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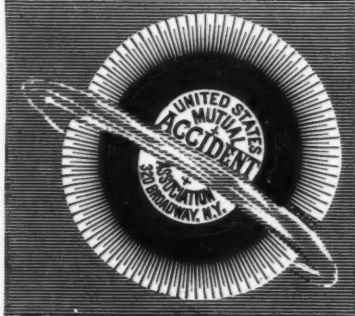
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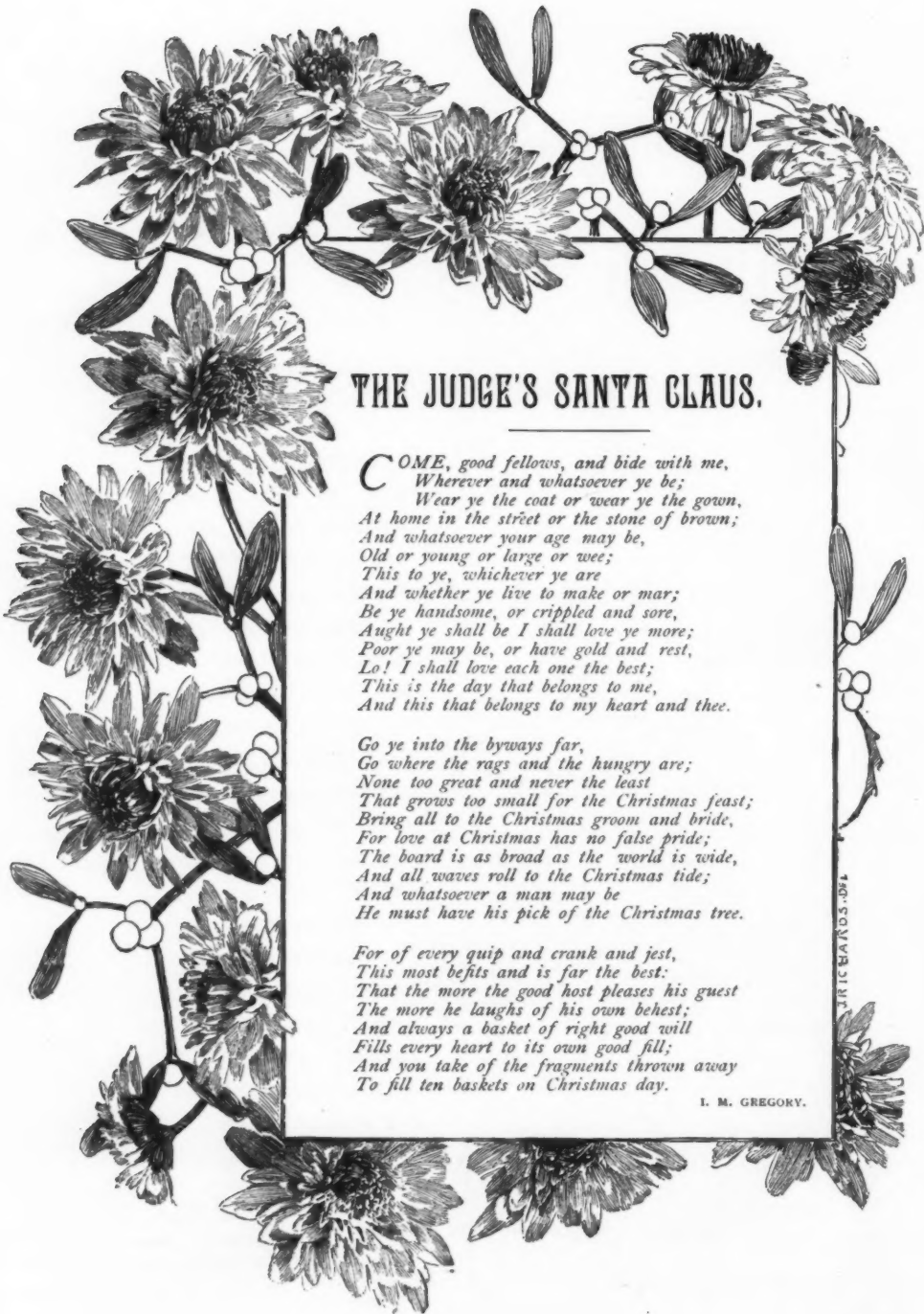
Christmas

Contents



	PAGE
<i>THE JUDGE'S SANTA CLAUS.</i> Poem - - - - - J. M. Gregory	2
<i>CARTOON—A Total Rout</i> - - - - - W. L. Shepard	3
<i>JOHN AND PERCILLY.</i> Poem - - - - - James Whitcomb Riley	4
<i>MY GREAT UNCLE.</i> With illustrations - - - - - A. T. Worden	5
<i>THE CHRISTMAS OF THE LIES.</i> With illustrations - J. A. Waldron	8
<i>FLOWERS AND YOUNG HEARTS.</i> Poem - - - - - M. S. B.	9
<i>FIGS AND THISTLES.</i> Poem - - - - - Dewitt Sterry	10
<i>A POET'S CHRISTMAS.</i> - - - - - Nathan M. Levy	11
<i>AN IDYL OF CHRISTMAS EVE.</i> Poem - - - - - Ione L. Jones	12
<i>OLE WINTAH'S MIGHTY LONG.</i> Poem - - - - - J. A. Waldron	13
<i>CHRISTMAS REVERIES.</i> Poem - - - - - Nathan M. Levy	13
<i>CARTOON—Caught in the Act</i> - - - - - W. L. Shepard	14
<i>CHRISTMAS BUNS</i> - - - - - H. S. Keller	15
<i>THE OLD FOLKS' CHRISTMAS.</i> Poem. - - - - - Eva Wilder McGlasson	17
<i>BRIDGET.</i> With illustrations - - - - - Margaret Hamilton Welch	18
<i>THE FOUR SEASONS</i> - - - - - Ed. Mott	19
<i>THE CHRISTMAS WILD TURKEY.</i> Poem - - - - - Stanley Waterloo	20
<i>CARTOON—A Christmas Eve Surprise at the De Struk Oyle's.</i> G. Hamilton	22-23
<i>AN OUTCAST'S CHRISTMAS EVE</i> - - - - - M. S. B.	24
<i>POPCORN.</i> Poem - - - - - Pearl Eytine	25
<i>CARTOON—Deception on The Flats</i> - - - - - E. Zimmerman	27
<i>THE MODERN MINERVA</i> - - - - - Kathrine Grosjean	28
<i>CARTOON—Our National Christmas</i> - - - - - E. Zimmerman	42





THE JUDGE'S SANTA CLAUS.

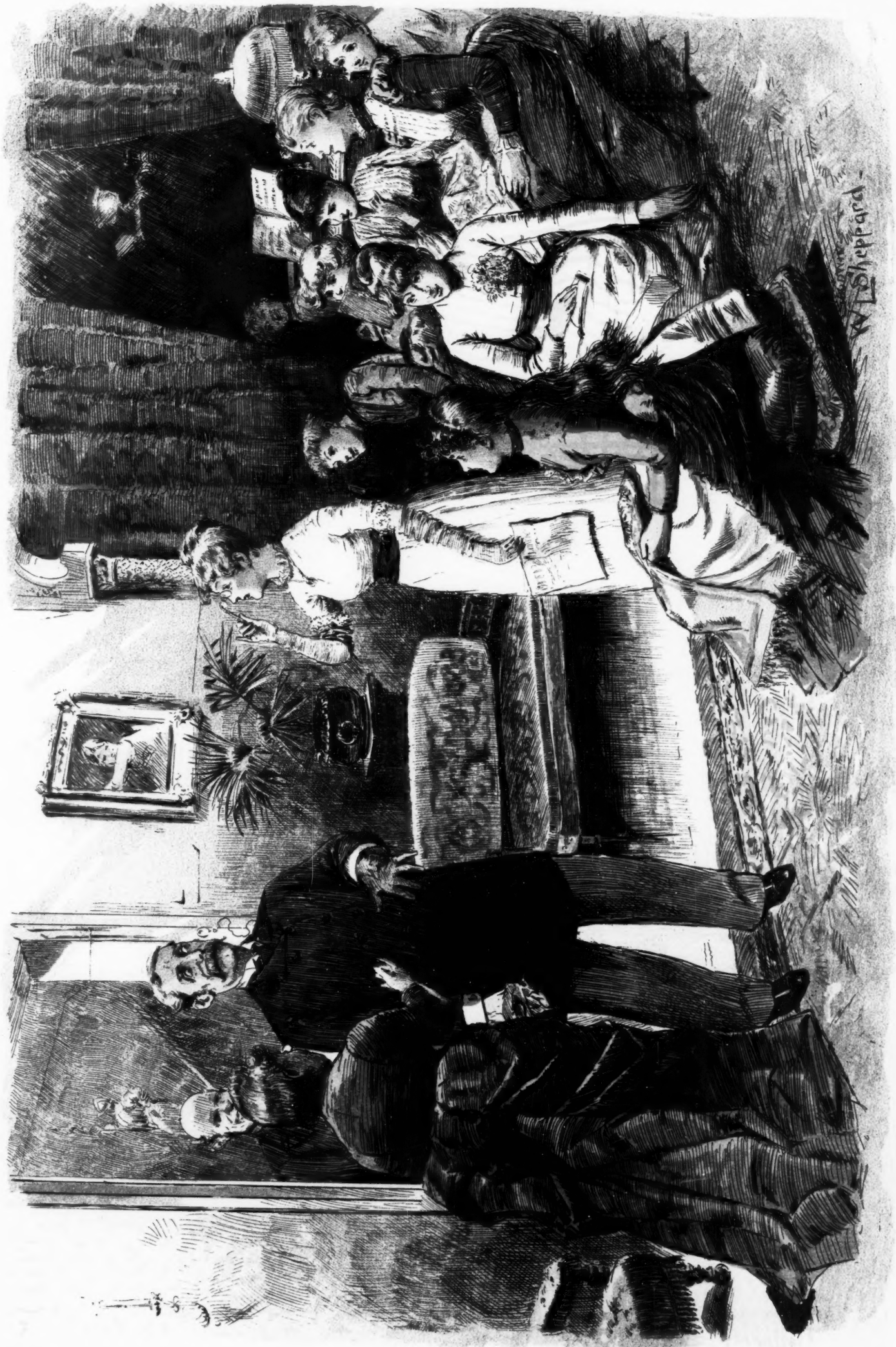
COME, good fellows, and bide with me,
Wherever and whatsoever ye be;
Wear ye the coat or wear ye the gown,
At home in the street or the stone of brown;
And whatsoever your age may be,
Old or young or large or wee;
This to ye, whichever ye are
And whether ye live to make or mar;
Be ye handsome, or crippled and sore,
Aught ye shall be I shall love ye more;
Poor ye may be, or have gold and rest,
Lo! I shall love each one the best;
This is the day that belongs to me,
And this that belongs to my heart and thee.

Go ye into the byways far,
Go where the rags and the hungry are;
None too great and never the least
That grows too small for the Christmas feast;
Bring all to the Christmas groom and bride,
For love at Christmas has no false pride;
The board is as broad as the world is wide,
And all waves roll to the Christmas tide;
And whatsoever a man may be
He must have his pick of the Christmas tree.

For of every quip and crank and jest,
This most befits and is far the best:
That the more the good host pleases his guest
The more he laughs of his own behest;
And always a basket of right good will
Fills every heart to its own good fill;
And you take of the fragments thrown away
To fill ten baskets on Christmas day.

I. M. GREGORY.

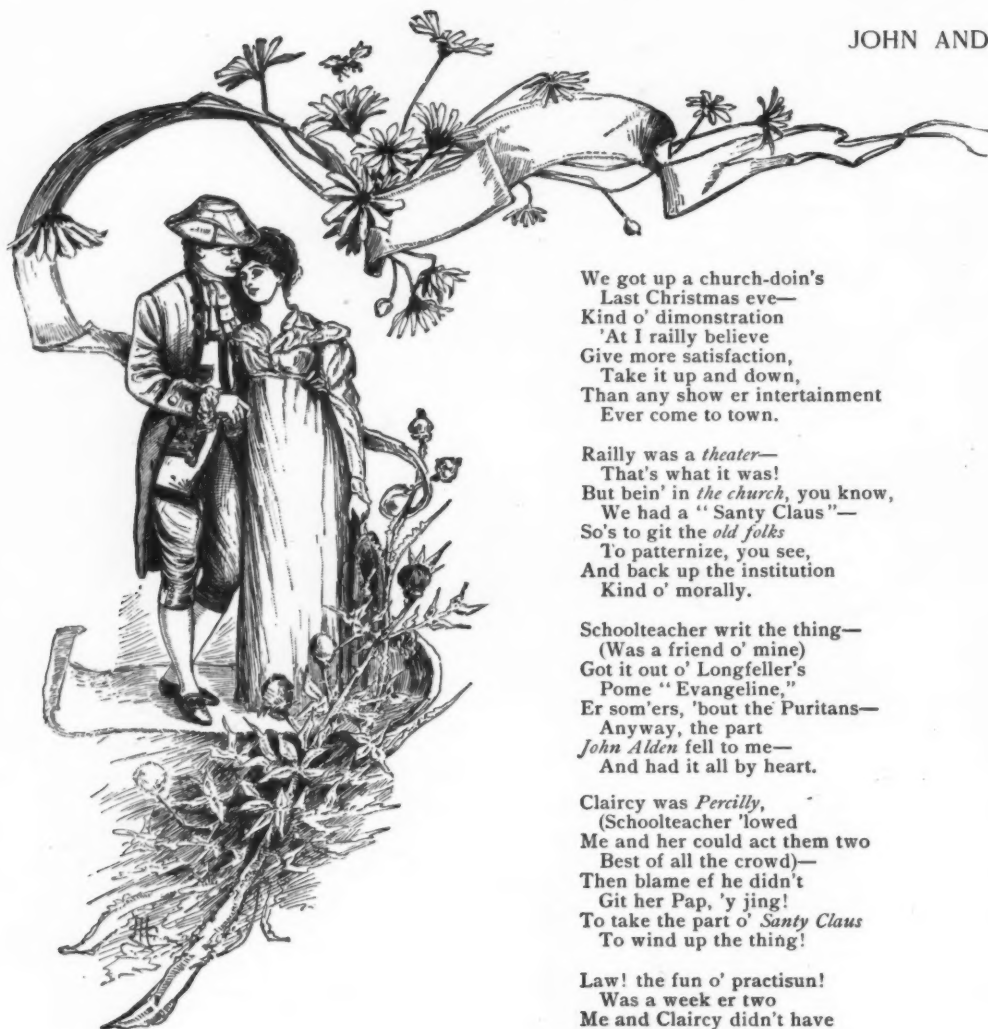
1400 S. QUINCY ST.



A TOTAL ROUT.

This represents Col. Crispey, U. S. A., the eminent war-literature writer for the magazines, as he appeared on the occasion of making a Christmas call on his aunt, MADAME O'FAY, at her fashionable boarding-school. He was under the impression that the scholars had all gone home.

JOHN AND PERCILLY.



We got up a church-doin's
Last Christmas eve—
Kind o' dimonstration
'At I railyly believe
Give more satisfaction,
Take it up and down,
Than any show er intertainment
Ever come to town.

Railyly was a theater—
That's what it was!
But bein' in the church, you know,
We had a "Santy Claus"—
So's to git the old folks
To patternize, you see,
And back up the institution
Kind o' morally.

Schoolteacher writ the thing—
(Was a friend o' mine)
Got it out o' Longfeller's
Pome "Evangeline,"
Er som'ers, 'bout the Puritans—
Anyway, the part
John Alden fell to me—
And had it all by heart.

Claircy was Percilly,
(Schoolteacher 'lowed
Me and her could act them two
Best of all the crowd)—
Then blame ef he didn't
Git her Pap, 'y jing!
To take the part o' Santy Claus
To wind up the thing!

Law! the fun o' practisun!
Was a week er two
Me and Claircy didn't have
Nothin' else to do!—
Kep' us jes' a-meetin' round,
Kind o' here and there,
Ever' night, rehearsin' like,
And gaddin' ever'where!

Game was wuth the candle, though.
Christmas eve, at last,
Rolled around—and 'tendance jes'
Couldn't be su'passed—
Neighbors from the country
Come from Clay and Rush—
Yes, and 'crost the country-line,
Clean from Puckerbrush.

You see, the way the play run,
Me a-actin' John,
And Claircy, mind! Percilly—
Ther was sparkin' goin' on!
Played it all so natchurul,
And it tuck so well,
Even old man Santy Claus
Had to stomp and yell!

