

FOR THE  
LITTLE FOLKS.VISIT OF  
SAINT NICHOLAS.

Twice the night before Christmas, when  
all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a  
mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney  
with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would  
come there,  
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my  
cap,  
Had just settled our brains for a long  
winter's nap,  
When out on the lawn there arose such  
a clatter,  
I sprang from my bed to see what was  
the matter,<  
As I'd drawn in my head, and was turning  
around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came  
with a bound,  
He was dressed all in fur, from his head  
to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with  
ashes and soot;  
A bundle of toys he had slung on his back,  
And he looked like a peddler just opening  
his pack,  
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples,  
how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like  
a cherry;  
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his  
teeth,  
And the smoke it encircled his head like  
a wreath,  
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to  
dread,  
He spoke not a word, but went straight  
to his work,  
And filled all the stockings; then turned  
with a jerk,  
And laid his finger on my forehead with  
a wink,  
But I heard him exclaim, ere he went out  
of sight,  
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a  
Good-night!"

## WHAT MYRTIE SAW.

BY ANNIE ARMSTRONG.

"I want to tell you, dolly, the things I saw  
last night;  
You know I went early, and left you  
dressed in white;  
You know 'twas Christmas evening, I  
told you so before,  
And so I hung my stocking behind the bed-  
room door,  
And mamma said I'd better go right  
straight off to sleep  
When I got up from prayin' 'the Lord  
my soul to keep';  
But I was just determined to stay awake  
because  
My brudder said there wasn't ever any  
Santa Claus.  
"I kept my eyes wide open, and waited  
awful long,  
And they kept gettin' heavy, but I was  
pretty strong;  
And I just didn't shut 'em, and by and by  
I heard  
A funny sound a-comin'; but I didn't say  
a word,  
But kept as still as ever, and listened  
just as hard,  
And then a lot of horses came runnin'  
through the yard,  
And up the house they galloped, and in  
a minute more  
Some one came down the chimney and  
jumped upon my floor.  
"First I was kind of frightened, and  
when I dared to look,  
I knew him by the picture in my big story  
book,  
He had such lots of presents, and such a  
funny smile,  
I thought I'd like to watch him go round  
an awful while,  
I didn't see the presents, for he went the  
other side,  
But I saw 'em in the mornin', and I  
laughed until I cried,  
But he was in a hurry, and made an  
awful leap  
Right back up through the chimney—and  
then I went to sleep.  
"And when I told my brudder, this  
mornin' in the hall,  
He laughed at me like sick, and said I  
dreamt it all,  
Guess I know when I'm dreamin'; he  
needn't be so smart—  
I wish I'd told old Santa not to give him  
that red coat,  
He's eight years old this New Year's and  
looks like a little fellow,  
But I know Santa Claus, so there—I saw  
him with my eyes!  
And, oh, he looked so funny! wish I  
could show you how,  
Fery dolly, I was just as wide awake as  
I am now!"

## CHRISTMAS SONG.

A patter of feet on the chamber stairs,  
A flutter of robes like a bird's soft  
wings,  
An opening of doors, then a merry shout,  
And this is the song the children sing:  
"Wake up! wake up! Old Santa has  
come  
With oceans of goodies and toys!  
Wake up! wake up! the chiming bells  
Proclaim our festive joys."  
From cellar to attic the riot begins;  
Up and down, up and down, their  
voices ring,  
Their bright eyes glance, their sweet lips  
meet,  
And over and over the song they sing:  
"Ah! jolly Old Santa, you've come once  
again  
With gifts for your girls and your boys!  
We greet you, we love you, we speed you  
away,  
For millions are waiting your joys!"  
Shout on, happy hearts, hearts pure as  
the snow;  
Shout on, for the years their measures  
will bring,—

For the bright eyes tears, for the sweet  
lips, sighs,—  
But now, O merrily, joyfully sing:  
"Santa has come again, Santa has come,  
The silvery bells are ringing;  
We'll crown him with holly and mistletoe,  
And give him a joyous greeting!"  
ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.

## The First Christmas.

BY ELEANOR S. DEANE.

