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CIbristmas Carol

By CHARLES DICKENS

(Continued from First Page)

ago. You have laboured on it, since It is a ponderous chain!' Ghost,

Scrooge glanced about him on the floor, in the expectation of finding himself, surrounded by some fifty or sixty fathoms of iron cable.

"At this time of the rolling year," the spectre said. "I suffer most. Why did I walk through crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode! Were there no poor homes to which its light would have conducted me!"

Scrooge was very much dismayed. "Hear me!" cried the Ghost. "My time is nearly gone."

"I will," said Scrooge. "But don't boy was reading near a feeble fire; be hard upon me!"

"How it is that I appear before forgotten self as he used to be. you in a shape that you can see, I may not tell. I have sat invisible beside you many and many a day. I am here tonight to warn you, that denly a man, in foreign garments; you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. You will be haun ed by Three Spirits."

Scrooge's countenance fell.

"Without their visits." said the with wood. Ghost, "you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first tomor ow, when he bell tolls One. "Couldn't I take 'em all at once,

and have it over? hinted Scrooge. "Expect the second on the nex:

night at the same hour. The third upon the next night when the last stroke of Twelve has ceased to virate. Look to see me no more." When it had said these words, the spectre walked backwards from

im; and at every step it took, the indow raised itself a little. Af er listening for a moment, it

oated out upon the bleak night. Scrooge closed the window, and xamined the door by which the Ghost had ente ed. It was doublelocked, as he had locked it and the bolts were undisturbed. He tried "Humbug!" but stopped at ing. There was a boy singing a 0 530 he first syllable

## STAVE TWO The First of the Three Spirits

When Scrooge awoke, it was dark Church ch.mes struck twelve. "Why i isn't possible." said "that I can have slept Scrooge. through a whole day and far into ano her night. It isn't possible that anything has happened to the sun, and this is twelve a: noon!" "Ding, dong!"

"The hour itself," said Scrooge.

riumphantly, "and nothing else!" He spoke belo e the hour bell

sounded, which it now did with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy One. Light flashed up in the room upon the instant, and the curtains of his

"These are but shadows of the things that have been." said the

The jocund travelers came on; hide himself behind the girl from and as they came, Scrooge knew next door but one, who was proved and named them every one. Why to have had her ears pulled by her was he rejoiced beyond all bounds mistress. In they all came, some to see them ! Why was he filled shyly, some boldly, some gracefulwith gladness when he heard them ly, some awkwardly. Away they all give each other Merry Christmas? went, twenty couple at once; hands "The school is not quite deserthalf round and back again the other ed," said the Ghost. "A solitary child is left there still." again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old

Scrooge said he knew it. And he sobbed. They went, the Ghost and Scrooge to a melancholy room. made barer still by lines of plain deal forms

and desks. At one of these a lonely and Scrooge wept to see his poor

The Spirit touched him on the arm, and pointed to his younger self, inten; upon his reading. Sudwonderfully real and distinct to look at; stood outside the window, with an axe stuck in his belt, and leading by the bridle an ass laden

"Sif Roger de Coverley." Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with "Why, it's Ali Baba!" Scrooge ex-Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too; claimed in ecstasy. "I's dear old with a good stiff piece of work cut honest Ali Baba! Yes, yes, I know! out for them; three or four and One Christmas time, when yonder twenty pair of partners. solitary child was left here all alone, he did come. for the first time, just "to make these silly folks so full of like that. Poor boy! And Valengratitude." ine,' said Scrooge, "and his wild rother Orson; there they go! And ha 's his name. who was put down but a few pounds of your mortal his drawers, asleep, at the Gate of Damascue; don't you see him! money. And the Sultan's Groom turned up-

side down by the Genii; there he is ed by the remark, "It isn't that, upon his head! Serve him right. Spirit. He has the power to ren-I'm glad of it. What business had der us happy or unhappy; to make do believe. he to be married to the Princess!" "I wish," Scrooge mut ered, dry-

ing his eyes with his cuff: "but it's power lies in words and looks; in too late now.' "What?" asked the Spirit. "Nothing," said Scrooge. "Noth-

i it cost a fortune. Christmas Carol at my door last night. I should like to have given him some hing; that's all." stopped.

