

Holiday Number

BIGINAL OHBISTMAS TALES

RIGINAL CHRISTMAS POEMS

hristmas Historical Sketches

TORIES FOR OLD AND YOUNG

hings Grave and Gay

o now is come our joyful'st feast,

sch room with ivy leaves is drest,

bough some churls at our mirth

forcheads garlands

And every post with holly.

Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,

(Written for the Philadelphis Evening Bulletin.)

CHRIS. SCHNEIDER'S VISIT TO DUTCH FAIRYLAND.

A RHYME FOR CHRISEMAS TIME.

By John Quill.

JAN SCHNEIDER. Exactly one hundred and one years ago There lived an old fellow in Deutschland, you

His name was Jan Schneider; a cobbler by trade;

Amazing old gaiters and Dutch shoes he made, Which threw all his rivals' bregans in the shade

For clumsiness, and for the way they would

Into builous the feet of the men who were rash

And imprudent enough to give Schneider their

With instructions to back away just as he chose,

With instructions of mark away just as the choice, At the leather lattended to cover their toes. So Schneider, as you may imagine, was poor, And the wolf it would often creep up to his door. His dinners were few and his suppers were fewer; The pange of starvation he'd often endure.

Rough enough upon Schneider, it was, to be sure; But he sighed when he thought of his vrow, for

And let us all be morry.

Let every man be jolly;

repine.

twine.

Round your

know.

smash

he knew her

Christmas

roice

Selections

PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1868.-TRIPLE SHEET.

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"No," he said; "all I wish is, that my parents ERRY CHRISTMAS! "May have lots of victuals and good lager, beer." 'What a boy!"said the elf, with a Dutch imprecation; No such other exists anywhere in this nation. e Christmas Evening Bulletin

"You shall have all you ask for, and much more beside; "For your father and mother I'll amply provide,

"And then I will take you away on a ride "To the far distant fairy land, there to ablde "With nothing to long for, and no wish denied; "With apples and doughnuts and sausage and

ples, "With plenty of everything jolly and nice; "And there you can stay just as long as you

And differ you can say just as tong is your ease." "And live like a gentleman, quite at your ease." The little Dutch fairy he rapped on the wall, And out came a table, with victuals, and all The savory viands Chris. Schneider had wished, Hot, smoking and plenty, and handsomely alshed.

And attended by finy Dutch fairles in swarms, All with the same little jolly fat forms. When Chris. Schneider saw it, he yelled with de-

And called Mrs. Schneider to look at the sight.

And called birs. Seminator to look at the signt: "Hold on," said the fairy, "not just yet a bit; "Before the old lady comes, we must all quit." He then a smart rap with his magic wand hit Little Chris. on the head, and he fell in a fit. The fairies got round him and took him in

hand; Grabbed hold of his hair and his breeches' waist-

band; Froze on to his legs, to his cars, to his toes; Two took his syebrows, and two more his nose; A score held his hands; twenty-six bore his hat, Six pulled his shirt collar and two his cravat. Then the Head Centre fairy a magic word said, And Chris. he was hoisted right up from the bed.

THE REMARKABLE VOYAGE TO FAIRYLAND. They lifted Chris. Schneider, they lugged him

AWAY From his father, his mother, his schoolmates at

play; From his home and the earth and the night and the day; From trouble and sorrow, and death and decay;

From the place where starvation and misery stav-Where want fills the hearts of the poor with dis-

may; From the moon and the stars and the sun's

golden ray-Up, up, ever up, to the land of the fay, Poor little Chris. Schneider they swiftly convey Without either passe or stop, halt or delay In the millions of miles of their airy highway.

DUTCH FAIBYLAND.

And when he was borne through the high crystal door, Such sights he then saw as he ne'er saw before. Oh! that was Datch fairyland, beautiful, bright; With everything there in which Dutch hoys de-

light. The flowers were all cabbages, and their perfume Filled the air with a smell like Dutch cheese in a

TOOM The saver-krant grew wild; there were rivers of

ne cawer and grow what, mere were fairy chaps schapps; On which there were millions of queer fairy chaps dailing round very swiftly in gingerbread skiffs, And from very small pipes taking very big whiffs. Pure lager was milked from diminutive cows; And Christmas trees grew in the front of each banse.

And then there were forests, where all of the trees And then there will bolts by which will be the second Bore balls upon balls of strong Schweitzer cheese, Which kept up that unpleasant, continual stink. That Dutchmen all like. And what do you think? There were big apple dumplings strewn thick on the ground.

the ground; And pork and blood puddings lying loosely around.

The houses were built all of richest Dutch cake; More doughnuts and crullers, than a small boy

A stick at, were there, to be had for the taking; And millions of fresh ones were constantly baking.

[For the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin] CHRISTMAS IN VARIOUS PLACES.

HOW IT IS CELEBRATED.

