

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.

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

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.

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 crew. Where the northers come a whistling from beyond the central strip. As the prairie dogs are ever ready to seize the grip. Where the coyotes come a howling round the ranches after dark.

An the smoking birds are smug to the lively meadow lark. Where the possum, an the badger, an rattle snake abound. An the monstrous stars are within a wilder's profound. Where the locusts, sawy prairie melt into airy streams. While the Double mountains slumber with heavenly kind in dreams. Where the antelope is grazing an the lonely plovers call. 'T was there that I attended the Cowboys' Christmas ball.

The town was Anson City, ole Jones' county seat. Where they raise Polanus cattle an wain, whakered wheels. Where the air is soft an barmy, an dry an full of health. As the prairie is exploding with agricultural wealth. Where they print the Texas Western, that Alec McLean supplies. With news an yarns an stories an most amusing.

Where Frank Smith pulls the badger an know in tenderfoot. An Democracy's triumphs an powerful had to best. Where lives that good old hunter, John Milton, from Lamar. Who "used to be the sheriff tank east in Paris, an' he's stamped it."

'T was there, I say, at Anson, with the lively Christmas ball. That I went to that reception the Cowboys' Christmas ball.

The boys had left the ranches an cum to town in piles. The ladies, kinder scatterin, had gathered in for miles. An yet the place was crowded, as I remember well—

'T was got for the occasion at the Morning Star hotel. The music was a diddle an a lively tambourine. An a viol "cum imported," by the stage from Abilene. The room was togged out gorgeous with nite blue 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 Swenson's ranch. They called him Windy Billy, from Little Bend Man's Branch. His rig was kinder keeries—big spurs an high heeled boots. He had the reputation that comes when fellows shoot.

His voice was like a bugle upon the mountain's height. His feet were anmated an a mighty movin sight.

Then he commenced to holler: "Now, fellows, shake yer punt. Lock horns to all them before an ruals an like men! Salute yer luvly orriters! Now swing an let em go!

Climb the grapevine round 'em—all hands do cede!

Ye mavericks line the round up—jest skip her waterfall!"

Huh, hit was gettin active—the Cowboys' Christmas ball.

—Larry Chittenden, Post Ranchman.

MRS. CHRISTMAS.

TRANSLATED BY JOSEPH SOHM

(Copyright, 1903.)

It was in the afternoon. High up in the mountains on the line of the Black 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 over-heated 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 herzeblucken!" [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 dampsy 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 flag 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 herzeblucken!"

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 at 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



OFF FOR THE VILLAGE.

she was not coming, returning every time with his head full of snowflakes. Then he would plant himself with great conscientiousness in front of the old clock, watching the swinging of the pendulum.

At last. There was no mistake, the hands pointed to where the mother had shown him. Jakob went to the bedside of his sleeping father, shook him by the shoulder and cried into his ears, "Father, the train!"

The man lay in a deep sleep. After drinking the tea a by and by he awoke, and a heavy dream seemed to oppress him, for when the child bent over him he struck at him. But Jakob could not be deterred. He knew what was at stake if his father missed his duty. He got the flag and put it in his father's hand. He dragged the heavy overcoat to the bedside. He yelled, he tugged and pulled at the sleeping man—but in vain. The train signal could now be heard outside.

"Quick!" the boy cried. "The train, father! Get up! Listen, dear father! Do listen to me!"

"Yes, yes," the man murmured. "I am there already." And he turned to the wall again.

"There is nothing left but for me to go out," the boy said to himself, "for somebody must be out there."

With quick decision he slipped into his father's heavy overcoat, drew the cape over his head and seized the flag. He arrived just in the nick of time at his post, for a few moments later the train thundered past the grotesque little form. The snow had covered him from head to foot. With great seriousness he

presented the flag, and the rosy child face beamed most 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 de-



THE LITTLE FLAGMAN.

light. He never thought of a giver, for wasn't it Christmas? No wonder that presents fell from heaven.

He commenced to cover the twigs of his little Christmas tree with the coins, which was no small trouble, for they would continually drop off again, so that finally Jakob, quite exhausted, placed his head on his arms and fell asleep under his silver spangled tree. He did not hear when his mother returned, covered with snow and panting from exertion as she entered the room. She first set down her basket and then hurried to her husband's bedside. He was breathing evenly, and on the floor was his overcoat. He had been able to fulfill his duty. "God be praised," the woman murmured and turned to the window where the tree was and her little boy was sitting motionless. Softly, on tiptoe, with the basket full of apples and nuts, the herzeblucken in her hand, she stepped behind the child's chair. But what was that? Was the moon shining with extraordinary brightness tonight that a silvery shimmer seemed to proceed from the tree as well as from the curly hair of sleeping Jakob? The woman brushed with her outstretched hand over the head of the child and with a silvery tinkle little objects fell right and left to the floor. "Great heavens!" she exclaimed, causing Jakob suddenly to start up. First he looked around somewhat scared, but then, hopping from one leg to the other in exuberant joy, he exclaimed: "Yes, yes; everything belongs to me. Look, just look, mother!"

The woman first of all made a light. Her husband now woke up, too, leaping from his bed with both feet at once. "My God," he said, "the train has passed! Of course you have been out there, wife?"

His wife turned deathly pale. "I have just returned," she gasped.

"But I was out there," chimed in Jakob. "When father didn't want to wake up at all, I just took the flag and the overcoat and did everything all right. Nobody knew me, but the Santa Claus threw a heap of money from heaven down to me—all new money."

Feeling quite miserable yet from the spell of fear he had just passed through, the flagman, with trembling knees, al-

lone. Telephone. Residence 602.

LOUIS W. MAIER,
UNDERTAKER,
150 N. Clinton St. Res. 50 Buclan Pl.
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THE SKATING LESSON.

How Thornley Found out His Rash Christmas Lesson.

She was a very beautiful girl, 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—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 derri-riek!"

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

EARLE H. EATON.

Johnny's Christmas.

Johnny Blank is under very high pressure in an effort to be good, if his own statement is to be accepted. He met a friend yesterday and made his companion's eyes bulge with his story.

"I hadn't had no fun lately, Jim," he said, glancing around to see that none of his relatives was in sight, "but I'm in it this time. Pop's promised me a new pair of skates if I get 85 on my December report, which'll be made out next week, you see. If I don't miss Sunday school and kin tell what the text is, Mam she sez she'll get me an air gun. Whoopee!"

And here John's exuberance was given vent in a series of whoops with gymnastic accompaniment.

"But that's not half of 'em, Jim," he continued. "You know, when sis's bean comes I hang around and work him for candy and sich, but she has promised me a dollar if I keep off her territory on bean nights. Then my uncle and my aunt, seen I'm tryin to be good, are goin to chip in, and as I'm goin to two Sunday schools I'm strictly in it, and don't you fertig it."

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