

CHRISTMAS AND THE WHITE GOOSE

By ELLA M. PLATT.
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THE little boy and the little girl sat at the breakfast table eating oatmeal and milk.

Their papa said to their mamma: "A Christmas goose is the best thing there is. This year we must have a Christmas goose."

The little girl looked up at the little boy and smiled, and the little boy smiled back.

After breakfast the little girl and the little boy put on their caps and coats and started off for the barnyard.

They met a big, old, fat duck.

"Are you the Christmas goose?" asked the little girl.

The big, old, fat duck shook her head.

They met a big, old, fat hen.

"Are you the Christmas goose?" asked the little boy.

But the big, old, fat hen shook her head.

They met a big, old, fat guinea hen.

"Are you the Christmas goose?" asked the little boy.

The big, old, fat guinea hen shook her head.

They met a big, old, fat white goose.

"Are you the Christmas goose?" asked the little girl.

And the big, old, fat white goose nodded her head and fluffed her feathers and stepped proudly with her flat, yellow, webbed feet.

"Oh, goody!" shouted the little boy. "We've found our Christmas goose already."

"Oh, oh, oh! I know something," said the little girl, and she ran to the house just as fast as she could go. And when she came back she had a lovely little holly wreath tied with beautiful long red and green ribbons.

They put the wreath over the head of the Christmas goose, and each held one of the ribbons. The Christmas goose waddled along proudly.

The quinea hens piped, the ducks quacked and the hens clucked when they saw this fine sight.

The little boy and the little girl led and drove the proud Christmas goose

out of the barnyard to the green grove where all the little Christmas trees grow.

"We must have a Christmas tree for our Christmas goose," said the little girl.

"Yes, yes, Christmas goose," said the little boy, "you wait right here for us. Don't you muss your holly wreath, and don't you muss your ribbons."

The proud Christmas goose waddled gently to show how careful she would be. The little boy and the little girl ran away fast to get the things for the Christmas tree.

The little girl brought back some ears of red and yellow corn and a bunch of wheat and barley heads and a pocketful of oats.

The little boy brought back two cabbages and a yellow pumpkin and some grain. The Christmas goose became so excited when she saw these things that she waddled too fast.

"Wait a minute, Christmas goose!" cried the little boy, and he placed his things on the ground near the tree.

"It isn't quite time, Christmas goose," cried the little girl, and she fastened her things on the tree.

"Now, Christmas goose," said the little girl, "we will go and invite all your friends to come and see our beautiful tree."

So the little girl picked up her ribbon, and the little boy picked up his ribbon, and they led and drove the Christmas goose back to the barnyard. But it was hard work, for the Christmas goose wanted to turn her head all the time to look at the Christmas tree. At the barnyard all the chickens and all the guinea hens stood still to admire the fine Christmas goose in her holly wreath and ribbons.

"Oh, chickens!" said the little boy.

"Oh, ducks!" said the little girl.

"Oh, guinea hens!" said the little boy.

"Come, see our Christmas tree!" said the little girl.

The chickens clucked, and the ducks quacked, and the guinea hens piped, and they all spread themselves out in a long row and ran around and around and around after the little girl and the little boy driving their Christmas goose.

The little boy and the little girl scattered corn and wheat and oats all over the ground around their Christmas tree. The chickens and the ducks and the guinea hens ate and ate and ate. The Christmas goose ate, too, but she ate very proudly and



THE BEST FUN OF ALL.

raised her head every few minutes to shake her holly wreath.

Papa and mamma came out to see them.

"Heigh-ho! What's this?" said papa.

"Mercy! What's all this?" said mamma.

"This is the Christmas goose!" shouted the little boy.

"And the Christmas goose's Christmas tree!" said the little girl.

"And the Christmas goose's friends!" said the little boy.

"Yes, and it is quite true, papa," said the little girl. "A Christmas goose is the best thing there is! Why, a Christmas goose is just lots of fun!"

"Yes, mamma," said the little boy, "a Christmas goose is the best fun of all."

The Moon.

The moon's mean distance from the earth is 237,000 miles. When it is at the perigee—nearest point—it is 225,000 miles and when at the apogee—farthest point—more than 251,000 miles from the earth. The actual diameter is estimated at 2,153 miles, or a little less than three-eighths of the earth's diameter. The moon's volume is therefore about one forty-ninth that of the earth, and its mass is one eighty-eighth of the earth; consequently the force of gravity is so much less at its surface than it is at the earth's surface that a body weighing 1,000 pounds here would weigh on the moon only 123 pounds.

One Who Knew.

"Does any one in the class," asked the teacher, "know the origin of the corn laws?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the shaggy haired pupil. "They were written by John Bunton."—Chicago Tribune.

There is no killing the suspicion that deceit has once begotten.—Elliot.

WOMAN.

A Mystery That Keeps Man Eternally on the Guess.

"When woman has ceased to be a mystery she will cease to be of special interest to man," said one among the loveliest of her sex, and she is able to speak as one having authority, for she is comely and has been alive long enough to know whereof she speaks.

And, come to think of it, she is about right—she is right.

It isn't because woman makes of herself a mystery. She's a mystery in spite of herself. And nature alone, being man's superior on earth, seems to be playing woman so as to keep man ever guessing, for as soon as he has succeeded in figuring out one of her equations she hands him another, and so on, and on.

At first the young man thinks he knows all about all women, but by the time his locks begin to whiten he is ready to concede that he doesn't even know all about one. Or do you know all about her?

To the laddie they are all kissable, or nearly all, but as time passes the kissable list shortens and shortens until at last—well, you may answer for yourself, but no doubt it is quite short unless you belong to the promiscuous brotherhood.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.



AT BED TIME.

The little people are usually afraid of the dark, and a light bed room gives them confidence.

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