In a field near to an ancient city  
that was sometimes called by the  
name of the noblest and most pious  
of their country's kings, some shep-  
herds were watching their flocks of  
sheep while they were sleeping; for  
it was night, and the sheep lay in  
peaceful groups on the plain and in  
the hollows of the hills among  
which they fed in the daytime.  
No doubt the men were poor;  
but that very king whose history  
was so dear to them and to all the  
people of the land, had been a shep-  
herd in his youth; and as they sat  
where they could see if any danger  
threatened their charge, perhaps  
they talked of his beautiful boy-  
hood, when he led the flocks of his  
father among the same hills and  
plains, defending them against the  
wild beasts of the woods; and of  
his early bravery in battle, and of  
his prosperous kingdom. Those  
true-hearted shepherds loved their  
country, and worshiped the God of  
their fathers; and they remembered  
that it was written in their sacred  
books that a greater One than king  
David should one day be born in  
their own city of Bethlehem, whose  
kingdom should be more glorious  
than his, and should have no end.  
As the men thus sat, an angel  
stood beside them, and all the place  
grew gloriously bright. And the  
beautiful shining one talked with  
those poor men, saying that he had  
come to bring them good and joy-  
ful tidings. They had looked for  
the promised Saviour. He was al-  
ready born—that very night. They  
should find him in Bethlehem, the  
city of David.

Then, as they listened to the  
sweet voice of the angel, rejoicing  
in the blessed news, the plain and  
all the air about them was suddenly  
thronged with heavenly beings,  
singing the most joyful anthem that  
was ever sung since the world was  
made—giving "Glory to God most  
high" because of His "good will"  
and holy love to men.  
The astonished shepherds watch-  
ed and listened till the angelic  
forms disappeared in the bright  
heavens and the sound of their sing-  
ing had died away; and then they  
went together to find the Babe who  
was henceforth to be their king.  
You may suppose they would  
have looked for their infant prince  
in the most splendid palace in  
Bethlehem; but the angel had told  
them where to go, and they found  
him as he had said, lying in a man-  
ger, with Mary His mother, and  
her husband Joseph watching over  
them. The shepherds were filled  
with wonder and with joy as they  
looked upon the Child, and render-  
ed to Him the homage due to a  
sovereign prince.

Would you not like to follow one  
of these shepherds to his home? See!  
he has looked on the promised Re-  
deemer, and is going to tell the  
news to those he loves best. May-  
be he is late in his return, and his  
little ones are watching for him as  
his mother prepares the breakfast.  
Perhaps they see him coming and  
run to meet him. The eldest hears  
something cheering in his father's  
voice, and the youngest feels a  
spring in the lift of his father's arm  
as he is seated on his shoulder; and  
when the shepherd stoops to enter  
his cottage his wife sees the new  
strange light in his eyes before he  
speaks, and waits for him to tell the  
joyful news.

Then, when the wonderful story  
has been told, and the little ones  
have heard once and again of the  
angels and the holy anthem, and  
more than all, of the Babe who is their  
king, it seems as if their morning  
repast of coarse bread were most  
delicious, because of the thank-  
fulness that fills their happy hearts.

## SANTA CLAUS

## Visits the Van Johnsons.

Swing low, sweet chariot—  
Goin' fur to car' me home;  
Swing low, sweet chariot—  
Goin' fur to car' me home,  
Debbil tought he would spite me—  
Goin' fur to car' me home,  
But cuttin' down my apple-tree—  
Goin' fur to car' me home;  
But he didn't spite sh-me at all—  
Goin' fur to car' me home;  
Fur I had apples all de fall—  
Goin'—  
"Oh, jess shut up wif yo' ole  
apples, Chrissfer Columbus Van  
Johnson, an' lissen at dat ar wat  
Miss Bowles done bin a-tellin' me,"  
said Queen Victoria, suddenly mak-  
ing her appearance at the gate  
which opened out of Mrs. Bowles  
back garden into the small yard  
where her brother sat with Prin-  
cess Ann in his arms.  
The Van Johnsons were a color-  
ed family who lived in a Southern  
city in a small three-roomed wood-  
en house on the lot in the rear of  
Mrs. Bowles's garden, and Mrs.  
Bowles was their landlady and  
very good friend. Indeed, I don't  
know what they would have done  
without her, for when she came  
from the North, and rented the big  
house, they were in the depths of

