



THE KING AND THE PAGE.

A Pretty Story of Grim Old Frederick the Great.

Frederick the Great one day, sitting in his study, ruminating on the various things...

Santa Claus' Reception.

Dear Times: I will tell your little folks about a "Santa Claus Reception" in the city of Frisco, Cal.

HERE THEY COME.

Good Wishes From the Times for You Every One. This is Christmas Day. We hope all the stockings are full and that nobody will make himself sick by eating too much turkey and candy.

OF THE HOUSEHOLD OF FAITH.

It was a murky evening at the close of Sunday. The sun had set, and the weather was dark and gloomy.

"How old is she?" "Oh! she don't count! She's littler than me-lets littler!" "Do you make much money?" "Sometimes, when I'm lucky."

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Very Important. We want to make known to the people of Richmond, its suburbs, and Ashland City that we The August Grocery Co. 611-613 E. Marshall Street.

Our Entire Stock of Holiday Goods to be closed out during this week. Miller China Company, 109 E. Broad, Between First and Second.

OFFICE OF I. N. JONES & SON, LEADERS IN ENGRAVED WEDDING INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENT CARDS, SOCIETY PAPERS, VISITING AND AT HOME CARDS, C. & C. & C. RICHMOND, VA., Dec. 25, 1898.

FOR THE LADS AND THE LASSIES

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to Them Every One.

"F. C. P." SENDS GOOD WISHES.

And a Nice Story all the Way From Clifton Springs-See Says She Hopes Nobody Will Kill Himself With Fire Crackers.

A Real Santa Claus.

Santa Claus, I heard for you, by the mantle, stockings two; One for me and one to go To another boy I know,

The Pullman Sleeping.

There came into the Pullman sleeper, just as Christmas Eve was closing in, a woman and one small boy.

"That's what mamma said she 'posed" with a little sigh. "But course he couldn't" with a half laugh.

"And he doesn't travel by rail," some one suggested.

"Course he doesn't," with enthusiasm.

"He goes kites along with his reindeer, scooting over the roofs and down the chimneys-my own with another sigh.

"I don't know how he'll find me!" "Where did you expect him?"

"Oh, to grandpa; we're going there. And I expected to hang up my stockings there. And I wonder what Santa'll think when he goes down the chimney and doesn't find my stockings? Do you suppose," with a little anxiety, "he'd go back to our old house where we lived before papa died, 'specting to find us there?"

"No, I think not. Santa Claus keeps track of his children, you know. He doesn't miss a thing. He'll find you sure. He's sure to find you sure."

"Then I guess he'll be likely to find you somewhere."

A delightful expression grew on the face of the person offering such comforting opinions, as he reached the result of his investigation.

"I hope he'll get to understand a little way; and I hope he'll know I was good, and don't bother mamma when she said we couldn't get there, for all the little stockings."

The porter now came to make up the berth, and mamma led to boy to another seat. For awhile the clear eyes watched with a pleased admiration all the arrangements of the "cooking little berth."

The mamma drew him into her arms, and as the quiet of the approaching sleep fell on him, talked softly of the Christmas Eve eighteen hundred years ago, when quiet shepherds watched their flocks, with the clear heavens above and the star leading to the cradle of the Child for whose sake we love to make Christmas a time of rejoicing for children.

Inside the curtains of the berth the pillows for mother and child were laid at opposite ends, in order to give more room, so that the expression of pleasure in the "pretty curling," "nice little stockings," "warm blankets," with a mixture of delighted giggles, was still easily audible.

The next man behind, coming to his berth a short time later, stopped with a stare of surprise, and then met with a smile the smile of the lady across the aisle as she nodded toward the curtains which closed outside the boy who had misadvised a visit from "cooking little berth."

Others paused on passing, and others came on hearing of it, so that before long every one in that sleeper had seen the little Christmas stocking. In the subdued light there may have been tears mingled with the smiles with which it was rendered by those who, by force of circumstances, were not gathering by a stare of surprise, and then met with a smile the smile of the lady across the aisle as she nodded toward the curtains which closed outside the boy who had misadvised a visit from "cooking little berth."

"A poor place for that sort of thing, I'm afraid," said the next behind to the lady across.

"Perhaps not so bad as one might think," was her answer. She had opened a lunch basket, and just as the man after tumbling in his pocket, dropped a silver dollar in the toe of the stocking, drew out a box of candy, which followed the dollar.

"Look there!" Four school girls on their way home for the holidays caught sight of what was going on. "Well, it isn't often you see a Christmas stocking on its travels. We must scrape up something for it."

A doll was hastily made up of two or three silk handkerchiefs and crowded in, accompanied by nuts and candies from lunch baskets. A boy further down made

some lemons into pigs, which nearly filled the stocking.

"By the gods! did not stop, for the spirit of the season was fully awakened. Small coins were passed along from one hand to another, and shaken well down into the toe by the next man behind. A woman, with a bag of Christmas gifts for a family of expectant small friends, made a selection from them, and brought her offering."

"Why, the stockings full!" said the man next behind. "But here's-this'll do!"

He pulled out a large silk handkerchief, and when she laid her gift inside, tied it up by the four corners, and pinned it to the stocking. The word was passed along, and travelers in the next car came through to take a peep at the traveling stocking. Small trinkets were edged in beside the doll. Scarfs were tied around the stocking, and handkerchiefs, filled out with nobody knew what, were fastened on. In short, if Santa Claus was not traveling on that train, some of his relatives must have been. The child and his mother were hurried out of the car early in the morning.

"Hush-sh-sh-sh-h!" The mother was fairly out of her wits with her efforts to keep that boy from arousing the whole car. But the car was ready to arouse, and shouts of laughter mingled with the squeals and exclamations of delight and amazement.

"Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas!" Heartfelt greetings followed the two, as at length they hurried out.

"He shouldn't have done it-I didn't know," said the mother, looking about in shy gratitude. And with the puff of the engine came the last words of the boy:

"But, mamma, if I hadn't done it, how would Santa have known where to find me?"-Harper's Young People.

FROM F. C. P.

"F. C. P." sends the Times Children Wishes for a Happy New Year, all the way from Clifton Springs, N. Y., and she also sends this nice sketch about "Parties for Kittens."

Such a shaking of heads and scamping and shuffling of feet, as the kittens were hurried out of the car early in the morning.

The twentieth century miss of four summers has her own little dolls and fables as well as her grown up sister. In truth, there is not such a great difference between them nowadays, only the small one is a little more natural.

She dances to the same music and in like pretty step, and she knows full well when a dainty frock becomes her.

The small tot gives up-to-date parties and loves to introduce something novel by way of entertainment for her guests, just as her elder sister does. She is content with charming pink scented notes. She invites charming pink scented notes. She invites charming pink scented notes.

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