HAPPY TALES OF MERRY YULETIDE.

A THREE-STAR CHRISTMAS.

(By Raymond Duval.)

It happened a long time ago—at least it seems a long time now, though it might have been only last night. Some things are peculiar; they stretch away in memory as though they had been happening forever, yet they bring you up short at times like the shock of yesterday.

It was Christmas eve!

Mother and I had been in town—how long was it?

Father died, yes, it was last spring we laid him away in the country churchyard, where there are daisies and all kinds of things growing; and there a modest marble slab tells in a quiet way of the good life he lived. A life of 56 years of goodness.

Yet when mother and I came to settle up his affairs they were found to be in a very bad state. There was a little chain which could not be cleared up, and a mortgage which never would have been paid off by the work of one farmer's hands, no matter how industrious those hands.

And when we had paid it all, the mortgage and the debts, we found the farm gone, leaving us with—I am ashamed to tell it—just $50!

Women are so improvident. A hard fisted farmer told us afterward that a man would never have paid out a cent of his cash on that farm.

But mother and I knew nothing about "manipulating," and we just paid out and paid out to everybody that came until soon the money was all gone.

"I guess we will have to go to town, Miriam," said mother, after we had counted over the money in the old pocketbook.

And I answered, "Yes, mother, we have got to go to town. But town is not such a dreadful place, after all. I have read of plenty of girls who went to town and got work and supported their mothers and themselves, and ever so many people, and lived nicely, too. When shall I go?"

[illegible]

"FORGETTING HAT AND COAT."

BELL AT THE PARTY.

(By F. T. Peterson.)

[illegible]

"BELL SIMPLY FLOATED."

[illegible]

I don't know if the old woman ever knew what it was that got into Bell. It was not until years after that she "reckoned Bell might as well marry Jake Kennedy—she wouldn't marry anybody else."

OUR CHILD'S DEPARTMENT.

A NIGHT WITH SANTA.

(By Mabel F. Scofield.)

[illegible]

"SANTA HAD BEEN IN THE NURSERY."

[illegible]

FOR THE YOUNGEST

[illegible]

[illegible]

MEMBER OF THE FAMILY.

[illegible]

THE WORLD'S GREAT DAY.

[illegible]

All around the world rings the song of "Peace on Earth, Good-Will to Men."

WILLIE'S SANTA CLAUS.

'Twas the night before Christmas,
And all through the house
Little Willie was stealing—
As still as a mouse.

He'd heard such strange tales
Of the dear Patron Saint,
That he wanted to see
An old fellow so quaint!

So he watched the night through
For old Santa to call,
But, though he looked sharp,
He came not at all.

So this is a warning
To all children bright,
Go to sleep in the evening,
And sleep till daylight!

AUNT LOUISA.

A CHARADE.

My first means a person of great piety,
My second will ever the opposite be;
My third, an exclamation wrung
On Christmas morning from the young;
My fourth, in Scotland, is the name
Which there the maidens only claim;
My whole is a creature jolly and queer,
Whose name by children is held very dear.

THE CHRISTMAS DOG.

Did you ever know that Santa Claus could visit a dog?

In New York there lives a small black dog for whom Santa Claus has been preparing a Christmas costume for many a day. This dog, whose name is McDewey—for he was named after President McKinley and Admiral Dewey—expected a few days ago to hang up his stocking Christmas eve, or his young mistress expected to hang it up for him. And this is what McDewey or "Mac," as he is familiarly called, expected to receive:

[illegible]

—WALKING

[illegible]