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Literature.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING?

Featherly flakes are dancing, dancing, In the gray morn's frosty gleam— Heralds they of reindeer prancing From the gardens of our dream. From the bright land of the elf-king, Where the bonbons gaily grow Just like sweets of summer gardens, When the tulips smile in fall.

THE QUEEREST CHRISTMAS.

CHAPTER I.

"If you will say that you are really sorry," repeated a fresh, young voice indignantly. "And acknowledge that your conduct has been disgracefully unadvisable, and treacherous, and—"

You will retire to your father's estate in Cambridgeshire, and there await his commands. I have already apprised him that it is impossible for me to bear with you any longer. "Go to Fencourt!" cried Carla, in dismay. "I'm sure papa would not wish me to take up my abode in a damp, ruinous old house at this season of the year."

special pleader," cried Ernestine, starting up. "If she will not let you go to the Lavingtons she cannot refuse you permission to accompany me to my uncle's. It will be very quiet here, for the poor dear old gentleman is in ill health; but I can promise any friends of mine a cordial welcome, and as much fun as your humble servant can make for you."

had brought such an ample supply, hid the faded chintz of the worn carpet and chairs and the holes in the carpet; and while Drusie toasted bread, and Carla, watch in hand, boiled eggs, their energetic companion fived into her packages and produced from her depths so many pleasant accessories to the table that Mrs. Moggs was kept in a state of open-mouthed astonishment, and there were continual bursts of delighted exclamations from the hungry girls.

"Visitors!" gasped Drusie, putting up her hand to smoothe her wavy hair. "Visitors at this hour? Absurd!" retorted Ernie. "Besides, no one knows where we are."

troubles me is a fear that we are incommending our kind entertainers. I have contrived to make Mrs. Moggs—Moggs, is it?—comprehend that we are anxious to be permitted to see especially as we fear we shall be compelled to trespass upon it a little longer."

contrived to entangle her scholarly guest in such a discussion on magnetism, and showing such absorbed interest in his explanations, that when she brought it to an abrupt close the subject had not been returned to.

to bury her face in her handkerchief, lest she should laugh aloud. Then Gerald and the Count sang, and Drusie, who had a sweet soprano voice, was persuaded to join them in some glees, to which Ernie strummed an accompaniment on an old guitar, found in the lumber closet amidst the ancient finery with which she had bedecked herself.