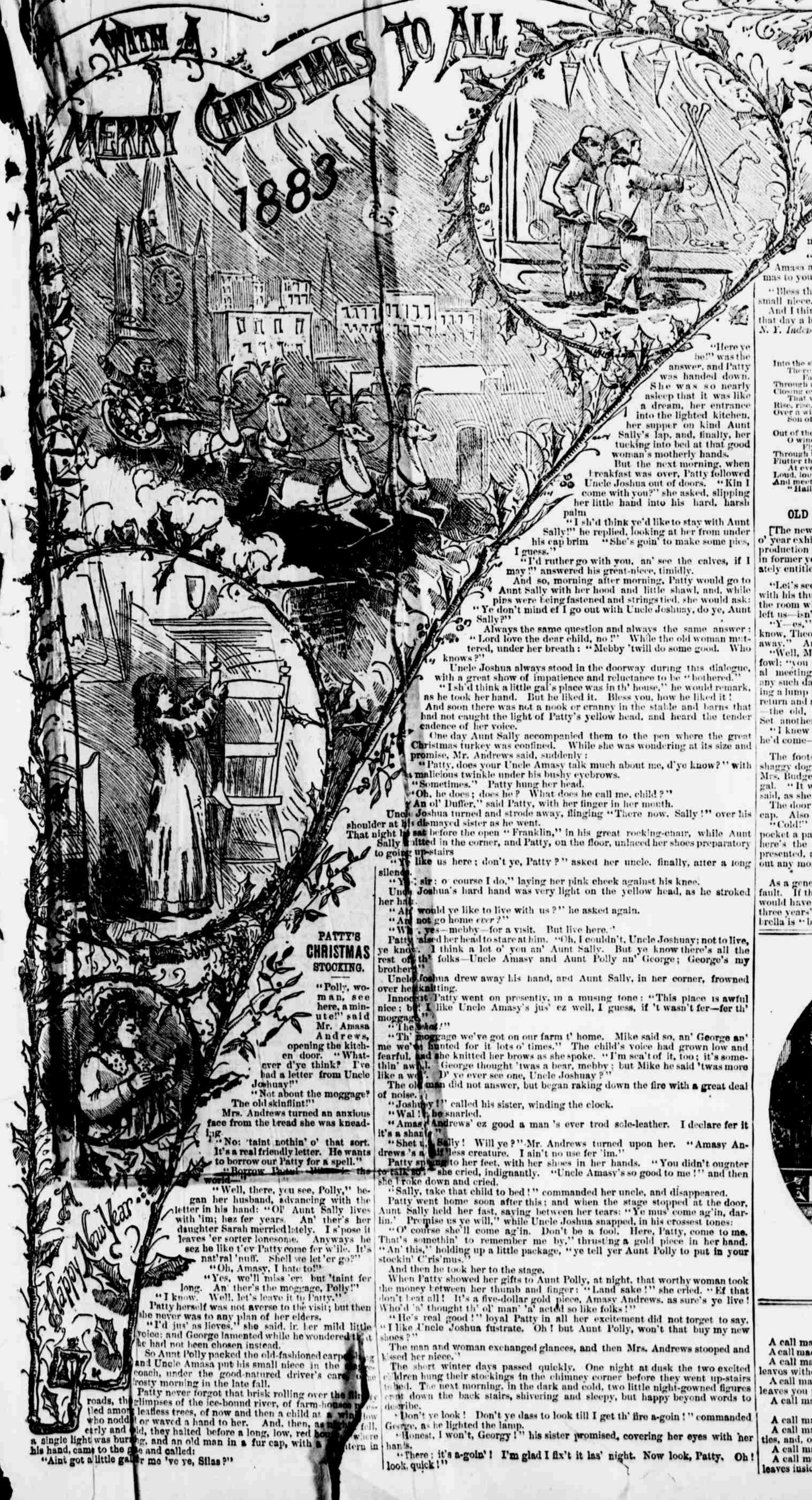


OUR Holiday Supplement

WITH A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

1883



"Mit-
tens!"
cried the
boy, diving into
his stocking.
"Leggin's!" cried the
girl.
"Oh! Patty, look 'ere, won't
ye? A sled, a true an' hon-
est sled!"
"Oh, Georgy! a doll! A lovely, great
big doll! Oh! ain't I glad!"
"That's good news," said Uncle Amasa,
cheerfully, as he and his wife appeared at the
door. "Air ye satisfied, children?"
But Patty had, at last, come to Uncle Joshua's box.
'I'll cut th' string with my new knife," George cried.
'Now less look; mebby it's a gold watch and chain, Patty."
'Taint nothin' but writin'," said the child, bewildered.
Uncle Amasa took the sheet with trembling fingers. "Heaven an'
earth," he ejaculated, letting it fall the next moment. "It's that
moggage made out to Patty. Listen here:
"I send you what would please you most, child. Tell your Uncle
Amasa a man is pretty good that raises such a little girl. So, a Merry Christ-
mas to you all!
From "THE OLD DUFFER."
"Bless the Lord!" whispered Aunt Polly. And "Bless the Lord!" piped her
small niece.
And I think perhaps our Patty was the only child in New England who found
that day a horse and lands in the toe of her Christmas stocking.—*Ruth Hall, in
N. Y. Independent.*

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Into the silent waiting East
The sun with a shining light—
Through a dull gray bar
Closing over a dying star
That watched away the night—
Rise, rise, shine and glow,
Over a wide white world of snow,
Son of the Christmas-tide!

Out of the Northland bleak and bare,
O wind with a royal roar,
Fly, fly,
Through the broad arched sky,
Flutter the snow, and rattle and cry
At every silent door—
Loud, loud, till the children hear,
And lead us with a ringing cheer
Hail to the Christmas-tide!

Out of the four great gates of day
A tremulous music swells;
Hear, hear,
How sweet and clear,
Over and under and far and near,
A thousand happy bells!
Joy, joy, and jubilee!
Good will to men from sea to sea,
This merry Christmas-tide!

Lo! in the homes of every land
The children reign today;
They alone,
With our hearts their throne,
And never a scepter but their own
Small hands to rule and sway!
Peace, peace—the Christ-child's love
Flies over the world, a white, white dove—
This happy Christmas-tide!
—*Juliet C. Marsh.*