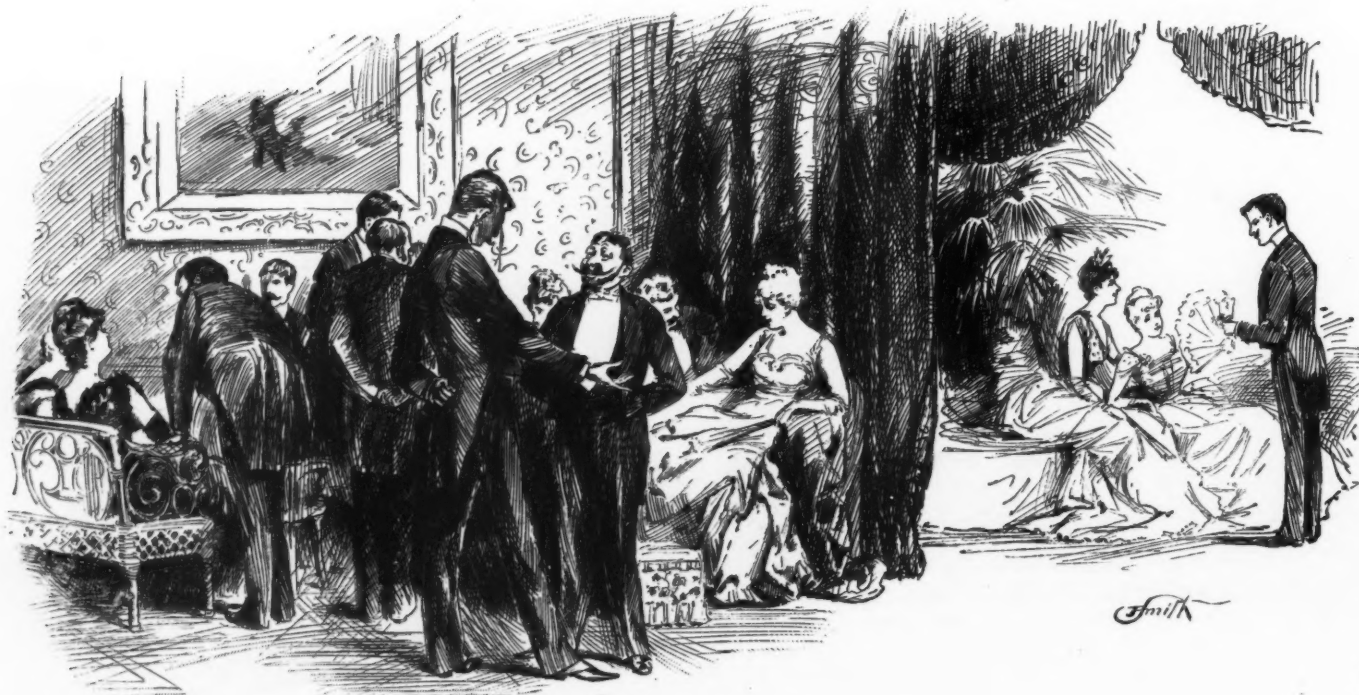
So by time his turn come
Fer to take the floor,
It was nearly twelve o'clock—
"Lacks a leetle more!"
That's what I whispered
To Claircy, and she said
Somepin' in a whisper back,
And laughed and shuck her head.

Meetin'-house jes' trimbled
As Old Santy went
Round amongst the children,
With ther peppermint
And sassafrac and wintergreen
Candy, "and a ball
O' popcorn," the preacher 'nounced,
"Free fer each and all."

Schoolteacher suddently
Whispered in my ear,
"Guess I got you!—Christmas gift!
Christmas is here!"
I give him a gold pen
And case to hold the thing—
And Claircy whispered "Christmas gift!"
And I give her a ring.

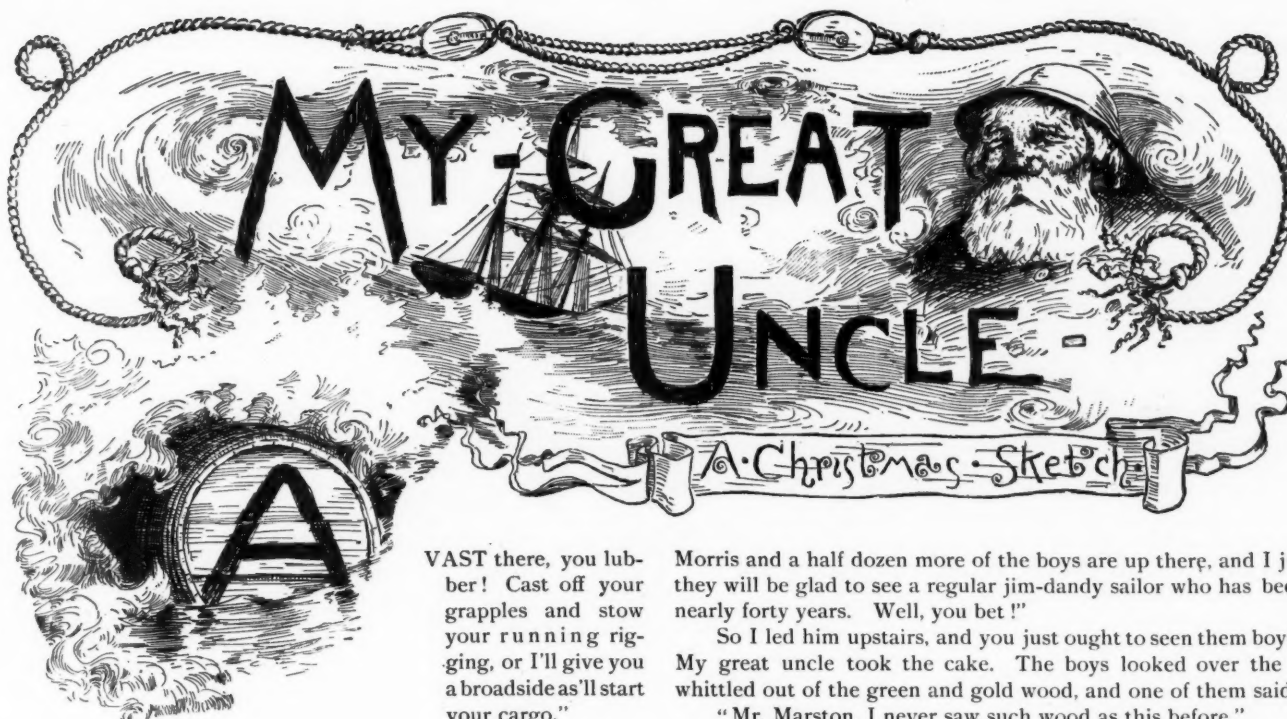
"And now," I says, "jes' watch me!
"Christmas-gifts," says I;
"I'm a-goin' to git one—
Santy's comin' by!"
Then I rech and grabbed him;
And, as you'll infer,
'Course I got the old man's,
And he gimme her!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.



THEY MET BY CHANCE.

MR. DEBEAT—"Society is getting awfully mixed. Why, I met my butcher at Mrs. Du Pont's sociable."
MR. SNUFFIN—"The deuce! Of course you didn't notice him?"
MR. DEBEAT—"No. I hid behind a statue of Venus. Fortunately he didn't notice me either."



VAST there, you lubber! Cast off your grapples and stow your running rigging, or I'll give you a broadside as'll start your cargo."

I ran down into the hall and found the porter with his hand on the collar of an old sailor, trying to drag him out of doors.

"Cast off, you swab! Don't you see the young master in the fo'castle? Didn't I ask you to take my Christmas gifts up on the quarter-deck with his great uncle's compliments?" And the old sailor commenced to drag from the capacious pockets of his pea-jacket little wooden anchors, a small model of a life-boat and a capstan with a set of capstan bars and numerous other articles nicely whittled out of a beautifully veined green and gold colored wood.

"Let him alone, Thomas," said I to the porter. He was the nicest old sailor man you ever saw. He had on a tarpaulin hat which shone under the hall lamp as if jeweled. He had on such a lovely blue pea jacket and such genuine sailor's trousers, tight as the skin on the thighs and so wide at the bottom that they flapped when he walked, and they were held up by a belt around the waist. And his hair was white as snow; my! and how red his nose was. Oh, he was a dandy sailor, and I always loved sailors. He was like the ones I had seen down at the foot of Greenwich street rolling along as if the pavement was a deck of a ship in a heavy head wind, and the rollers were washing the deck every minute. You see pa and ma had gone out for the evening, and had left me to have a private Christmas tree with the boys of my class at the high school, and they were in my room up-stairs, and I had come down when I heard the racket.

"Are the lovely green and gold models for me?" I asked.

"To be sure," said the grand old sailor as he removed his hat.

"Will you tell me your name, please?" said I.

"Edward Perkins Marston," said the charming old salt.

"Why!" said I, "that is our family name, Marston."

"Why not?" said he proudly. "I am your great uncle. I am your grandfather's brother. I heard you was going to holystone the deck and have in the quality over the side and pipe all hands to a big dinner, and as I just got into port I came around. Haven't you heard of a great uncle Edward, a sailor who was lost in 1850?"

"I have heard of you," said I joyfully, "but come up-stairs; Charley Higgins, Bill

Morris and a half dozen more of the boys are up there, and I just bet they will be glad to see a regular jim-dandy sailor who has been lost nearly forty years. Well, you bet!"

So I led him upstairs, and you just ought to seen them boys stare. My great uncle took the cake. The boys looked over the things whittled out of the green and gold wood, and one of them said:

"Mr. Marston, I never saw such wood as this before."

"No more you never did," said he; "because why, nobody but me never saw it afore in a civilized country. They wouldn't know that wood at the Smithsonian institute at Washington. Because why, kids?"

"I give it up," said Charley Higgins.

"Because, my kids," said the old sailor, "that wood growed in the island in the middle of the open Polar sea, and I am the only man who ever brought any of it away."

A sigh of admiration went around the circle of boys, and little Abe Morris says, "Would you mind telling us about that trip?"

"Not by no means; but if you had convenient a tin pail or a bucket or a common skillet, and would roust out a quart or two of beer, seein' we are here so contented and havin' the deck all to ourselves?"

A hint was all that was needed. A collection was taken among the boys, and soon a pail of beer was brought from the corner grocery and set down at the old sailor's side. He took it up, and as we looked into the pail we could see at every swallow the rim of foam settle at least an inch. Then he commenced his yarn:

"In 1850 I was in the coasting trade between the West Indies and Boston, and was in command of the brig *Sorrento*. She was clipper built and I had her double-timbered on the deck and braced fore and aft for deck loads. In my later experiences, these precautions stood me in good stead. One feature of my model was a geared hatch to every hatchway which shut up air tight. I had a theory about air tight compartments for fruit which also worked as a means of salvation to me at a later day; but I must not anticipate. In 1850 the soda and potash market went up until the glassworks in Boston had to shut down, and some of the bigger manufacturers came to me and asked me if I would undertake a voyage to Sweden and Norway, and run down along the coast and pick up all the potash I could find. It was a country I had long desired to see, so I closed with the offer and set sail in the autumn of 1850. I had a fair passage to Liverpool with a load of flour, and then started north for Bergen. I found the stock of ashes good and the market favorable, and worked along up towards the Lofoden islands, picking up small twenty barrel lots at good bargains. I had in nearly 200 tons and was about to run



"Cast off, you swab!"

down the coast and start for home, when one of those rascally whirling gales came down between two islands and took me all aback. I lost a topmast and some standing rigging and was barely able to reef the mainsail and get everything taut when it grew dark and night was upon us. Of course I could not tell how far we had driven out of our course, and all I knew about the coast was what I found on the charts; so when I found it growing dark I got out an anchor and let her lie to, head to the wind. I felt the easy motion of the ship and knew by that that she was riding safely. Along about midnight I went on deck and took a look at the compass. The man at the wheel saw me and called out:

"'Captain, ain't we supposed to be riding at anchor, head to the wind?'"

"'To be sure,' says I; 'what a fool question to ask!'"

"'Well, then,' says he, 'why is it that there is quite a breeze abaft instead of coming in over the bow?'"

"I had not noticed it until now, but I held up my hand, and sure enough there was quite a breeze astern, and as I listened I could hear the most tremendous roar on our beam like that of a thousand breakers. I got a lantern and went down into the chains and looked at the waves. They were white with foam, but they were not striking us, *but we were going with them.* I sprang back on deck, threw down my lantern and hurried into the cabin. One look at the chart was sufficient. We were on the outer rim of the great Maelstrom and moving so rapidly stern on that it made a stiff breeze."

He paused and picked up the tin pail, but finding it empty sadly stroked his whiskers and waited. Another collection, another hurried visit to the grocery, and he resumed:

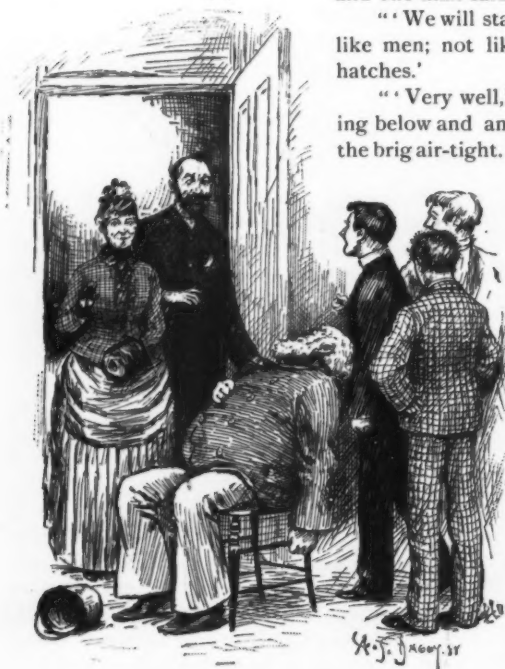
"The roaring on our beam grew louder and louder, and a tremendous motion was imparted to the brig. I called all hands on deck and told them where I believed the ship to be. A groan of horror was heard over the sound of the breakers. I always had a theory about that Maelstrom which I had never told to others. It satisfied me, and now that fate had thrown me into it I was determined to test it. I gave orders to the horror-stricken men to set fast all the geared air-tight hatches but one; then I said, 'Men, we are in that terrible whirlpool of which we have all read but none of us have ever seen. I have a theory that if we pass down the vortex at the time of its greatest power we shall be carried in a submarine and subterranean channel to an outlet and again cast forth. Now I propose to put on all the air-tight hatches, go down below and let the *Sorrento* go with the current. What do you say?'"

"A shout of derision went up, and one man said:

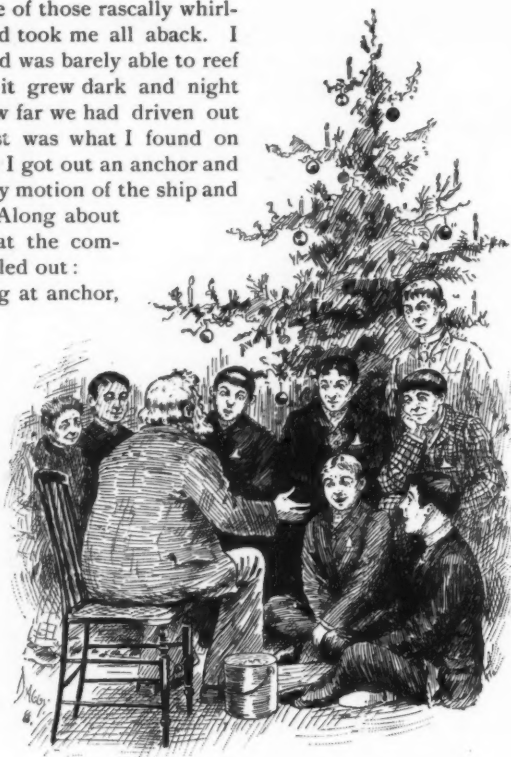
"'We will stay on deck and die like men; not like rats below the hatches.'"

"'Very well,' said I; 'I am going below and am going to make the brig air-tight. If you repent you can unfasten the hatch and come down the companion way.'"

"At this time the roar of the vortex was something appalling, and yet our rapid motion around the circle of waters was only tremulous. I lifted the hatch but took one last look. It was growing light in the east and I could be-



"They seemed astonished."



"Then he commenced his yarn."

of the long, rock-ribbed tube through which we were passing. I was the only living member of my crew. I could hear only an occasional gurgle as of water in a pipe and knew that for a time this conduit was draining the North Atlantic, and my brig and myself inside of it tearing along with lightning speed. I struck a match and, lighting a lamp in the cabin, looked about me. Not a drop of water came in through my air-tight hatches. I felt no oppressive sense of closeness, for I was the only breathing thing in the interior of the whole ship. I sprang to my compass on the table. My theory was right. We were going a little west of north toward the Polar regions. I looked at my chronometer. It was six o'clock in the morning of November 15th. My boys, if you look on your atlas, how far should you say it is from the Lofoden islands to Grinnell Land, in the Arctic regions?"

Charley Higgins guessed 4000 miles.

"You are right," said the old sailor; "it is 4000 miles, and I was shot through that underground tube in four days."

"What?" said Abe Morris, "you went through alive?"

"Ain't I here?" he asked laconically.

"When I saw daylight in the afternoon of the fourth day, I sprang to a skylight in the deck and looked out. The underground

gin to see. We were at the bottom of a cup about a mile in diameter. The brig had reached the bottom, and had lifted her stern high in air and her bow was over a white mass of foam emerging from a seemingly bottomless pit. The men gave a scream of despair, the brig lurched heavily as if falling, and I closed the hatch and waited."

