







AT CHRISTMAS.

The kissing bough betrays the hall. Oh, see how Daphne's head is raised...

VIGG'S CHRISTMAS.

The snow lay shining over the moor-land, and only one dwelling could be seen on all its vast expanse...

It was a sled with four horses, and the horses were smaller than any ponies Vigg had ever seen.

His clothes were of fur from head to foot, and in one side of his mouth he held a pipe...

"I am a Swedish boy," answered Vigg. Mother Gertrude had taught him that Swedish boys were always brave.

They went on and on, through many crooked roads, deeper and deeper into the mountains. After awhile it began to sleet...

without their seeing him and softly went back with Vigg to the sled. Then they started again through the dark wood.

Santa Claus was talking, and the sled went back with Vigg to the sled. Then they started again through the dark wood.

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OLD TIME CHRISTMAS

Boar's Head, With Rosemary, Brought In to the Music of Trumpets—Roasted Peacock the Prize of the Feast—Roasted Apples of Brave Knights and Fair Ladies.

It was a gay scene—that great hall, where the yule log was blazing in the immense fireplace, big enough for two whole oxen to be roasted therein...

The dinner time has now fully arrived, and the steward's command is taken by a gentleman usher, who knocks respectfully at the door of the state chamber and summons King Richard and his nobles and guests to dinner.

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AN OLD MAID'S VIEW.

KATE SANBORN ON THE JOYS AND SORROWS OF CHRISTMAS.

She Says It Should Be Exclusively a Children's Day—The Ideal Found in the Home Gathering—What an Old Bachelor Confessed.



For, for decades, centuries, there has been but one authorized, stereotyped, fatiguingly uniform view of this annual festival—at least as given to us conscientiously, and with undulating voluminousity by the universal public press—the editorials, the long, inevitable historical articles, the cheerful, moralizing appeals for general charity and good deeds, the last usually from a woman's pen, are exactly like those ground out in '84, '74, '64, '54, '44, and so on ad infinitum and ad nauseam.

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such people the old lover returns faithful and fond; the generous old bachelor carries away captive the youngest, practical maiden of the lot. Alas! in real life the young first captivates the man's most devoted, sturdy and laughs at the ancient bachelor who tries to be gallant.

One old bachelor confessed to me last year that he was so forlorn at the glad Yuletide that he wished he could be made unconscious until it was over. He longed to skip it and escape from its depressing hours. As he must live right through it, he would always take the cars for a long trip, or even cross the ocean, armed with a lot of exciting novels to drive away sad thoughts.

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Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road.

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