



others' homes for a good time and to play games of forfeit and chance. For genuine pleasure those stately occasions of mature years, and more than once our hearts have longed for those happy days.

Christmas has not only a personal flavor; it has a national one, derived from some event which at that time fills the public imagination. Christmas, 1842, at the Ball, Northumberland, a girl of 9 years old, precociously observant and sympathetic; therefore trembling and weeping to the great interest of the day—the sufferings and dangers of the women and children with the British army in Cabul.

Some remembrance of Christmas, suffused with delight I bring at your summons, for it thrills me to-night. Its fine flavor drifts down the doorway of life—when to live was ecstatic—where trouble and strife were unknown; and each day glided silently. 'Nenth the clearest, unclouded, cerulean sky.'

Christmas Eve I hung up, by the fireplace's side, a stocking capacious, beseeching and wide. Never did I see a stocking so full. Never did I see a stocking so full. Never did I see a stocking so full.

It was about two miles from the bridge to the town. The depot was about three miles outside town, but it was a long and tiring journey. The train arrived at the depot at 10:30.

As many as possible of these gifts were stuffed into my expectant stocking, and the remainder were arranged about it, usually presenting quite an array. I do not recollect that I ever received a gift at any other time of the year, and my anticipation of Christmas was naturally very keen.

It was a large hall that had been warmed for us, and there, to the scraping of fiddles, the rattle of bones and the plunk of banjos, we danced and frolicked nearly all night.

Edith Sessions Tupper Tells of a Fight She Got On Christmas Day—A Big Dog Was a Child's Guardian Angel—A Pretty Picture.

It was the happiest Christmas of my life I was brought me by a baby and a dog. It was a curious story. I was spending the holidays at my old home in the country.

Christmas is the one day in the year which abhors all other should be the occasion of family reunions and general rejoicing. It is the mid-winter festival when we should celebrate the fact that we are alive.

There were candles and Jewsharps, tops, jacinths and balls. But the fruitfulness present my fancy reposed. (Better far than these trinkets piled up so betwixt us.)

When he awoke, he found himself in a room that he had never seen before. He was alone, and he felt a little nervous. He looked around him and saw a large, shaggy dog.

It was a clear, cold, bracing day. There was no snow on the ground, only a slight powdering on fences, twigs and branches. The walk and the exercise of pushing Eleanor's carriage set my cheeks aglow.

What a gathering it was, to be sure! The table in ordinary use was not half large enough to seat the company to be commended the viands, and our ingenuity was put to the test to make it larger.

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