Here he reached after the pail, but Charley Higgins had started for the grocery again. Not a word was said until the ancient mariner had quenched his thirst. Then he resumed:

"My theory of the Maelstrom was this. There are several places on the earth where rivers disappear. There is an underground river in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. There is a whirlpool below Niagara Falls, where objects disappear never to be seen again. Then there is the great Maelstrom on the coast of Norway. I had always believed that these disappearing streams formed great subterranean channels which unite and come again to the surface somewhere about the North Pole and start the current of the great Gulf Stream which encircles the world. Well, I felt the brig enter this underground channel. Once or twice the deck or keel lightly touched the sides or bottom



"I was there thirty years."

stream shot up into the air out of the sea to the height of 200 feet and then fell back in a cascade. The brig turned a somersault and then, shifting the cargo, drifted up to the shore among the natives."

He looked toward the tin pail, when our last pennies were collected and I started myself for the grocery. Wiping a dab of froth off his red nose with the back of his hand, he went on:

"It was a sight to behold. That stream flung out an old Dutch brigantine of 1750, with a high poop-deck, and lashed to the bulwarks were some little brass cannon which would throw a one-pound ball. A Chinese junk floated up to the shore. An Oswego canal boat from Hell Gate, New York, loaded with oak staves, was tied to the shore. There is where everything lost at sea goes. It is carried in the subterranean channel and fired out near that island in the middle of the open Polar sea. The Farringoes (that is the name of the natives) they stand and watch and gather in whatever they like that comes up out of the great tube. You have read, no doubt, about the skeletons of mammoths found in the Arctic regions, or you have heard of strange kinds of wood never seen before coming down in the Gulf Stream; well, that island, Farringoe, is where they live and grow. It is the most fertile spot on earth. Probably you kids know that the warmth of the Gulf Stream makes England inhabitable. Well, this current of warm water is discharged in the Polar sea, runs in a circle around that island, and it has the greatest climate in the world. Outside of that circle is a floe of solid ice; inside it there is a tropical growth of trees, birds and animals. I was the only white man who ever came in through the subterranean channel alive, and I was made high Wawok and supposed to be a god. I was obliged to marry a daughter of the Farringoe chief, and act as commander-in-chief of the native army. I was there thirty years and reformed the government and civil service."

Then he sang a song about the Tongo islands, tipping his head far back, and roaring out:

"My bride was kind as kind could be
And we lived in very great harmony,
Till the chiefs they jealous grew of me,
All in the Tongo-o-o Islands."

"Then I determined to escape. You see up there they have six months of day and six months of night, and I determined one day when it came night I would cast loose the old *Sorrento* which remained at the dock and let her float out on the Gulf Stream. I had an idea that the Gulf Stream would find a northwest passage for itself. So I provisioned the old brig and caulked her up for a voyage and made all fast for storm and calm, for she was a bully boat:

"Loud roared the dreadful thunder,
The rain in deluge showers,
The clouds were rent asunder
By lightning's vivid powers;
To climb the slippery shrouds
Each breathless seaman crowds;
As we lay all that day
In the Bay of Biscay-o-o-o."

Then my great uncle tried to go to sleep. His head hung down

over the back of his chair enough to break his neck, but little Abe Morris punched his breast and asked:

"Did you get away all right, Mr. Marston?" The old sailor drew his hand across his mouth as if wiping away imaginary froth of beer and said:

"My kids, I came down on the Gulf Stream to Newfoundland and hired a steamer to tow me into Boston. I (*hic*) sold the cargo of potash for eighty thousand dollars and came right over here to visit my (*hic*) long lost relatives. Pipe the new watch to quarters, and (*hic*) let me go to sleep."

Just then pa and ma came in to see what kind of a time we were having, and they seemed astonished when they saw my great uncle lying back in his chair, snoring like everything.

"Pa," said I, "this is your uncle, Edward Perkins Marston, lost at sea in 1850."

Pa looked astonished, and said, "I never had any such uncle. It was an uncle on my mother's side, and his name was Smith."

"I guess you must be mistaken, pa," said I. "He has told us all about it. He has been in the open Polar sea among the Farringoes and went down in the Maelstrom, and see these toys made out of wood from the North Pole."

Pa and ma laughed ever so hard, and pa looked at the wooden toys and said:

"That is only strips of stained wood glued together into a block and then whittled into toys—an old trick."

Then he shook my great uncle to arouse him, and he only snorted and commenced to sing something about a young sailor named Ben Brace. Then pa turned up the collar of the pea-jacket and found a paper, reading:

*If found drunk, please return to
Sailor's Snug Harbor,
Staten Island, N. Y.
Jake Masterson, No. 186.*

Then pa laughed awful loud and ma giggled, and we told how many times we went out after beer. Then pa told Thomas to go and get a cab, and asked us boys if we had had a good time with the old sailor, and we all said it was the best time we ever had, and pa said it was reciprocal, for evidently old Jake Masterson, No. 186, had had a good time too.

A. T. WORDEN.



THE ONLY CASE ON RECORD.

BARON PREVOST—"I offer the Prevost treasure in lieu of the Prevost youth, which is gone. Does madame accept?"

WIDOW STRAIGHTAWAY—"I'm afraid she can't, my dear baron. Old gold was never becoming to her."

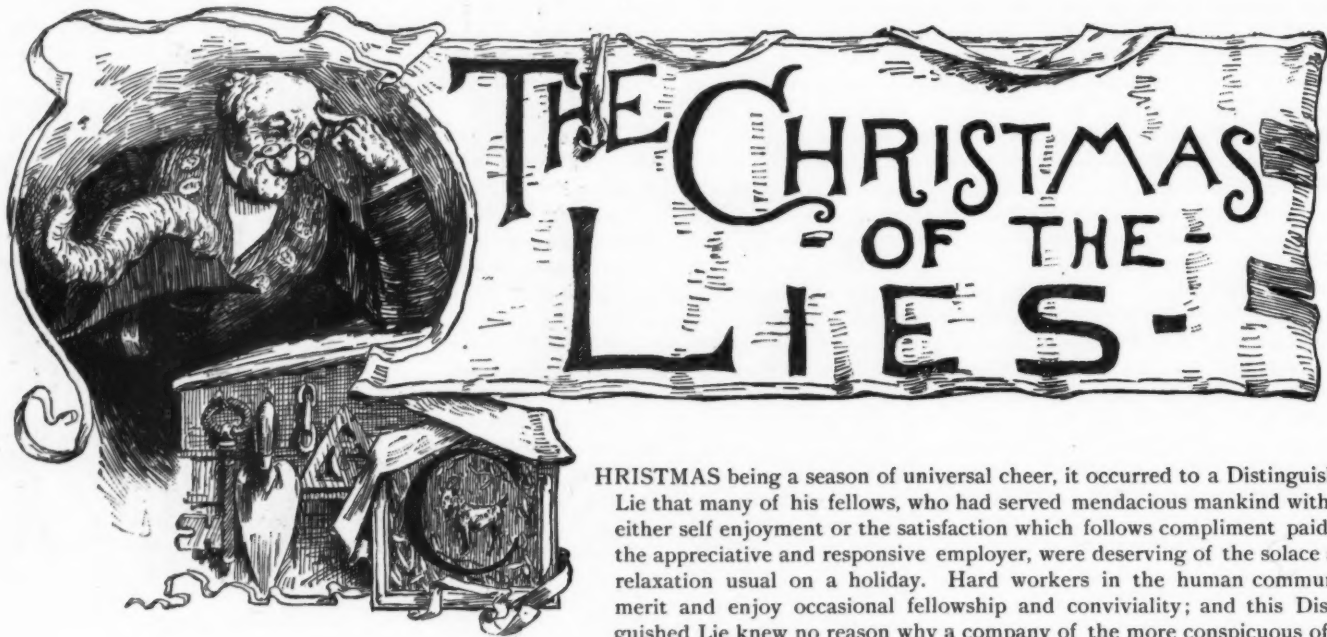


AT A COUNTRY DINNER.

LITTLE HECTOR—"How's your watch getting along, Mr. Fidds?"

MR. FIDDS—"Why, nicely; you don't want to see it, do you?"

LITTLE HECTOR—"No; but I heard you tell Mr. Uddley that you had to hock it to get here, so I got another bottle from the butler, in case it needs any more."



CHRISTMAS being a season of universal cheer, it occurred to a Distinguished Lie that many of his fellows, who had served mendacious mankind without either self enjoyment or the satisfaction which follows compliment paid by the appreciative and responsive employer, were deserving of the solace and relaxation usual on a holiday. Hard workers in the human community merit and enjoy occasional fellowship and conviviality; and this Distinguished Lie knew no reason why a company of the more conspicuous of his kind should not take a day off and be sociable. As he was well-to-do, he

had no sooner conceived such an affair to be the proper thing than he resolved to be himself the entertainer.

The Distinguished Lie was called I-Have-Been-to-the-Lodge, and though toothless, blear-eyed, gray-headed and apparently decrepit in all his functions, no one had even suggested that he was not fit for service for many years yet in nocturnal exigencies. He was a Lie of determined character and infinite resource; and having concluded to give a party for the pleasure of his associates and acquaintances, he at once arranged for all the features of such an occasion, not forgetting to add to those viands that inspire and satisfy the appetite the usual liquids which in all good company beget joviality and prompt to wit.

The assortment of such a company so as to preserve social distinctions—which are quite as rigid in a community of Lies as among actual people—to draw together a representative gathering, and to compliment where recognition was due without needlessly offending the multitude of Lies, who, of course, could not expect to be bidden to the banquet, was no easy task. I-Have-Been-to-the-Lodge, as any other husband and father would have been, was fain to consult with his wife, a comely matron whose maiden name was I-Took-a-Clove-for-the-Toothache, and his daughter, I-Could-Not-Catch-a-Car, Business-My-Dear, and My-Watch-Had-Run-Down, to say nothing of listening to the submonitions of his sons, I-Didn't-Think-it-Was-Late and I-Had-to-See-a-Man, who, like all well-to-do young people, were inclined to be a little particular as to their associates in society. The family put their heads together, and a model invitation list was the result.

The first card was addressed to I-Will-Pay-You-Next-Week, one of the most distinguished Lies ever framed. The notability of I-Will-Pay-You-Next-Week had much to do with his invitation, for his personal habits were so peculiar as to render it somewhat risky to invite him. He might throw the whole company into confusion. He had dodged so many creditors that he had acquired the habit of never turning a corner without first slyly peeping around it to discover who he might meet. His eyes had a tense expression which suggested that he could see a man with a bill from a point far out of ordinary vision. Thus



"I will pay you next week."

he was liable at any moment to leap through a window or crawl under a table if the opening door should disclose a dun. Still, he was a Lie of such standing that he was fairly entitled to the place of honor at the head of the list.

Next was a political celebrity well known as To-Vote-with-the-Other-Party-Means-Ruin. This portly Lie had grown fat and rich by a duple service, and his aid was in demand at all seasons of partisan excitement. He was in mourning, however, for a brother who died last autumn—a Lie in his earlier years in great request, and called The-Candidate-of-the-Other-Party-is-a-Horse-Thief-and-a-Grave-Robber. This death had seriously affected To-Vote-with-the-Other-Party-Means-Ruin, who saw in it a warning against overwork, though some of his acquaintances, envious, no doubt, of his great wealth and influence, had sneeringly whispered that death ran in his family, and that he too should prepare for it.

I'm-So-Glad-to-See-You, a very popular lady in the society of Lies, received an invitation, on the bottom of which in the delicate hand of the hostess was a line asking her to wear her behind-the-door face for the amusement of the company. I-Really-Can't-Sing-You-Know, her sister, and My-Shoe-is-Too-Large, a visiting cousin, were also favored.

Selling-Below-Cost, a very successful business Lie, and his partner, That's-All-Wool-and-Fast-Colors, were bidden to the banquet as representative guests, and I-Caught-a-Seven-Pound-Trout, a Lie of piscatorial proclivities, who was able to enjoy himself while others worked, and who was considered quite a catch in society, was added to the list. Lesser Lies in a number that would make up a goodly company were asked to be present, and I-Have-Been-to-the-Lodge and his family were in a pleasant state of anticipatory excitement.

The mansion was brilliantly illuminated on Christmas night, and every



"I'm so glad to see you."

room presented special devices to please. An army of Fibs, who had not yet proved themselves fit to rise above a menial position, stood ready at gate, in hall and at all necessary points to serve the expected guests. The tinkle of a telephone bell was heard in the host's library, and the message was for him. It was an imperative message, though out of season. I-Have-Been-to-the-Lodge was seldom called out on business before midnight or one o'clock A. M., and here was a man, at eight o'clock in the evening, who said he must come. The fellow was evidently drunk. Before I-Have-Been-to-the-Lodge could slip on his overcoat the mansion was fairly deluged with telephone and other

messages of excuse from invited guests. Everyone pleaded an unexpected and obligatory engagement and asked to be excused. All this preparation was wasted. The party was broken up before it had gathered. I-Have-Been-to-the-Lodge, impatient and angry, cried first for his wife, then for his children, and finally for his servants after a vain search for his overshoes. All had disappeared. And as he slammed the front door and rushed out upon his errand he muttered: "What a shame it is that a Lie never can enjoy a holiday!"

J. A. WALDRON.



THE DINNER AND THE DINER.

Starvelly (who is struggling with his Christmas dinner in a cheap restaurant)—"H'm, waiter! are the storage charges on turkeys very high this year?"

Waiter—"Storage! Phwat would yez be aafter gettin' at, misther?"

Starvelly—"O, I was only wondering if you could really make any profit on a twenty-five cent dinner after keeping the fowls over from last Christmas."

HE WAS SURPRISED.

"I bought a lovely meerschaum pipe for my husband," said a young wife to her mother. "I picked it up on the bargain counter of a dry-goods house, and all it cost was 25 cents. Won't he be surprised?"



Flowers and young hearts.
Ah, Cupid's darts
Are oft mis-sent!
She smiles and sighs,
Her dreamy eyes
On nothing bent.

But what is this?
A sudden bliss
Her face assumes;
A suitor old
With bags of gold
The place illumes.

This world-worn wretch,
Can she but fetch,
Those bags embrace—
Well lost were youth,
Faith, love, and truth,
In such a race.

'Tis hers, the prize!
Abroad she flies
To gaily roam;
While in amaze
An old man pays
The bills at home.

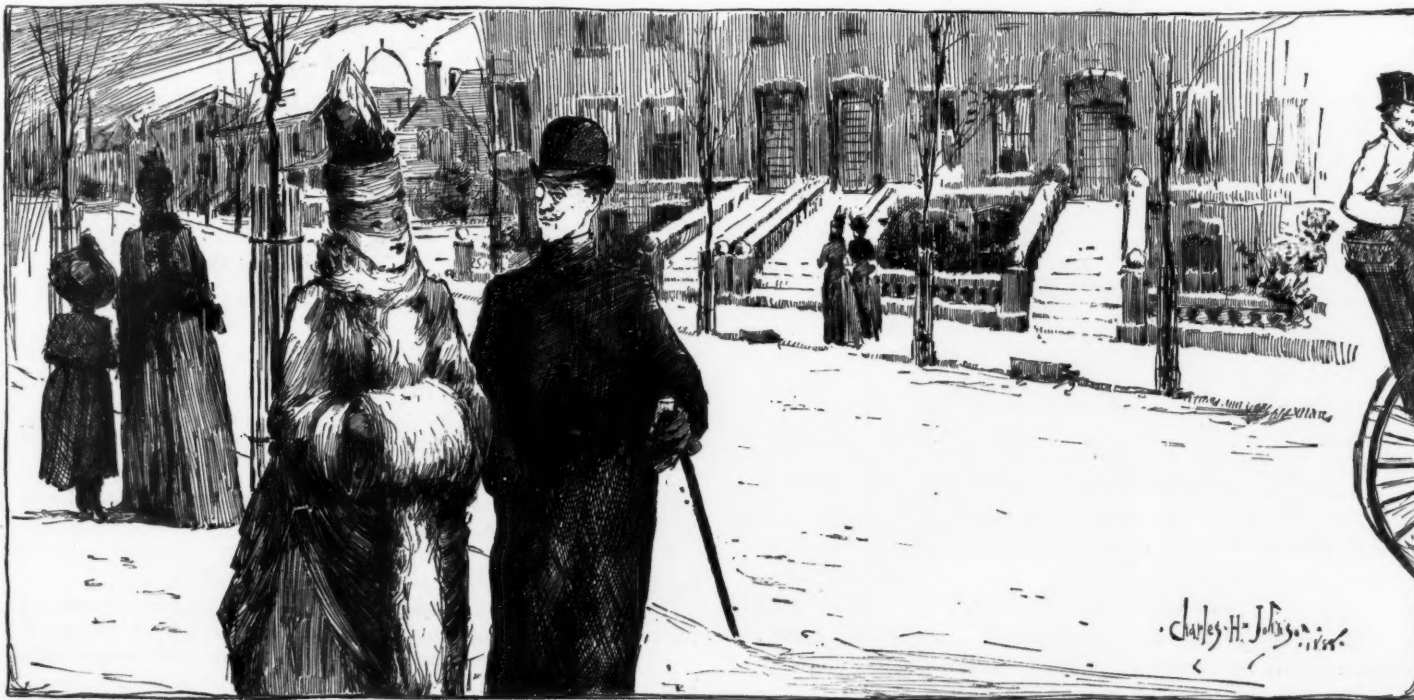
M. S. B.

WELL QUALIFIED.

"What kind of work can you do?" asked the editor of a religious paper.

