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Literature.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING?

Feathery flukes are dancing, dancing, in the gray morn'g frosty gleam. Heralds of our dream— From the gardens of our dream— From the night and the day— Where the bonbons gaily glow Just like sweets of summer gardens, When the tulips smile in row.

THE QUEEREST CHRISTMAS.

CHAPTER I. "If you will say that you are really sorry," said Ernestine, "I will forgive you."

You will retire to your father's estate in Cambridgeshire, and there await his commands. I have already arranged for you to be with your father's party.

special pleader," cried Ernestine, starting up. "If you will not let you go to the Lavingtons, you cannot refuse my permission to accompany me to my uncle's."

had brought such an ample supply, hid the faded chairs of the worn carpet and while Drusie, leaning back in her chair, watched her hand, boiled eggs, their energetic companion dived into their depths so many pleasant accessories to the tea table that Mrs. Moggs was kept in a state of open-mouthed astonishment.

"Visitors" gasped Drusie, putting up her hand to smoothe her wavy hair. "Visitors at this hour? Absurd!" retorted Ernestine. "Besides, no one knows we are here."

troubles me is a fear that we are intruding on our kind entertainers. I have contrived to make Mrs. Moggs as comfortable as possible. I am anxious to be permitted to see and thank them for their hospitality, especially as we fear we shall be compelled to trespass upon it a little longer."

contrived to entangle her scholarly guest in such a discussion on magnetism, and showing such absorbed interest in his explanations, that when she brought it to an abrupt close the subject had not been recurred to.

to bury her face in her handkerchief, lest she should laugh aloud. Then Gerald and the Count sang, and Drusie, who had a sweet soprano voice, was persuaded to join them in some glees, to which Ernestine, accompanied by an old guitar, found in the lumber closet amidst the bedecked herself.

After this Ernestine was pressed to sing, and remembering her assumed character, she pursued her lips, and bridled, and expressed her fear that her old-fashioned melodies would not please her auditors; but, when she really wished to hear her she would have great pleasure in obliging them if they would promise to join in the refrain.