The Ghost smiled thoughtfully, and waved its hand, saying, "Let us see another Christmas!" Scrooge's former self grew larger insisted. the words. There he was, alone

again, when all the other boys had gone home for the jolly holidays. Scrooge looked at the Ghost, and two to my clerk just now.' glanced anxiously towards the door. It opened; and a little girl, much the Spirit. "Quick!" younger than the boy came darting

in, and putting her arms about his fect. For again Scrooge saw himneck, and often kissing him, addressed him as her "Dear, dear brother."

afraid to ask him once more if you

might come home; and he said Yes.

you should; and sent me in a coach

to bring you. And you're to be a

man!" said the child, opening her

eyes, "and are never to come back

here; but first, we're to be together

all the Christmas long, and have

the merriest time in all the world."

Fan!" exclaimed the boy.

nenhew!"

if he knew it.

annrenticed here!"

"You're quite a woman, little

She clapped her hands and

"Always a delicate creature.

"She died a woman," said the

"So she had." cried Scrooge,

Ghost. "and had. I think, children."

"One child." Scroove returned.

"True." said the Ghost, "Your

Although they had but that mo-

The Ghost stopped at a certain

"Know it!" said Scrooge. "Was I

They went in. At sight of an old

"Why. it's o'd Fezziwig ! Bless

ventieman in a Welsh wig, Scrooge

his heart: it's Fezziwig alive again!"

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen.

and looked up at the clock, which

"Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!"

Scrooge's former self, now grown

"Dick Wilkins, to be sure!" said

"Hilli-ho!" cried old Fezzwig,

with wonderful agility. "Clear away

In came a fiddler and tuned like

a young man, came briskly in, ac-

companied by his fellow-'prentice.

Scrooge to the Ghost.

"a chouse door, and asked Scrooge

ment left the school behind them

"hev were now in a busy city.

cried in great excl'ement:

"Home, little Fan?" "Yes!" said the child, brimful of glee. "Home, for good and all. Home, for ever and ever. Father is has displaced me; and if it can

that I was not

he rejoined.

release you."

you.

"A golden one."

She shook her head.

"In words. No. Never."

out and try to win me now?"

"You think not."

the Ghost.

if I could," she answered.

do you delight to torture me?"

"In what, then?"

## THE CENTRE DEMOCRAT, BELLEFONTE, PA.



## "Tiny Tim upon his shoulder."

there was negus, and there was a up to the top of the house; where Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit great piece of Cold Roast, and there they went to bed, and so subsided. Cratchit's wife, dressed out but And now Scrooge looked on more poorly in a twice-turned gown, but attentively than ever, when the brave in ribbons, which are cheap master of the house, having his and make a goodly show for sixdaughter leaning fondly on him, sat pence; and she laid the cloth, asdown with her and her mother at sis ed by Belinda Cratchit, second his own fireside; and then when he of her daughters, also brave in ribthought that such another creature, bons; while Master Peter Cratchit quite as graceful and as full of plunged a fork into the saucepan promise, might have called him of potatoes.

And now two smaller Cratchits. "Belle," said the husband, turn- boy and girl, came tearing in, ing to his wife with a smile, "I saw screaming that outside the baker's an old friend of yours this after- they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own.

"What has ever got your precious

"We'd a deal of work to finish up

"Well! Never mind so long as

last night," replied the girl, "and

you are come." said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Sit ye down before the fire."

"Hide, Martha, hide!"