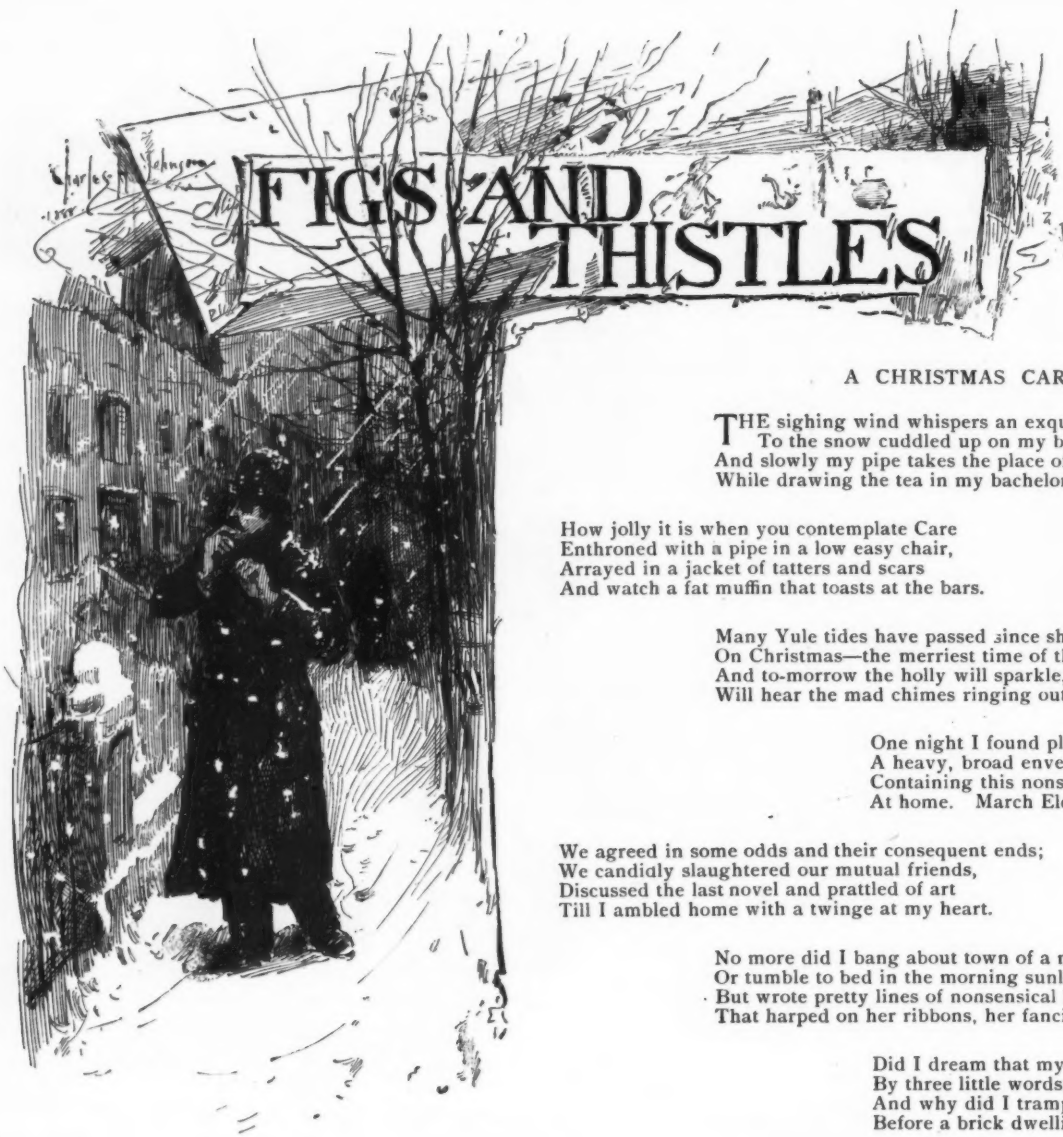
"I've been writing negro-minstrel jokes," was the reply.

"You're just the man we want," returned the editor in great glee. "We need some one to work up several Christmas stories."



DURING THEIR FIRST TIFF.

MR. CRANBEY—"It seems to me that from the cool bow you just gave Mrs. Ackles you forget that she introduced us when we first met."
MRS. CRANBEY—"That's the special reason why I bowed so coolly."



FIGS AND THISTLES

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE sighing wind whispers an exquisite strain
To the snow cuddled up on my broad window pane,
And slowly my pipe takes the place of my pen
While drawing the tea in my bachelor den.

How jolly it is when you contemplate Care
Enthroned with a pipe in a low easy chair,
Arrayed in a jacket of tatters and scars
And watch a fat muffin that toasts at the bars.

Many Yule tides have passed since she wandered up here
On Christmas—the merriest time of the year ;
And to-morrow the holly will sparkle, and I
Will hear the mad chimes ringing out on the sky.

One night I found placed on my oaken book rest
A heavy, broad envelope stamped with a crest
Containing this nonsense: "Miss Colocynth Mark.
At home. March Eleventh. 10 Gramercy Park."

We agreed in some odds and their consequent ends;
We candidly slaughtered our mutual friends,
Discussed the last novel and prattled of art
Till I ambled home with a twinge at my heart.

No more did I bang about town of a night
Or tumble to bed in the morning sunlight,
But wrote pretty lines of nonsensical loves
That harped on her ribbons, her fancies, her gloves.

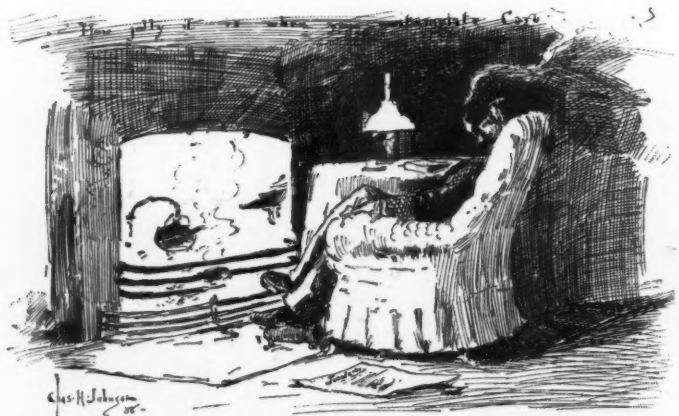
Did I dream that my life had been endlessly blest
By three little words she had shyly confessed?
And why did I tramp in the snow and the dark
Before a brick dwelling in Gramercy park?

How happy I felt when at last I took leave
Of a dear little witch on that long Christmas eve!
How lightly I bantered those singular men
Who live with a pipe in a bachelor den!

She married a fellow with millions in stocks,
Who owned several miles of the city in blocks;
But I know, I can swear, in her heart she was true
To the fellow whose holly that Christmas was rue.

But my pipe has burnt out with a nebulous glow
And the curtain comes down while the music swoons low.
The actor has faltered or muttered his part—
Forgive him! he speaks with a sorrowing heart.

DEWITT STERRY.



CLEARING UP THE DIFFICULTY.

Eddie—"And did Santa Claus really bring that big rocking-horse down the chimney?"

Mamma—"I suppose so, Eddie. That's what they say."

Eddie (eyeing the stove-pipe)—"Good gracious, mamma How it must have grown since it came down!"

AN EXCELLENT SERMON.

Mrs. Wiggins (returning from church)—"I was very much disappointed with Dr. Levelhead's Christmas discourse this morning. I had expected something better from him."

Wiggins—"Why, it was excellent! Shortest sermon he ever preached—and I'm hungry as a shark!"

A very appropriate Xmas present is the bill with an X on it.

THE BLINDNESS OF LOVE.

"Is love blind?" asked little Johnny, as Merritt and his sister came into the room looking very innocent.

"Yes, my dear," replied his mother.

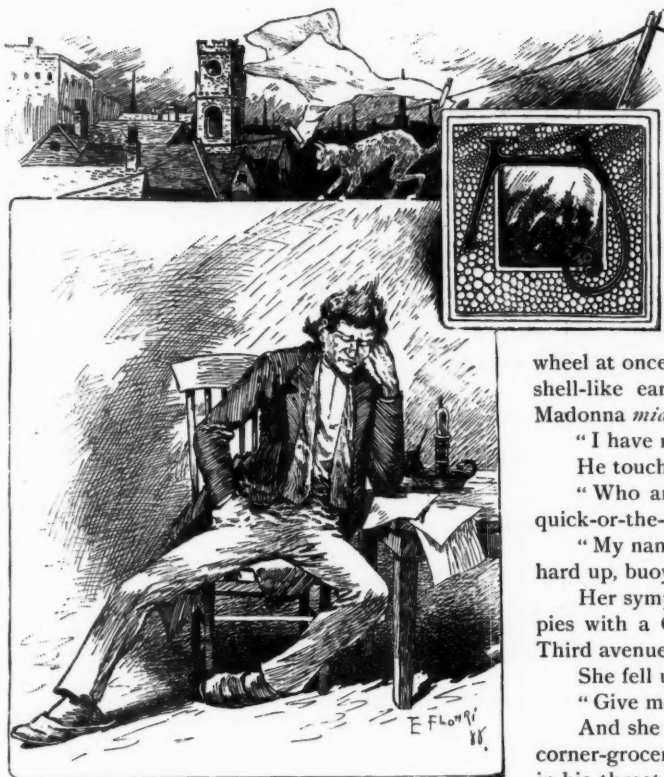
"If that's so," persisted the young fiend, "how could Mr. Merritt see when Cora got under the mistletoe?"

JUDGED FROM EXPERIENCE.

"Doctor," asked an inquisitive old lady, "can you account for the fact that more people are born in the winter than in the summer?"

"I suppose," replied the medical man, gazing sadly at his rough hands, "it is because the cold weather produces so many little chaps."

William M. Evarts is reported to have remarked that he has lost many valuable Christmas presents because nothing but lead-pencils can be put in the leg of his stocking.



A POET'S CHRISTMAS.

HE SAT at his window, sad and lonely; all he saw to cheer him was a chrome-yellow cat dodging the tin spikes on a fence, and a red flannel shirt flaunting its untenanted arms to the breeze. He had not a sou, not a copper, only an unmarketable token-piece that he could call his own; for months, aye years, he had been subsisting on iambs and free lunches, and now, at Christmas, he was hungry as a tax-collector, and empty as a discarded beer-keg. He turned over the sonnets, odes, epics, and roundels he had written, and took courage.

"Verily," said he, "I shall have a Christmas dinner, or write a play in a prologue, seventeen acts and twenty-six tableaux!"

He went out into the street, and past the mansions of the great. At one of the richly-curtained windows he saw a face which set the poetic wheel at once in motion. His stock in trade came out to him in a flash—crimson lips, shell-like ears, eyes like heaven's own blue, Hebe, Diana, Juno, Aphrodite, and Madonna *mia*.

"I have met my fate," said he, "and I shall conquer!"

He touched his curly locks, mounted the steps in lordly fashion, and entered.

"Who art thou?" she inquired, with a sweetly-sad expression, and a repressive quick-or-the-dead sort of voice.

"My name is George Fauntleroy," he answered; "poor but honest, aspiring though hard up, buoyant but hungry."

Her sympathies were touched; she had a dim remembrance of having made mud-pies with a George Fauntleroy in her youth, when her father sold delicatessen on Third avenue.

She fell upon his shoulders and wept. "After all these years!" she moaned.

"Give me a sandwich!" cried he; "anything until the regular feast comes on."

And she herself went into the kitchen, and brought him of the good things of the corner-grocery; whilst he ate his eyes breathed deepest adoration, and when a bone stuck in his throat he nearly fainted with an Ella-Wheeler faint on her terra-cotta shoulder.

So in this parlor, furnished with Oriental magnificence, was enacted this o'er-true tale of the poet's Christmas. Reader, let us draw the curtain on how the poor fellow lied to the old man about his income and his prospects. 'Twas enough that she loved him for the poetry that he made.

NATHAN M. LEVY.

CHRISTMAS CONFIDENCES.

"What a lot of things Santa Claus brings into the house," mused a little fellow, "since father failed in business."

"Ain't it funny, Bill," remarked one little fellow to another, "that Santa Claus doesn't give ma any more babies since father died?"

"I have no presents for the children who need them the most," sighed Santa Claus as he flew over the poor man's house. Christmas flattens out many a fat wallet.

We always like best what the other boy got.

Santa Claus forgets all the bad things we do.

At Christmas both the turkey and the stocking hang high.

It is a bad boy who ties his new tin rattle to the dog's tail.

We are not made happy by saying we received more presents than we did.

The gambler doesn't mind you giving him the deuce when it fills up his hand.

The destructive boy who pokes a hole in his drum won't annoy his neighbors.

The bad boy who doesn't grow good at Christmas is beyond all hope in this world.

The cute boy always looks to see if there is a hole in his stocking before hanging it up.

It is as bad to have too much Christmas as none at all, but we never appreciate this until the next day.

There is nothing mean about the woman who borrows money from her husband to buy him a present.

Nothing is worse than too much of a good thing—the noisy boy can beat a hole in the head of his drum.

The big bustle will never go out of fashion as long as the small boy can find one to hang up instead of his stocking.

"I guess poor old Santa Claus must be sick," remarked little Johnny, "because I see he sent a boy around this afternoon with all the things in a big basket."

"It was very kind of Mr. Lavish to take my two girls out for a sleigh ride," philosophized the butcher, "but I wish he had given me the ten dollars the sleigh cost on account of his meat-bill."



WORSE YET?

SHE (*faintly*)—"I am yours forever."

HE (*excitedly*)—"Ah, Emeline, darling! I was prepared for the worst, but did not expect this."



PRETTY NEAR IT.

Brown had invited his brother, an old sea captain, to dinner on Christmas, and little Johnny seemed tickled to death over the old fellow's red nose.

"Say, Uncle Jack," remarked the enfant terrible, "did Santa Claus give you that red nose when you were a little boy?"

"No, my young shaver," replied the captain, good-naturedly; "it wasn't Santa Claus but a mate of his named Santa Cruz."

IT WOULD BE BECOMING.

"Mr. DeSmythe is going to hang up his stocking just for fun," exclaimed Miss Flurry, "and I can't for the life of me think what to put in it."

"DeSmythe?" echoed her father. "He's that young dude who comes around here, ain't he?"

"Yes."

"Well," returned the heartless old man, "the best thing you can put in his stocking is a pad."

Don't beat your boy for making a noise if you have given him a drum for Christmas.

LOW in cash was Peter Rowdy,
Faded were his clothes, and dowdy
Was his hat;
But, though not with fortune laden,
Peter loved a winsome maiden,
Young and fat.

Not agreeable was Peter
To her father, though to meet her
He'd deceive;
And he vowed, the matter weighing,
He would take his love a-sleighing
Christmas eve.

Steeds were scarce, no cutter had he,
But he knew that Betsy's daddy
(Dear old fool!)
Though he locked his stables nightly,
Left out in the shed, old sprightly
Belle, the mule.

On the corner met he gladly
Roly-poly, and he madly
Tucked her in;
Miles and miles, by nothing hampered,
Flew they, when a snow-flake scampered
'Cross her chin.

Mercy! fast and thick 'twas coming!
Nimble Belle went onward humming,
(Mules are tough!)

Then 'mong the drifts and wintry snarling,
Peter cried: "We're lost, my darling,
Sure enough!"

A kiss that echoed none too mildly,
A frightened mule 'gan kicking wildly
Without check;
Dash-board gone, demolished cutter,
Love and lover in the gutter,
Total wreck!

Luckily, a teamster found them,
And, although he failed to sound them,
Took them in;
And next day each limping sinner
Reached home in time for the Christmas dinner,
Gaunt and thin.

Old man Boggins, though he hated
To see Pete and Betsy mated,
Took it cool;
Called the parson, suave and pleasant,
And gave them for a wedding present
Belle, the mule.

IONE L. JONES.



And gave them for a Wedding Present - Belle, the mule -

OLE WINTAH'S MIGHTY LONG!

EF yo' dig de groun' an' skumish roun'
an' hoe an' weed in spring,
An' in summah wuck toe ahn yo' chuck,
in wintah yo' kin sing.
But 'f yo' loaf an' laze de shiny days an'
on'y l'ink ob sleep,
Yo'll fin' de fall brimfull ob gall, an'
Crismus day yo'll weep!

SONG.

O whar er de shoat w'at wuz in de pen?
Ole wintah's mighty long!
O whar er de duck an' de brinded hen?
Ole wintah's mighty long!
O w'at's come o' dat pile ob hick'ry wood?
Ole wintah's mighty long!
O how many tu'keys lef' in de brood?
Ole wintah's mighty long!

De man dat'd eat hoecake an' meat in
wintah, w'en dey's scace,
Mus' shake off de dumps an' stuh his
stumps an' strike a winnin' pace;
Yo' doan' need a dish toe hol' a wish; but
w'en yo' need a bite
Yo' can't say O fy! an' satisfy er fool yo'
appetite!

SONG.

O paw in dat pickle—de po'k dun gone?
Ole wintah's mighty long!
O dar's hen's fedders an' de duck's wish-bone!
Ole wintah's mighty long!
O de 'coon 's in 'e hole an' still 'e lay!
Ole wintah's mighty long!
An' de 'possum er pawky Crismus day!
Ole wintah's mighty long!

