



## SLY SANTA CLAUS.

BY MRS. S. C. STONE.

All the house was asleep,  
 And the fire burning low,  
 When from far up the chimney,  
 Came down a "Ho! ho!"  
 And a little round man,  
 With a terrible scratching,  
 Dropped into the room  
 With a wink that was catching.  
 Yes, down he came, bumping,  
 And thumping, and jumping,  
 And picked himself up without sign of a bruise!

"Ho! ho!" he kept on,  
 As if bursting with cheer,  
 "Good children, gay children,  
 Glad children, see here,  
 I have brought you fine dolls,  
 And gay trumpets, and rings,  
 Noah's arks, and bright skates,  
 And a host of good things!  
 I have brought a whole sackful,  
 A packful, a hackful  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither and choose.

Ho! ho! What is this,  
 Why, they are all asleep  
 But their stockings are up,  
 And my presents will keep!  
 So, in with the candies,  
 The books, and the toys,  
 All the goodies I have  
 For the good girls and boys.  
 I'll ram them, and jam them,  
 And slam them, and cram them,  
 All the stockings will hold while the tired creatures  
 snooze.

Ho! ho! How they'll laugh  
 When they open their eyes!  
 Ha! ha! How I wish  
 I could see their surprise!  
 But I'll give one a kiss  
 And I then must be off!  
 He! he! Little puss,  
 Does my breath make you cough?  
 Don't worry; I'll skurry,  
 Be off in a hurry;  
 So you all may sleep on while I finish my cruise."

Kept ducking and ducking;  
 And his little, fat fingers  
 Kept tucking and tucking,  
 Until every stocking  
 Bulged out on the wall,  
 As if it were bursting,  
 And ready to fall.  
 And then, all at once,  
 With a whisk and a whistle,  
 And twisting himself  
 Like a tough bit of gristle,  
 He bounced up again,  
 Like the down of a thistle,  
 And nothing was left but the prints of his shoes.