By John Quill.

CHRISTMAS IN FIJI. They generally enjoy, themselves in the Fiji islands on Christmas. Kriss Kingle never comes down the chimney, however, and fills the children's stockings; it may be for the reason that there are no chimneys, and it isn't the custom to wear hose. But the children of Fiji don't care a particle. When they wake up in the morning, they flock into the chamber of their sainted mother, and fall upon her neck with infantile glee, with the sunny merriment of childhood, and jab a butcher-knife into her jugular veine, and take her down and cook her with drawn but ter, and have a barbecue, and then sell her bones to the end man at the minstrels. About nine o'clock, the family cluster around the revered and beloved father, and they suffocate him with a goinny bag until his manly form is level with the dust. Then each little child goes up stairs and puts on his best banana leaf and twines an additional skewer in his bair, after which they carry the remains of their departed father up to the temple, where they hack them up before some old, six-headed, slab-sided, squatty idol or other. The priest then blisters every child with the mysterious tattoo, and cuts notches in their legs with the sacred fish-knife. Then they depart, and spend the balance of the day prowling about, trying to rope in stray travelers for the sacrifice, or to rob any odd bables that

may be lying around, of their heads and legs. Thus do these untutored savages, in their native wilds, observe their time-honored practices and enjoy themselves, and have a first-rate time, without being affected by the withering olight of civilization, or bothered with taxes. CHRISTMAS IN WALES.

I got to the inn at Llangollen very late one Christmas Eve. In the morning there was a knock at the door. I went to see who it was. It was a Welshman, and he made this casual ob-. . . .

Trwilth ng binetig ppl gimx." "I don't think it is," said I. "Gwulllif vil wrthg sati ggl," was the remark

"No, I won't, either," I replied, indignantly. "No, I won't, either," I replied, indignantly. "Pigwth riln gwrrth tn," said he, evidently trying to draw me out. "I'm a temperance man, and can't. Besides I

never indulge so early; obliged to you all the same.

same." "Fligrwath tmull ggll," this fellow exclaimed. "My friend," I said, "you don't seem well. You'd better go and lay down and have grael and a mustard plaster. That's what's the matter with you." And I slammed the door in his face. When I went down to breakfast, the landlord when I went down to the attraction maderemarks of a similar character, but I treated bim with disdain. Presently a lot of small chil-dron came into the parlor and sang a Christmas carol. The first verse was so affecting that I cried like a baby, I recollect. It went somehow in this way :

"Thrwlig ng tigynth bbn Mfnt llw grmpp diin rrs Depth wil fihm girn Sgl mtsp pllwth wmspgl."

At eleven I went to Church, and the minister preached a most excellent sermon from the

ismiliar text. "Wmwll gily thwth fil!"-Matt: 15; 8: A hearty dinner ensued, and then the whole population turned out to hunt for Welsh rabbits, which abound in the vicinity of Llangollen. At night most of the young men spent their time courting young girls in the front parlors, and it was astonishing how easily they understood

CHRISTMAS IN ST. THOMAS. When a man lives in the Island of St. Thomas, when the man lyes in his stand of the first thing he generally does on Christmas, morning is to get up and go out into the front yard, where he very likely finds that an earth-quake has opened a gap twenty feet wide, in which the belated and Bacchanalian hired girl has

when the beater and pacenarian interest if has been swallowed up during the silent watches of the sight. In all probability another carthquake comes while he is at breaklast and smashes the crockery. On towards noon he thinks he will go out and take a look at his farm, down in the valley, near by. But an extraordinary natural con-vulsion having occurred the evening before, he ascertains that his acres are now located near the top of a mountain, a thousand fest above the level of the sea, in the region of perpetual snow. Then be gets mad, and makes up his mind to go and have his revenge on the victuals of his rela-tions; fifty miles in the interior. While he is thinking about it and wondering if they will have turkey, a tidal wave comes along and washes his house and family to the very spot. No sooner does he get there, than some adjacent volcano or other, just as like as not, boils over and burles his residence in hot ashes. This would be unpleas-ant, if, providentially, it did not occur that a hur-ricane strikes the island inst at that moment top of a mountain, a thousand fest above the ricane strikes the island just at that moment, and blows the sames off, just before a heavy rain eets in; and while he is standing at the front door, watching the water sweep away the sur-rounding plantations, a flash of lightning strikes

rounding plantations, a flash of lightning strikes him as dead as any other inanimate corpse, only half an hour before a negro insurrection breaks ont, during which his wife and family are butch-cred in cold blood. Uhristmas in St. Thomas is very lively, but I don't care for it much myself. I like warm-hearted, tropical hospitality, and all that sort of thing; but there is such a thing as having too much fuss made over you, even at Christmas time. time.

A MERBY CHRISTMAS!

"A merry Christmas to you all !" Is passing now from mouth to mouth, From east to west, from north to south, From lowly cot and stately hall.

