

Subscribers to The Catholic Journal and Their Families Read!

Where to go for Christmas Goods of All Kinds.

FOR father and mother, sister and brothers, uncles and aunts, cousins and relations, friends and neighbors, loved and forgotten, rich and poor, the afflicted and the healthy, and all those who may be neglected in this great and holy desire to do something around the Christmas time in honor of the Great Creator of all.

To get anything and to carry out these blessed and holy thoughts, you can do no better than go to the Great Department Store of

J. FAHY & CO.,

Where everything in Dry Goods, Millinery, Cloaks, Boys' Clothing, Outfits of all kinds, Toys, Dolls, Baby Articles, Boy's Tool Boxes, Balls, Whistles, Candies and Fruits, Books of all kinds, Bibles, Catholic Prayer Books Sold at dry goods prices, Stationery, Housekeeping Goods, Etc. Etc. Etc. can be had at the lowest prices possible in the United States.

All goods sold at one price to all. The child can purchase as cheap as the adult.

SPECIAL:

During the rest of the year we will furnish a lunch consisting of Coffee, Tea, Chocolate, with Roll, Crackers and Fruit, all for 5 CENTS. This Lunch is served nicely in the Soda, Ice Cream and Candy Department, and all are welcome.

J. FAHY & CO.

A CHRISTMAS BALL.

Went out in western Texas, where the Char Fork waters flow; where the cattle areas browned on the Spanish ponies; where the northers come a whistling from beyond the central strip; where the prairie winds are fierce, and if they had the grip; where the coyotes come a howling round the ranches after dark; where the smoking birds are smug to the lively meadow lark; where the possum, an the badger, an rattle snake abound; where the monstrous stars are visible over a wilderness profound; where the locusts, sawy prairies melt into airy streams; where the dentle mountains slumber with heavenly kind in dreams; where the antelope is grazing in the lonely bluffs; where there is that I attende, the Cowboys' Christmas ball.

The town was Anson City, ole Jones' county seat; where they raise Polonus cattle an say, whakkered whed; where the air is soft an barmy, an dry an full of health; where the prairie is explodin with agricultural wealth; where they print the Texas Western, that Alec Deann supplies; with news an yarns an stories an most anatin; where Frank Smith pulls the badger on know in tenderfoot; where Democracy's triumphs an powerful had to beat; where lives that good old banner, John Milton, from Lamar; who "used to be the sheriff tank east in Paris, an the Widdler Wall; where there, I say, at Anson, with the lively Christmas ball.

The boys had left the ranches an come to town in piles; the ladies kinder scatterin, hed gathered in for miles; an yet the place was crowded, as I remember well—'twas for the occasion at the Morning Star hotel.

The music was aiddle an lively tambourine, an a viol "cum imported," by the stage from Abilene.

The room was togged out gorgeous with nite-tinted an shawls; an candles flickered frescos around the airy walls; the wimmin folks looked lovely; the boys looked kinder tused.

"Till the leader commenced yellin, "Wha, fellows! Let's stampede!"

An the music started, slight an a wallin through the hall; an kind an introduction to the Cowboys' Christmas ball.

This leader was a feller that cum from Swen son's ranch; they called him Windy Billy, from Little Dead Man's Branch.

His rig was kinder keerless—big spurs an high heeled boots.

He hed the reputation that comes when fellows shoot.

His voice was like a bugle upon the mountain's height.

His feet were animatid an a mighty movin sight.

Then he commenced to holler: "Now, fellows, shake yer punt!"

Lock horns to all them before an ruse! an like men!

Salute yer luvly oriters! Now swing an let em go!

Climb the grapevine round 'em—all hands doced!

Ye mavericks line the round up—just skip her waterball!"

Hub, hub was gettin active—the Cowboys' Christmas ball.

Larry Chittenden, Post Ranchman.

MRS. CHRISTMAS.

(Copyright, 1903.)

It was in the afternoon, high up in the mountains on the line of the El Paso Forest railway, in one of those small cabins which at regular intervals line the side of all European railroads, housing those poorly paid men whose duty it is to inspect from time to time the roadbed for a certain distance and warn passing trains of eventual danger, a door opened and a woman's head appeared, breaking the monotony of the snowy landscape. The head was quickly withdrawn. Inside in the overheated room her husband, the flagman, lay on his bed in a fever. It had attacked him suddenly, he knew not how, and now he wanted neither to hear nor see anybody only to sleep.

