SANTA CLAUSE.

(For the News by Juanita Carrington.)

"'Tis said to be twelve hundred years and some more
Since an ardent old pilgrim on Alla's bright shore
Was begging for shelter on Christmas Eve—
A boon that he never had failed to receive.
You can sleep in the castle, the peasants replied,
And get such a handsome reward beside
On arising domain at the end of the eve
Stood the gorgeous Castle of Harleyberlie,
Discarded by mortals uninvited place
On account of the fairies that haunted the site.
And all of the folks at the village could tell
How the mansion was trouble from garret to cell.
And ruminated around with a noise and a light
That no one could live in the house one night.
'Twas furnished and garnished in beautiful style,
As the circus in Castle of Harleyberlie,
All the fees and the pixies so sure to behold
Were furnished and frolicked with silver and gold;
And appeared to the preacher in grand and fashion,
Was as a couple from Solomon's time
Created for worship a sacred shrine,
That once has been filled with the glory of God;
A house with its columns of marble and gilt
That a monarch commanding his millions had built,
So rewards were put out at a hundred and five
To the man who'd sleep there and some out alive;
But no one to venture their life could be found
Who lived on the shore or the villages round.
As the spirits had thrown all such in terrible dread
Till the comely old pilgrim had sought for a bed.
I shall go, he replied, with the help of the Lord
And the cross of the village shall have the reward.
With the blessing of God I have nothing to fear
As his faithful old servant for many a year;
As I know that his key he handed his way
By faithfulness and years, so hence and good.
He walked to the portal and opened the door
Then shut it again, stepping in on the floor.
The idea, said he, which is there to scare?
And calthrop the lounger occasion the fear.
On reaching the top such a sight he beheld,
The statues and sculptors could not be excelled;
In one alabaster the nimo and the grace
Portrayed from whose lips the roses and dews,
The charms of flowers with their mellow fall
On the sculptors and masters of coral and shell.
And sparkled like stars on the clear crystal deeps
That fell from the front on the rich lily lips,
Displaying the wealth and the grandeur that's seen
In the city the home of an oriental queen
At the slightest sight he was more than astounded,
And in wonder and silence he stood still and gazed.
There is one thing alone, said the pilgrim, I fear
That a business empire will cease to be here,
In all of my years the present is over,
I wish I could have now some Christmas supper;
I ask not for wine or for brandy and rum
But a cut of roast goose and some wine either plum.
He entered the bed room, the first to the right,
And fell on his knees and prayed with his might
That a lesson of love and devotion he'd learn
While listening the snor with the money and earn.
Then dozed down his hat on the mantle piece shelve
As the clock in the tower of the steeple struck twelve.
In a land like the present I've nothing to dread,
And proud of the prospect he soon went to bed;
But his courage grew cool with the arch of his hair,
On hearing the patter of feet on the stair,
On listening, an expression he voiced of delight,
As the preacher arrived on that Christmas night:
"Who would believe we should have such a treat
As a preacher for guest at our Christmas feist!"
The footsteps drew near, someone opened the door,
Then stole to his knees and continued to pray,
Then peeped through the key-hole to see such a sight,
With the hale and the stalwart full of most brilliant light.
A Christmas feast, said the preacher, its true;
So he opened the door and took a good view
At the butlers and waiters and valets around
On the threaders from attic to ground,
All smiling and whispering and telling of news
The wonderful news that a preacher had come.
While the scent from the pies and the cake
Was something immense for the preacher to boast;
As a waiter who passed from the slip could be seen
With a large silver server turned on a tureen;
As a valet in frock was picking a tray
With the Christmas cards the laurel and bay
In earnest then the preacher did smile,
Saying, so I'm invited to supper in style.
Then he fastened the door and went back to his bed
And turned up the counter near his head.
But two messengers came to invite him again
And topped at the door with a knock on the pane.
He lay stunned and still and heavy as lead
Till they caught him and jerked him right out of bed
They put on his clothing, his cloak, hat and all
And dragged him right down to the banquet hall,
Where he birds and the ladies on gallant and gay
Were placed round the table in dazzling array
They arose to their feet and bowed to the 8 or
When the pause appeared with their charge at the door
The drapings and curtains extended deep pile,
As did the pictures of history or fable
Such pompous reception of pride was out on
By the lord of the feast on an ivory throne.
Who ordered the butlers and waiters about
With serious command and a thunderous shout;
Who looked up to his mantlep in boisterous and far
And flew with his charges the wine from a jar.
There were monarchs and princes and monks at the feast
And knights cavaliers and a friar and priest
With duke and with baroness more than a score
And the count and the countess McGrotty Grove,
So the preacher was placed at the head of kids
And ordered to eat all the food he was able,
Then they drank him a toast from the red flowing tide
And time to his plate ran a list revealed paper
Then started to eat and to carve on his shoulder
When he rose to his feet and called them to order.
I know, said the minister with startled air,
Even lost in gastronomic delicacies fare,
And that in hopes that this fine place would be blessed
Not for eating and drinking and so to speak
At the feast of the year with the spirit of the dayend.
I pray you that this beautiful palace be blessed
And from temporary fame, this time, may it rest
Throughout eternity forever to state
To its owner a mansion of comfort and peace
The name of all nations in Jesus I know,
In that powerful name I command thee to go
Into Christ's kingdom and be my proselyte be
The gift to his glory and the glory to thee."
And after these words he opened his eyes
And what should he see, to his utter surprise
But a large mirror and without pictures or frame
While some say the pole and others the plan
All doubt may be ended so this will say sin
He rose through the air with his poly old smile
And lives with the lord of Harleyberlie.