"A merry Christmas to us all !" Is should by the cheerful host; The windows barred against the frost, We toast the season, great and small.

A merry Christmas. Hush !-- no breath Of revelry must plerce the gloom Of yonder chamber :-- from that room The spirit has passed out with Death.

The widow clasps her child, a kiss Is pressed upon his rosy face; A choking sigh—a close embrace— "A merry Christinas?" What is this?

*

"A Christmas party—let us go l" A wand'ter hopeless drops to die; His brothers heedless pass him by Half frozen in the freezing snow.

-

A merry Christmas! What a few Remain of those if welcomed last; Another year has o'er us passed And left us, wife, the only two.

The childleh laugh we held so dear, The toysthat made us once more young, The infant arms that round us cluug, Have vanished with the passing year.

* But Christmas merry is-and those

Who strive to make it so do well: For who can ever fitly tell What comfort from this season flows? "A merry Christmas !". let us bless

in their villa at Rocksbury. Not a soul of them would come—though they butted him assiduously at the Bois and at watering-places, —not a soul came; and poor little Lo was found by somebody positively crying with chagrin, his head disas-itrously laid among the bottles, like one of his father's diposels" among the tanging

came; and poor little Lo was found by somebody positively crying with chagrin, his head disas-itrously hid among the bottles, like one of Alls father's "bowels" among the ten-pins. But I had always befriended Lo. I had let him have a number of original and almost priceless eketches in wax and clay, and the miserable pe-cuniary accommodations with which he had readily enough obliged me had been scrupulously reimbursed, if not in bullion, at least in profes-sional gifts more valuable than gold. We had the same French teacher; that is, I let Lo bring old Clavier down to my room, where I stimulated both by my energy, and picked up the 'language in half the time Lo did. Lo was glad enough to get the bust I middled in exchange, while he was taking bis lessons. He loved that head better ithan his own. It was one of his few *abjects*. Our interviews never closed without his saying: "By the by, when are you going to add the mus-tache to that head?" He reverted to it now. "I'm going to have my mustache wired like the. Emperors, to be married in: by the way, old boy, (as if the theme was utterly new.) you haven't finished the bust yet. I want to get it browzed to take home with me." This eternal palaver about twenty hairs, like a baby's eyebrows, which I is imgity prowess had forced from under his nose one hair a month ! As it wkist, time one of Mar. Lomax"s said the bride's sister. As it was the only position of confidence, I ever filled, I should like to brag about it, but I spare you. I dressed everybody. I never had such a scope in my life. I arranged the lace across the yellow bust of Mrs. Lomax"s silk in the pattern of the death-collar worn by that fashlonable mummy Gueen Aah-Hotep. (Yow may be sure I never mentioned Aah-Hotep. (Yow may be s

on occasion. As for Lomax himself, he was my charge and my agony. That boy never could be drilled into the elightest sense of dressing himself. For him a waistcoat was tasteful just in propertion to what it cost. The most perfect walking-gleve ever cut by Jugla

"A yellow primrose was to him, And it was nothing more."

In cravats he was an imbeelle. When I pre-sented him to his mother on the morning of the ceremony, hide-bound in his new clothes; his little shiny coat splitting badly at the talls; his hair whiter than ever because his face had hap-pened to turn pink at the curling; and his dis-couraged mustache drowned in some kind of salve like files' legs in honey—I declare the good lady 'looked on him with commissration; she was longing, I know, to take him on her lap and hug him up, and sing. "This little pig went to hug him up, and sing. "This little plg went to market" over his small jeweled fingers. We rolled through the Rue Royale, with all its booths; and the old gentleman fairly gave cen-times to the ballad singers; out the butterfly-thronged Rivoli and Avenue des Champs-Elysées; to the Arch of the Star, and to the Embassy. "Now we'll go to America!" I said hopefully to the bride's sister.

to the bride's sister. You are aware that, technically and according to the law of natione, wherever a Legation hap-pens to settle becomes straightway a part and parcel of the country it represents. Thus the moment that Mr. John Paul Jefferson Jones im-ported his rocking-chair into his modest lodgings in the Rue du Centre he was an American in American

