

# The Reverie Of Santa Claus

By P. J. TANSEY

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**M**y pack is filled, my reindeer wait  
Impatient for the rising moon  
To light the road to Youngster-land,  
On which I must be speeding soon.



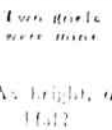
My heart is filled with Christmas joys  
I laugh in one-year delight  
To think what pleasure I shall bring  
To countless boys and girls tonight.

Two girls were mine, but long they're gone  
One that the head, had child must try  
On Christmas morn to rise and find  
Empty the sock that I'd passed by.

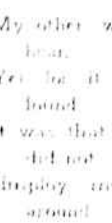


But once I thought what good were games  
And candies, picture books and toys  
If I should blindly give them out  
To cross-anxious girls or boys!

Who would grow good at Christmas time  
If naughty he or sulky lad  
Were sure to get as good from me  
As bright, obedient boy and maid.



My other war was hard to lose  
Yes, for it combat soon I found  
It was that Christmas week I'd lost  
Sleeping me all the year around.



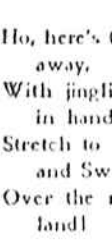
But some where in a book I read  
That sweetness is a trying rare  
That too much sweetness ever slips  
And pressure see the best when rare.



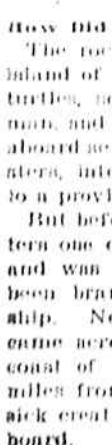
And what would hap to basket day,  
And to the Fourth's bling-bang and drum,  
If every night through chimney pipe  
Old Santa Claus should sneak- ing come?



Too much sweetness ever cloya.  
No, nor I'll spoil no sport for these.  
The children good who trust in me,  
Though for the unbelievers had  
I have no love, as they shall see.



Ho, here's the moon! Away, away,  
With jingling bells and reins in hand!  
Stretch to the gallop, Dash and Sweep,  
Over the road to Youngster-land!



How did the Turtles Find His Way?  
The rocks at the west coast of the island of St. Helena abound with sea turtles, none of them as heavy as a man, and an English steamer once took aboard several dozen of those sea monsters, intending to deliver them alive to a provision dealer in Liverpool.

But before they reached English waters one of the turtles was taken sick and was flung overboard after having been branded with the name of the ship. Next year the same steamer came across the same tortoise on the coast of St. Helena, more than 4,000 miles from the point where the home-sick creature had been flung back overboard.

# 50 HEAD HORSES AND MULES 50

## Will be at Our Stables December 28th, 1903.

WE CARRY THE BEST LINE OF  
Buggies, Wagons, Carriages, Harness, Whips, etc.,  
EVER SHOWN IN THIS SECTION. OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT.  
**Quattlebaum & Schumpert,**  
PROSPERITY, S. C.

### MR. PENNY'S YELLOW DOG.

Erastus Penny, who accumulated a modest fortune years ago in the town of Bunker by farming and money loaning on improved real estate, was not renowned for his generosity as a giver. Two years before the great world paper, Death, descended upon him he was the owner of a yellow dog.

This dog had been a tramp, but one day while paying an informal call at the farm it had evidently discovered in Mr. Penny some agreeable qualities that had escaped the observation of his neighbors and promptly adopted him. The success of getting something for nothing even in the case of a yellow dog, invariably appealed with power to Farmer Penny, and he graciously permitted himself to be adopted.

In a few months the yellow dog was the talk of the neighborhood. He would do anything for a bit of food, stamped out and even thimble sheep.

On Christmas morning as the Rev. Abish Jones, who lived half a mile away, was shoveling a path through the snow between the parsonage and the road Farmer Penny drove up with the yellow dog tied to his buggy.

"Merry Christmas, Brother Jones," he called cheerily a few moments later as he led the dog into the yard.

"The same to you, Brother Penny," was the hearty reply.

"What person?" continued Farmer Penny. "That being Christmas I thought I'd remember to be known to you as a successful breeder of animals. Five brought you?"

"None, you see, thank you," cried Erastus, and then he turned to the dog. "This present of yours came to me just when I needed it most. Before the death of the Biblical savior that I'd been blessed to give them rest."

### TEMPLE HOOKER EATS.

The first presidential newspaper of the English press appeared in 1622, but it was not until 1841 that the first daily newspaper was published. The latter year was published the first of "Perfect Occur" consisted of forty-four numbers in Parliament and Other Moderate Intelligence," which contained the following announcement:

"A Book, compiled by the Clergy of England, under the Divine Right of Church Government, collected by sundry eminent Ministers in the City of London, corrected and augmented in many places, with a brief Reply to certain Queries against the Ministry of England, is printed and published by Joseph Hunsell and George Calvert and are to be sold at Stationer's Hall and at the 'Golden Fleece' in the Old Change."

The London Gazette was the first newspaper to publish commercial advertisements, which soon began to occupy so much space that the proprietors, not wishing to "charge the Gazette with advertisements unless they be matters of State," issued a Special Advertisement Supplement, "printed apart and recommended to the Public by another hand."

