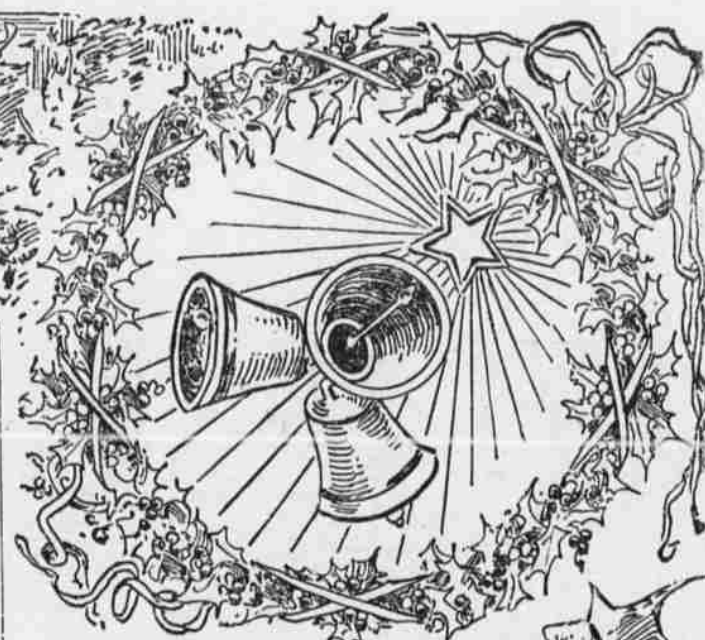
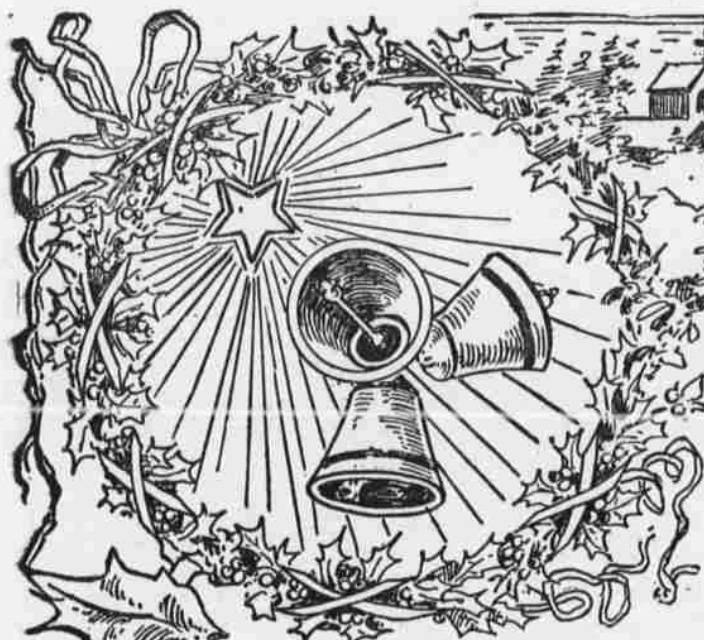


HOLIDAYS



THE GOOD NEW TIMES.

THROUGH the "old folks" talk of the good old times,
When land was plenty and cares were so few;
Yet the "young folks" listen with doubtful smiles,
Convinced they were not as good as the new.

Those were gay sleigh rides, grandpapa, I know;
While lassie ne'er danced lithe as dear "grandma'r";
But some things could be said 'bout a modern beau,
And a cozy jaunt in a palace car.

Those were wonderful loaves dear "grandma'r" made,
And she broil'd your socks with a wondrous darn;
Yet she wondered sometimes, I'm sure, if it paid,
(Would have left had she dared for a promenade
And enjoyed to have spun a little street yarn).

No doubt her papa, great-granpa, you know,
Really frowned when she purchased her wedding dress,
And sighed as he wished for the "good old times,"
When bonnets were cheaper and dresses took less.

While his great-grandpa, I've heard it said,
Wouldn't spare the wool for his daughter to weave;
But sighed for the fashions of Paradise,
And longed for the fig leaves of Mother Eve.

Soon forgotten is pain, when pleasures are o'er,
"Distance enchants us," the poet was right;
Who wanders his memory back to deplore,
The collar too high or the boots all too tight?

The maiden who lingers o'er past hours of bliss,
Forgets as she day-dreams of heroes and rings,
How her hair wouldn't crimp and her gloves wouldn't fit;
For "deeply depraved are inanimate things."

