

29 m. A.
46 m. A.
21 m. A.

OF CHATHAM.

N S.	MOON RISES.
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M.	H.	M.
33	5	30
34	6	35
35	7	41
36	8	54
37	9	46
38	10	45
39	11	45
1	Morn	
2	0	42
3	1	39
4	2	37
5	3	33
6	4	28
7	5	20
8	6	10
9	Sets.	
10	6	12
11	7	19
12	8	27
1	9	36
2	10	45
3	11	56
4	Morn	
5	1	06
6	2	14
7	3	20
8	4	22
9	5	16
10	6	04
11	6	47
12	7	24

Co.
to.

SANTA CLAUS' RIDE.

WAS Christmas eve ; o'er the pulseless world
 Dame night her mantle of darkness unfurled,
 While the twinkling stars, with their magic light,
 Looked calmly down on the quiet night.
 The frost gleamed bright on each leafless tree ;
 The night wind chanted its melody ;
 The snow's white folds o'er earth were spread
 Where the flowers and grass lay withered and dead ;
 And Luna fair with her silver light,
 The queen of the star lit, silent night,
 With face as bright as a fairy dream,
 Shone full on mountain, vale and stream.
 Within their home each happy child
 Was dreaming, with heart from care beguiled ;
 A bright smile o'er their faces did play
 As they thought of the coming Christmas day,
 While many the stockings for young and old,
 To hold their burden of wealth untold,
 Were hanging from every nook and chair,
 For they knew good Santa Claus would be there.

Now, far from the west, in his annual round,
 Santa Claus speeds o'er the frosted ground :
 The tinkling sound of his merry bell
 Wakes echoes on mountain, in woodland and dell ;
 He stops at each house where in sleep childhood is bound,
 Straight down through the chimney, with scarcely a sound,
 He goes in a twinkling—with candy and toy,
 The stockings to fill for each good girl and boy.
 With low merry laugh and whispered good night,
 He is up and away like a flash of the light,
 And out in the night he is speeding again,
 To gladden the hearts of the children of men.

But lo ! sad misfortune, with cold, cheerless hand,
 Has reached Santa Claus in the far western land ;
 His reindeers are crippled and weak and foot-sore,
 At midnight they pause on the Missouri's shore.
 "Oh ! what shall I do ?" the good man now cried,
 "The way it is long and the waters are wide,
 And my weary reindeers no farther can go
 On my circuit of miles o'er the white crusted snow.
 Oh ! could I but reach ere the dawning of day
 That great famous city, so far, far away,
 The children in east-land far distant to-night,
 Might yet happy be at the dawning of light.
 But wait, there's a railroad I've heard much about
 That runs to that city—The Rock Island Route ;
 And off have I heard of the wonderful time
 Their great Silver Engine has made on this line.
 Now, would they but give me that engine to-night,
 To reach Chicago, before the morn's light,
 One half of my kingdom I'd give glad and free,
 To the world-famous road, C-R-I and P."
 Away to the station impatient he goes
 And telegraphs quickly his troubles and woes ;