### Shaking Hands.

The custom of shaking hands originated in the ancient practice of adversaries grasping the weapon hand during a truce as a precaution against treachery. When two friends met they extended their weapon hands to each other as a sign that there was no need to stand on the defensive, and a hand-shake was but the natural outcome of a hearty and vigorous grasp.

Shaking hands appears to have become usual in the middle ages. Grasping hands made its appearance in early times as a legal act symbol of the parties joining in compact, peace or friendship. This is well seen in marriage, where the hand grasp was part of the ancient Hindu ceremony, as was the "dextrarum junctio" of Rome, which has passed into the Christian rite. We see it also used as a mere salutation, as where the fire-some acquaintance met by Horace in his stroll along the Via Sacra seized his hand.

Giving the right hand of fellowship (Galatians II, 9) passed naturally into a salutation throughout Christendom.

### Forgetful Dizzell's Luck.

In conversation with the writer the late Lord Rowton told the following story: The talk had turned upon Mrs. Brydges Williams, the lady who left her fortune to Lord Beaconsfield and about whom there had just been a controversy in the London newspapers.

"Dizzy told me the story of that episode. He received one morning a letter from Mrs. Williams, whom he did not know, in which she said that she had read his novels with much interest, and would like to make his acquaintance. He also asked a question whether it was necessary for him to give up a letter. Unfortunately the letter was left in his present pocket, and he did not wear the coat until the next day, when he happened to be in the south of England on a business trip. When in Mrs. Williams' room, standing across the street from the Beaconsfield, it occurred to him to call upon her and Mr. Williams was so flattered as she thought, in carrying the letter so long about his neck, that she decided on leaving him her fortune. 'That's a very nice idea it is not to answer letters,' added Lord Rowton. London Truth.

### Picturesque Dutch Boats.

About the quay in the busy harbor of Rotterdam the quaint Dutch boats are crowded, creaking rhythmically with the rise and fall of the water, side by side, stern to stern, jostling one another in a great confusion of picturesque lines and gay carvings. At all the little cabin windows are clean lace curtains, and on the deck benches and copper pots are drying in the sun. Hanging from spars and ropes the family wash bottles, many hung against the windy sky. Chubby, red cheeks, children climb in and out of the cabin, and press their round noses and eyes to tiny window panes. The women peep in the sun or chat to one another in their household duties, while the men lounge about, their hands in the pockets of their baggy breeches, and through clouds of tobacco smoke survey this scene of so much busy life with pigmy content. Edward Penfield in Bertha's.

### Didn't Like Changes.

"I'm a man," said the old farmer to the druggist after having purchased a quantity of strychnine to kill off rats. "I'm a man who don't like changes. When I get home I shall say to the old woman: 'Martha, here's the strychnine to kill off the rats, and you want to be careful of it.' 'Where shall I put it?' she will say. 'In the same old place right along side the lakin' powder. We've bin keepin' it there for thirty years, and you've never put it in the pie crust or biscuit by mistake, but if we hide it away upstairs or down cellar or out to the barn one of us will beartin' to take it for opium salts before the week is out and get a heavenly bustle on us.'—Detroit Free Press.

### Florence Isn't Kicking.

Florence—What do you think? Horace never once kissed me under the mistletoe!

Dolly—Wasn't that a shame?

Florence—Hardly. You see, he kissed me beneath my nose.

### A Synonym.

Spicer—Give me a synonym for the word Christmas.

Popper (moderately) Brokel

Considerate.

Housekeeper—Half the things you wash are born to pieces.

Washerwoman—Yes, mum, but when a thing is born in two or more pieces, mum, I only charge for them as one piece, mum.

No doubt we ought to love our work, but sometimes it seems about in the same category with loving our enemies. Puck.

Prejudice squints when it looks and flees when it talks.—Abrantes.

Husband—Are you aware, my dear, that on this grassy spot began a war that lasted ten years?

Wife—Why, John, it was here that you proposed to me.

Husband—Exactly; just ten years ago.

## Our Great

# REDUCTION SALE

## Still Continues.

Notwithstanding the fact that our great reduction sale has sent several thousand dollars of our stock into the homes of well pleased customers, our stock is still complete, and the bargains we are offering surpass anything ever heard of in this community. We quote only a few prices here, but everything in our store is a bargain now:

- Best Carolina Rice Meal at \$1.20 hundred lbs.
- Fine Table Salt, white, at 55c. sack.
- Star Lye, four boxes for 25c.
- Horse and Mule Shoes with nails, 10c. pr pair.
- Kentucky Spring-seat Saddles worth \$12.50 now \$8.50.

## SHOES—Men, Women and Children's.

We have them from 15c. to \$3.00 pair, worth one-half more than we ask.

Trunks at actual first cost.

A big line of men's Negligee Shirts, former price 50c. and \$1.00, now only 25c. to 75c.

We will sell you a Caddy of Tobacco at strictly wholesale prices.

We also have a full line of Christmas goods and toys, and ask you to inspect our line before buying.

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POMARIA, - SOUTH CAROLINA.

## Cigars,

## Smoking Tobacco,

## Chewing Tobacco,

The Best Brands  
May be Found at

# THE HERALD and NEWS OFFICE.

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A Full Line of  
STATIONERY,  
Beautiful and Up-to-Date