J. A. WALDRON.

COULDN'T BE MISTAKEN.

"Thank you, sir," said the blind beggar.

"How did you know I was a man when you can't see?" inquired the donor.

"Because," replied the beggar, "I never knew a woman to give me anything."

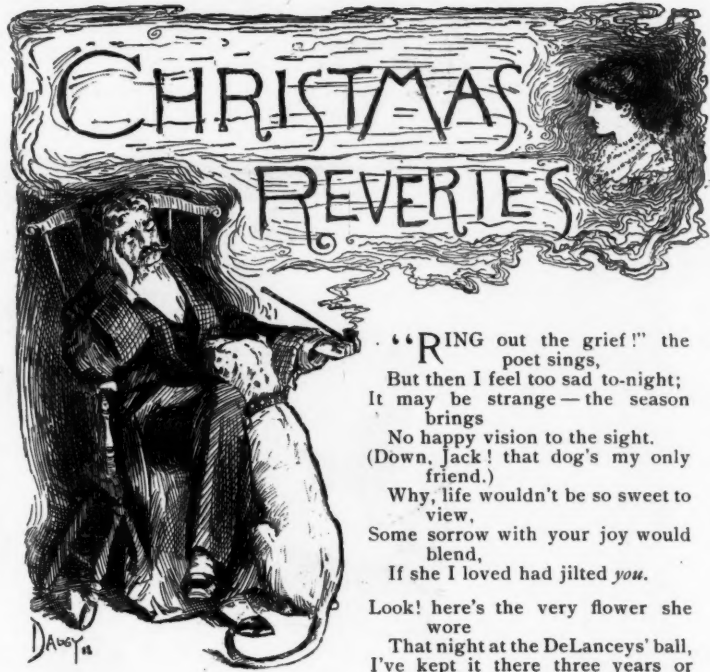
THE SILLY GIRLS.

"Girls are no good anyway," said little Johnny; "they ain't got any sense."

"How's that?" asked Merritt.

"Because," was the reasonable reply, "as soon as their stockings get big enough to hold a lot of things they stop hanging them up."

The boy who finds his stockings well filled on Christmas morning doesn't care what the other fellow got.



"RING out the grief!" the poet sings,
But then I feel too sad to-night;
It may be strange—the season brings
No happy vision to the sight.
(Down, Jack! that dog's my only friend.)
Why, life wouldn't be so sweet to view,
Some sorrow with your joy would blend,
If she I loved had jilted you.

Look! here's the very flower she wore
That night at the DeLanceys' ball,
I've kept it there three years or more;

I shudder now as I recall, —

(Here, Jack, my pipe! Of course Jack knows.)

She sent me from her in disgrace,
And that is why I've kept the rose
That fell from 'mid the folds of lace.

She's married, yet I'm told she's sad;
No more, they say, to her are known
The gladsome ways that once she had,
And from her cheek the bloom has flown.
(Why, we'd have made her happy, Jack,
Have made her life one long delight;
Though now we cannot win her back,
We're still her friends. Dear Jack, good-night!)

NATHAN M. LEVY.

CHRISTMAS.

"Ah, Cholly! and must you go? I shall miss your presence so much to-morrow."

"Not at all, dolling; I will send them around by a boy."

"Oh, Cholly! I meant your—ah, bodily presence."

"Oh—Ah, smack, yum, yum."

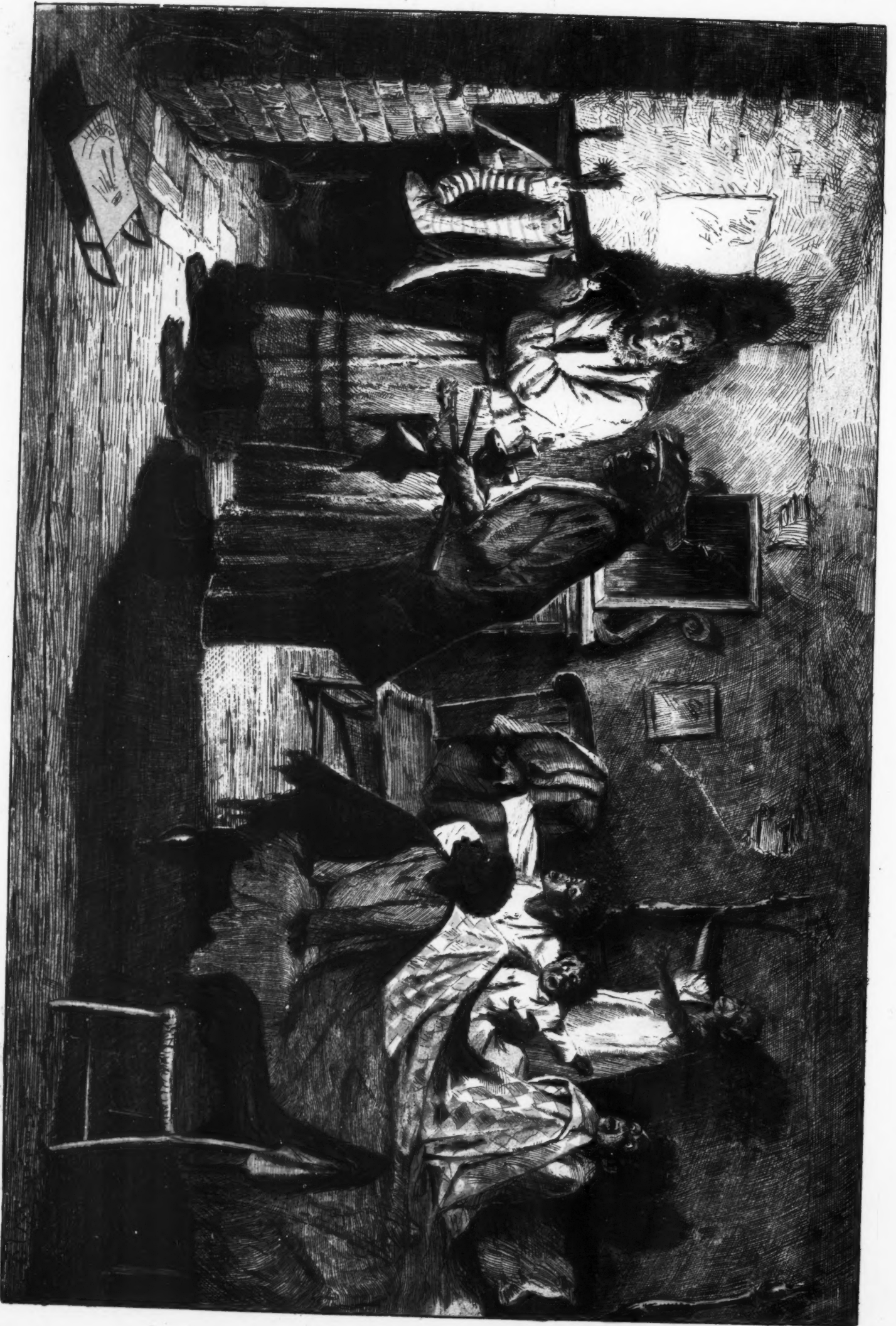
There is more solid comfort to be got out of the miser's stocking than the moralizer would have us believe.



UNAPPRECIATED.

GRANDPA (who is a bit close-fisted)—"I bought the little cherub a pretty plaything. Cost me ten cents, and I hope he'll be careful of it."

THE CHERUB (who is very precocious)—"Shoot the miser!"



CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

MR. FREEDLEY'S ELDEST—"Git under d' bed quick, you en Mammy! We se jes heerd ole Santy Claws a huslin down d' chimbley, en he might git skeered off!"



TOO MUCH FOR HIS SNOBLETS.

HONORED HOSTESS—"Mr. Smith, I have the honor to introduce Madam Aufnagel Rustspiel—"

effete many who get the cold shoulder from the rapacious few. He got mixed on his boiler-plate matter and boomed the wrong side.

The rich man too mean to buy a poor man a Christmas turkey is like a ship load of cholera-infected silks. If he'd disinfect his conscience by good deeds of charity Providence would accept the cargo on trust.

H. S. KELLER.

CHRISTMAS.

THROUGH the year of stern endeavor,
Restless, toiling, sweating, fretting,
Rush the millions onward ever,
In the mad pursuit of getting.

Chime all bells and hearts together,
Joy this morn shall greet all living,
Sparkle eyes and skies and weather,
While the world delights in giving.

Rain and sun and all existence,
God himself and all the living,
Teach us with a sweet insistence,
Life is getting, life is giving.

THE OLD PROFESSOR.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Even the studious boy looks at all the other presents before he reads his new book.

The present we have been anxiously expecting doesn't look half so nice after we get it.



"Countess of Bachauer—"



"Duchess of Pulligstein—"



"Princess of Von Geirberg—"

CHRISTMAS BUNS.

THE holly berries hung in the old oak hall,
But the bride she was not there;
She'd eloped with the footman early in the fall
Who'd dined hitherto under the stair.
But the good horn cup it went its round,
For the baron was pierced by a look
From a buxom maid, built square from the ground,
Who'd erstwhile appeared as the cook.

The poor man's Christmas ham is only the rich man's turkey h-amplified.

A misfit gift I can't erase,
A pair of slippers large
Enough to clear a landing place
Before an oyster barge.

The man who economizes Christmas for sake of a New-year's blow-out takes time by the forelock just a week too soon.

Backward, turn backward! oh, turn in your flight,
Bring me a by-gone old Christmas to-night,
When life it was flavored with sweet paradise,
When a sugar-cut cat as a gift would suffice
To fill the small wants of a sunny-eyed child,
Who now for the earth with a stone wall is wild.

The holiday number of the *Yearly Bung* has gone to rest. The editor this year is among the



"And heir apparent to the throne of King Rudolf of —!"



AFTER THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

MRS. PIPENDORFF—"We've had a most delightful evening, Mrs. Tainer, I assure you."

MRS. TAINER—"I'm so-o-o glad!"

MR. PIPENDORFF (*a little deaf but always happy*)—"Don't swap any scandalously untrue society gossip now, ladies."



MISCONSTRUED.

MRS. PELLE—"Will you have some of the Taylor pudding, Cousin Pedley?"

COUSIN PEDLEY (*who has been eyeing the pheasant table-ornamentation all through the dinner*)—"I reckon I'll take a little of th' tail fust and th' pudd'n afterwards, Cousin Molly."

THE OLD FOLKS CHRISTMAS



THAR won't be any Chris'mus fun
Eround our house this year,
Fer Sandy Claws in passin' by
'Ull jest lean down his ear,
An' w'en he feels the chimbley's cold,
He'll grunt "I'll put right on;
No need o' stoppin' in to Clay's,
The chillern's all gone."

They're all growed up an' married off
Exceptin' little Joe;
They spoke fer him up yander
An' we hed to leave him go.
'Twuz porful rough to lose him,
But now we're glad thar's one
Thet's still a little shaver, though
The chillern's all gone.

An' yit I've seed the time w'en he
'Ud hev to hump hisse'f
To fill the stockin's hangin' up
Erlon' our chimbley she'f.
An' me an' maw 'd be up till twelve
Er one, a-poppin' co'n;
No use o' sech-like doin's now;
The chillern's all gone.

An' settin' yere this Chris'mus night.
I sez to maw, it seemed
Ez if I sensed his rosy face
Right whar the fire-light gleamed.
An' maw she 'lowed thet mebbly He
Hed lent us back our own,
Cuz Chris'mus ain't a smeller w'en
The chillern's all gone.

I uster feel plump, like a boy,
To see them young uns sit,
An' talk o' Chris'mus being nigh,
An' wonder whut the'd git,
An' fix their se'ves to stay awake
Till Sandy kem alon'!
Thar's no un watches fer him now,
The chillern's all gone.

It kinder makes my bones thaw out
To jedge thet w'en we die
We'll find our little tad agin,
Not growed a smitch more high;
I want him like he uster be,
Jest big enough to run;
I wont stay up thar—ef I find
The chillern's all gone!

EVA WILDER M'GLASSON.

BRIDGET.

IT WAS Christmas eve. Outside, a soft feathery snow was falling, pretty to look at through the window pane but most uncomfortable to be abroad in and highly uncertain as to its future intentions—it being about equally probable that its dampness would become actual rain or by sudden congealing turn into a biting sleet.

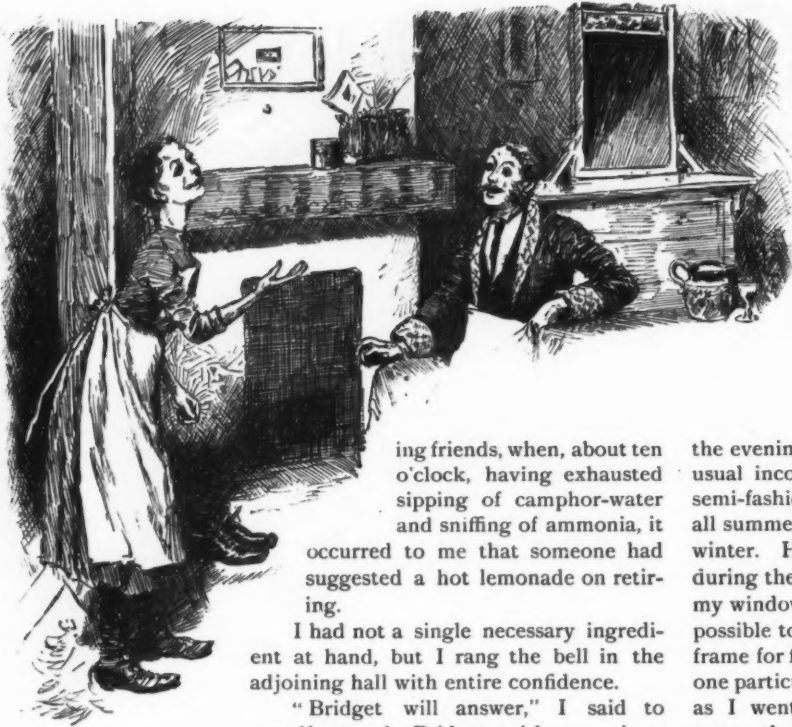
Within—well, there was not much of a within, particularly for Christmas eve—just a "top floor, back, small" as I had heard the porter directed with my luggage on the day upon which I became an inmate of Mrs. Featherstone's semi-fashionable boarding-house—still, it was not a wholly comfortless interior, and I, nursing at the moment a most unholiday-like influenza, was only too glad to avail myself of its modest dimensions and moderate attractions.

I do not know that the convenient season for a cold in the head has ever been stated with authority, but I do know that in my case this particular attack of the malady had seized upon about the most inconvenient moment of the year for its appearance. I was down for a Christmas dinner with my employer, who was also a distant kinsman. He had, of course, a daughter whom, equally of course, it was most undesirable to face with swollen eyelids, reddened nostrils and the ludicrous dialect which, willy-nilly, a man with my affliction must drop into.

So I was diligently endeavoring to mitigate these symptoms by the various remedies prescribed for me during the day by sympathiz-



MRS. DE TRENT—"I had a dispute with cousin Alice to-day. Which is correct, 'I promise you all you select,' or, 'I allow you all you select.'"
MR. DE TRENT—"Why, 'I promise you all you select.'"
MRS. DE TRENT—"Thanks, awfully. I'm going in to Biffany's to look at those diamonds in the morning."



ing friends, when, about ten o'clock, having exhausted sipping of camphor-water and sniffing of ammonia, it occurred to me that someone had suggested a hot lemonade on retiring.

I had not a single necessary ingredient at hand, but I rang the bell in the adjoining hall with entire confidence.

"Bridget will answer," I said to myself, "and Bridget with me is a synonym of accomplished desire."

My faith in Bridget dated from the hour of our meeting, which was one day in the preceding week, when she suddenly appeared in answer to my ring. I had expected Thomas, the lazy and lumbering Thomas, who was the colored door and table waiter and occasional boot-black of the establishment; instead, there stood at my door a slip of a girl, whose skirts proclaimed her sex though her close-cropped hair and eager, sharp face would much better have suited a boy's apparel.

She was small of stature and slender of frame, but nature by way of compensation had given her a pair of big blue gray eyes and a generous allowance of freckles. Art, too, was equally discriminating; the faded calico dress, scant of skirt and short of sleeve, was supplemented with a pair of much too large shoes into which the wisps of legs vanished without the slightest attempt at ankle or calf, but which imparted to her appearance a certain needed element of stability and foundation.

"Ah!" I said, looking her over, "and who are you, pray?"

"Oh, la, I'm Bridget," was her careless but quite composed reply.

"Well, Bridget," I went on, "I don't want you. I want Thomas to clean these shoes."

"Oh, la, Tom, he's out! I'll do them fur ye." Then, noticing my look of hesitation, "Sure I carried a box mesilf onct."

I believed her. If there was ever a gamin in petticoats she looked one.

I let her have the shoes, which she polished well and quickly. She took the coin I gave her for her trouble, tossed it up with a peculiar motion and caught it on the back of one hand before she struck it sharply against her teeth to test its metal.

Finding it of current value she gathered up one corner of her apron, placed the piece carefully inside and proceeded to tie it fast with a bulgy knot which, however it might secure her finances, did not add to the effect of her toilet. Then she turned to go.

The child amused me.

"What will you do with your money, Bridget?"