REPAIRED A WRONG.

Caleb, the farmer, had been speculating upon the white haired stranger on the seat beside him ever since the stage left the railway station. He wanted a square look into his face before continuing a whisper, but the big shoulder had prevented that. Now, in sight of town, on the slope ahead of them, the stranger turned and began to speak, loosing Caleb's tongue volubly.

"And that's the orphanage," he continued, pointing to a slightly white building in the midst of a grove of evergreen trees on the brow of the slope ahead of them. "Joshua Harwell money started it, but they have had well to keep it going. Always happened for Christmas, unless, from the first start, it rains or snows. They had a fine, then, they were robbed of a round dollar."

"Robbed! Who would rob orphans!" interrupted the stranger.

"Well, nobody exactly did it of Dick when he was found with the money. He got the blame, anyhow, and I guess it was in some kind of speculation that was to double it. Served a sentence in state prison for it. Too bad. I suppose he's gone to the dickens. Dreadful low down sort of a fellow, I guess. Pity. I know Dick from a boy. He was awfully good hearted."

"Why, Billy Bowline was a Em proof of goodness," returned the old gentleman, with curling scream.

"Will, he only meant to borrow the money," said Caleb.

"Poor excuse to steal the Infirmary," persisted the other with severity.

"There's Millcent Hunnicomy on her way to the orphanage," continued Caleb as the stage reached the road beyond the slope. "She's taught the children to sing this nightingale for Christmas. There's to be a tree in the church and a big time."

The stranger seemed to regard the young woman in a long for trimmed garment ahead of them with interest.

"She's come a power for them first and last, and the worship her," said Caleb. "Guess she thinks he's an angel," he added reflectively as he hoisted up the grips, "but I don't know a man in Waverly good enough for her."

With the last words the grips dashed round the curve and brought up in fine style before the Waverly hotel. The lounges watched the stranger climb down from the perch. Caleb was ahead of him, handling his big trunks off with an air of knowing the whole business. If he liked to give a tip, well, he could afford it.

The stranger was christened the Mystery very shortly. He had meals sent to his rooms. "J. H. Ainsfarth" on the hotel register was as mysterious as the pandemonium, strapped trunks. Always with hat drawn down, he took long, lonely walks around the town and the outskirts. He might be a harmless lunatic, it was conjectured, until he was seen to go in and out of the orphanage several times, when it was reported that he was a rich, eccentric relative of one of the children, who, if he found all things on the square, was likely to give them a handsome Christmas donation. In fact, Mr. Mellsdow, the superintendent, admitted that he had hopes a new friend had been raised up to them.