poverty. The kind lady found  
them work, gave them bright  
smiles, words of encouragement,  
fruit, vegetables, and spelling les-  
sons, and so won their simple,  
grateful hearts that they looked  
upon her as a miracle of patience,  
goodness, and wisdom. And as for  
Baby Bowles—the rosy-cheeked,  
sweet-voiced, sunny thing—the  
whole family, from Princess Ann  
up to Mr. Van Johnson, adored her,  
and Queen Victoria was "happy as  
a queen" when allowed to take care  
of her and amuse her.

"Wat's dat ar yo's speakin'?"  
asked Christopher Columbus (so  
named, his father said, "cause he  
war de fustest chile, de discoverer  
ob de family, as it war") as Queen  
Victoria hopped into the yard on  
one leg, and he stopped rocking—  
if you can call throwing yourself  
back on the hind-legs of a common  
wooden chair, and then coming  
down on the fore-legs with a  
bounce and a bang, rocking—the  
youngest Van Johnson with such  
a jerk that her eyes and mouth  
flew open, and out of the latter  
came a tremendous yell. "Dar  
now," said Christopher Columbus,  
"yo's done gone ar' I's bin hours an'  
hours an' hours an' hours gittin  
her asleep. Girls an' de wustest  
boddies I ebber see. I alius dis-  
tasted girls."

"An'ty'oe 'shamed yo'self, Chriss-  
fer Columbus," said Queen Victoria,  
indignantly, "wen bofe yo' sisters  
an' girls? But spec yo' don't  
want to lissen at wat Miss Bowles  
done been a-tellin' me. Hi! Wash-  
ington Webster's a-comin' an' I'll  
jess tell him dat ar screek all by  
hissself."  
"No yo' won't, yo' goin' to tell  
me too," said her big brother.  
"An' yo' better stop a-rollin' yo'  
eyes—yo' got de sassiest eyes I  
ebber see since de day dat I war  
boh'n—an' go on wif yo' story."

"Story?" repeated Washington  
Webster, sauntering up to them,  
leading a big cat—dragging, per-  
haps, would be the better word, as  
poor puss was trying hard to get  
away—by a string.  
"Bout Mahser Zanty Claws,"  
said Queen, opening her eyes so  
wide that they seemed to spread  
over half her face. "Miss Bowles  
says to-morrow's Chrissmus, an' to-  
day's day befo' Chrissmus, an' to-  
night Mahser Zanty Claws go  
'bout'—lowering her voice almost  
to a whisper—"an' put tings in  
chillun's stockings dat 'hated deir-  
selves."

"Am Mahser Zanty Claws any  
lashun to dat ar ole man wif de  
allspeck hoof?" asked Washington  
Webster, with a scared look.  
"Allspeck hoof? Lissen at dat  
ar foolish young cown. Close hoof,  
yo' means," said Queen Victoria.  
"Dat's anoder gemman tirely.  
Mahser Zanty Claws am good. He  
gits yo' dolls, an' candies, an' apples,  
an' nuts, an' books, an' drums, an'  
waisels, an' new cloze."

"Golly! wish he'd worn some  
trowsers an' jacksits an' sich like  
fruit 'roun' here," said Christopher  
Columbus.  
"Trowsers wif red 'spenders an'  
a pistil pocket," said Washington  
Webster, "an' a gile watch, an' a  
sled all yaller, wif green stars on  
it, an'—"

"Yo' bofe talk 's if yo'd bin  
awful good," interrupted Queen  
Victoria. "Maybe Mahser Zanty  
Claws disagree wif yo'."

"Who dat ar done gone get her  
head cracked wif de woden spoon  
fur gobbilin' all de hominy befo' de  
breakfuss wuf ready?" said Wash-  
ington Webster, slyly.

"I most wish dar war no Wash-  
ington Websters in de hull world  
—I certainly do. Dey's too sassy  
to li'," said Queen Victoria. "An'  
sich busybodies—dey certainly is."

