

**At the Market Price.**  
"Baron, what did you give your boys for birthday presents?"  
"Soldiers."  
"And your daughter?"  
"I bought her one, too—a lieutenant."  
—Fliegende Blätter.

### CHRISTMAS AT THE FARM.

If I only were a poet and could write in  
tuneful rhyme  
With the graceful words the poets use  
to charm,  
I would be prepared to tell you of the  
happy, happy time  
When, a boy, I roamed about my father's  
farm.  
I could tell you of the old, familiar scenes  
of long ago,  
Which time nor change can cause me  
to forget,  
The barn-yard and the meadow, and the  
cuckoos in a row,  
For the memories of my childhood haunt  
me yet.  
I could tell you of my brothers, and my  
little sisters, too,  
Companions of the joyous days of yore;  
Of things we used to talk about and things  
we used to do,  
In the days that will return again no  
more.  
Of all the happy seasons we children held  
most dear,  
The one whose coming brought us great-  
est joys,  
Was the merry, merry Christmas time,  
The best of all the year,  
With its jolly games, and stockings full  
of toys.  
And O, the Christmas dinner! Belts-baz-  
zar's sumptuous feast  
Ne'er tempted mortal appetite so sore;  
It seemed the more we ate of it our ap-  
petite increased,  
Until there was no room for any more.  
O, I wish that it were possible to turn old  
time around,  
By some enchantment, or some magic  
charm,  
And I, a little boy again, might hear the  
welcome sound  
That summoned us to dinner at the farm.  
I have feasted at great banquets and ate  
what'er I would  
Of the rarest dishes skillful cooks dis-  
play,  
But the turkeys provided never tasted half  
so good  
As the dinner in the farm-house Christ-  
mas day.  
—Frank Beard, in Ram's Horn.

### A CHRISTMAS GRANDFATHER

BY J. FINDLAY BROWN.

**J**ACKIE sat on the front door step and pondered deeply. To-morrow was Christmas, and for Christmas he must have a turkey. A turkey! Jackie's mouth watered at the thought. A whole, big, beautiful turkey, brown and dripping, on mother's big, old-fashioned platter, with the funny little houses and trees and things in blue on a white ground. It had been mother's grandmother's, you know, and was very old. That was why mother kept it up on the top cupboard shelf and took it down only on Christmas and New Year's and Thanksgiving.  
But last Christmas and New Year's it had not been taken down at all. Somehow, it had not seemed a bit like Christmas or anything to Jackie, last year. Never since father didn't come home from the hospital, and mother and Jackie had come to live in the queer little brown house that was so close to Squire Grant's big stone one.  
There was something queer about Squire Grant. He lived all alone in his big, old house, and his beautiful big farm was rented out to another man all the time. The people that came to see mother never spoke of him, and mother herself never mentioned him except when Jackie asked some question about him. He always looked very cross, and Jackie thought he must be bothered a good deal with the stomachache; that made people cross.  
Suddenly, on the still morning air, clear with frost, came the sound of turkeys gobbling. It was the Squire's turkeys across the field. Jackie listened a moment. Then he brought his hands together with a little clap. Why not go to the Squire and ask him to give him a turkey for Christmas?  
He jumped up and ran into the hall. He would have to tell mother, or she would be anxious. He opened the kitchen door and looked in. Mother was peeling potatoes for dinner.  
"I'm going down the road a little piece, mother," said Jackie. "I'll be back soon," and before mother could answer he was out of the door. It was only a little distance to the Squire's, and soon he was climbing up over the tall fence gate that stood at the foot of the wide lane. He went up the steps to the back porch and knocked at the door. There was no answer.  
Jackie ran down the steps and across the yard to the barnyard gate. It was a big one. He was just getting down the other side when he was startled by a deep voice behind him.  
"What are you doing here, young man?"  
Jackie turned to find himself face to face with the Squire himself.  
"Oh," he said, in a relieved tone, "is it you, Squire? I was coming down to find you."  
"He held out his hand in his pretty, friendly way, and the Squire took it rather gingerly.  
"And pray, what were you coming down to find me for?"  
"I wanted to see if I could get a turkey," said Jackie, in his simple, direct little way. "To-morrow's Christmas, you know. I wanted to 'sprise mother. She's always 'sprising me, and she's so good—oh, you don't know how good mother is! There's only mother and me, and I thought—if you see, it wouldn't be like as if you really gave me the turkey, for I'm going to pay for it soon as I'm big enough. You could hardly 'spect me to pay for it right now, could you? But when I'm big I'm going to have a farm of my own, and mother and me will live there and I'll have ever-so-many cattle and horses and things. Mother says grandfather had a farm like that, grandfather was mother's father, you know. And mother had a little pony—she called it 'Trix'—and she used to ride it all over when she was a little, little girl. Just think! Having a pony all for yourself!"  
He looked up with sparkling eyes, and the Squire smiled beneath his scowl.  
"Did your mother ever tell you anything else about your—grandfather?" he