OLD BUDGE'S CHRISTMAS; OR, THE UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.

[The newspaper that doesn't print an original Christmas story about this time of year exhibits a lamentable lack of enterprise. We have, therefore, secured a production of this character which may suggest some stories that have appeared in former years, and a few that have not. It is founded on fact and is appropriately entitled as above.]

CHAPTER I.

"Let's see," mused Theophilus Budge, testing the edge of his carving-knife with his thumb, preparatory to dissecting a nicely-browned turkey which filled the room with its appetizing odor, "it's just five years ago to-day since Jeremiah left us—isn't it, Maria?"

"Y-es," said Mrs. Budge, with a sigh six feet in circumference, "and you know, Theophilus, that it was your harsh, unreasonable conduct that drove him away." And she helped herself to a spoonful of cranberry sauce.

"Well, Maria," replied Budge, making a savage onslaught on the smoking fowl; "you know Jeremiah would persist in writing poetry and attending political meetings, although he was only seventeen years old, and I couldn't stand any such dangled nonsense as that, if he was my own flesh and blood; but," feeling a lump rising in his throat, "p'raps I was a little hasty; and if he were to return and ask my forgiv'—Hullo! what's that? Footsteps coming up the walk—the old, familiar footsteps, as I'm alive. Maria! our boy is coming home! Set another plate."

"I knew it!" exclaimed Mrs. Budge. "I had a premonition all along that he'd come—and now he's here."

CHAPTER II.

The footsteps came nearer. Old Budge went to the door, and Bruno, the shaggy dog, wagged his tail as if he, too, recognized a familiar sound; while Mrs. Budge, with a grateful heart, prepared a place at the table for the prodigal. "It will be like the Christmases we read about in newspaper stories," she said, as she drew an extra chair up to the table.

The door opened and there entered a man wearing a hard visage and a fur cap. Also other clothes.

"Cold!" he said, backing up to the stove and drawing from his inside coat pocket a paper, which he handed to Theophilus with the remark: "Mr. Budge, here's the bill for last quarter's rent. This is the third time it has been presented, and Zeck Skinner, your landlord, says if it is not paid at once, without any more dilly-dallying about it, out you go in short meter!"