"But how an we to know wuf-  
der wuf's Mahser Zanty Claws's  
kine o' good chillun?" said Chris-  
topher Columbus. "We's might  
be good nuff fur oursef's, an' not  
good nuff fur him. If I knowed  
he come yere certain sure, I git  
some green ornaments from ole  
Pete Oampout—he done gone got  
hundreds an' hundreds an' piles  
an' piles—to stick up on de walls,  
an' make de house look more de-  
spicable like."

"Let's go an' ax Miss Bowles,"  
said Queen Victoria. "Baby  
Bowles am ass asleep, an' she's in  
de kitchen makin' pies, an' she  
know ebberthing—she certainly do."

And off they all trooped, Prin-  
cess Ann, cat, and all.  
"Come in," called the pleasant  
voice of their landlady, when they  
rapped on her door; and in they  
tumbled, asking the same question  
all together in one breath: "Mahser  
Zanty Claws comin' to our house,  
Miss Bowles?" Christopher Colum-  
bus adding, "Pears dough we  
muss ornamentem some if he do."

Mrs. Bowles crimped the edge  
of her last pie, and then sat down,  
the children standing in a row be-  
fore her.  
"Have you allbeen very good?"  
she said. "Suppose you tell me  
what good thing you have done  
since yesterday afternoon. Then I  
can gess about Santa Claus."

Mrs. Bowles laughed merrily  
"Go home and ornament," she said.  
"I am sure Santa Claus will pay  
you a visit."

And he did; for on Christmas  
morning, when the young Van  
Johnsons rushed pell-mell, helter-  
skeletal, into the room prepared for  
his call, a new jacket hung on one  
chair, a new pair of trousers on the  
other; a doll's head peeped out of  
Queen Victoria's stocking; a new  
sleed, gayly painted, announced it-  
self in big letters "The Go Ahead";  
lots of toys were waiting for Prin-  
cess Ann; and four papers of good-  
ies reposed on the lowest shelf of  
the cupboard.

"Pears dat ar Mahser Zanty  
Claws don't take zact measure fur  
Boys' cloze," said Christopher Colum-  
bus, as he tried to struggle into the  
jacket. "Dis yere jacksit's  
twice too small."

"An' dis yere trowsers looms an'  
twice too big," said Washington  
Webster, as he drew them up to his  
ankles.

"Lor! bless you, honey-bugs,"  
called their mamma from the door-  
way, "yo' has got tings mixed.  
Dat ar jacksit's fur de odder boy,  
an' dem trowsers too." And they  
all burst out laughing as Christo-  
pher Columbus and Washington  
Webster exchanged Christmas  
gifts, and laughed so loud that Mrs.  
Bowles came over to see what was  
the matter, bringing Baby Bowles,  
who, seeing how jolly everybody  
was, began clapping her tiny hands,  
and shouting, "Melly Kissme!  
Melly Kissme!"

## A VISIT TO

## SANTA CLAUS'S SHOP.

It was nearly nine o'clock when  
Tommy and Rosy went to bed on  
Christmas Eve. Their stockings  
had been hung up, and they wished  
very much for the next morning  
to come. Sallie Ann was Rosy's  
dolly, and she wore stockings.  
One of them had to be hung up  
with the others.

In ten minutes Tommy and Rosy  
and the dolly were all fast asleep.  
In the middle of the night Tommy  
woke, and found Rosy sitting up  
in bed. She was looking at some-  
thing. Tommy wanted to know  
what it was. He turned over, and  
what should he see but Santa Claus  
himself!

The dear old man was buttoned  
up to his chin in a coat of white  
fur. He was busy filling the  
stockings.

"There!" said Santa Claus, "I've  
forgotten Rosy's doll, and I shall  
have to go all the way back and  
get something for it."

"I wish you'd taken me with you,"  
said Tommy, boldly.

"An' me too, if you please, Mister  
Santa Claus," added Rosy.  
"Halloo!" shouted Santa Claus,  
"you awake, youngsters?"

"Yes, sir," answered Tommy,  
"and we want you to take us to  
ride in your sleigh."

"Well, well, well," laughed the  
old man. "Santa Claus refuse the  
children anything; make haste, I've  
no time to lose."