asked, meeting the little fellow's frank eyes with a keen glance.  
"She doesn't say much about him," returned Jackie. "I think he must be dead. It's too bad, isn't it? But—his eyes roved over to the turkeys again. "Have you thought it out about the turkey yet?"  
"Oh," said the Squire, as if he had forgotten all about it. "You can have one of 'em and we'll see about the pay after a while when you're bigger."  
Jackie beamed up at him. "Oh, thank you," he said. "Shall we catch it now?"  
The Squire grunted. "We'll run 'em into the pen, and catch 'em there. Wait till I get some peas."  
So Jackie waited and in a little while out came the Squire with a battered, old tin, half full of grain, and began to call in his big, deep voice, "Peep, peep, peep, peep!" And all the turkeys stopped their strutting and ran after him into the pen. Then Jackie ran and shut the door, and in a very little while the Squire came out with a big gobble hanging head downwards in his hand.  
"I guess I'd better leave it here just now," said Jackie. "I'll come over for it in the evening. I've just 'membered I promised mother I'd be back soon. Or, perhaps, you might bring it over your- self. You would see mother then. I'd like you to see mother."  
"All right," said the Squire again, looking down at the brave little figure with a curious feeling at his heart.  
"Well, good morning, then," said Jackie, turning to go. "I think you are the nicest man I ever saw—'cept father," and he ran down the lane to the big gate.  
As he mounted it, he looked back and waved his hand, and the grim old man standing on the steps felt a strange little thrill, half pride and half something else he did not understand, as he returned the pretty salute. He passed the back of his rough, old hand across his face, and muttered, "Poor Margaret! She was a good little girl, if it hadn't been for that scamp Darcy!" The boy looks like him, too—more like him than Margaret.  
Meanwhile, mother and Jackie were having their dinner. Mother sat at one side of the little, round, white table, and Jackie at the other. Mother wore her pretty pink woolen house dress, and looked just like a sweet pea, Jackie said. Jackie had just finished his story about

Grandfather couldn't have liked father very well because he was poor. Well, when mother married father, grandfather was very angry, and said a great many things. Then when father died, mother had come right back to her old home and rented the little cottage on grandfather's estate, and grandfather had pretended not to know her, because, you see, he was not over being angry yet. And then, it seemed, when Jackie asked for the turkey, he had got sorry all at once, and now they were all so happy. And mother and Jackie were going to live with grandfather up in the big stone house, and they could have turkey every day, grandfather said. And Jackie concluded, gravely, "and we've got a turkey for Christmas, mother, and a grandfather, too!"—Montreal Star.

### THE MYSTIC MISTLETOE.

Once a Feature of Pagan Rites, It Now Belongs to Lovers.  
From time immemorial the white-berried mistletoe has played a leading part in Yuletide festivities, though it has not always conveyed the osculatory privileges which give it its value in the eyes of the romantic youth of to-day. Like so many other features of the Christmas celebration, mistletoe has been borrowed from the pagans of antiquity and Christianized by the lapse of centuries. The Persians before the birth of Christ used the mistletoe in their sacred rites, and in parts of India pagan priests still incorporate it in their ritual. It figures largely in Scandinavian mythology. Balder, the son of Odin, though a demigod, was slain by a spear of mistletoe, a proof of its magic powers.  
It is from the Druids of old England, however, that mistletoe has come to us. The Druidical priests, sprung, it is said, from the magi of the east, the wise men who worshipped at the cradle of the infant Saviour, held the mistletoe as their most sacred possession, and the cutting of the pretty parasite from the oak, the tree which the Druids claimed God loved more than any other, was attended with the greatest solemnity. On the Druids' festival day a grand procession, leading two white oxen, moved to the mystic grove. There the oxen were fastened to the oak by their horns, and a white-robed priest climbed into the leafless branches and cut the bunches of mistletoe with a golden knife. The oxen were