In the kne du Centre ine was an America in America. We went to America. America had ascended about twenty feet into the air, like a Genus about to soar away. The ground-floor was of the French, Frenchy; but on the next platform—a silver plate informed us that we had arrived in the land of the Spread Eagle. I felt, as I have always felt on that landing, immense sensations. Behind that perman silver target was my own. Behind that german-silver target was my own, my native land. I fancied the scent of the mimo sa-blossoms and prairie-flowers coming through the keybole. "Don't you smell garlie?" said Mrs. Lomax, with her fine directness of expression. "I de-clare if the Joneses are baking beans this morn-ing, it's a direct insult to us!" "Dear madam," said 1, "I think it's the kettles in the wigwams of the Blackfeet." The door opened, and admitted us to the boundless plains of the Far West. They appeared to be arranged in a condensedform; for the po-light floors of the reception-room and all the saite could have been laid side by slde in Independence Hall. The darling little chambers were picked the keybole. Hall. The darling little chambers were picked with white and gold, like bonbon-boxes laid side by side. Lo and his little tissue-paper, bride

called "Calathumpians" than like any festivity to

called "Catathumpians" than like any festivity to which their hearts could warm. There had been a dozen guests at the Emi-bassy, notably two lady-artists, friends of the proom, who had been welcomed by a whisper from the bride's sister, audible to me, "Dear." dear, there are those old green bonnets!" When we got to the Holel, it was ny honorable office to chose these dozen neones who were

office to chase these dozen people, who ware wandering centrifugally over the stairways, and whether them, the green bounds had you and set in the shepherd them, the green bounds had you and set in the monstrous parlor engaged express by Mr. Lo-max. He had an admirable, expensive and every-way suitable appartement in the Hotel. But the rooms were not commensurate with the lifeas... So we abandoned shugness, and lost ourselves in an immense cold hall, in the centre of which, like icebergs in the Polar Sea, were the architectural cakes which had been exhibiting for a week at the great cook-shop, corner of Baes de la Palx. and de Rivoli.

and de Rivoli. As Mr. John Paul Jefferson Jones toasted "The Happy Pair," there was a distinct response from Mrs. Jones, in the nature of a sniff. The bride's father toasted the "Old Bachelors." It was the only *thaw* we had. For it elleited the *Herald* correspondent in Paris—you remember bis terrible end—Mr. Edgar Old Buffer. Shall **I** ever forget how this brilliant, this wonderful man snoke raising bis game length from the soft spoke, raising his gaunt length from the sofa, where he was stretched, and showing in his countenance the pallor of his over-work, and his

-8-1

where his anterland, and showing in this counternance the pallor of his over-work, and his deep dissipation! In a wonderful little impromptu, a string of puns and bon-mote, he set us all at eases and made us merry. Then his eye, which had mo-mentarily cleared, drew on its film again as you see the film close over the eye of the carged eagle. He asked for punch, and he and the Minister, forgetting us, closed in conversation in an alcove. After I had seen the green bonnets to their bower on the summit of Montmartre, I returned to the Hötel. Old Mr. Lomax, who had been awaiting me, burst out of the billiard-room into the court-yard as I entered. "Oh, I say," he cried in deep distress, "could you do anything with Buffer? He's here in the Estaminet, repeating his speech, with the names of my boy and his sweetheart, to all the billiard-players!"

As I rode home with the brilliant correspondent, he was excessively loving, and tried to dance in the earlage. Since then, poor repro-bate, he has danced the dance of the tremens into

bate, he has canced the dance of the trates into a stranger's grave in Fère Lachaise. But he was sufficiently knowing to wink at me as he was getting into bed, and to perpetrate a quatrain, which I may quote as the proverb of my tale. Thrueting his long logs deep under the eider-down, he winsed and said :

"When parvenu Meets paragon,

Then, par exemple, You've a pair o'loons."

HOLLY TIME.

The wood is barren as the wold, The leaves have rusted long ago; The flowers have perished of the cold— Not even the hot marigold Offers her bosom to the snow

In holly time.

The winds rend out the empty nest, The robin shivers in his song, There is no warmth in Nature's breast ; Faint gleams of brightness, at the best, The glory of the year prolong In holly time.

Yet sweet as days when skies are blue, And cherries redden on the wall-When blossoms, fed with sun and dew, Their beauty ellently renew-Yea, sweeter, more desired than all Yea, sweeter, more desired than all Is holly time.

For now, as if the Incarnate Word

Joy in life's pulses throbs and burns, The Hours, star-created, sweep along, Rhedding delight from brimming urns; Youth to the heart of age returns,

And fans the ashen brands of song

Are altars whereon, each apart, The households offer sacrifice

Had ending, and the wilderness Began to blossom like the rose

Out of the tender sanctities

The sacred hearths, whence yule-flames rise,

And superstitions of the heart, This holly time.

Thus do celestial glimpses bless The stricken world, as though its wors; Its sins, its sorrows fathomless,

[For the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

HOW OLD PHIPPS MADE & FOOL OF HIM-

SELF.

A CHBISTMAS SKETCH.

By John Quill.

"The fact is, Mrs. Phipps, the scepticism and

infidelity among the present generation of chil-

"Yes," said Mrs. Phipps, who always seconded her husband's opinion, "it is really awful." "When I was a boy, I believed in everything,"

continued Phipps. "I would have sworn that

Robinson Crusoe actually did live on a desert.

island; Jack the Giant Killer, I was absolutely

certain, was a gory young butcher. I would have

taken my oath on a stack of Bibles a mile high

that Cinderella rode to court in a pumpkin coach.