His wife had brewed a hot tea for him and made him drink it. She was in hopes to rouse him by it, for little Jakob, their only son, had been at her all day saying: "Mother, dear, would you go down to the village and get me something for Christmas? See, the tree is already stuck in the pot, and all I need are apples and nuts and a big, big herzelbkuchen." [a large frosted cake in the shape of a heart.]

But whenever she put a warm wrap around herself and allowed the boy to drag her to the door, a sudden fear for the loudly breathing husband would seize her, and she would return to his bedside.

Little Jakob finally broke out into bitter crying, that on this holy eve he was to have nothing but a bare tree, which seemed to him the greatest sorrow that this world could hold. The mother, with a sudden impulse, said to her husband: "In two hours I am back again. It is Christmas eve, and no child ought to be allowed to go empty handed. Don't you think I could get something for our little boy?"

"Yes, yes," he nodded in assent. "I am feeling a little dampish yet. When I've had a sleep, I shall feel better."

"Listen, Jakob!" The mother then turned to the boy. "Watch closely. When the hand of the clock shows 5 minutes of 6, you must wake up your father, get his bag for him, and not stop until he is out there when the train comes. Do you hear me? You must not let up until he does it. I charge you with it."

Jakob promised. "I will not rest, mother, but don't forget I need apples and nuts a-plenty, and a great big herzelbkuchen."

The woman was already battling outside with wind and snow when the child's clear voice rang out after her: "I never must be almonds in it. Goodbye, mother, and give my best regards to the Christ Kindl, if you meet him on the way!"

Then Jakob went to his tree, gazed on it rapturously, and from time to time clasped his hands, for in anticipation he already saw all the branches and twigs hung with apples and nuts.

When the mother could not return before 6 o'clock, and the clock was now striking only 4, Jakob nevertheless every little while went out doors to see whether

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presented the flag, and the rosy cheeks of the boy beamed sweetly from under the snow covered cap—a storm waited Santa Claus on a solitary night.

As such he may have appeared to the youthful lady who stood in the open window of a compartment car, gazing out into the silent Christmas night, for suddenly she beckoned with her hand, and the next instant a heavy object was flying from the passing train right before Jakob's feet.

He picked it up and hurried into the house with it. There, after dropping his father's heavy overcoat, he hastened to the window to examine his present in the bright moonlight. It was a small, fine purse. He opened it and found it almost filled with bright new silver coins. Jakob fairly screamed with delight.

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THE SKATING LESSON.

How Thornley Found His Rash Christmas Lesson.

She said to him, "Do not be afraid, and Thornley was the happiest man along the Hudson river because she was paying his sister Emily a two weeks' visit. There was a stretch of glassy ice below the house, and when Thornley jokingly asked her what he should give her for Christmas she smiled sweetly and replied:

"Give me a few lessons in skating. I have never learned, and the ambition of my life is to glide over the smooth surface of the frozen river."

"I shall be delighted to instruct you, Miss Lakeside," Thornley said eagerly. And he meant what he said. He little dreamed then that she weighed 180 pounds—little cared, perhaps, for love is reckless and unreasoning. Thornley himself, when equipped with an overcoat, a pair of rubbers and his everyday clothing, tipped the scales at about 120 pounds.

"Do you think you can support me, Mr. Thornley?" she asked coyly.

"Support you?" repeated the gallant but rash Thornley as he rose from his knees and grasped her hands to begin the lesson. "Support you? Why, I could support you for—life, Miss Lakeside."

"Oh, Mr. Thornley!" she cried, blushing like a rose. Her eyes fell, and a moment later she and Thornley followed them. Grasping her by the arms, Thornley tugged until the veins stood out like whipcords on his brow and finally raised her to her feet again. She made four desperate strokes with her wabbling skates, quite unintentionally kicked Thornley's feet out from under him, and then sat down again with a vehemence that called forth a crackling protest from the astonished ice. Thornley picked her up once more. They struck out a second time. History repeated itself, and the habit soon became chronic. Thornley's brow was beaded with perspiration. It began to dawn upon him that she must weigh at least 180 pounds. When he picked her up for the seventh time and attempted to guide her wandering and irresponsible feet, he changed his mind.