Out of bed jumped the two chil-  
dren. "Don't wait to dress," said  
Santa Claus. "I'll put one of you  
into each of my big pockets, and  
you'll be warm enough. Come on!"

Out on the roof they went.  
There stood the sleigh, drawn by  
eight tiny reindeer. Santa Claus  
got into the sleigh, and drew the  
fur robes over him. Tommy and  
Rosy, peeping out of his pockets,  
felt very nice and warm.

"Come, Dasher! he Comet!" said  
Santa Claus to his team. "Away  
we go!"

And away they did go, right in  
the air and through the falling  
snow-flakes. Over the tops of the  
houses and trees, over the towns  
and cities, faster, faster, faster they  
went, till they came to Santa  
Claus's country.

Here everything was of snow—  
trees, streets, houses, all made of  
snow. It was as light as day, for  
high in the pink sky hung a great  
bright silver moon.

"Is that your house, Mister Santa  
Claus?" asked little Rosy, they  
passed a beautiful castle all built  
of ice.

"O, no, my dear," said Santa  
Claus. "My house is made every-  
bit of rock candy. Here we are  
now. Hi, Prancer and Cupid!  
stand still!"

Santa Claus jumped out of the  
sleigh with Tommy and Rosy still  
in his pockets. Sure enough, there  
stood Santa Claus's house, all made  
of white, yellow, and red rock  
candy, and lighted up from top to  
bottom with Christmas tapers.

"I'll take you right into my  
workshop," said Santa Claus,  
bouncing into a big room where  
hundreds of little men were at  
work. They were tying up toys,  
books, and candies into thousands  
of parcels. These were to go at  
twelve o'clock by Santa Claus's ex-  
press to all parts of the world.

At the sight of so many lovely  
things Tommy and Rosy both  
jumped out of Santa Claus's pockets.

"Isn't she lovely?" said one,  
touching her long curls.

"Yes, indeed," added another;  
"she is prettier than the prettiest  
vase-doll we ever made."

"She must be cold; let's give her  
one of our little seal-skin coats,"  
said a third, helping Rosy into a  
warm fur coat.

"Let's put candy in the pockets,"  
said a fourth, stuffing the pockets  
with sugar-plums.

"Let's give her a cap to match  
the coat," said a fifth, putting a  
cunning cap over her yellow curls.

"Let's all kiss her," said a sixth.  
But at this Santa Claus popped  
Rosy back into his pocket. "No,  
no," said he, "you might change  
her into an elf like yourselves."

"Tommy, who was never frighten-  
ed at anything, had mounted a  
bicycle, and was flying up and  
down the hall. The little men,  
forgetting their work, ran up and  
down after him, playing on trump-  
ets, horns, fifes, and drums.

"Bless my heart!" cried Santa  
Claus. "I never heard such a din  
in my life. Come, you youngsters,  
the dolls' gift is found, and I'm  
going to take you right back to  
bed."

"No, you don't," shouted Tommy,  
"not unless you let me ride this  
bicycle."

"You can't," said Rosy. "I can,"  
added Tommy. "I know I can!"  
"I'll go with you," said one of  
the little men; "I can ride in the  
air like Santa Claus."

The little man got on Tommy's  
back, and away they went! Rosy  
and Santa Claus were in the sleigh,  
Tommy and the little man on the  
bicycle. On, on, on! faster, faster,  
faster! Tommy shouted in glee.  
Suddenly the wicked little man bit  
Tommy's ear. He screamed, and  
knocked the elf off his back. The  
little man jumped on one of the  
reindeer.

Tommy was no longer able to  
ride on the snow-flakes, and began  
to fall—down, down, down! O,  
how frightened he was! Down,  
down, down! The bicycle turned  
over two or three times, and down  
he went, head first, into—bed.

Yes, when Tommy opened his  
eyes he found himself in bed.  
He only dreamed this story.  
Rosy was asleep beside him. The  
stockings were twice as big as  
when hung up. Right in the mid-  
dle of the room stood a splendid  
new bicycle.

The early sunshine was coming  
through the nursery window. It  
was Christmas morning.