I asked to detain her.

With an indescribable grimace she patted the region just above the belt of her dress, and smacking her lips gave a gulping swallow. "Raisings," she said, laconically, and was gone.

From that time on, however, Bridget and I met frequently. I soon discovered that hunger was her chronic condition. Repletion evidently knew her not. I also gathered, involuntarily, from various frank and gratuitous statements on Bridget's part, that when the boarders had finished their discussion of Mrs. Featherstone's edibles the "help," as



Bridget tersely put it, were not bountifully provided for, and that of the "help" at such times Bridget, herself, stood quite at the bottom of the eligible list. In her position of scullery maid and everybody's drudge, working for board and clothes, it was probably indeed a nip-and-tuck struggle to get even a barely satisfying portion; and, accordingly, every stray coin which came into her possession was converted at the earliest opportunity into an effort to reduce the vacuum which seemed to mark her stomach for its own.

I did what I could in a small way to assist in this most laudable desire, and was rewarded by a devotion which sought to reciprocate in kind—material comfort. My towels grew larger and more frequent; hot shaving water stood perennially outside my door of a morning, and I was no longer a stranger to ice-water in the evenings. As cold weather approached my room developed the usual inconsistency of similar apartments in the average New York semi-fashionable boarding house; from having been insufferably hot all summer it now evinced a tendency to become intolerably cold all winter. Here also Bridget befriended me. She kept my door open during the day to catch any extra heat from the halls. She chinked my window so carefully and completely with cotton I found it impossible to budge the sash frame for fresh air, and on one particular bitter night as I went to plunge between the sheets I nearly peeled the skin off my left foot from contact with the exposed triangle of a hot sad-iron which my would-be benefactor had put on duty as a bed warmer.

All of which is why I so trustfully rang up Bridget on Christmas eve for lemons, hot water and sugar.

I found her very sympathetic.

"Sure 't is awful the cold thet's on ye," she said; "ye bark like a dog." Which was more truthful than polite on her part.

"What I ought to have, Bridget," I remarked casually as I concocted the prohibition toddy, "is a good dash of whisky in this."

"Whisky, is it?"

queried Bridget with a quick lighting of the eye which I afterwards understood.

"Whisky, is it not?" I repeated facetiously, and then by way of conversation I asked her what she had been about all day.

"Oh, la, everythin' mustly. I've stumed the raisings this afternoon for the puddin' to-morrow; there's a big plum puddin', ye know, for the dinner," and her face took on an eager, wistful look that would have been pathetic except for the humorous twinkle of the pleasant Irish eye.

There was that about Bridget—you could never feel uncomfortably sorry for her—it was such a cheerful, defiant and merry spirit that looked out from beneath the long, curling lashes.

So now I only smiled and said significantly, "Stoning raisins, were you? You must have rather liked that, eh, Bridget?"

The child understood me.

"Oh, la," she said earnestly, "divvle a one o' thim did I ate! Sure they're fur the Krissmiss puddin'. Wud I be stuffin' mesilf wid the plums fur the Krissmiss puddin', d'ye

think?" and with an indignant toss of the head she left me. For once I did not laugh at Bridget. There seemed a certain pathetic heroism in such self-abnegation on the part of the poor little ill-fed lass. Surely to this small serving maid, waif and drudge that she was, there had filtered through a touch of the genuine Christmas spirit, a ray of the real glory of the season!

Fifteen minutes later my door was suddenly opened a few inches and a small, freckled hand thrust in a large goblet filled to the brim with some dark colored liquid. Smell and taste demonstrated it to be whisky, cheap grocer's stuff but undeniably whisky. A peace offering from Bridget, to whose willing soul my chance remark had been suggestion enough. Evidently too the child thought if a little was good more was better, for she had brought me enough to floor a Sioux Indian.

With some misgivings I added a small portion to my lemonade, mentally hoping its medicinal qualities were not eliminated by its manifest adulteration, and went to bed.



The Four Seasons

A POETICAL IDEA OF THE OLD
SETTLER'S.

"TIME slides along, Squire, like a saw-log down a roll-way," remarked the old settler. "It don't stop fer nuthin' an' it don't turn out fur nuthin', an' the longer ye see it runnin' the faster, b'gosh, it seems to go. But the seasons plays tag with one another now jist the same ez they did w'en we was young, though they do seem to scoot along a leetle livelier. It 'pears now-a-days ez if Spring hain't no sooner kim a skippin' along an', gentle ez she is, swatted ol' Winter 'long-side the jaw fer his impydenz in tryin' to lay his head in her lap an' keep it thar, an' made him glad to take hisself off a hustlin', 'fore Summer comes a prancin' up, sassy an' proud ez a school gal in a red jersey, an' sets right in to make it so warm fer leetle Miss Spring that she can't stan' it, an' away she goes, leavin' all her nice, fresh, sweet-smellin' duds fer Summer to p'rade roun' in, an' to cut over an' make up new. Then ye hardly git use to the high-steppin' an' gushin' Summer's smilin' an' prancin' an' runnin' things ez if she was the perpetuy boss o' the hull year, w'en chipper Ortum' hears o' her goin's on, an' comes a callin' on her. 'Stid o' findin' her a queen o' beauty, Ortum' finds her unly a fadin' an' over-grown slattern, but a tryin' hard to make out th't she's the same bright gal th't pranced along so proud an' sassy a leetle w'ile afore, an' cheeked the bashful Spring outen her own. But Summer can't pick the new-comer up fer no fool, b'gosh, an' Ortum', bein' red-headed, has got a temper o' her own, an' the fust thing we know, her an' Summer goes to clawin' one another's hair. Summer gits the wust of it, an' has to pull up an' make tracks, ragged an' bare-legged, an' all used up. Ortum' jist more'n brightens up things fer a spell, fer she's red an' lusty, an' dresses gay an' lives fast. Ye hain't hardly got to admirin' of her an' her ways, though, 'fore ol' Winter comes a stealin' back ag'in, an' goes to coaxin' roun' this snappy red beauty. Strong an' grow'd-up ez she is—big enough and old enough to know better—she hain't got the kerridge even o' the young and tender spring, an' she don't hustle the hoary ol' sinner off with a flea in his ear, like the leetle un did, but listens to him an' tarries, an' bimeby gives herself up to him. Then, the fust thing ye know, her charms is gone, an' he

The next day my cold was decidedly better. The combined and cumulative effect of camphor, ammonia, lemon and Bridget's fire-water had done the work. The weather, too, had been equally successful, and had evolved from its doubtful ingredients of the night before a crisp, sparkling morning—a typical Christmas day.

When I came back to the house about noon, after a brisk walk in the bracing air, various odors floating through the halls apprised me that Mrs. Featherstone's dinner was in process of preparation, and naturally reminded me of Bridget. As I wished to bestow one or two little Christmas trinkets I had secured for the child, and also thank and reimburse her or somebody for the liberal ration of grog, I rang the bell.

In lieu of Bridget, however, the languid Thomas appeared, explaining when I asked for her that "Bridget's done gone, sah."

"Gone?" I repeated somewhat vaguely.

"Yes, sah. The missus sent her off this mawnin', sah. You see Bridget done drunk all the likker that was for the puddin' sauce. Cook saw her with the bottle las' night and this mawnin' ebery drop were drunk up. So missus she done send her off in a hurry."

This was illuminating. Poor little Bridget's devotion and mistaken loyalty had cost her dear. It must have been a sore trial to go, as she did, with the flavor of the dinner rising like incense to her nostrils and the boiling of the coveted pudding singing like music in her ears. And what crooked, cross-eyed conscience was hers that prevented her from appropriating a single raisin from the Christmas pudding, but allowed the wholesale abstraction of the sauce? Perhaps, though, with the Jesuits, the child reasoned that the end justified the means.

Of course a brief explanation to Mrs. Featherstone of my unwitting share in the purloining of her spirits at once restored matters and Bridget to their quondam footing.

And I have every reason to believe that on that particular Christmas Bridget enjoyed for the first time in her checkered career, the novel sensation of having even more than enough to eat. Satiety and she had met at last.

MARGARET HAMILTON WELCH.

throws her off, an' ye hear her go moanin' an' moanin' away, shiverin' in her nakedness, an' lookin' like a ghost. An' so it goes, Squire! The four seasons chases one another 'roun', year in an' year out, all the world over, an' we foller the trail 'long with 'em, drawin' all the time nigher an' nigher, b'gosh, to the last campin' groun'."

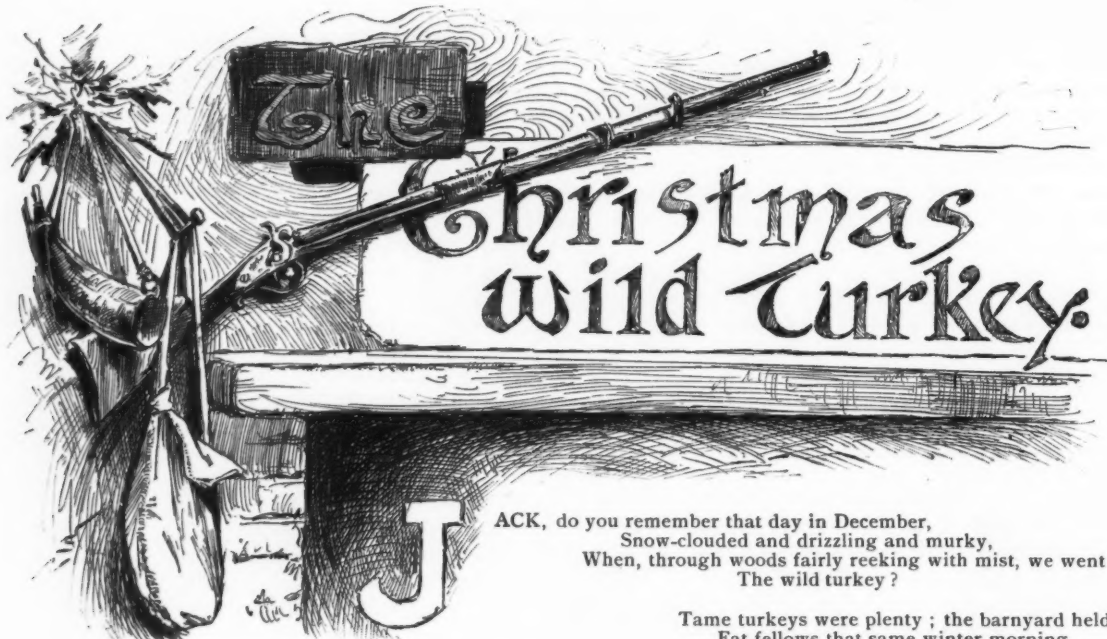
"On gin'ral principles, Major," said the Squire, "yer 'bout right. Yer doctern 'bout the four seasons is good the world over, pervidin' ye leave out Jersey. Thuz unly two seasons in Jersey, Major—one w'en they take their liquor hot, an' t'other w'en they put ice in it."

ED. MOTT.



THE EDITOR'S CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE.

THE WASTE-BASKET—"My dear friend, during the joy and festivities of this gladsome season you must not forget the unvarying fidelity of an old henchman. I simply want an equal partnership in the business."



ACK, do you remember that day in December,
Snow-clouded and drizzling and murky,
When, through woods fairly reeking with mist, we went seeking
The wild turkey?

Tame turkeys were plenty; the barnyard held twenty
Fat fellows that same winter morning,
But aught save the stranger, the mast-flavored ranger,
We were scorning.

In a glade wood surrounded, on every side bounded
By pines, we stood, each a tired hobbler,
When, suddenly, vaulted, from eyrie exalted,
The wild gobbler!

How the boyish blood bounded when overhead
sounded
Strong wings, the air cleaving asunder!
Though hope it seemed dooming, that strident out-
booming,
Like the thunder!

Boys seize chances lightly; the rifles flashed brightly,
Like whip-lashes cracking together;
Next instant we noted where downward there floated
Just a feather!

Hit! Twixt trees the glade walling plunged,
noisily falling,
Something dark! How we yelled! which had
shot him?
Through the bare branches dashing, to earth he
came crashing,
We'd got him!

How we tore through the bushes, what fallings and
pushes,
Tired muscles new strength seemed to borrow!
How we toiled homeward proudly and planned and
talked loudly
Of the morrow!

And, next day, what a dinner! ne'er turkey was thinner
Or tougher, but that didn't matter;
We were bigoted—loyal unto the bird royal
On the platter!

At the club to-day, dining—and cautiously wining—
Much I thought of the dinners I'd eaten:
Each, save that, in its savor, its exquisite flavor
Could be beaten.

Ah! 'twas life! You remember that day in December,
Snow-clouded and drizzling and murky,
When, through woods fairly reeking with mist, we went seeking
The wild turkey?

From edge of the meadow, deep into the shadow
Of forests, a single track trended;
Miles we followed, through reaches of oak ash and beeches,
Till it ended.



Though our stomachs we pickle with sauces to tickle
A freakish digestion's odd humors,
There is naught like the hunger which come to the younger
Food-consumers.

There is nothing can bring us the young blood was in us;
We are veterans, observant and knowing;
Life has made us two wiser, but no appetizer
Matches growing!

STANLEY WATERLOO.



DEARER WITH AGE.

"You seem to have a strong attachment for that old overcoat," said Crabley, as they walked through the snow towards the restaurant where they were to take their Christmas dinner.

"Yes," replied Jack; "It grows dearer and dearer to me the more I wear it. Only last month I had to pay eighteen per cent. interest to get a chance to wear it."

HARDLY AVAILABLE.

"I know I ought to be thankful to Miss Snyder," said Merritt, "but I don't see how I can be."

"How's that?" asked Cobwigger.

"Why," returned Merritt, "she made me a pair of slippers that are several times too large."

CHRISTMAS CAROLINGS.

The fruit grows all ripe on the Christmas tree.

Grover will hang up his left stocking this Xmas.

It wouldn't be much use for the Boston girl to hang up her stocking.

In these days the child who believes in Santa Claus is of very tender age.

There is not much difference between enough and a feast at these times.

The small boy hasn't to be got out of bed with a switch on Christmas morning.

The tin soldiers don't hurt themselves very much, but the small boy soon has them crippled.

FATHER'S BOY.

What could he do, the household pet?

He climbed upon his father's knee,

Got on the mantelpiece; and yet He could not climb the Christmas tree.



A. S. Jaeger 88.

HE WAS A CLUB MAN.

MRS. HOOPLE'S PAPA—"Why, child! what are you doing?"
MRS. HOOPLE—"Trying to make home attractive for Tom during the holiday season."

YOUTHFUL SKEPTICISM.

Young America (who has out-grown old traditions)—
"Now what I want to know is this—if there is a Santa Claus, and he is as big and fat as you say, how can he come down the chimney, with all those things on his back, without getting stuck somewhere?"

Puzzled mamma—"Oh, he packs the toys very carefully, you know."

Young America—"And do you mean to tell me he never gets a bit of soot on his clothes, nor nothing? Huh! go tell that to the baby!"

WHAT TROUBLES HIM.

"Does Santa Claus have much trouble to get all his presents?" asked little Tommy.

"No, my boy," replied his father sadly. "The only trouble he has is to pay for them."

The fireside dreamer finds plenty to read in the Yule log.



THE GREEDY TIGER AND THE SPIRAL SPRING.
A legend of the Indies.



A CHRISTMAS EVE SURPRISE A

UNCLE PINDGRIFF—" Well, Mary, here we be! You camped out on us all summer, an' now, by gum! we're a goin' ter git even. Never mind nothin'!

Judge

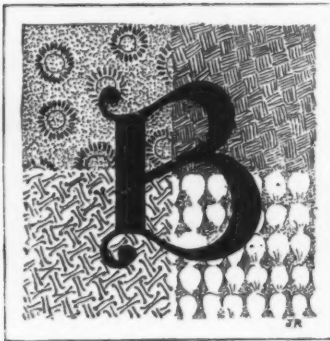


RISE AT THE DE STRUK OYLE'S.

and nothin' hot, but if yer've got some cold pork 'n beans, fetch 'em up, an' arter we git over th' railroad jogglin', we'll jine in a contry darness with yer."

SACKETT & WILHELMS LITHO CO. N.Y.

AN OUTCAST'S CHRISTMAS EVE.



BENEATH a dull frosty sky, facing the bitter wind, a lonely wayfarer walked the city streets. It was Christmas eve. The threatening clouds and chill atmosphere had not checked the glad bustle of preparation, nor turned aside the current of gaiety that flowed, in a thousand streams, through the busy lighted thoroughfares. The shop windows gleamed with tempting wares and the fruit stands on the street corners, illuminated with flaming torches, were surrounded by eager purchasers.

Every man, woman and child, who sped along the pavement carried one or more bundles, indicative of the kindly thought and cheer of Christmas time—all save the solitary wanderer who forced his way unheeding through the bustling crowd.