"If she weighs an ounce, she weighs 300!" he thought, with a gasp for breath. "This is positively dangerous. The ice is only about six inches thick, and there isn't a life preserver within a mile of us!"

He paused for a moment to rest the right arm that had been holding her up for half an hour and to get the numerous painful kicks out of his back.

"You are tired, Mr. Thornley?" she murmured.

"That's—that's right," he panted.

"Are you still sure you could support me for life?" she asked mischievously.

"Support you for life?" he gasped.

"Of course I could if I only had a derriek!"

And that night 180 pounds of offended loveliness started for home.

EARLE H. EATON.

Nearly Nineteen Hundred Christmases.

Yet a few years, and the world will have seen 1900 Christmases—1900 anniversaries of the birth of him whose personal influence is generally admitted, even by those who do not believe in him as a divinity, to have been for the good of mankind, for the betterment of the world. In those 1900 years a most remarkable change has taken place among the sons of men. Their ideals have been changed radically—have been raised from the low level of selfishness to the high level of generosity, of good will to all and of helpfulness. Year by year the circle of Christian influence has widened, and today it is felt in some degree in every part of the world, save in some few remote regions, like the densely darkened interior of China, or some as yet unvisited corners in Africa.

Even among many of those people who have not as yet accepted the religion founded on the first Christmas day Jesus is held in high esteem. He is canonized as a saint by the Mohammedans. He is known to the Buddhists as a great and good man, and when Japan made war upon China, although the mass of the Japanese are as yet non-Christian, their soldiers were cautioned not to outrage themselves with the cruelty of pagan times, but to remember that the eyes of Christendom were upon them and must not be scandalized by wanton slaughtering of the helpless and the innocent. It is true that these warnings were forgotten at Port Arthur, but the blood that was ruthlessly shed there was abjectly apologized for by the mikado, and in the main the war was conducted without the old time barbarisms.

It is also true that there was a war; that there are still occasional wars between Christian nations, and that all wars are violations of the teachings of Christ, but the fact remains that the world is now practically at peace.

A Good Lie.

Al Wilson, the German comedian, has a hunting story of the Manhausen type: "One cold day last winter I went tiger hunting in New Jersey. After a long search I found one in a tree and was about to shoot when I found I had left my bullet pouch at home. The tiger was about to spring upon me, and the helplessness of my situation started me perspiring profusely. The sweat on my forehead froze in lumps, and I broke off two or three, rammed them in the gun, and, aiming between the tiger's eyes, fired. The heat of the gun melted the ice bullets, but my aim was so true that the tiger was killed by water on the brain."

As many as 18 golden eagles have been seen on the wing at one time above the island of Hitteren, in South Trondheim, Norway.

Charles Dickens on Christmas.

Christmas time! That man must be a misanthrope indeed in whose breast something like a jovial feeling is not roused, in whose mind some pleasant associations are not awakened, by the recurrence of Christmas. There are people who will tell you that Christmas is not to them what it used to be; that each succeeding Christmas has found some cherished hope or happy prospect of the year before dimmed or passed away; that the present only serves to remind them of reduced circumstances and strained incomes, of the feasts they once bestowed on hollow friends, and of the cold looks that meet them now in adversity and misfortune. Never heed such dismal reminiscences. Look on the merry faces of your children, if you have any, as they sit round the fire; that each succeeding Christmas has found some cherished hope or happy prospect of the year before dimmed or passed away; that the present only serves to remind them of reduced circumstances and strained incomes, of the feasts they once bestowed on hollow friends, and of the cold looks that meet them now in adversity and misfortune. Never heed such dismal reminiscences. Look on the merry faces of your children, if you have any, as they sit round the fire; that each succeeding Christmas has found some cherished hope or happy prospect of the year before dimmed or passed away; that the present only serves to remind them of reduced circumstances and strained incomes, of the feasts they once bestowed on hollow friends, and of the cold looks that meet them now in adversity and misfortune. Never heed such dismal reminiscences. 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