



*On Christmas Day in the Morning*

"Oh, very, very much!"

"Yes, Guy's done well. I always thought he'd get her, if he hung on. The Fernalds always hang on, but Guy's got a mite of a temper—I did n't know but he might let go a little too soon. Well—it's great to think they all plan to spend every Christmas Day with us, is n't it, Emeline?"

"Yes, dear—it's—great."

"Well—I must let you go to sleep. It's been a big day, and I guess you're tired. Emeline, we've not only got each other—we've got the children too. That's a pretty happy thing at our age, is n't it, now?"

"Yes—yes."

"Good night—Christmas Night, Emeline."

"Good night, dear."