"And there was Puss in Boots; I never doubted

his existence. I had no infidelity on the question

of the cow that jumped over the moon; Jack actually climbed the beanstalk, as far as my belief.

extended. But children now-a-days don't believe

"Not a single solitary thing," said Mrs. Phipps.

fairyland, will begin to deny the existence of

tairyiand, will begin to dely the existence of more serious places when he grows up. Inidelity in youth is the beginning of scepticism in age,

in youth is the beginning of scepticism in Ege, depend upon it, Mrs. Phipps." "That's just so," said Mrs. Phipps, looking up from her knitting. "There's our Bob, now; he's only 12 years old.

"There's our Bob, now; he's only 12 years old, and yet the little beggar says he knows well, enough that no animal ever talked, as the fables say they did, because, he says, they can't. His mind's been polsoned, Mrs. Phipps, against trass fictitious beings and those fictitious things for which all children in old times had a faner." "I'm afraid so," said Mrs. Phipps. "And Bob says, he knows all those fairy stories in't so, and r don't even believe them when the book asserts ey are founded on fact." "It's too b," elaculated Mrs. Phipps, picking up a dropped clitch. ""its partly the fault of living in this confounded boarding-house. Here only yesterday I heard that ridiculous old maid, Miss Straggles, in the next room there, tell Bob that there was no such

that ridiculous old maid, Miss Straggies, in the next room there, tell Bob that there was no such person as Kriss Kingle, and that his paronts were very wicked to deceive him with such stories." "It's scandalous," said Mrs. Phipps. "Til rip that false heir off her head the very first chance 1 get;—and Bob he goes and tells Tom and John, and William Henry and Mary Targe and Emily and Maria and now Done of

Jane, and Emily and Maria, and now none of them believe in it. It's perfectly outrageous." "Yes, it is outrageous," said Mrs. Phipps.

"Yes, it is outrageous," said Mrs. Phipps, "For my part, I go for keeping up the old time customs, and so I've made up my mind to

"And it's a bad sign, Mrs. Phipps, a bad sign

A child who don't acknowledge that there's a

dren is awful."

and wore glass slippers."

in anything."

"So would I," said Mrs. Phipps.

Walked it again, the sterile earth. Remembering the glad tidings heard Of angels, to its heart is stirred With promptings of renewing birth, This holly time

At holly time.

In holly time !!

1.10

WILLIAM SAWYER.

As sauer kraut, onions, or other loud kind Of eloppy Dutch mess with a horrible smell, To assist her digestion, and on her bile tell. led on diet; some a LITTLE CHRIS. SCHNEIDER.

Constitution was weak, and her ultimate cure

And there was his Christian, his good little son, Who had the Dutch virtues all rolled into one. Starvation had made him so frightfully thin, He was actually brought down to sheer bones

and skin. But little Chris. Schneider, he never complained, No matter how shall was his chunk of brown

No matter how oft he went hungry to bed, He would always say over his little Dutch pray-

ers, After klasing his parents and going up stairs. And the best of his pleasures, the chief of his joys, Were these of the Sunday school, which the bad

bovs Were especially down on, but in which little

Chris. Found the most exquisite species of bliss. roand the most exquatte species of blas. He never stole apples; he never spun tops; Nor coveted nice things displayed in the shops He never went skating on Sunday—told lies; Nor endeavored to shut up his fond parents

eyes. He never played marbles for keeps; nor bent pins For his schoolmates to sit on, and puncture the

skins. He never threw spitballs; played truant; fought fights:

Pitched pennics; stoned cats, and stald out late o' nights; Nor did one single thing which a bad boy de-

He was virtuous, pious, and gentle, and good; "Too much so," folks said, "for this earth Christian should "Have died when a baby, or else gone to Heaven

"Like good boys in the books, at the age of

APPEARANCE OF THE FIRST DUTCH FAIRY. But enough of his virtues; let's get to the story-Twas one Christmas morning quite early. Be-

fore he Got up, little Ohris. turned his eyes to the door, And saw a small fairy come up through the floor. "Chris. Schneider," he said, "I have come here

"To see if Kriss Kingle has dropped down this

"And filled up your stocking with candy and auch

(Twas a fat, red-nosed fairy. His accent was

Dutch.). Chris, Schneider sat up, and rabbed open his eyes, And he stared at the fairy in eager surprise; Amazed at his very diminutive size

And the shape of his pinions (as small as a

And his clothes, made of satin of various dyes; As well as his motions, as graceful and spry 's Those of a kitten. The faintest of signs

Escaped from Chris. Schneider. He answered and said, That bendidn't want candy, he just wanted

bread; And if Kriss Kingle came, with the kindest good

Will, "Twould be of no use; he'd no stockings to fill. The fairy looked sad, in a small sort of way,--

Put his fist to his eyes and brushed nine tear

And said to Chris. Schneider: "Chris. Schneider,

I say; "Suppose I should give you three wishes to-day, "And send what you asked for, without any

"Right here on the spot, without stop or delay, "What things would you want most, Ohris. Schneider? hey?"

