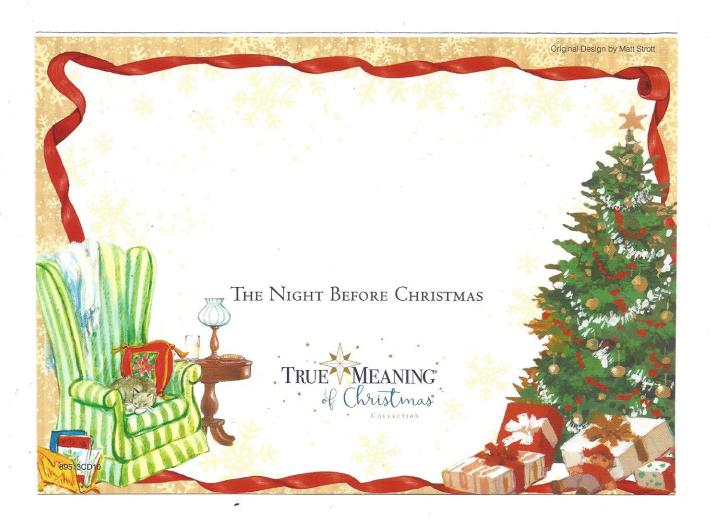
ermy Christmas





Twas the night before Christmas,

when all through the house not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse. The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, in hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds, while visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads. And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap, had just settled down for a long winter's nap.

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter, I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter: Away to the window I flew like a flash, tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work, and filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk. And laying his finger aside of his nose, and giving a nod, up the chimney he rose!

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle, and away they all flew like the down of a thistle. But I heard him exclaim, 'ere he drove out of sight,

> "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a Good-Night!"





May all your dreams

come true this Christmas!

Hope You And your Camicy

MANC A WELL & Merry Christmas!

Dave & Videie

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