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THE NEWSBOY'S DREAM.

In his attic-bed the newsboy lay
After the labors of a winter's day,
And wildly his brain in a slumber whirled
As the scroll of his future was unfurled,
For he dreamed of a Christmas fraught with joys

And of Santa Claus well laden with toys;
Not for himself alone, thought he,
As he gazed upon a Christmas tree,
But for mother and Jennie and Bobby too,
And his baby brother, just turned two.
For with many a gift the branches hung,
While his name was lisped by every tongue.

Now for weeks the newsboy's theme had been
As he might have been heard where'er he was seen,

Whispering—"A few more pence each day,—
And then Santa Claus can come our way."
For he longed to buy mother a nice new shawl,
And a jacket for Bobby who was growing tall,
Besides other things that they all have craved.
"Oh, I shall be glad of the money I've saved,
And baby will laugh with joy," said he,
"As he looks at the merry Christmas tree."
And he thought of Jennie, whose wee wan face
Showed a love which his eye could always trace.

The father had died some months before,
Leaving his loved ones stricken and poor.
And Johnnie, the eldest—but twelve years old—
To earn the food for this little fold,
Had done his crying from street to street,
As he sold his papers on a well-known beat.
But he worked with a will—no idler was he—
And he prayed at night on his bended knee.
So he sold the *Herald*, the *News* and *Times*,
And soon his pennies turned into dimes.
While dollars began to shine among
The coppers that from his girdle hung.

John's mother was good as mother could be,
And she hoped a bright future her boy would see,

For she loved him as only a mother can,
And taught him to grow up an honest man.
The little ones, too, were filled with delight
When Johnnie came home from his work at night;

And Jennie had said, as they sat—all three—
To mother, with baby on her knee,
"Will Santa Claus come again, mamma,
Or has he gone, too, with poor papa?"
But mother had sat demure and sad,
For this made her feel so bad.

So Johnnie determined to do his best,
And every night, when he went to rest,
He counted his cash and laid away
A neat little sum for Christmas day.
But the sack was small, and the dollars few,
And the time was short, too, now he knew;

Then he priced the presents he wanted to buy,
And the pile it would take most made him cry.
But he noticed one day they offered a prize
For a story not more than a certain size,
And the Editor said, "Fifty dollars we'll pay
If the story just suits us for Christmas day."

So he sat up one night, and he wrote out a tale
Of his own little life, but he feared he should fail;

For the lines were so crooked and the story so short,

It did not appear half so good as he thought.
But he wrote it again, and with tears in his eyes
He posted his effort to win the "first prize;"
And then went to work the "dailies" to sell
Till the dark shades of evening again on him fell.

That night was the night of his wonderful dream,

When all to his mind most radiant did seem,
For he dreamt he had money and glory and fame,
And that laden with presents old Santa Claus came.

In the morning when crying the papers, he saw
An account of the prizes the writings did draw,
And then on a page in the clear light of day,
He saw his name mentioned, and what did it say?

He sat down a minute, and read with surprise.
"The story by Johnnie has taken the prize."

"It was not so long as some others, though neat,
But 'twas written by Johnnie who cries in the street

The papers, and sells them to keep his poor mother.

He might as well have the prize as another,"
So down at the office, midst the roar of the boys,

They paid him the money that brought all his joys.

For he hastened the shawl and the trinkets to buy,
And managed to carry them home "on the sly;"

So that no one might know he had hid them away
Till he brought them all out again Christmas day.

But on Christmas morn'g there came to the door
A man who had never been there before.

"I have brought, as was ordered and paid for,"
said he.
"A beautiful little Christmas tree."

So he carried it in and set it up square,
And then left the family wondering there;
For no one as yet was able to see
What there was to hang on a Christmas tree.

But Johnnie soon came from his morning round,

And was glad when the Christmas tree he found.

He hurried upstairs and soon returned
While his heart and his cheeks with ardor burned.

A card that said, "for mother's shawl,"
And another that said, "Merry Christmas all,"
Soon hung on the boughs, and then he sped
And brought all the things from under his bed.
A smile lit up the mother's face
As each gift found its proper place.
A jacket, a wagon, a sleigh and much more
That could not be hung was laid on the floor.

Dressed dolls and bright rattles, and candles
and sticks

Did now altogether in harmony mix;
And Johnnie was happy as happy could be
When he said—"Now this is our Christmas tree!"

And mother said, "You are a darling boy,"
While Jennie looked wistful and cried with joy.

And Bobby could hardly believe his eyes
As he gazed on the beauty with glad surprise.
Now the baby is dancing on his little toes,
When they show him how the donkey goes,
And all pick him up and hug him there,
And Johnnie doesn't lose his share.

Then he said—"Now, mother, take this if you will."

And he gave her a twenty-dollar bill,
"I have had my fun, now that's for you
To spend for yourself and the children too."
But the mother was anxious to learn how it came.

Lest, perchance, there might be a cause for blame.

Then he took out a paper and read aloud
How the prize was won of which he was proud.
But it also said—"He has won a name
And is on the high road to honor and fame.
For 'tis of such stuff that heroes are made,
In the battle of life, in art and in trade."

So Johnnie's success now flowed like a stream,
And fulfilled to the letter the "newsboy's dream."

CHRIST'S DAY—CHRISTMAS.

BY S. W. RICHARDS.

Christ's Jay has come again; that chosen day to visit earth, with angels to proclaim His birth, as Prince of Peace, the Anointed One, as Son of God. Christian people more commonly call it "Christmas," the 25th of December being the day ordered by the Catholic Church that the feast of Christ's birth should be forever celebrated. This order of the church has been heretofore very generally ob-