As a general thing Christmas stories don't end this way, but it's not our fault. If the bill collector had been old Budge's son Jeremiah, the denouement would have been different. But Jeremiah couldn't come. He was serving a three years' sentence in a Texas jail for borrowing a horse, the same as an umbrella is "borrowed."—*Norristown Herald.*

PATTY'S CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

"Polly, woman, see here, a minute!" said Mr. Amasa Andrews, opening the kitchen door. "What-
ever d'ye think? I've had a letter from Uncle Joshua!"

"Not about the moggage?"
The old skinflint!

Mrs. Andrews turned an anxious face from the bread she was kneading.

"No; 'taint nothin' o' that sort. It's a real friendly letter. He wants to borrow our Patty for a spell."

"Borrow Patty?"

"Well, there, you see, Polly," began her husband, advancing with the letter in his hand: "Of Aunt Sally lives with 'im; hez her years. An' th'er's her daughter Sarah married lately. I s'pose it leaves 'er sorter lonesome. Anyways he sez he like t'ev Patty come for w'hile. It's nat'ral 'nuff. Shall we let 'er go?"

"Oh, Amasy, I hate to!"

"Yes, we'll miss 'er; but 'taint for long. An' th'er's the moggage, Polly!"

"I know. Well, let's leave it to Patty."

Patty herself was not averse to the visit; but then the never was to any plan of her elders.

"I'd jus' as lieves," she said, in her mild little voice; and George lamented while he wondered that it had not been chosen instead.

So Aunt Polly packed the old-fashioned carpet bag, and Uncle Amasa put his small niece in the stage-coach, under the good-natured driver's care, one frosty morning in the late fall.

Patty never forgot that brisk rolling over the hills, the climping of the ice-bound river, of farm-houses who nodded or waved a hand to her. And, then, as the fall, early and old, they halted before a long, low, red house, where a single light was burning, and an old man in a fur cap, with a stern in his hand, came to the door and called:

"Aint got a little gal for me 've ye, Silas?"

"Here ye be!" was the answer, and Patty was handed down. She was so nearly asleep that it was like a dream, her entrance into the lighted kitchen, her supper on kind Aunt Sally's lap, and, finally, her tucking into bed at that good woman's motherly hands.

But the next morning, when breakfast was over, Patty followed Uncle Joshua out of doors. "Kin I come with you?" she asked, slipping her little hand into his hard, harsh palm.

"I sh'd think ye'd like to stay with Aunt Sally!" he replied, looking at her from under his cap brim. "She's goin' to make some pies, I guess."

"I'd ruther go with you, an' see the calves, if I may!" answered his great-niece, timidly.

And so, morning after morning, Patty would go to Aunt Sally with her hood and little shawl, and, while pews were being fastened and strings tied, she would ask: "Ye don't mind if I go out with Uncle Joshua, do ye, Aunt Sally?"

Always the same question and always the same answer: "Lord love the dear child, no!" While the old woman muttered, under her breath: "Mebby 'twill do some good. Who knows?"

Uncle Joshua always stood in the doorway during this dialogue, with a great show of impatience and reluctance to be "bothered."

"I sh'd think a little gal's place was in th' house," he would remark, as he took her hand. But he liked it. Bless you, how he liked it! And soon there was not a nook or cranny in the stable and barns that had not caught the light of Patty's yellow head, and heard the tender endearment of her voice.

One day Aunt Sally accompanied them to the pen where the great Christmas turkey was confined. While she was wondering at its size and promise, Mr. Andrews said, suddenly:

"Patty, does your Uncle Amasy talk much about me, d'ye know?" with a malicious twinkle under his bushy eyebrows.

"Sometimes," Patty hung her head.

"Oh, he does; does he? What does he call me, child?"

"An' ol' Duffer," said Patty, with her finger in her mouth.

Uncle Joshua turned and strode away, flinging "There now, Sally!" over his shoulder at his dismayed sister as he went.

That night he sat before the open "Franklin," in his great rocking-chair, while Aunt Sally knitted in the corner, and Patty, on the floor, unlaced her shoes preparatory to going up-stairs.

"Ye like us here; don't ye, Patty?" asked her uncle, finally, after a long silence.

"Y-es; s'ir; o' course I do," laying her pink cheek against his knee.