He was a man with an anxious, careworn, yet not unpleasant face—a face which might once have had smiles for children and genial greeting for a friend; but now the features, pinched with cold, were worn and hard, and bore the expression of one who had struggled long and given up at last to Fate. His clothing, originally of good make and texture, gave evidences of long and careful wear, but was still neat, well brushed and buttoned closely round his spare form. No one accosted, nor appeared to notice him; there was that in his bearing which seemed to deter the venders from offering their wares or the beggars from making appeal. He passed onward hurriedly, and turned, at last, from the noise and brightness of the avenue into a quiet side street. Here his pace slackened. He walked slowly, looking at the fine houses with a sad, observant eye. Through the open windows he could see the tables plentifully spread, and merry groups gathered at the pleasant evening meal. Delicious scents of well cooked viands floated out to him as he passed, and deepened the look of actual hunger on his face—that pitiful, unmistakable look so sad to see. The doors of these luxurious homes were closed to him, and yet the Christmas bells went on ringing their wild, sweet messages of peace and joy.

How strange and lonely the whole world looked under the steel gray sky! His step slackened and slackened. At length as he drew near a mansion more imposing than the rest, brilliantly lighted from top to bottom, he paused, swept his eye over the spacious front with a look of fond, yearning recognition, then quickly and determinedly mounted the steps. Here he paused another moment, ere he rang the bell with a timid hand.

The door was opened by a colored servant, who eyed him superciliously, but allowed him to pass, with a muttered word or two. The newcomer paused hesitatingly in the richly furnished hall as if uncertain where to go. At this moment, a door near him opened gently. A beautiful and elegantly dressed lady came toward him eagerly.

"John!" she murmured in a low voice thrilling with emotion.



TOO MUCH OF AN INVESTMENT TO ABANDON.

MR. RHEINSTEIN—"Oh! Mees Goldburg; vill you not pe mein?"
MISS GOLDBURG—"It cannot pe at bresent, mein frent. I hef joost het me some cards engrafed, mit 'Miss Goldburg,' unt dey cost a dollar unt a helluf mit no disgoundt. Vait till dey vos used up."

Her arms enfolded him, shabby overcoat and all. She kissed his cold, careworn cheek with her warm, glowing lips.

"Hush!" she whispered softly; "the children are in the library. The Christmas tree is all dressed, and oh, you dear old extravagant darling! What lovely things you sent! They must have cost a lot of money!"

"Just five hundred dollars," was the calm rejoinder, as he wended his way down stairs to get his dinner.

He was a New York business man who had walked up town to save five cents, as he always did.

M. S. B.



HE DIDN'T KNOW HOW.

MR. DINEWELL—"Gentlemen, I have a bottle of Madeira here that's been around the world seven times. You'll excuse me if I open it myself instead of trusting the waiter."



But as the cork came up suddenly so did the bottle go down.

HOW HE WAS THANKFUL.

"I suppose you feel very thankful to Santa Claus for providing you with such a fine turkey?" said the minister to Uncle 'Lijah's little boy.

"Naw, sah," replied the pickaninny. "Uncle tole dis chile ter be than'ful ter Farmer Green fur lettin' his hen-house dore on de jar."

POPCORN.

Above the coals, heaped high and bright,
We shake the hopper merrily;
Each kernel breaks in purest white,
How nice it pops! *Why doesn't he?*

Pop, popper! is the only sound,
And the only papa we want around;
Corn knows more than many beaux,
It's sure to pop when the firelight glows.

His arm steals softly 'bout my waist,
His head is bending nearer mine;
Oh! how I wish he would make haste,
I'm sure it's nearly half-past nine.

The twilight shadows on the wall
Creep swiftly thro' the curtain's fold,
And on my list'ning ear doth fall
A story new, though ever old.

For, now at last, in whisper low,
A promise true he asks of me—
He prays I will not answer no;
The corn has popped, and so has he.

PEARL EYTINGE



"T'WAS ALWAYS THUS."

It was a little rough on Cousin Jack to have that great bunch of mistletoe come down just as he had succeeded in enticing the prettiest girl in the room under it.

THE MODERN MINERVA.

A TALE OF EXPERIMENTALIZING.

A FRIEND had written a story in verse for children and sent it to me for criticism. It was about Antæus and the Pygmies, and the giant Hercules. She had some very pretty theories about making these myths popular with the younger folk, and it is needless to say that I shared her enthusiasm. I also held some very pretty theories on my own account. I had read how the publisher of "Little Women" had placed that manuscript in the hands of a child and breathlessly watched for the impression it made upon her. The only proper way of testing the merits of a child's story was to be guided by a child's acceptance of it. I brought down my theory, gave it a dusting, and prepared to test it. The organ selected for my experiment was a



AN ASSERTION OF MANHOOD.

"Who licked yer, Jimmy—de old man or de old woman?"

"De old man, of course. Do you suppose I'd permit myself ter cry for de blows of a woman?"

A YOUNG PRUDE.

"What made you hang your stocking on the outside of the door?" asked a kind mother of her four-year-old.

"Because," replied the little girl, "I didn't want Santa Claus to see me in bed."

MODERN CHIVALRY.

Old gent—"Here, you gamins! what are you fighting about? Don't you know that this is Christmas day and you should love one another?"

Knight of Theatre alley—"Well, but dis 'ere bloke said de white horses was a follerin' my sister all about."

Old gent—"So then your sister has red hair, I suppose."

Knight of Theatre alley—"Ah-h, I ain't got no sister, but I jist pitched inter him from de principle of de t'ing."



CHRISTMAS AT BOLAN'S.

CARROLL (*from over the fence*)—"P'what's goin' on, Mishter Bolan?"
BOLAN—"It is a bit av Christmash festivity we're havin', John, an' Rosie an' me concluded it wor a shem t' pull up a good shade three fer jist wan night."

relative of the feminine sex, aged ten. It may be that the time chosen for operations was inopportune. F— had lately manifested a disposition (must I say it?) to wear a paper bustle on the sly; she frequently twisted up her hair *à la mode*, and occasionally donned long skirts for the effect. The very evening on which I had intended to act she was away at a party, from which she returned, after a moonlight walk, on the arm of a young gentleman much sought after among the *élite*. Clearly, the stars were against me—in more than one sense, alas! However, I kept a neutral silence in response to her naive remarks on the beauty of the night and the delights of a promenade *à deux*, and before allowing her to retire produced the story and read it aloud to the end.

What was the effect? Reader, what effect but one *could* such a story have upon a young woman who had *never* believed in Santa Claus, who outgrew her dolls before she did her frocks, and who required mathematical proof of the truth of every questionable statement? Our modern stoves mean death by asphyxiation to Santa Claus, and our steam and electric cars have mangled beneath their wheels the spirit of Sinbad the Sailor and the Knights of the Magic Carpet.

Her expression was that of an individual somewhat amused and a little bored; she also had an air which I interpreted as that of offended dignity.



CHRISTMAS MORNING AT HUKLEY'S.

MR. HUKLEY (to his pastor)—“You shee, parson, shat mishletoe we picked lasht fall for dec'ratin' th' rooms wash poishon ivy!”

musical sound that came from the fields had amused my fancy many a wakeful night. I raised my hand and listened. “What is that?” I asked. “What song do the Water Witches sing?” My small relative listened a moment, regarding me suspiciously the while, and then replied with crushing emphasis, “That's nothing but the *frogs*.”

I took her firmly by the hand and led her away to the window of



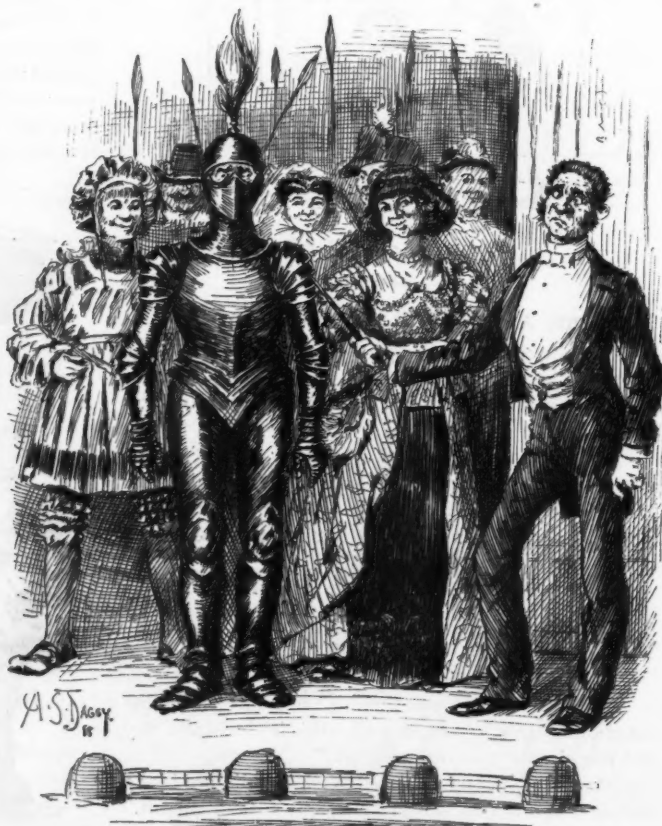
A LOST DINNER.

Farmer Upjohn has placed his tame eagle in the turkey house for Christmas eve security.

DEACON FALLDOFF—“Fo' de good Lawd's saik, boss! I wuz jest 'r mekin' a fren'ly call, 'deed 'r wuz, boss. (Fo' massy's saik, how dat tuckey's growed!)”

“People six inches high?” she seemed to be saying in derision when she smiled. “You might amuse the children with that, but I am too old to believe such nonsense. And Hercules, taller than the tallest tree? Really, you can't expect me to take any real interest in such preposterous fabrications, or to encourage their perpetration.” The attention which I thought should have been given in the tale ran to details, and when she began to grow enthusiastic over my friend's ability “to make up such a story” I laid the subject aside in sheer despair.

It was a warm spring evening. The windows were open, and the



INDIGNATION.

MCGURDY (explaining the congress of nations and losing his place)—“This, ladies and gentlemen, is Sir Walter Rawleigh on his way to”—
KNIGHT IN ARMOR—“Yure a liar! I'm Brian Boru; av yez call's me an Englishmon Oi'll knock yez aff th' phlatform.”



MR. POOKAH (who has given the raffle)—“Gennl'men, d' one whad wins d' turk teks him an welc'm'. I'se godder go 'n' bank d' boodle befoh d' bank closes.”



MR. SIMMISON—“Three acers on d' second frow! D' turk's mine!” (Removes the drapery.)
DECEPTION ON THE FLATS.

an eastern room. There, with the moonlit scene on the one hand, and the dark recesses of the room on the other, I held her attention with a masterful eye and applied the following:

Hear the Water Witches singing—
Singing to the Moon?
Hear their silver bells a-ringing—
Ringing all in tune?
Witches singing—
Bells a-ringing—
To the love-lorn Moon?

See her downward cast her glances,
With a languid grace!
Hear her sighing, wrapt in fancies,
"Naught shall change my face!
In my glances
And my fancies
You no joy shall trace!"

Hear the Witches, laughing, singing—
Mocking at the Moon!
Hear the bells discordant ringing—
Ringing out of tune!
Witches singing—
Bells a-ringing—
Mocking at the Moon!

It is possible that my severity was incompatible with sentiment; at any rate, the only response elicited by my poetic efforts was, "I hear the frogs."

I put that child to bed and bade her pleasant dreams with unusual solicitude. And from that night I began a course of treatment by which I hoped to convey some nourishment to her stunted imagination and give it a new start. I fed her indiscriminately upon all sorts of little monsters of the middle ages—fairies, gnomes, wehr wolves and witches, naught came amiss; dreaming cocks, swans enchanted, maidens, dandelion, and sunflower.



But she did not to any great extent.

UNCLE WHIRRY—"Reckon 'I hitch th' old mare 't' this stump she'll stay durin' th' p'formance."

AN INDIANA CIRCUS.



It was not without result; she thrived upon it. Her inquisitorial questions were met with such bland and simple explanations that they soon fell to the rear.

I was ignorant of the extent to which I had succeeded in this last experiment until a few days since, when F— sat turning over the pages of a magazine. Her attention was attracted by an advertisement in the back of the book, representing an old cat gravely washing some newly-fledged chickens and hanging them up by the tips of their wings on a line to dry.

"There is a country where they do that with children," I casually remarked—"dip them into the bath and then hang them out to dry."

Ye masters, what a look she gave me! neither credulous nor incredulous, but wide-eyed, and not so much surprised as earnestly attentive. I doubt if I could have spoiled this little tribute to my powers if my face had not betrayed me.

I have nothing more to add, except, perhaps, that F—'s verdict of my friend's story seems to have been the popular one. Anyway, I have heard nothing more about Antæus, and the Pygmies, and the giant Hercules.

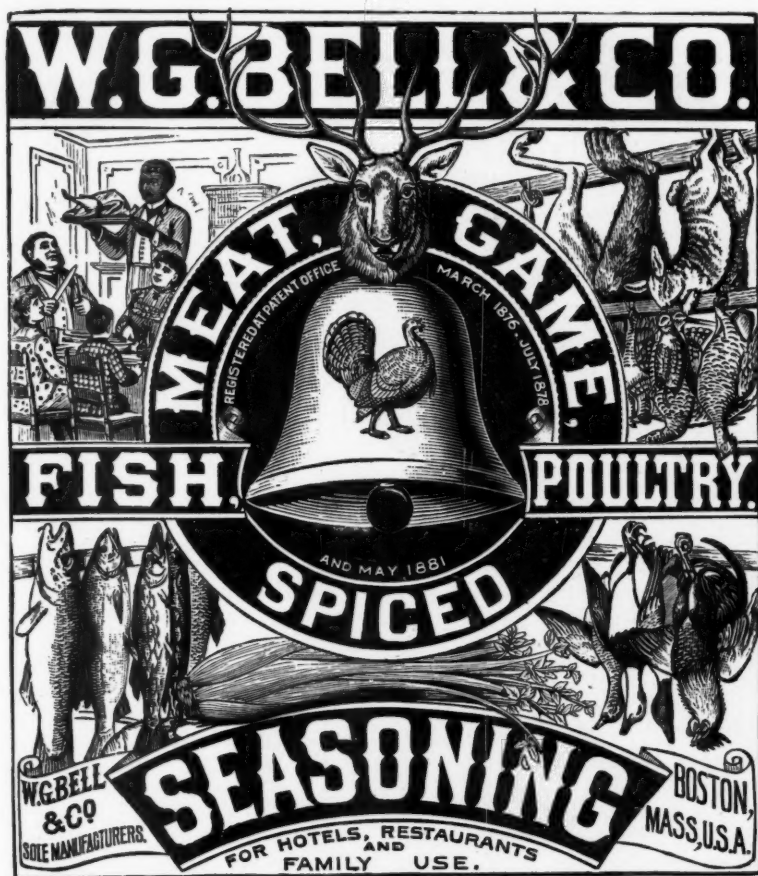
KATHRINE GROSJEAN.

"TWO HEARTS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT."

Kate—"You won't feel slighted if I give you no present until New-year's, will you, dear?"

Julia—"No, love, for that is precisely the way I mean to treat you."

Both (sotto voce)—"Hateful thing! She's only waiting to see what I will give!"



THIS SEASONING

is made of the granulated leaves of fragrant sweet herbs and choice selected spices, having all the flavors that can be desired, thereby saving the trouble of having to use a dozen different kinds of herbs and spices in order to give the proper flavor. On account of the purity one table-spoonful is enough to season the dressing to an eight-pound turkey. Full directions with each can. If your Grocer or Marketman does not keep it, send 20 Cents for large size can by mail, post-paid. Mention "Judge."

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Family Sizes.

Small (or size 1), 3 dozen in case.....	\$.75 per dozen.
Large (or size 2), 2 " "	1.25 " "
One Pound (net), 1 " "	5.00 " "

Hotel Sizes.

1 lb. net.....	\$.50 each,	\$5.00 per dozen.
<i>Square Cans, Hinge Cover.</i>		
3 lbs. net.....	\$1.20 each,	\$14.00 per dozen.
5 lbs. net.....	1.75 " "	21.00 " "

Beware of Spurious articles put on the market by unprincipled dealers in imitation of Bell's Seasoning.

W. G. BELL & CO., Sole Manufacturers, Boston, Mass.

Gold Medal, Paris, 1878.

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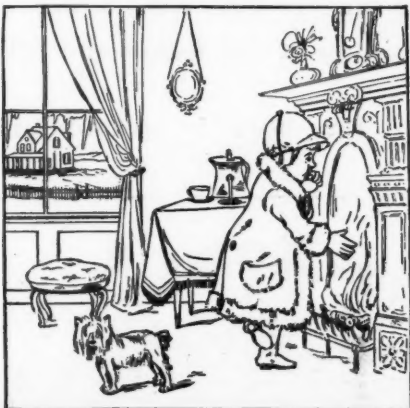
A COIGN OF VANTAGE.

UNCLE SILAS—"It be goldurned strange what's become of that gobbler. I seen him not a minnit ago."



FAINT CONGRATULATION.

MR. CHESTACORN—"Rawther nice of my wife, dear boy. Made me a smoking-gown and cap, and blew me in for a box of cigars."
 HIS FRIEND—"Say, Billy, ain't you glad Christmas comes only once a year?"



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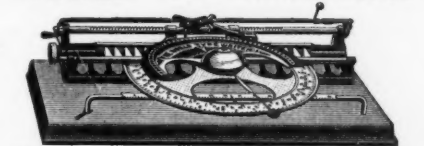
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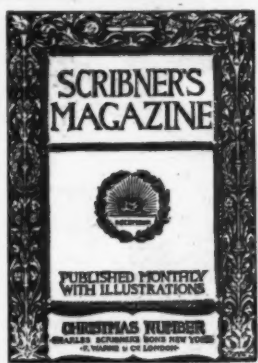
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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1889

The completion of the 2d year is signalized by a brilliant number, one-third of the 60 illustrations being full-pages.