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The church on the hill above Captain Boundsway's place was the center of attraction on Christmas eve. Curious rumors had spread, although Dick most skilled had been prescribed caution, that those pendentous trunks were to turn tell tales, and that the Mystery was to have you only a front but both arms and shoulders, up to his ears, in the festivities. The five rules and rules right and left of the church, applied by Chinese lanterns, kept up mysterious mullings and whisperings, and those in a position to peep through the tall windows upon the dazzling sight within sent rolling bulletins from time to time to their less fortunate neighbors.

The air was bitter, so it is said, but Blessed of Jesus the church reached close down over the snow to Captain Boundsway's palace. He stepped out of his door into it, then his wife, then Millcent, others stood, some latent, hurrying, converging from all points, laughing, chattering, wondering what the evening was to bring forth, and all pressing into the church until the seats and aisles were full.

Gem lamps day broad illumination in a bower of evergreens, and of all things, rare Christmas trees, blazing away in splendor! One, the usual size, hung with the usual packs of Waverly's Christmas presents, was conspicuously overshadowed by the other, which towered sculptured, a very monument of the woods, wanting in royal honors not know whom, but with the air of triumphant satisfaction in mystery.

Everybody, from Mr. Bertrude, the minister, to deformed Billy Bowline, the pauper waifs, was leaving and smiling in everybody else. The orphans were in their own in gale dress. There was much emptying of sacks and pumpkins over the full free until the appetites satisfied thereof, for it was well understood that the white bearded stranger was the sole author and finisher of this transcendent surprise.

"Mother's the Wandering Jew," suggested Billy Bowline, leaning forward on his crutch toward the pew unknightly.

"Let's name this Big Van Winkle, with his white dude," directed Ned, the barber's boy, who had lately seen Joe Jefferson from the "boxes" at a city theater.

"Point! Hide it! my to war Santa Claus Lines!" the first, Jack' who the telephone gang of line, this hand his.

"Hush, the orphans! Silence, Ned and Interrupt, and hear the eyes Bertrude from foot to top, until both seemed to kindle in a blaze." Dick Hollis, the Mayor, was a remarkable man, with confidence in their sole ability to turn their Santa Claus into gold.

In the meantime, all Solomon's eyes had a faraway, homesick expression of sadness, as if they were comparing a sight in the church and crowd around her. And the Mystery, who was in a small room behind the pulpit, with the few rare bottles, stood looking through the door at us, as absolute free. Hands further than a little smile a scary smile to call his attention to the rack and tapestry in which he found other himself at ease.

"Here, Mr. Mystery! That's the Mystery!" went round the church when Santa Claus, in fantastic array, with heavy load and the pillow of pillows, the pillow, came from the antechamber, "a bulge" on each side pillow stuffed, and one, the third behind. Which there is a distance in a Kris Kringle. Even nothing the rear, the air was the emergency tussle and the lights down.

The stalwart messenger a small table on the platform and spoke many words and much music of beauty brought the evening to a close. At a signal from Millcent, who played a little accompaniment, the orphans had formed in line, the door, ready for invasion by the minimum world, which, after all, only remained for the larger one to replicate.

"Don't be need a long alphabet to reach the top of it!" quarreled Billy Bowline.

"If I had a cut in the shoulder, I could play a great piece," Ned said.

"You needs him charm the things down," said Ned. "He's a wizard. That wizard has made it he."

"The orphans of the orphanage with pecans for the Dick's share of the plunder." Santa Claus called out in jovial tones, and he hide in a dimmed, and the length steeply to navigating the youth in a while and to one tree and the other, and the other, and the other, and the big a little speech of praise as he did so.

The orphans had turned from remembered roguery. Presents were just raised upon them by the Bowline Gates. Ned, and from they glanced and shouted, on the wing, only for their allegiance for the Mystery, and the orphans. The dolls so for invasion by the minimum world, which, after all, only remained for the larger one to replicate.

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