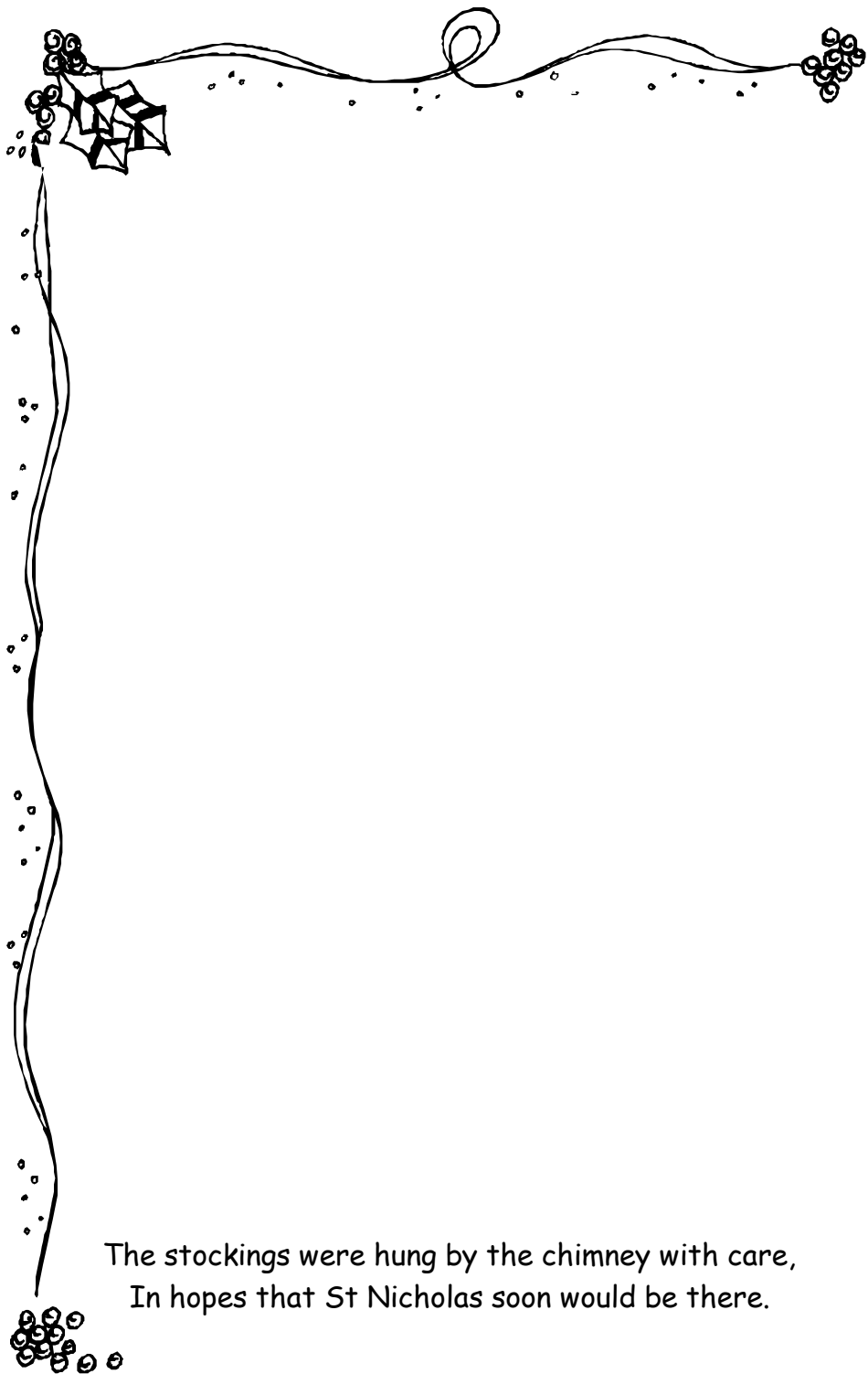


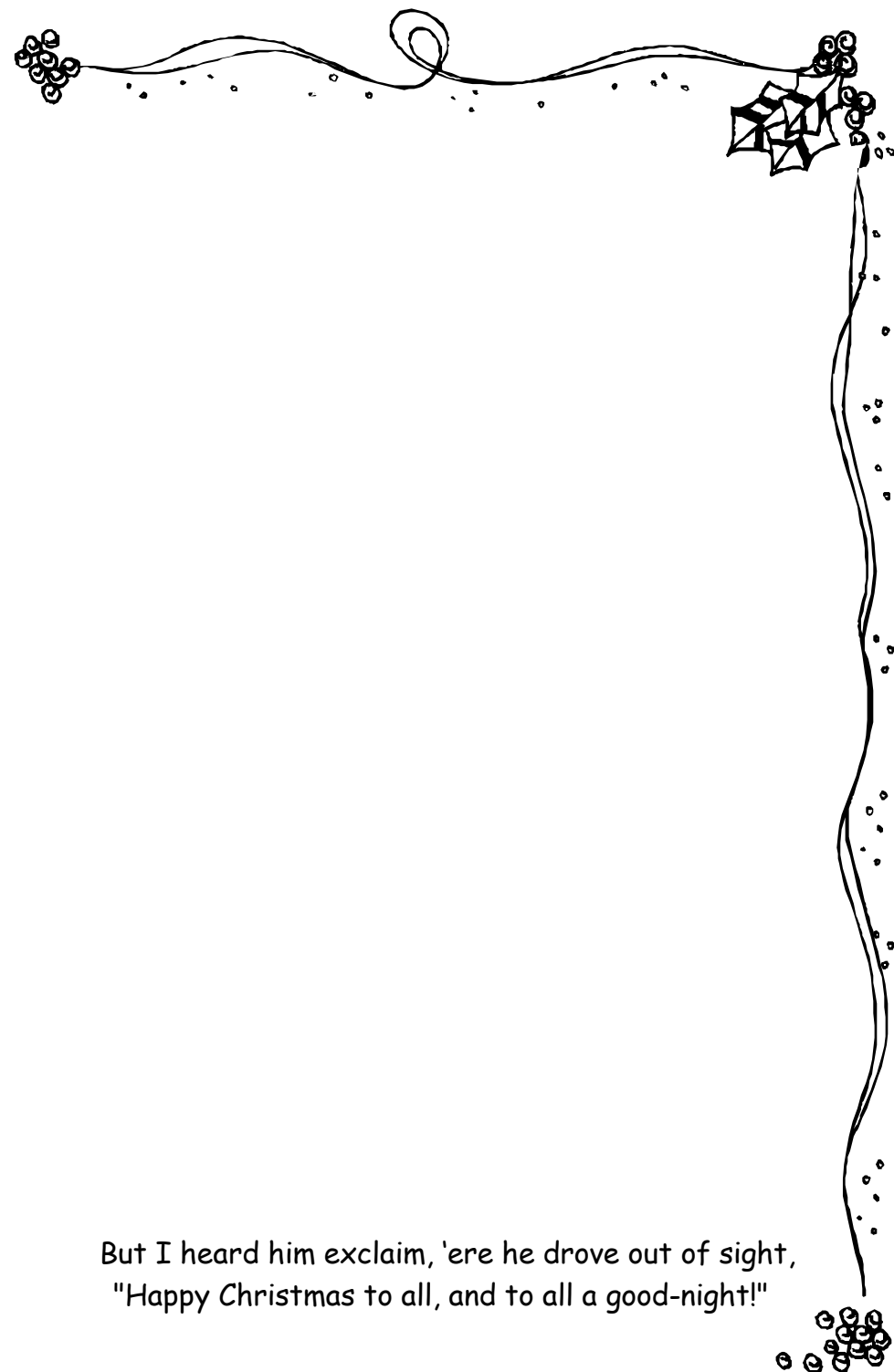


The End

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.



But I heard him exclaim, 'ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"