There are bountiful times in these good new days;
There are lives as beautiful, pure and true,
As any who moved to the simpler ways;
And it may be a trifle better, too—
Since God with infinite loving bestows

appeared through a door that led to her own room.

Mrs. Sprague did not follow her daughter with any further attempts at consolation, neither did she guess what Lilla was going to do, and that was to write a note:

Dear Sir—In case you may wish to make any explanation of your very strange conduct on two occasions this week, I wish you would spare yourself the trouble of doing any such thing, either personally or in writing. Your ring shall be returned by mail, registered.
"LILLA SPRAGUE."

That little projectile which Lilla fired at her fiancé very nearly ended the life of Randolph Watts; at least, so Watts said. He could not think, or he might have seen an easy way out of the horrible maze into which he had got himself. His transgression stared him in the face. He had run away from Lilla—twice—and had even congratulated himself on his escape from her and chuckled over it secretly. How was he to convince her that his evasion was not an evidence of disloyalty to her?

It was only three days before Christmas and Watts had promised himself that, whatever future Christmas might have in store for him, that Christmas should be the happiest he had known so far at least.

That night he lay awake until he was exhausted. Next morning he got up and went to his business mechanically.

The first ray of comfort came with his cousin, Mrs. Sucher—the same whom Lilla had spoken of as a "frump."

"Why, Randolph," said Mrs. Sucher, as she entered the office, "what is the matter with you? Have you been ill?"

"She saw me," was all Randolph could say.

"You were with Randolph Watts when he ran away from Lilla yesterday. How was it?"

"You promise not to tell her?—to keep it for three days? Very well. You see, he wants to give her a bracelet he had made for her, with a very pretty motto



OH, IT'S NO USE NOW, COUSIN MATTIE."

on it in enamel. Then he wants to give her a beautiful little watch that belonged to his poor mother, and he has had a little miniature of his mother made to fit in behind the watch. First he took the watch to Moore's. That was the day he ran up against Lilla, when he had the whole package in his hand, and was afraid she would ask him, and ran. Yesterday, just as he was taking me to hold

been cut for us on the stick of time. The delight arises from the anticipation of the new and better experiences of the year to come. What interest any rational person could have in having his fortune told is a mystery. The zest and charm of life consist largely in the fact that each day is like a new page in the story. If you wish to enjoy your book you do not, when it is half read, turn to the closing chapter to discover how it turns out. You do not thank anyone for telling you the plot. It is so with life. There is infinite satisfaction in each day's contribution to the record. You do not want to anticipate it. It would be a curse if anyone could tell you just what the year would bring. It is just as reasonable to suppose that the year will be happy as sad. Who can tell? Who can control that? Are we not in the hands of God? That is the reason for a happy New Year's day.

ARCTIC CHRISTMAS.

How a Party of Men Once Made Some Little Eskimos Happy.

Once on a time a company of men were far North in the arctic regions at Christmas time, and they could not help thinking of their families at home, and longing to be with them. But they knew it would not do to be homesick, for it would unfit them for their work, so they chose the best possible cure for it; they made other people happy.

The little Eskimo children around them had never even heard of a Christmas tree, and the men of the ship's company went to work to make one. Make one? "Why, trees grow!" Certainly, but they do not grow in the arctic lands, for these explor-

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.



CHRISTMAS AND THE CHILDREN.

THE little folks are talkin'—they talk like anything
'Bout Santy Claus a-comin', an' what he's goin' to bring;
An' the mother never scolds 'em or tells 'em 'bout the noise;
They're just the sweetest little girls—the best of little!

Because they know that Santy Claus knows everything they do,
An' while he's loading up his sleigh he's watchin' of 'em, too!
An' them that minds their mothers, they gets the most of toys—
They're just the sweetest little girls—the best of little boys!

They've just been writin' letters to Santy Claus each day
An' tellin' him just what they want an' showin' him the way
To where the house is, so he'll know just where to leave the toys,
Fer just the sweetest little girls—the best of little boys!

They're gittin' mighty anxious fer the days an' nights to go,
An' all of 'em are happy an' they make their mothers so!
She never has to scold 'em or tell 'em 'bout the noise,
'Cause they're just the sweetest little girls—the best of little boys.
—Atlanta Constitution.

THE DECORATIVE HOLLY.

Wreaths of Its Glossy Leaves Woven Round the Earth at Christmas.

MUCH of the Christmas sentiment is due to the holly, which, with its bright berries and glossy leaves, is one of the most decorative greens used at the Christmas season, and is adapted especially well to wreath form, the color lasting longer and the general shape being more satisfactory than when made of the evergreen.

Factor than when made of the evergreen.