"Who was it?" father then?" said Mrs. Crachit. "Mr. Scrooge it was. I passed his

"And your brother, Tiny Tim! And office window; and as it was not Mariha warn't as la e last Christshut up, and he had a candle inmas Day by half an hour?" side. I could scarcely help seeing "Here's Martha, mother!" cried him. His partner lies upon the point the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! of death, I hear; and there he sat alone. Quite alone in the world, I There's such a goose. Martha!" Why bless your heart alive, my

our service light or burdensome; a "Spirit!" said Scrooge in a bro- dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. pleasure or a toil. Say that his ken voice, "remove me from this Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times. place. hings so slight and insignificant "I told you these were shadows that it is impossible to add and of the things that have been," said had to clear away this morning." count 'em up: what the? The hap-

father.

noon.'

the Ghost. "That they are what piness he gives, is quite as great as they are, do not blame me!" "Remove me!" Scrooge exclaimed, He felt the Spirit's glance, and "I cannot bear it!"

He was conscious of being ex- cried the two young Cratchits "Wha is it?" asked the Ghost, hausted, and overcome by an irre-"Nothing," said Scrooge. istible drowsiness; and, further, of "Something, I think?" the Ghost

not a bottom one to help them!

dances, and there was cake, and

was a great piece of Cold Boiled

and there were mince-pies, and plenty of beer. But the great ef-

fect of the evening came after the

Roast and Boiled, when the fiddler

(an artful dog. mind!) struck up

"A small matter," said the Ghost,

"Why! Is it not? He has spent

"It isn't that," said Scrooge, heat-

"My time grows short," observed

This produced an immediate ef-

"Small?" echoed Scrooge.

"No," said Scrooge, "No. I should he sank into a heavy sleep, like to be able to say a word or

## STAVE THREE

The Second of the Three Spirits Awaking in the middle of a pro-

digiously tough snore, Scrooge had self. He was older now. no occasion to be told that the bell He was not alone, but sat by the again upon the stroke of One.

side of a fair young girl in whose eyes there were tears. "It matter little," she said, softly. light, which streamed upon it when C atchits hustled Tiny Tim, and

barely time to reel to bed, before Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch. "Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round. "Not coming." said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!" Martha didn't like to see him disappointed if it were only in joke: so she came out prematurely from Now his bed became the very behind the closet door, and ran into core and center of a blaze of ruddy his arms, while the two young "To you, very little. Another idol the clock proclaimed the hour. bore him off into the wash-house. be in the room. He got | that he might hear the pudding

the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Crachit's elbow stood the family display of glass. Two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the ug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done. Then Bob proposed:

"A Merry Christmas to us all my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed. "God bless us every one!" said

Tiny Tim, the last of all. He sat very close to his father's side upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand, as if he dread he might be taken from him. "Spirit," said Scrooge, "tell me if

Tiny Tim will live."

"I see a vacant seat," replied the Ghost, "in the poor chimney-corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, the child will die."

"No, no," said Scrooge. "Oh, no. kind Spirit! say he will be spared.'

"If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, none other of my race," returned the Ghost. "will find him here. What then? If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population."

Scrooge hung his head to hear his own words guoted by the Spirit. "Man." said the Ghost. "if man you be in heart, not adamant, forbear that wicked cant until you have discovered What the surplus is. what men shall live, what men shall me. See!" die? It may be, that in the sight of Heaven, you are more worthless and passing on above the moor, spedpoor man's child. Oh God! to hear lighted on a ship. They stood be-

ung y brothers in the dust!' rebuke, and trembling cast his eyes every man among them hummed a upon the ground. But he raised Christmas tune, or had a Christhem speedily, on hearing his own mas thought. name

"Mr. Scrooge!" said Bob; "I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the Founder Scrooge recognized it as his own of the Feast!"

"The Founder of the Peast indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. "I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind.

"My dear," said Bob. "the children! Christmas Day." "No, no! There's father coming, "It should be Christmas Day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious So Martha hid herself, and in stingy, hard. unfeeling man as Mr. being in his own bed: oom. He had came little Bob, the father, Tiny Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do,

poor fellow?" "My dear," was Bob's mild answer, "Christmas Day."