"Some sauer-kraut and shpeek for my father," he

"For my mother, some cheese and some mustard "And then I should like-but to wish it's no

4'I should like for their dinner some sauer-kraut

"Ach goot!" with a smile said this little Dutch

"Is there nothing, Chris.Schneider, you want for yourself?"

There were swings made of sausage, and made of schultz. (Long strings of dried apples) and then there were bits

were bus of pork spread with mustard all over the place; And plckles (assorted) staring right in your face. The horses were gingerbread, and their small

gears Were made of white sugar. And then it appears That the parks for the skaters were floored with

brown bread; You could slide on the butter, then eat it, 'tis

Kaviare abounded. Instead of a bed, The fairies slept sound every night in fresh pies, and made hearty meals before opening their

cyes. Apple butter spontaneously gushed from the

springs, And was dipped up by fairles with crisp short-

cake wings. These fairies were little, and buxom and stout; I ness martes were intic, and butom and stout; Red waistcoats they wore ander each roundabout. Their stomachs were portly; their noses were red They all wore moustaches—looked hale and well

fed, And when any one made an effort to speak, His voice sounded both like a grant and a squeak. The maidens were ruddy, thick-waisted and fat; They were large as to ankles—and each wore a

The king floated round on a cloud, which he puffed

From a very long meerschaum, while sauer-kraut

he stuffed. He wore golden spectacles on his red nose, Which was just one shade redder than the hue of his hose. There were small fairy minstrels surrounding the

king. And sometimes he'd tell them to tune up and

sing. Each carried a pretzel instead of a harp; Their voices were piercing; they sang rather

sharp. And Chris. Schneider staid in this bountiful land, Eating, day after day, till he hardly could stand. "And here," he thought, "always I'd just like to

"I don't care a cent if I never go 'way." So he lived on in fairyland, year after year, Forgetful of home, and his two parents dear, Who mourned for his absence, and went on and

Until from sheer sorrow they both nearly died.

THE EXTRAORDINARY RETURN.

But one day the fairles put Ohris. fast to sleep-Filled his pockets with guilders; piled up a great Of good things to eat; with nine barrels of beer;

And packed up some sauer-kraut and other good cheer.

Then they lifted Chris. Schneider and those other things, And spread out the short-cake that served them

for wings. They flew, down to earth, and to old Schneider's

door. And laid their rich cargo right down on his floor. Mrs. Schneider sprang up with a yell, and hugged Chris.

And gave him a stunning, old-fashioned, Dutch

Old Schneider he threw down his awl and his

last, And kissed Chris. while briny tears came thick

and fast. It was Christmas again; and to honor the day, An attack on the victuals began right away. The whole Schneider family, with their friends,

ate their fill. But the heap, it remained on the floor as big still, 'Twas the queerest old dinner that ever you

knew; The more you ate of it, the greater it grew; And so they had plantyuntil they both died. And then Chris. got married, and he and his

bride Lived without cost for the whole of their lives,

Except a mere trifle for apcons, forks and knives. And when little Schneiders were danced on his knee.

Chris. would tell how it paid him a good boy to be. In peculiar Dutch idiom he used to expand

n the pleasures and profits of Dutch Fairyland.

each other. The Prince of Wales came in about ten o'clock,

and gave his personal blessing to the whole popu-lation, and after a hearty drink of Welsh brandy, we all went to bed. The trouble with these Welshmen is that they were never taught their vowels at school, and they have come now to neglect them scandalously.

glect them scandalously. CHRISTMAS IN UTAH. Out in Salt Lake City on Christmas Eve, every father of a family goes out and buys 375 pairs of stockings, and then he has them nailed up against the manuleplece. This done, he proceeds to a toy shop and buys it clear out, as a job lot, and head it sent home on a dray. All his mines here to toy shop and buys it clear out, as a job id, and has it eent home on a dray. All his wives help to fill the stockings. He begins to kiss his children and wish them "Merry Christmas," two weeks teforehand, and then he hardly ever gets through efore New Year's day, at which time he spank them in regular succession with a machine worked by a crank, one small jackass and two Digger Indians. Sometimes on Uhristmas he gets Digger indians. Sometimes on Unristmas he gets his family all mixed up with some other man's family, and he keeps on filling stockings and kissing children until his revenue and his patience are exhausted. The children themselves impose on men who are not related to them. I knew one hewildered man to reacher around the set one bewildered man to go clear around the set-tlement three or four times, and provide for sev-eral million children. But it drove him to bank-

ruptcy, and he became a raving maniac, and functed himself a Shoshone Indian, and committed suleide trying to scalp himself. Christmas is not considered a season of unalloyed pleasure in Utah.