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

## HOW

## TOMMY &amp; THE BABY

## SAW SANTA CLAUS.

Little Tommy had been watch-  
ing all day—watching for Santa  
Claus.

It was the day before Christmas,  
and he knew Santa must be on the  
way. The big city lay off to the  
north, behind the great hill, and  
Tommy felt sure Santa would come  
down the hill road. At the sunny  
south windows, among the ivies,  
you could see anyone coming over  
the hill road for two miles. Tommy  
knew, if he kept any kind of  
watch, he should be sure to see old  
Santa at some point—and Tommy's  
eyes just shot forth sparkles to the  
effect of beholding the famous  
reindeer team.

"Just you fink, Miss Baby,"  
he said to his wee sister, swinging  
in her blue and white crib, "just  
you fink of four, seven, eight little  
hosses wif horns to their heads,  
and wif bells to 'em that go jingle,  
jingle, jingle." And Tommy capered  
across the floor for a moment,  
throwing up his hands and shaking  
Miss Baby's rattle with all his  
might. Then he went back to his  
window again.

All at once he heered out. "Baby!  
I see him! I do! I see him!"  
"Wa wa?" gurgled Baby, with  
her pink fingers in her mouth.

Tommy waited just a minute  
longer—he didn't see something very  
long and black away on top of the  
hill, and then, with flying curls  
and red cheeks, he rushed away,  
pushed a hassock up to the crib,  
dragged Baby up bodily with a  
long tug, and—well, mamma had  
just time for one surprised smile,  
and then a swift rush—just so that  
Tommy and Baby didn't tip back-  
wards—they just didn't, and that  
was all! And Mamma's scream so  
frightened Tommy that he forgot  
Santa for some time; and when he  
did look the team was out of sight.  
So Tommy didn't see him come,  
after all—but come he did—for  
such a fat sticking as Tommy's  
next morning, you never saw!

## CHRISTMAS GAMES.

Christmas is the time for merry-  
making; for genial fellowship and  
jolly games.

Perhaps there is no game which  
gives greater amusement both to  
young folks and old ones than the  
game of "Characters," some times  
called "Twenty Questions," and  
sometimes "Nouns." In this one,  
each of the company thinks of some  
one particular person or thing, and  
the others ply him with questions,  
and endeavor to find out his secret  
from the answers. It is astonish-  
ing how judicious questioning can  
draw the most out-of-the-way ob-  
ject out of mystery into the light  
of day. Sometimes the company  
divide themselves into two parties,

each of which sends out one of  
their number, and on his return  
questions him separately, and en-  
deavors to find out his secret before  
the other side can do so. Each  
candidate must be questioned by  
the opposite side and the party  
which first guesses rightly takes  
possession of both candidates.

That side is considered to have  
won the game which draws over  
the largest number of members.  
When played in this way the game  
is often called "Clumps."

"Trades" is a very amusing game.  
In this each person chooses a cer-  
tain trade, and one member of the  
company who is named by the rest  
makes up a story, in the course of  
which he introduces an account of  
his shopping excursions, and calls  
haphazard upon the representative  
of each business to name some noun  
which belongs to his trade. Thus  
a butcher is to name a certain joint  
of meat, a grocer some article of  
grocery, and so on. No item is to  
be mentioned twice, and if there  
is any hesitation in naming some-  
thing suitable a forfeit must be  
paid. When the story is well told,  
a good deal of fun may be got out  
of this game.

"Dumb Crambo" is another good  
game. When playing it, half the  
party leave the room, and those  
who remain choose a verb, which  
the others are to guess. When the  
absent ones return they are told of  
a word which will rhyme with the  
word fixed upon, and they consult  
together to find out what it is. If  
they guess right they are applaud-  
ed; if they fail they are hissed.  
A word spoken on either side, ex-  
cepting by the actors for the pur-  
pose of private consultation, entails  
a forfeit.

