

WE GREET YOU

OUR HOLIDAY SUPPLEMENT. 1890. 1891

"A Merry Christmas to Us All! God Bless Us, Every One!"—CHARLES DICKENS.

THE WATCH-MEETING.



As we were coming from the school-house on a starry winter's eve, Where our friends had been debating With some feeling, I believe, On a subject not important, And which needs no mention here, When we suddenly remembered 'Twas the eve of the new year.

I am sure you'll never spy— With black eyes that fairly sparkle, And a face that shines with beauty Like a sunbeam from the south. And her manners are so charming And her talk so full of thought That if you but pause to listen All the world is soon forgot. Thus we neared her father's mansion, And were in the best of cheer, When she asked: "Won't it be jolly Here to watch for the new year?" How delightful, quick I answered; As 'twas somewhat after ten, 'Twould require but little waiting For the new year to begin. And with such a charming maiden It would surely be a treat. On the sofa 'neath the mantel We then sought a cozy seat. And we talked of local topics, Of the weather and the times, Of the novels, of the season, Famous poets and their rhymes; And the clock upon the mantel Calmly ticked the time away, Nor a moment paused to listen To the words we had to say. We in turn paid no attention To the coming of the year Until Polly, half aroused, Asked: "Is twelve o'clock most here?" No, I thought, but, quickly rising, Sought the time—when oh! ahem! By the clock upon the mantel It was three fifteen a m.

A MISFIT VISITOR.

How Uncle Jabez Found His Niece's Home on Christmas Day.



HERE was joy in the Pendragon family, for, lo and behold! Uncle Jabez was to pay it a Christmas visit. Uncle Jabez had held his purse-strings tight; in fact had failed to "pan out" since the marriage of his niece to John

Pendragon, a careful man, who, after seeing how things ran, and that he need not expect any thing from his wife's rich uncle, settled down to business. A man hates to give up the dreams he has erected upon the shifting shoals of matrimony; but Pendragon did—with what poor grace he'd never acknowledge. He hung over a lot of dusty, musty books in Snatchem & Skinem's office for a moderate salary; also did occasional funny sketch-work for humorous papers. Uncle Jabez held aloof; he would not visit the niece he had never met. "Stingy old thing!" "Now, John, don't; uncle doesn't know us yet—never has seen any of us. I know if he could meet baby!" "Just about now," broke in John, as he snatched baby's slip-smeared hands away from his polished shirt-front. "Or if he could only see our Robby!" "At the present time," sighed John, as Robby came sliding down the banisters with the broken globe of the hall-lamp dangling from one heel. "But when uncle does come I know he'll be delighted with us all."



"YOU—YOU ARE DEAR UNCLE JABEZ!" "Sure of it—when he does come," John said as he tore himself from the bosom of his family. Upon his return he banged open the door and danced

gayly into his wife's presence, waving a letter as he exclaimed: "He's coming. Saw postmark, 'Danube, Herkimer County, N. Y., and couldn't wait, so I read it. Uncle Jabez will be here Christmas morning bright and early. I'm glad, and hope I can strike him for a fifty!" "John! you ought to be ashamed. Uncle Jabez must not be struck!" "Just for fun, you know. Now bake

parlor. The children went wild over such a state of affairs, and their mother spent a great deal of time explaining matters. It was a bare, cheerless, gloomy Christmas that dawned in the Pendragon family. John sat by a very dead pile of cinders hugging his last year's office coat about him, trying to read and eagerly waiting for the bell. His wife was huddled upon one corner of the lounge with the children gathered close

The children outside are giving forth good-cheer to every passer-by, the merry bells are pealing and all is gayety. The bell rings. John Pendragon gave his wife a knowing look as he went to the door. He opened it and an old chap with a big fur cap and hair muffer was ushered in. "I b'lieve you're John!" "And you—you are dear nele Jabez!" cried Pendragon, as he grasped the oth-

buy any presents for the little dears," sobbed Mrs. Pendragon. "Sorry. Thought 'most any one could buy a leetle candy fur babies. The dirtiest runt on the street, almost bare, had a bit of candy." "But our expenses are so large; it costs so much for coal and flour—" "An' stateys like them marble things I seen standin' in the hall, an' paintin's like them hangin' on the wall, an' s'ich

OLD SANTA'S BIRDS.