"I'll drink his health for your sake and the Day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to

The children drank the toast after her. It was the first of their proceedings which had no heartiness Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he didn't care two-pence for it. Scrooge was the Ogre of the family.

of no use to him." After it had passed away, they

"I have no patience with



And now, without a word of warn- the subject. Whereat Scrooge's ing, the Ghost and Scrooge moved niece's sister-the plump one with the lace tucker; not the one with the roses-blushed. A light shope from the window of

a hut. A cheerful company as-After a while they played at forsembled round a glowing fire. feits; for it is good to be children "A place where miners live, who sometimes, and never better than at labour in the bowels of the earth." Chris mas, when its mighty Foundand Where it is. Will you decide explained the Spirit, "But they know er was a child himself. Stop! There was first a game at blindman's bluff. Of course there was. And The Spirit did not tarry here, but I no more believe Topper was really

ess fit to live than millions like this whither? Not to sea? To sea. They blind than I believe he had eyes in his boots. My opinion is, that it was a done thing between him and he Insect on the leaf pronouncing side the helmsman at the wheel, the on the too much life among his look-out in the bow, the officers who Scrooge's nephew; and that the Ghost of Christmas Presents knew had the watch; dark, ghos ly fig-Scrooge bent before the Ghost's ures in their several stations; but 11. plump sister in the lace tucker. He always knew where the plump sister was. He wouldn't catch anybody else. If you had fallen up against

It was a great surprise to Scrooge him (as some of them did), on puro hear a familiar, hearty laugh. pose, he would have made a feint of endeavouring to seize you, which nephew's. He found himself in a would have been an affront to your bright, dry, gleaming room. understanding, and would instantly

It is a fair, even-handed, noble have sidled off in the direction of adjustment of things, that while the plump sister. She often cried there is infection in disease and sor- out that it wasn't fair; and it realrow, there is nothing in the world ly was not. But when at last he so irresistibly contagious as laughter caught her; when, in spite of all and good humour. Scrooge's niece her silken rustlings, and her rapid by marriage, laughed as heartily as flutterings past him, he got her in o he. And their assembled friends a corner, whence there was no es-

roared. cape; then his conduct was the most "He said that Christmas was a execrable. For his pretending not humbug, as I live!" cried Scrooge's to know her; his pretending that it nephew. "He believed it too!" "He's a comical old fellow," said Scrooge's nephew, "that's the truth; and not so pleasant."

chain about her neck; was vile. "However, I believe his offenses monstrous! No doubt she told him carry their own punishment, and I her opinion of it, when, another have nothing to say against him." blind man being in office, they were "I'm sure he is very rich, Fred." so very confidential together, behinted Scrooge's niece.

hind the curtains. "What of that, my dear!" said There might have been twenty Scrooge's nephew, "His wealth is people there, young and old

was necessary to touch her head-

dress, and further to assure himself

of her identity by pressing a certain

ring upon her finger, and a certain

"Here is a new game," said

The way he went after that

December 26, 1940.

bed were drawn.

The cur ains of his bed were drawn aside, I tell you, by a hand. Scrooge, starting up into a halfrecumbent attitude, found himself face to face with the unearthly visitor who drew them.

It was a strange figure-like a child; ye not so like a child as like an old man. Its hair was white as if with age; and yet the face had not a wrinkle in it, and the tenderest bloom was on the skin.

laughed But the strangest think about it was, that from the crown of its head there sprung a bright clear jet of light. has a large heart!"

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Pas ." it said.

"Long Past?" inquired Scrooge; observant of its dwarfish stature. "No. Your past."

Scrooge then made bold to inquire what business brought him. "Your wellare!" said the Ghost. It put out its sliong hand as it poke, and clasped him gently by he arm.

"Rise! and walk with me!"

The grasp, though gentle as a woman's hand, was not to be resistd. He rose; but finding that the Spiri: made towards the widow. clasped his robe in supplication.

"I am a mortal," Scrooge remonstrated, "and liable to fall."