"Russian Scandal" is a very in-  
teresting game. In this game one  
member of the company writes a  
short story on a slate, making it as  
full of incident as he can. He then  
goes outside the door, and calls  
one of his companions to him and  
reads the story aloud once, very  
distinctly. After doing this he  
walks away and carries the slate  
with him. The person to whom  
the story was read summons an-  
other of the party, and narrates  
the story to him as exactly as he  
can remember it. The third person  
tells it to a fourth, and the fourth  
to a fifth, and so on till each one  
of the party has had the story nar-  
rated to him privately and solemnly  
outside the door. When all have  
heard it, the last one to go out  
comes into the room and narrates  
the story to the whole company.  
The original is then read from the  
slate, and it is quite curious to no-  
tice how it has altered in the  
course of transmission. There is  
no necessity for any intentional  
inaccuracy. If only there is plenty  
of incident in the tale, it will be  
found that it is almost impossible  
for the person who last heard the  
story to repeat it exactly as the  
first one gave it. The little fun  
that is made in entering and leav-  
ing the room makes the difficulty  
of remembrance all the greater.

## "Everlasting" Letters.

Among the most attractive de-  
corations for church or home festi-  
vals, are appropriate mottoes  
wrought with everlasting flowers,  
moss, and evergreen sprigs. We  
transfer from Vick's Floral Maga-  
zine, the following instructions on  
the subject:—

The letters being cut from the  
straw board, or card board with a  
sharp knife or strong shears, are  
ready to be covered. This can be  
done by tying with dark thread  
small branches of evergreens over  
the face of the board, with a few  
Everlasting Flowers or bright ber-  
ries to relieve the sombre color.  
Better letters, however, can be made  
with dry moss and Everlasting  
Flowers, tie the moss over the face  
of the letter as evenly as possible,  
then cut the stems of the flowers  
short, leaving only about half an  
inch. Dip the stems in a little paste,  
and insert it in the moss, and when  
dry it will remain secure. If the  
letters are small, cover them with  
paste and on this place immortelles.  
Two in width will just cover an inch  
letter, the flowers being half an inch  
in diameter. The best colors are  
pink and purple. After the letter  
is covered with immortelles, on top  
of them place a few white flowers,  
three-fourths of an inch apart, for  
relief. A little green moss may be  
used for the edges. Sometimes it  
is well to make the first letter of  
each word a little larger than the  
others, and of a darker color, the  
first letter purple and the others  
pink. The moisture of the paste  
will cause the letters to warp, un-  
less secured; this do by pinning  
them to a board until dry.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Don't forget to say "Good morn-  
ing." Say it to your parents, your  
brothers and sisters, your school-  
mates, your teachers, your servants  
—and say it cheerfully, and with a  
smile. There is a sort of inspira-  
tion in every "good morning" heart-  
ily and smilingly spoken, that helps  
to make hope fresher and work  
lighter. It really seems to make  
the morning good, and to be a pro-  
phecy of a good day to come after  
it. And if this is true of all  
kind, hearty greetings. They cheer  
the discouraged, rest the tired one,  
and somehow make the wheels of  
life run smoothly.

FAIR WARNING  
CHRISTMAS

Will soon be here, and now is the time to select your CHRISTMAS  
PRESENTS before it is too late.  
An unusually large and choice assortment will be found at the

Newcastle Drug Store.

## FANCY GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION:

WRITING DESKS,  
WORK BOXES,  
CARD CASES,  
LADIES' COMPANIONS,  
GENTLEMEN'S DRESSING CASES,  
GLOVE & HANDKERCHIEF BOXES in Japanese Work,  
ALSO SHELL BOXES,  
HAND-PAINTED CANDLES & SCENT SACHES,  
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS AND  
FINE VELVET FRAMES,  
HAND MIRRORS,  
AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS,  
and a beautiful collection of

## FANCY CUPS AND SAUCERS AND MUGS.

My assortment of VASES, TOILET SETS and CHINAWARE is ad-  
mitted by all to be the best ever seen in Newcastle.

## Christmas and New Year Cards

a specialty. My stock this year is composed of the best and choicest  
selections to be had in the market.

Come and See for Yourself!

## TOYS FOR THE CHILDREN,

embracing all the new and popular varieties.

CHECKERS, CHESS, DOMINOES, LOTTO AND GAMES OF ALL  
SORTS, PAINT BOXES, JOINTED FIGURES, JUMPING  
JACKS, HORSES & WAGGONS, STEAM