulson, smoking in the door of his "shack"...

In his hands he had a letter. It was dark and he could not read it...

"Poor Hans! He had never written Christina of his heroic struggle with fate..."

Chris Larkin, the blacksmith, dropped the head of his hammer on the anvil...

It was Christmas Day. In the nooks and crannies of Wells County...

Count 'em! 'Tis little Christina. The white flakes were unusually heavy...

thundered up to the station, "we'll have a regular bender to make up for this..."

"Here's something for you, Hans," called the postmaster...

English words, even in a free translation, are powerless to catch the pathetic vein that ran through Hans Brynjulson's...

And spelling is poky and slow. This behaving for three weeks 'fore Christmas...

A Christmas Scheme. A lady who was shopping saw her husband examining pocketbooks at a showcase...

A Christmas Surprise. She asked her experienced father, "Dear papa, tell me I pray..."

Watching for Santa Claus. The rage of Mr. Peel was something to be remembered. Nothing but blood, he vowed...

A Slight Delay. Mrs. Pinner-The boy has just come with that lovely Christmas present I got...

Wait, blessed Christmas morn When Christ, a child was born Of Mary, holy maid To heavenly grace arrayed. Amen! Hallelujah!

nothing is known. The lawyer's daughter could not tell. She started home, and finally grew bewildered...

When found she was snugly wrapped in the lawyer's fur coat while a pair of thin, rigid arms folded her close as though to protect her from the drifting flakes...

Perhaps they were tears of joy; perhaps the bolsterous winter winds became summer zephyrs in the ears of Hans Brynjulson...

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for you today, dear. He is waiting in the hall now. Pinnerly-How kind (kiss) and thoughtful of you, dear...

Measure for Measure. "It's not the right sort of feeling, perhaps, but at Christmas I like to give just as valuable presents as I receive..."

A Slight Toy's Complaint. I don't like the month of December. As much as I possibly should. Because when Christmas is coming...

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FAMILY STORY THE NEW TENANT.

"NOW, Mary, I have spoken!" Mr. Peel threw himself back in his chair as if that settled the matter once for all.

"I heard you, dear," sweetly responded Mrs. Peel; "and now, listen to me. I have accepted Herr Schmidt's offer..."

"Not if I know it, madam!" shouted Phineas, jumping from his chair and bringing his fist down on the table.

"You will treat him with the respect due from one gentleman to another, Phineas," broke in Mrs. Peel.

Why Mary Marsden had chosen to bestow her hand and fortune on such a plain, everyday sort of fellow as the diminutive Phineas Peel was always a mystery to her acquaintances.

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letter, but here are its contents, done into our own language: On board S. S. Stockholm, Dec. 19. My Dear One, On your first, my faithful love, she who writes it will be with you...



door-knob. The lawyer was holding in his hands a great fat coat. "Put this on," he said.

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