"Bear but a touch of my hand pointed to the hour of seven, and there," said the Spirit, laying it called out in a comfortable, oily. upon his heart. rich. fat, jovial voice:

As the words were spoken, they passed through the wall, and stood upan an open country road. "Good Heaven!" said Scrooge,

"I was a boy here!"

The Spirit gazed upon him mildly. "Strange to have forgotten it for skipping down from the high desk,

so many years!" observed the Ghost. "Let us go on."

Some shaggy ponies now were seen trotting towards them with boys lads, and let's have lote of room." fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. upon their backs.



Then old Fezziwig stood out to

Light cheer and comfort you in time to up softly and shuffled in his slipcome, as I would have tried to do, pers to the door. I have no just cause to grieve."

It was his own room. But it had "What Idol has displaced you?" undergone a surprising transformation. Living green filled it that it look-

might

"What then?" he retorted. "Even ed a perfect grove. The crisp leaves if I have grown so much wiser, what of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected better. Somehow he gets thoughtback the light, as if so many little then? I am not changed towards mirrors had been scattered there:

a kind of throne. were turkeys, "Your own feeling tells you that geese, game, poultry, brawn, great you were not what you are," she joints of meat, barrels of oysters. returned. "I am. That which promwhom a breath might have with- ised happiness when we were one red-hot chestnuts, oranges, and ered." said the Ghost. "But she in heart, is fraught with misery

state upon this couch, there sat a now that we are two. It is enough that I have thought of it, and can jolly Giant. "I am the Ghost of Christmas "Have I ever sought release?" Present," said the Spirit.

"You have never seen the like of me before!" it continued. "In a changed nature; in an al-

"Never." Scrooge answered. tered spirit; in another atmosphere "Have never walked forth with

of life, another Hope as its great the younger members of my family; end. In everything that made my meaning (for I am very young) my love of any worth or value in your elder brothers born in these later sight. If this had never been beyears?" pursued the Phantom. tween us." said the girl, looking "I don't think I have," said mildly, but with steadiness, upon Scrooge. "Have you had many brothers, Spirit?" him; "Tell me, would you seek me

He seemed to yield to the justice "More than eighteen hundred," of this supposition, in spite of himsaid the Ohost.

self. But he said with a struggle "Spirit," said Scrooge submissively, "conduct me where you will. I "I would gladly think otherwise went forth last night on compulsion. and I learnt a lesson which is work-"Spirit!" said Scrooge, "show me ing now. Tonight, if you have aught no more! Conduct me home. Why to teach me, let me profit by it." "Touch my robe!"

"One shadow more!" exclaimed Scrooge did as he was told, and held it fast. They stood in the city They were in another scene and streets on Christmas morn.

place; a room, not very large or handsome, but full of comfort. Near to the winter fire sat a beautiful people all, to church. And at the it in the breast; but when she did young girl, so like that last that Scrooge believed it was the same, until he saw her, now a comely the matron, sitting opposite her daugh-

ter. The noise in this room was perfectly tumultuous, for there were baker's doorway, and taking off the feebly cried Hurrah! more children there, than Scrooge covers as their bearers passed, in his agitated state could count. But now a knocking at the door was heard, and such a rush immeuncommon kind of torch, for once diately ensued to greet the father. who came home attended by a man laden with Christmas toys and presents. Then the shouting and the struggling, and the onslaught that a few drops of water on them from it was a sufficient dinner for the was made on the defenseless por- it. and their good humour was re- whole family. The youngest Cratchter! The scaling him with chairs stored directly. For they said, it its in particular, were steeped in for ladders to drive into his pock-

cels, hold on tight by his cravat | ed it! hug him round his neck. pommel "Is there a peculiar flavour in his back, and kick his legs in irrewhat you sprinkle from your torch?" pressible affection! The shouts of asked Scrooge wonder and delight with which the

