

THE GHOST OF THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE.

ALL MY BRIEF AND SAD EXISTENCE ON THE EARTH, YOU DENIED ME RECOGNITION...

KATHIE'S CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

"YOU may have a dollar to spend for Christmas presents, but I can't afford any more."

"There's 10 cents for a horn for Harry, and Mabel's bottle of cologne is 15—"

"SHE'S GIVEN ME THREE—BY MISTAKE."

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"It's for Miss Mansfield, Kathie, and you must come directly home if she pays you the money," was Mabel's parting charge.

she said, coming back. "Your sister is a beautiful sewer, my dear. Here are two dollars for this work."

Was it a mistake? Perhaps Miss Mansfield meant it for her—for a Christmas present.

Kathie carried the dollar home, and with shaking little fingers, put the extra bill away in her drawer.

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there was no way for it but to bring it back again. Miss Mansfield listened, holding the dollar in her hands.

"Kathie," said Miss Mansfield, suddenly. "I need a little girl sometimes to dust and put in order the china and ornaments in this room."

"It's ten days to Christmas yet!" she exclaimed, her joy bubbling up into her voice.

And then the stern Miss Mansfield laughed, too. "I am sure you could, Kathie," said she.

When Mrs. Bidwell returned to the house she found pandemonium let loose. The contents of the big package had been distributed.

bugle, and the other things were an open secret to all who cared to investigate.

"I don't know which is worse," said Mrs. B., with tears in her eyes.

Origin of the Christmas Tree. The old Teutonic and Saxon races in Central and Northern Europe.

A Holiday Jingle. We may as well remember, While getting Christmas cheer.

Festivity Not Yet Complete. Tommy—Come on out an' play. Eddy—I can't.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

OW many memories gather round the sound of bells, those silver monitors to us.

Whilom, they peal dire dangers, and the ground trembles to tramp of feet fear-furtious.

They mingle in with music when it plays Melodious, so that all of life seems fair.

It was the night before Christmas, and near midnight. The main postoffice in one of our large cities.

It was 9 o'clock on Christmas morning. Mr. Arthur Proctor had just seated himself at the breakfast table.

He was a tall, broad-shouldered, good-looking fellow, with dark hair and eyes.

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any clew to the sender." Then he proceeded to hold the slippers up and shake them, and from one of them fell a note.

"Dear Pettikins—A merry Christmas! I send you a silk nightcap to fit down snugly over your pretty ears.

At the very moment Mr. Arthur Proctor was trying on the blue silk nightcap and the pearl-embroidered slipper.

"Dear Old Chum—A merry Christmas to you. Knowing your extreme fondness for a good cigar.

"It's lucky you wrote on your business paper, Mr. Charles Burleigh," gazed Miss Mayfield as she lost her small right hand in one of the driving gloves.

It was noon, the day after Christmas, when Charles Burleigh sauntered into Arthur Proctor's own particular den.

"Dear Sir—A Christmas box intended by you for an 'Old Chum' has, through some mismanagement at the postoffice.

A few months later, item from society news column: "It is rumored that the engagement of Miss Antoinette Mayfield to Mr. Arthur Proctor will soon be announced."

A Great Present. "What are you going to give Santa Claus for Christmas?" asked Auntie.

A New Year's Wish. A Happy New Year to you, little one, whose Happy New Years are just begun!

JANUARY.

LUFF old Winter Chief! Ho w his merry forces rally!

And the Western wind comes rushing in a white and blinding flurry.

The Eastern wind comes up from where the low, white boes are lying.

But Janus claps his be-matted hands, and stamps upon the heather.

regions. Here, buried among the dark pines and snow-covered crags.

In years gone by the decorations of a Christmas tree were, though, perhaps, not less satisfactory.

PRINTING TREE ORNAMENTS. are in the main responsible for this state of affairs.

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