EAR SANTA CLAUS keeps a bowler of birds To carol his Christmas-glees, And every year their joyous notes Resound through the Christmas trees. Good Santa's birds are children dear, They keep our hearts in tune, And mind us of a better world As roses tell of June. Oh! what a dreary world this were, How barren, bleak and cold, If childhood's harmless mirth were hushed, If all the young were old. Then blessings be on Santa's birds, And blessings on their lays, For childhood is a glimpse of Heaven, Is sunshine of our days. —Carrie L. Rose, in Good Housekeeping.

A GLAD CHRISTMAS.

How Two Children Conferred and Enjoyed a Happy Day.

Five men, all prominent in the financial circles of the city, were clustered about a table in the gentlemen's dining-room on the second floor of Reisser's restaurant a few days ago, discussing the current gossip of the busy world in which they moved. After the more substantial portion of the meal had been consumed and the quintette were comfortably sipping at an expensive brand of champagne the conversation turned on the various methods of getting the greatest amount of pleasure out of the coming holiday season. As soon as the subject was broached one of the party became unusually quiet and took scarcely any part in the lively discussion which followed. After the other four had offered various plans and suggestions the silent member of the party remarked: "You are all wrong, and to prove the truth of my words I wish to tell you a little incident which happened to me Christmas eve two years ago, and of which I have never spoken since. While stopping to glance almost unconsciously at the display in the windows of an Eighth street confectionery store my attention was attracted by two children, a boy apparently about eight years old and a girl about ten. They were joyously pointing out all the dainties in the windows to each other and speculating upon the amount of the many good things which could be purchased for a quarter. They appeared to be warmly dressed, but their clothes were of the plainest and cheapest material, and they were evidently the children of a poor working-man, who was able to support his family, but to supply them with none of the luxuries of life. From their conversation I learned that their father had given each of them twenty-five cents to spend for Christmas, and the great question was what to buy with the money. While the matter was still undecided a poor, haggard-looking woman came along leading a little girl, and they both looked as if they had not eaten any thing for some time. The woman stepped up to another woman richly dressed in furs and timidly asked for help, but her appeal was unheeded and she was haughtily ordered to stand aside. As the poor creatures slunk away in the greatest dejection I noticed a few hurried whispers between the two children, and they quickly followed the woman and child, and when they came up with them pressed something into the woman's hand, who was left speechless by the sudden good fortune. As the children passed me when they returned I heard the girl say: 'They'll enjoy it more than we would. We'll be at home to-morrow with mom and pop and have a good dinner and they'll have nothing.' When I recovered my senses both parties were gone, but I'll wager any thing that those children who gave their all had a happier Christmas than I, who was the possessor of thousands, but gave nothing towards making others happy." The story apparently touched those present, and in a short time the table was deserted with the wine bottles still partially full.—Phila. Inquirer.



T.J. NICHOLL.

"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"

up a lot of things and have the rooms bright and tidy—" "You are wild. We must let him think that we are—well, you know, I can't bring myself to say it." "Just so—poor, poverty-stricken; nothing to wear, nothing to eat, very low—all arranged so that Uncle Jabez will come down good and solid." There were no Christmas presents bought that year; not even a stocking hung from the shelf, nor a Christmas-tree heavy with gifts in the Pendragon

to her. Of course it was very wrong for the Pendragon family to do this; but then Uncle Jabez was so rich; he'd never visited them before, and—who knows? perhaps his will will find them all nicely remembered. The boy Robby blubbered and yelled for some Christmas taffy; the girl Susie wanted a doll with rolling eyes and a whistle in its stomach. The baby couldn't talk yet, and really was the most satisfied of the lot. Will he neer come?

er's hand and drew him into the cold and cheerless sitting-room. "Wal, I guess—hey! no fire s'ich a cold day? I say—oh! you're my niece, air you? Them's the babies, air they? Yes, I'll sit down." The old man took off his muffer, overcoat and fur cap and sat down. "You don't seem much perked up, you folks. Why don't the babies run about an' play an' show me their Christmas presents?" "Alas! dear uncle, we are too poor to

carpets like these, an' s'ich nice furni-ture, an' s'ich lots of books in the case thar, an' so many paper novels on the table, an'—an'—I guess you forgot to peel down to the quick. Sarter expected Uncle Jabez, didn't you? I'm goin'!" They wore dumb. The old man put on his muffer, overcoat and fur cap and left. Explanations were not necessary. The Pendragon family had crow for dinner, and when Christmas day came to an end they all wondered how folks could be such fools.—H. S. Keller, in Judge.



Modern Improvements. Santa Claus (emerging)—It's all right—It's all right—but I was originally built for wood fires and open fires.—Puck.