Uncle Joshua's hard hand was very light on the yellow head, as he stroked her hair.

"An' would ye like to live with us?" he asked again.

"An' not go home ever?"

"Wh-yes; mebby—for a visit. But live here."

Patty also had her head to stare at him. "Oh, I couldn't, Uncle Joshua; not to live, ye know. I think a lot o' you an' Aunt Sally. But ye know there's all the rest of th' folks—Uncle Amasy and Aunt Polly an' George; George's my brother."

Uncle Joshua drew away his hand, and Aunt Sally, in her corner, frowned over her knitting.

Innocent Patty went on presently, in a musing tone: "This place is awful nice; but I like Uncle Amasy's jus' ez well, I guess, if 't wasn't fer—fer th' moggage."

"The moggage?"

"Th' moggage we've got on our farm 't home. Mike said so, an' George an' me we've hunted for it lots o' times." The child's voice had grown low and fearful, and she knitted her brows as she spoke. "I'm sca't of it, too; it's somethin' awful. George thought 'twas a bear, mebby; but Mike he said 'twas more like a wolf. D'ye ever see one, Uncle Joshua?"

The old man did not answer, but began raking down the fire with a great deal of noise.

"Joshua!" called his sister, winding the clock.

"Wal! he snarled.

"Amasy Andrews' ez good a man's ever trod sole-leather. I declare fer it it's a shan!"

"Shet up, Sally! Will ye?" Mr. Andrews turned upon her. "Amasy Andrews's a w'less creature. I ain't no use fer 'im."

Patty sprang to her feet, with her shoes in her hands. "You didn't oughter to talk so!" she cried, indignantly. "Uncle Amasy's so good to me!" and then she stroked down and cried.

"Sally, take that child to bed!" commanded her uncle, and disappeared.

Patty went home soon after this; and when the stage stopped at the door, Aunt Sally held her fast, saying between her tears: "Ye mus' come ag'in, darlin'. Promise us ye will," while Uncle Joshua snapped in his crosser tones: "O' course she'll come ag'in. Don't be a fool. Here, Patty, come to me. That's somethin' to remember me by," thrusting a gold piece in her hand.

"An' this," holding up a little package, "ye tell yer Aunt Polly to put in your stocking! 'Cris mus."

And then he took her to the stage.

When Patty showed her gifts to Aunt Polly, at night, that worthy woman took the money between her thumb and finger: "Land sake!" she cried. "Ef that don't beat all! It's a five-dollar gold piece, Amasy Andrews, as sure's ye live! Who'd 'n' thought th' ol' man 'd acted so like folks!"

"He's real good!" loyal Patty in all her excitement did not forget to say. "I like Uncle Joshua frustate. Oh! but Aunt Polly, won't that buy my new shoes?"

"The man and woman exchanged glances, and then Mrs. Andrews stooped and kissed her niece."

The short winter days passed quickly. One night at dusk the two excited children hung their stockings in the chimney corner before they went up-stairs to bed. The next morning, in the dark and cold, two little night-gowned figures crept down the back stairs, shivering and sleepy, but happy beyond words to describe.

"Don't ye look! Don't ye dass to look till I get th' fire a-goin'!" commanded George, as he lighted the lamp.

"Honest, I won't, Georgy!" his sister promised, covering her eyes with her hands.

"There; it's a-goin'! I'm glad I fix't it las' night. Now look, Patty. Oh! look quick!"



CHRISTMAS SNOW-FLAKES.

NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

WELCOME CALLS.

A call made by a friend who owes you thirty dollars and desires to pay up.

A call made by another ditto with a present of a gold watch, or forty-dollar ulster.

A call made by your rich uncle from whom you have expectations, who never leaves without "remembering" you.

A call made by your ditto aunt who hopes you keep good hours, etc., and leaves you plus a fat check.

A call made by your other aunt with your pretty female cousins with her.

UNWELCOME CALLS.

A call made by your tailor regarding that little account.

A call made by your best girl's father, who is of strong temperance proclivities, and, of course, surprises you in a Bacchanalian orgie with your friends.

A call made by your landlady to inform you that she intends to raise your rent.

A call made by your friend, the bore, who talks you half wild and never leaves inside of two hours.—*The Judge.*