

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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A VISION OF DECEMBER.

Along of that time when the forests are drawn, Within the sound of the bellies, appear Twelve mystical spirits, the months of the year.

With laughter and song they dance in their feet, And deep in the circle their footstep have pressed. 'Tis the month of December, his beard on his breast.

And dreaming, still dreaming, he murmurs and seeks, The bells he burst, he remembers and speaks.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

NOW had been falling early in the day, but so lightly that only a white fleck here and there marked the distant housetops and a thin frosty layer about the stringpiece show in the dark like a glittering line.

half a groan. "Christmas Eve, and nary a bite in the locker nor a nickel in the pocket! It's blasted hard—blasted hard for a man that's seen better days."



He crunched the pipstems between his teeth and made another round of the deck, but stopped when he had reached the old place again.

There's some 'ad 'as 'twas misfort' in it. And some 'ad 'ad crunk 'bout 'um-luck. 'Twasn't neither. 'Twas rum. Rum and me own moolness. 'Ew I didn't driv that boy away, he'd no matter makin' a good livin' for her, no matter what I was about, and she wouldn't be in there dyin'—dyin' for a bite to eat."

As he spoke he glanced at the little pokey hole in the cabin, where a faint light glimmered, and turned again to the dark line of the water front.

I knowed that it would 'a hurt your feelin's wuss than anything else. There, Libbie; take it. It's very high a'gain, 'a everything else has."

He held out the little gold ring to her and turned his head away. In an instant the woman was on her feet. Her long, thin hand clutched the bottle, and he flash showed itself on her pallid, sunken cheek.

"Father," she cried, "would you date?" In her indignation she was speechless for a moment, but then she broke down and the tears came.

"It is all I have left," she moaned, "all I have left to remind me of him—all of his father's the child may ever see. How could you think of it, father? It was cruel—cruel."

He saw a figure pacing up and down in the dark, and the yellow light forward showed a couple of seamen who had risen from a coil of rope. He turned toward them, and with hands stretched out, he called out.

HOLIDAY GREENS.

without mentioning the Christmas tree, popularly so called, though only of late years has it been naturalized in England or our own country.

It is an historical fact that the Roman Saturnalia were celebrated at the same time of the year as the feast of Christmas, but whether the former had any thing to do with the latter, by way of cause or common origin, it is not easy to decide.

The time came, however, when in the strife for the ascendancy, Christianity determined to fight paganism with the latter's own weapons, and the customs and revelries were carried to such an extreme that several early church councils forbade, among other things, the decoration of private houses after the manner of the Roman Saturnalia.

The next he knew it was morning. The sun was just sending his first beam of light into the room. Pussy had jumped into the bed, and Teddy tumbled into his arms.

HOLIDAY GREENS.

ORIGIN OF THE CUSTOM OF DECORATING HOUSES.



The Practice a Relic of the Roman Saturnalia—The Habit of Adorning Churches with Flowers Becoming Prevalent.

HERE has long been a mooted question, whence arose the custom of decorating churches and houses at Christmas with flowers and greenery.

It is not easy to decide, nor indeed, essential. The Saturnalia began late in December, and when we compare the Christmas orgies and nummeries indulged in up to comparative recent times, the resemblance between the two feasts is striking, even in particular details.

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DREAMS.

Who can tell us whence they come, What mysterious regions from? In what fairy country lies That strange city of surmise?

Humor of the Day. A sickly young lady—Miss Lie. A German ferment—Sauerkraut. Long winded—Blacksmith's bellows.

Another good cure for insomnia is to have the nurse sleep up in the attic with the baby. The American hen is a very observing bird, but she doesn't always know when she is on an ancient lay.

Mr. and Mrs. Gobbler, in anticipation of Christmas, depart hastily for Europe. It will not do to leave our subject

The Dude's Christmas Shadow.



Teddy's Merry Christmas. Never in his life did Teddy have such a hard time going to sleep as on that last night before Christmas.

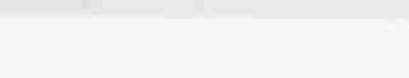


One of the most prominent South Jersey "industries" is the preparation of evergreen decorations for Christmas and New Year's.

The Mistletoe.

When winter nights grow long, And winds without blow cold, We sit in a ring round the warm wood fire, And listen to stories old.

Off For a Foreign Shore.



Small Boy—"Ma, ma! we've got to get away from here, it's dangerous. They're canna ban! I was just helping him to the car to the platform and flood his lungs with the fresh, pure air."

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