"There is. My own." development of every package was "Would it apply to any kind of received! The terrible announcedinner on this day?" asked Scrooge. ment that the baby had been taken "As any kindly given. To a poor

in the act of putting a doll's frying one most pan into his mouth, and was more "Why to a poor one most?" asked than suspected of having swallowed Scrooge. a fictitious turkey, glued on a wood-"Because it needs it most."

en platter! The immense relief of Perhaps it was the Spirit's symling this false alarm! The joy, pathy with all poor men, that led small pudding for a large family. It and gratitude, and estacy! They him straight to Scrooge's clerk's. are all indescribable alike. It is On the threshold of the door the Any Cratchit woul have blushed to enough that by degrees the children Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless hint at such a thing. and their emotions got out of the Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the

parlor and by one stair at a time, sprinklings of his torch.

singing in the copper. "And how did little Tim behave?"

asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his creulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

ful, stiting by himself so much, and whinks the strangest things you ever if he were deliberating what parti- good dinner," said Scrooge's niece. and heaped up on the floor, to form heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, becuase he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas liner's, then told them what kind of per?" seething bowls of punch. In easy Day, who made lame beggars walk. work she had to do, and how many Topper had clearly got his eye and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty

Master Peler, and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits, went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession. Such a bustle ensued that you

might have though: a goose the ratest of all birds. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigour; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young

Cratchits set chairs for everybody forgetting themselves, and crammed spoons into their mouths. lest they should shrick for goose before their turn came to be helped At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded

by a breathless pause, as Mrs Cratchit, looking slowly all along But soon the steeples called good the carvingknife, prepared to plunge

same time there appeared many and when the long expected gush of people, carrying their dinners to stuffing issued forth, one murmun bakers' shops. The sight of of delight arose all round the board these poor revellers appeared to in- and even Tiny Tim, excited by the terest the Spirit very much, for he two young cratchits, beat on the tastood with Scrooge beside him in a ble with the handle of his knife, and

There never was such a goose sprinkled incense on their dinners Bob said he didn't believe there from his torch. And it was a very ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavour, size and or twice when there were angry cheapness, were the themes of uniwords between some dinner-carriers versal admiration. Eked out by who had jostled each other, he shed apple sauce and mashed potatoes was a shame to quarrel upon Christ- sage and onion to the eyebrows ets, despoil him of brown-paper par- mas Day. And so it was! God lov- But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone-too nervous to bear

witnesses-to take the pudding up and bring it in. Hallo! A great deal of steam!

The pudding was out of the copper Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since

their marriage. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a would have been flat heresy to do so

all the Cratchit family drew around

were ten times merrier than before. observed Scrooge's niece Bob Cratchit told them how he had "Oh I have!" said Scrooge's nephsituation in his eye for Master ew. "I am sorry for him; I couldn't

Peter, which would bring in. if ob- be angry with him if I tried. Who tained, full five-and-sixpence week- suffers by his ill whims! Himself. ly. The two young Cratchits laugh- always. Here, he takes it into his ed tremendously at the idea of Pe- head to dislike us. What's the con-"As good as gold," said Bob, "and ter's being a man of business; and sequences? He don't lose much of Peter himself looked thoughtfully at a dinner. the fire from between his collars, as "Indeed, I think he loses a very

> cular inves ments he should favour "Well! I'm very glad to hear it," when he came into the receipts of said Scrooge's nephew, "because I that bewildering income. Martha, haven't great faith in these young who was a poor apprentice at a milhousekeepers. What say you, Top-

One half-hour, Spirit only one!"

It is a Game called Yes and No. where Scrooge's nephew had to think of something, and the rest must find out what; he only answering to their questions yes or no. as the case was. The brisk fire of questioning to which he was exposed, elicited from him that he was thinking of an animal. a live animal, rather a disagreeable animal, a savage animal, an animal, that growled and grunted some times, and lived in London, and walked about the streets, and wasn't

(Continued on next page)

Merry, Merry

Christmas.



GREEN 45c EACH

At last the dinner was all done,