

- And the Christmas sleigh-bells jingle, and the Christmas laughter rings,
- As the last stray shoppers hurry, takin' home the Christmas things;
- And up yonder in the attic there's a little trundle bed
- Where there's Christmas dreams a-dancin' through a sleepy, curly head,
- And it's "Merry Christmas," Mary, once again fer me and you,
- With the little feller's stockin' hangin' up beside the flue.
- 'Tisn't silk, that little stockin', and it isn't much fer show,
- And the darns are pretty plenty round about the heel and toe,
- And its color's kinder faded, and it's sorter worn and old, But it reely is surprisin' what a lot of love 'twill hold; And the little hand that hung it by the chimbly there along Has a grip upon our heartstrings that is mighty firm and strong;

And the crops may fail, and leave us with plans all gone ter smash,

- And mortgages may hang heavy, and the bills use up the cash,
- But whenever comes the season, jest so long s we've got a dime,
- There'll be somethin' in that stockin'-won't there, Mary ?-every time.
- And if, in amongst our sunshine, there's a shower er two of rain,
- Why, we'll face it bravely smilin', and we'll try not ter complain
- Long as Christmas comes and finds us here together, me and you,
- And the little feller's stockin' hangin' up beside the flue.

-Joe Lincoln, in the Saturday Evening Post.

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