The following is a partial list of the features which will appear during the coming year:

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Among the Artists who contribute are

ELIHU VEDDER,
J. ALDEN WEIR,
WILLIAM H. LOW,
WILLIAM HOLE,
W. H. GIBSON,
BRUCE CRANE,
GEORGE HITCHCOCK,
J. D. WOODWARD,
ROBERT BLUM,
J. FRANCIS MURPHY,
ALFRED KAPPES,
C. JAY TAYLOR,
J. H. TWACHTMAN,
M. J. BURNS,
and many others.

WINTER IN THE ADIRONDACKS. By H. W. MARIE. 10 large illustrations, one in tint.

OLD GLASS IN NEW WINDOWS. By WILL H. LOW. Illustrated from the designs of many famous artists.

A CHRISTMAS SERMON. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

LESTER WALLACK'S REMINISCENCES. Third and concluding paper. With many portraits.

SANDRO BOTTICELLI. By GEORGE HITCHCOCK.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S SERIAL NOVEL. A second and most interesting instalment.

ILLUSTRATED POEMS form a feature, many of special importance and interest.

And four illustrated short stories:

"SQUIRE FIVE-FATHOM." By H. C. BUNNER.

"AT THE STATION." By REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

"THREE BAD MEN." By W. M. TABER.

"THE ROSES OF THE SENIOR." By JOHN J. A. BECKET.

COIS MILLET and a famous group of modern French Painters will furnish the substance of several articles, with new and interesting illustrations; a paper by **T. S. PERRY**, upon the recent extraordinary discovery of Græco-Egyptian Painted Portraits at Fayoum, Egypt, describes one of the most important "finds" in the history of art; **MR. CLARENCE COOK'S** paper on Natural Forms in Ornament; **MR. NAKAGAWA'S** on Dramatic Art in Japan, and **MR. WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS'S** on Japanese Art Symbols, the illustrative material for these two *having been especially prepared in Japan.*

ON BOOKS AND AUTHORS. Among the articles is one on **SIR WALTER SCOTT'S** methods of work, apropos of the collection of his proof sheets belonging to the **HON. ANDREW D. WHITE**; a paper on the Homes and Haunts of Charles Lamb; a second "Shelf of Old Books," by **MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS**, all fully illustrated.

FISHING ARTICLES. A group of articles describing the sport in the best fishing grounds in America, will be a feature of the summer numbers. **DR. LEROY M. YALE** and **MR. AYLWIN CREIGHTON** will write of the Winninich (the land-locked salmon of Lake St. John, Canada), illustrated by the author and other artists; **MR. ROBERT GRANT** will tell about Tarpon-fishing in Florida; **BASS-FISHING** will be the subject of a well-known angler's paper; and a fourth article will describe fishing in the **EXTREME NORTHWEST**—each paper having many and spirited illustrations.

PHOTOGRAPHY, ELECTRICITY, MINING. Among the most interesting papers for the year will be a remarkable article by **PROF. JOHN TROWBRIDGE**, of Harvard University upon the wonderful developments of Photography—elaborately and curiously illustrated. Also a group upon Electricity in its most recent applications, by eminent authorities; a remarkable article on Deep Mining, with unique illustrations from photographs taken by magnesium flash light, and other interesting papers.

SHORT STORIES will be a feature of *Scribner's Magazine* in future as in the past. Among the authors who will write are **H. C. BUNNER**, **SARAH ORNE JEWETT**, **OCTAVE THANET**, **T. R. SULLIVAN**, **ROBERT GRANT**, **GEORGE H. JESSOP**, **MARGARET CROSBY**, **J. E. CURRAN**, **BRANDER MATTHEWS**, and many new writers.

IN GENERAL. The publishers of *Scribner's Magazine* aim to make it the most popular and enterprising of periodicals, while at all times preserving its high literary character. 25,000 new readers have been drawn to the Magazine during the past six months by the increased excellence of its contents (notably the Railway articles), and it closes its second year with a new impetus and an assured success. The illustrations will show some new effects, and nothing to make *Scribner's Magazine* attractive and interesting will be neglected.

THE RAILWAY ARTICLES. During the year these articles, which have helped to bring 25,000 new readers to the Magazine, will be continued. **GEN. E. P. ALEXANDER** will write of "Railway Management"; **EX-POSTMASTER-GENERAL THOMAS L. JAMES**, of "The Railway Postal Service"; **W. S. CHAPLIN**, of "Railway Accidents"; and an article will appear on Safety Appliances, all strikingly illustrated.

THE SERIAL. **ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S** serial novel, "**THE MASTER OF BAL-LANTRAE**," which was begun in the November number, will continue through the greater part of 1889. It is the strongest and most remarkable romance he has written; and its masterly character drawing, with its stirring adventure and the continuous and changing excitement of its plot, will increase his already great circle of readers. Illustrated in each number by William Hole.

THE END PAPERS. The brief final papers which during 1888 have been contributed by **MR. STEVENSON**, and have made so many readers turn with special enjoyment to the last pages of the Magazine, will be replaced in 1889 by a not less noteworthy series, contributed this time by different authors from among the most brilliant writers. **MR. THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH** writes the first for the January number.

ON ART SUBJECTS. An unpublished correspondence relating to **JEAN FRAN-**

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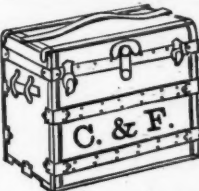
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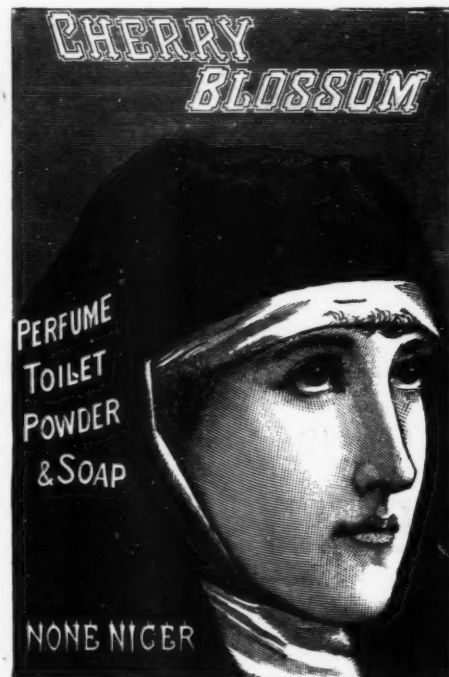
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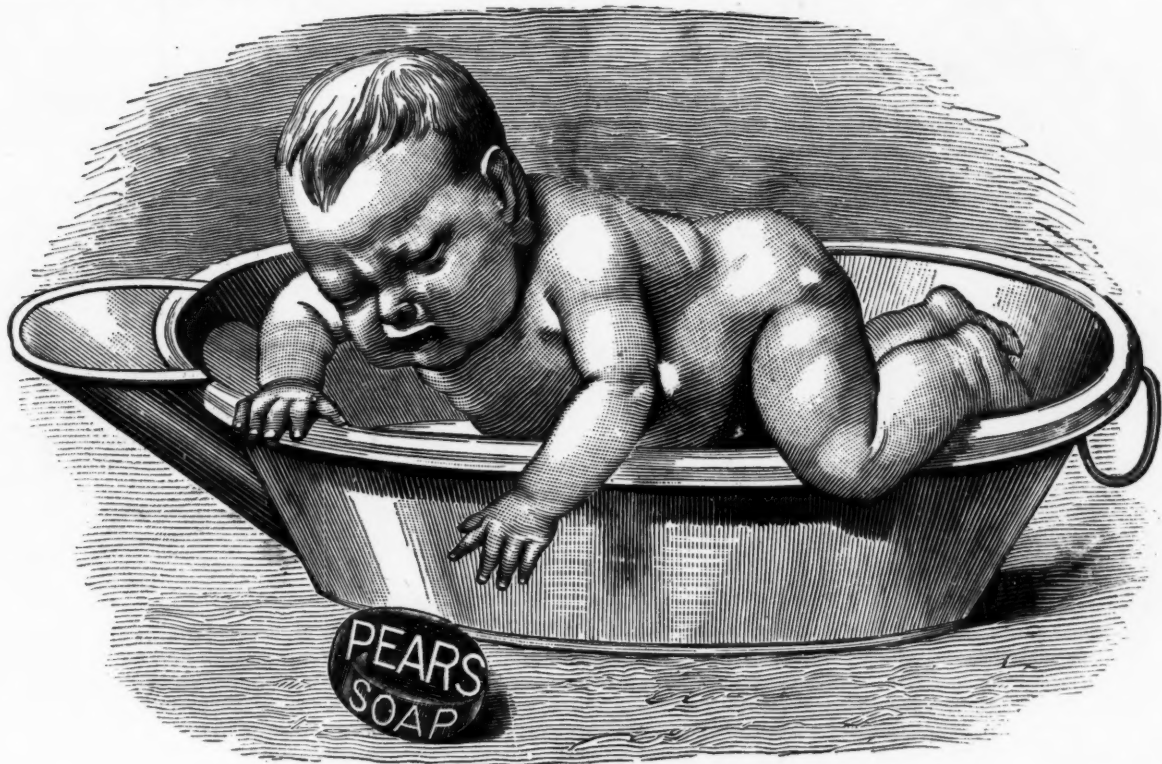
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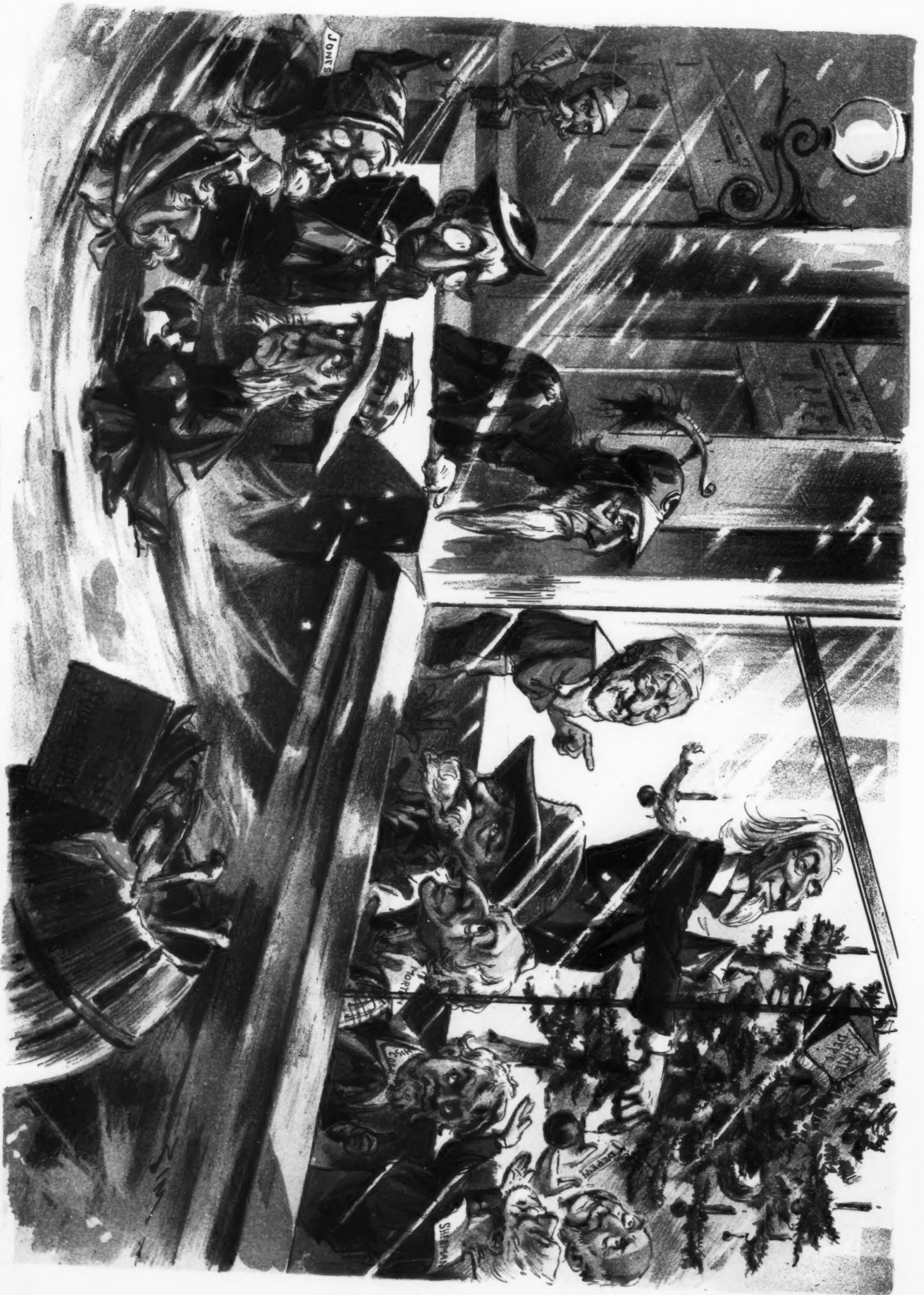
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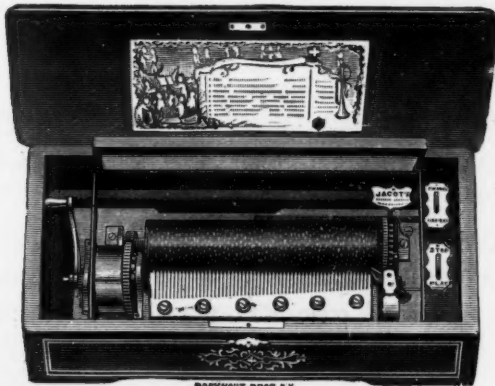
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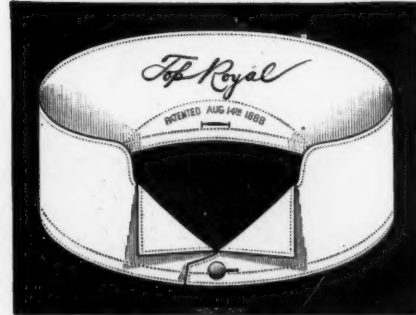
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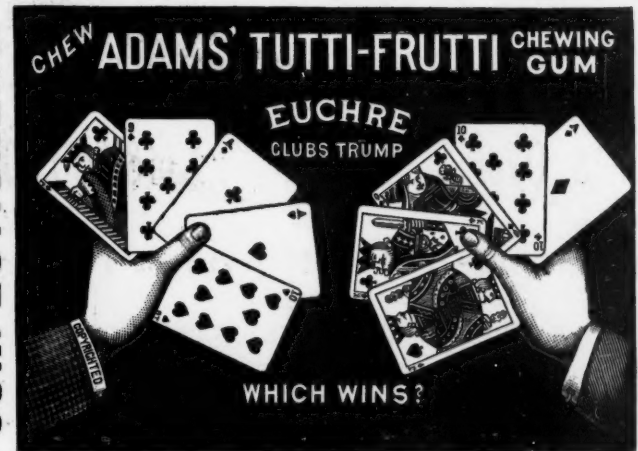
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1865	-	-	-	12,235,407.86
1875	-	-	-	72,446,970.06
1885	-	-	-	103,876,178.51
Jan. 1, 1886	-	-	-	108,908,967.51
" 1, 1887	-	-	-	114,181,963.24
" 1, 1888	-	-	-	118,806,851.88

ORGANIZED 1845.

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THE
NEW-YORK LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY.

WILLIAM H. BEERS, - - - President.

Originated Nonforfeiture Policies, and the Mortuary-Dividend, or Premium-Return, System.



The NEW-YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ISSUES all approved forms of policies on the purely mutual plan. Also,

POLICIES WHICH FURNISH—

1.—INSURANCE AND A GOOD INVESTMENT, if a man lives.

The NEW-YORK LIFE'S Nonforfeiting Free Tontine Policies, by a new adjustment of premium to risk, and by improved methods of dealing with surplus and reserve, now offer A Good Investment, in connection with the protection of an insurance during a period of ten, fifteen, or twenty years.

2.—INSURANCE AND A GUARANTEED MORTUARY-DIVIDEND, if he dies.

IN CASE OF DEATH during these periods the Company will Guarantee a Mortuary-Dividend to be paid (with the death-claim) equal to one-half, or all, premiums that shall have been paid on the policy.

Do not insure until you have seen full particulars of these policies. Do not fail to write the nearest Agent, or the Home Office, for such particulars—at once.

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 "NIGHTCAP,"
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 And see that it bears the Signature

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The following figures show the growth of the Assets of The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York

FROM 1845 TO 1888,

Reckoning a period of every ten years from 1845:

1845	- - -	\$97,490.34
1855	- - -	2,850,077.56
1865	- - -	12,235,407.86
1875	- - -	72,446,970.06
1885	- - -	103,876,178.51
Jan. 1, 1886	- - -	108,908,967.51
" 1, 1887	- - -	114,181,963.24
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