CHRISTMAS IN JAPAN.

CHRISTMAS IN JAPAN. When a Japanese wakes up on Christmas morning, his first move is to put out his fist and clutch hold of a fan, no matter how cold it is. Then he feels to ascertain if his hair is fixed up like a blacking-brush on the top of his head. If he is all tight he gate up and gase out and site like a blacking-brush on the top of his head. If, she is all right, he gets up and gees out and sits on a telegraph wire for an hour, balancing him-self with an umbrella; or else he stands a pole on his chin while his little brother climbs to the top ard hangs by his left leg. In the meantime, his ensure and his Aunt Mary Jane, from the country, his on the ground. ensier and his Aunt Mary Jane, from the country, waltz out, and scating themselves on the ground, begin twanging away at a couple of old one-stringed banjos, on which these infatuated crea-tures think they can play. Having been sufficiently soothed, then go in and fan themselves. They they make a sumptions breakfast off of rat hash, and boned bull-dog and cat à la mode. After which they take another fan. Before retiring for the night, the head of the family spins a few tops in a mysterious way on the entry the night, the head of the failing spins a tew objects in a mysterions way on the entry-carpet, while the boys amuse them-selves walking around with their naked feet over razor blades. Then they all fan themselves

ugam. Christmas in Japan is observed in a unique manner, but I never could enjoy it much. Some-how they don't seem to have caught the spirit of the thing.

CHRISTMAS IN ALASKA. The hotels in Alaska are all made of ice, with a smoke-kole at the top. When you wake up on Christmas morning, you roll over and feel cold, and you ascertain that you have been sleeping against the wall. The Esquimaux landlord, how-ever, is very hospitable, and he builds a big fire, and goes out and drives a plug in the smokehole to keep the warm air in. When it gets so that you can't breathe, he brings in six pounds of raw walrus and uncorks a fresh barrel of sperm-oil, se that you can make a heatty breakfast. The meal ended, you are expected to go out and let the pet dog of the family knock you down and gnaw your leg for twenty minutes. Then the CHRISTMAS IN ALASKA. the pet dog of the family knock you down and gnaw your leg for twenty minutes. Then the landlord lays you on a sled and gives you a har-poon, so as to go a bear-hunting. It is extremely likely that the bears will join in the exciting sport with their accustomed hilarity, and get hold of you and hug you until you can hear your ribs scrunch; or if this don't occur, you can calculate with safety upon falling through a hole in the ice, so that some feative will race an elicit a task with estery upon family strong is noted as task to that some festive walrus can stick a task through your vitals, in an exhilarating manner, and hear you away on the wings of love to his soft and retired nest, where he will feed you piecemeal to his little ones on this joyful Christ-

mas day. Alaska on a Christmas is exciting; but, personally, I never had much taste for out-door sports. I prefer a quiet time in the house, myself.

and the

And doubly bless the Christmas morn That gave us "Christ our Righteonsness.

"A merry Christmas to all !" Let it resound from mouth to mouth, From east and west to north and south, To humble cot from stately hall.

Written for the Christmas Number of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.) A SCULPTOR STORY.

THE OHBISTMAS WEDDING AT THE EMBASSY.

By Lanfant Perdreau.

WHERE I HIRED MY EVENING-COAT. It was many and many a year ago-I think just a thousand and two-that my friend Lomax came up to my ateller, then situate Rue Humboldt, away down below the Observatory, among the girls' boarding-schools.

"Perdreau," he muttered, "the fact is, Abby and I-why, the truth is, Abby and me"-and there he stuck.

I helped him out by saying with sympathy, "I expected it."

"Father thought we'd better ha' spliced the main-brace-I mean tied the Gordian knot-at least, till death us do part, you know," said poor Lomax, floundering.

I said, "Yes, old fellow." "Father thought it had better be done in Switzerland; a traveling wedding is both cheap and-and artistic: they give you rank milk in chilet, you know-girls with plaits and powerful

ankles-emell of goats." He sucked his cane awhile, apparently to imblbe the saver of the Arcadian scene his lively

In half an hour they streamed back on parade, making their little effect. I looked with deep teeling at Lo. He was walking so patteringly that I fancied he would directly break into, twenty fragments inside his clothes. His pinkness unfortunately continued. Mrs. Jones resumed her lounging-chair by the fender, thrust her feet upon it again, but did not resume the *Liberti*. She only looked upon it, as it lay among the bronzes on the mantel-shelf, with longing and abnegation. fancy had conjured up. "But mother,"-this was communicated after considerable pause,-"mother, well, she got all it lay among the bronzes on the mantel-shelf, with longing and abnegation. In coming in, the bride dropped her bouquet. I had got that bouquet, (in exchange for a little clay statuette of Topsy). It rolled and rolled, and got into the fire. It had the merit of com plettly concealing the garlle. that yellow silk in Lyons, you see, and there was a good bit of black lace from Brussels, and as a good bit of black lace from Brussels, and as mother tells father, if it's not worn before we go home, there'll be a duty. So it's to come off at the Embassy; for father says there's no man in France more beholden to him and more fond of him than Minister John Paul Jefferson Jones; and there'll be an American flag; we're to be stood un-der the American flag. To-morrow week is Christmas; and it's to come off then. And a coal-stion at the Grand Hotel. And we want.

married me in a minute but a subject him with my eye-by means of an eelectic service, com-pounded, I believe, of the principal formularies of the various sects; he brought in the Greek gesture of blessing. He was a reading man from Bosion, and I am confident I detected a Budd-Christmas; and it's to come of them. In a formation at the Grand Hotel. And we want—" Up to this point I had listened as impersonally as one of the plaster *icorchis* in the atelier; but the succeeding words made me warm and egoistic; and acutely sensible of the fringes on my collar; bist theory. Luckily we were spared Vou-dooism. I felt that my friend was united by means of a kind of Exposition of the Ceremonies dooism. of All Nations, Mrs. Jones was the heroine of the occasion. She

and acutely generate on the influes of my contained and the bare threads on my clow. I can only express the different way in which they came to me by fancying the sensations of the clay when the sculptor lays down his smoothing-tool and takes up a saw-edged one. Lomax gave me a new surface entirely with what you are about to wood Mrs. Jones was the heroine of the occasion. She sat by the fire without changing her attitude. She was an ambitious literary woman, glad to be in Paris with access to the receptions of Academi-chan; she largely "patronized," that was the word used by us Americans, literary people and Gustave Doré. If she had known that I designed those costumes, over which she ran her eye with antiquarian gusto, she would have patronized me. She said hardly anything to any of our ladies.

"And we want you to stand up by me."

"And we want you to stand up by me." "I protest, my good fel"— But Lomax went on to his climax, too much-absorbed in getting it out kindly and well to stop for anything; "—— stand by me; and I just came up to tell you, that I suppose you ain't got any evening cost, and that if you want to hirs one I could introduce you to my tailyr. Woodman is building my, suit, up yonder in the Chaussé d'2 uin." At the prayer, and everybody stared; then she re-luctantly withdrew them, with the air of drawing d'Anti

luctantly withdrew them, with the art of a wing off positive ropes of glue, from the bar. Then, down on her knees, she gaped disconsolately. The second heroine was the bride. She couldn't find the opening in her vall, which lapped some-how over her face. (It was my fault, perhaps, for I had indicated the vall from a beautiful figure by Jalabert of a fellah woman.) I thought I 'But I'm not in the least that sort of man." "But I'm not in the least that sort of man." "Oh'dear yes, you are; mother has a positive fancy for you, something about your nose-and in fact I overheard her say to Abby's sister that if you'd have your hair curled you'd stand up very will be me?" by Jalabert of a Fellah woman.) I thought I should have to offer my pen-knife, when Mrs. nouid nave to OHET-my pen-Rnite, when Mrs. Lomax discovered, the tackle, draw a rope, and delivered the bride to be married. The "contarton." Then we rolled back, like criminals after con-viction, to the Grand Hotel. The Ciristmas fes-tival in the streets was beautiful, but the bride and well by me

The fact was, I believe, Lomax had no friends. A month before he had tested the question. He had bought a dozen of the cheapest champagne, and invited the flower of the American youth in Paris; fellows whom he was anxious to introduce, when all should have returned to the New World, what he called; his father's "howelling-alley"

is grade with the mail had a

by side. Lo and his little tissue-paper, bride looked like very fresh and fragile candy figures. It was, in short, a very pretty Paris receptionroom we entered; about as much like what one fancies the palace of an Embassy as a scent-bag is like the Jardin des Plantes. But if our Government thinks republicanism consists in lodging its Ministers like music-teachers, what business is it of ours?

As we cross the threshold, we finish the chapter about our preparations, and begin the chapter

OUR WEDDING. One wall was decorated with a black-looking one wan was necorated with a black-looking and flat-chested clergyman, apparently pasted to it. Over this ornament hung the far-famed Ame-rican flag in drapery. A lady, all alone, sat with her feet thrust well forward to the fender, reading the *Line* the Liberté. "Dear Mrs. Jones! So glad !" said Lomax's

mother. The young man in full black who had an-

nounced us swept them all severely into an ante-room, Mrs. Jeffersen Jones included.

In half an hour they streamed back on parade,

pletely concealing the garlic. The clergyman married Lo-he would have married me in a minute but I stopped him with

groom seemed to find the trampet blowing and noise more like those Pennsylvania serenades

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