### PREPARING THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.



then sacrificed and religious services performed, after which the procession returned to the temple in the forest and the mistletoe was deposited in the Druidical arcanum.  
Besides taking its place in the religious observances of the Druids, the mistletoe, which the priests gave a name meaning "all healing," was made into many curious concoctions by processes in which times and seasons and incantations were supposed to add to its mysterious powers. These medicines were regarded as cures for human ills generally.  
With the advance of civilization and the death of superstition mistletoe has lost its religious character, but not its popularity, and the forests of England and of our own Southern States are as eagerly frequented by mistletoe-gatherers as ever were the dark woods of the ancient Druids.  
**Real Lessons of Christmas.**  
There can be no real love for God which is unattended with love for man. The final test of a Christian love is not the worship of God, but always the love of man for man. If the message of him whose birth we celebrate at Christmas teaches us one thing above all others, it is not that we shall try to do for Him as a person, but that we shall seek to

readin' that would be—an' what an audience!  
"An' it's this Christmas Presence that inspires all our lovin' thoughts here below, whether we discern it or not."  
"An' what we'll get on the other side'll be realization—a clear vision with all the mists of doubt dissolved."  
This is the thought that came to me yesterday, doctor, out o' the cyclone of playful good will that got me so rattled. An' it's come to stay.  
"An' with it, how sweet it will be to set an' wait, with a smile to welcome the enduring Christmas they'll last 'all the year' an' forever.—Century.

**do for one another. That is knowing Jesus and clearly understanding Him.** And whenever this true conception of His life and teaching is reached, there we find men and women thrilled with the passion of giving. The little child wakes on Christmas morning with his heart filled to overflowing with gladness, and by every gift in stocking, or beside cradle or bed, is taught anew the old, old lesson of love. Husband and wife, brother and sister, lover and sweet-heart, friend and friend, as they receive their gifts are reminded once more that love is not a dream, but a reality—and a reality which grows more vital, more precious and more enduring with years.  
The sick, in chair or in bed, as they enjoy their Christmas packages are almost reconciled to loneliness and pain. The friendless, the poor, the outcast, the waifs on the street; those who have sinned and seem shut out from God and man, all begin to feel a strange thrill of hope and renewed aspiration as they are taken up and enfolded in the richness and fullness of the Divine love as it comes to them through human love or attention on Christmas day. That is knowing Christmas in its highest and noblest sense; in its truest conception; knowing it in that spirit from which we derive the surest happiness.—Edward Bok.

### "THE CHRISTMAS PRESENCE."

Seasonable Thought for All Who Love Christmas Season.

I couldn't seem to contemplate a continuous Christmas of peace, nowadays, when suddenly I seemed to see the words before me, differently spelled. Instead of "cents" I saw "e-n-c-e-n-t" an' right before my spiritual vision I saw, like sky-writing, "The Christmas Presence"—thess so.  
Maybe it won't strike you, but it was a great thought to me, doctor, an' "Christmas all the year" had a new sound to my ears.  
Think of that, doctor—of livin' along in the azure blue, beholdin' the face of the Little One of the manger by the near light of the Bethlehem star! Or maybe seein' the Beloved leavin' on a pillar of clouds, illuminatin' our tenance while He'd maybe repeat the Sermon on the Mount from the book of His Eternal memory. Think of what an author's

### NOTICE OF TAX SALE.

59c. advertising \$2.00; total \$5.49.  
Lowe, W. W.—Possessory claim to stone buildings on Fremont St.; tax \$7.75, penalty \$7.37, advertising \$2.00; total \$17.12.  
Murray, C. C.—Possessory claim to improvements on Clark's Townsite; tax \$5.90, penalty 58c, advertising \$2.00; total \$8.48.  
Moffet, N. W.—Possessory claim to improvements East of Palace Hotel; tax \$2.95, penalty 29c, advertising \$2.00; total \$5.24.  
Moore, Mercantile Co.—Possessory claim to improvements on lots 4, 5, 6, block 6, Clark's Townsite; tax \$57.53, penalty \$5.75, advertising \$2.00; total \$65.28.  
Pecetto, D.—Possessory claim to improvements on Clark's Townsite, lot 8, block 11; tax \$14.75, penalty \$1.47, advertising \$2.00; total \$18.22.  
Utah Nevada Express Company—Improvements on Clark's Townsite adjoining McCarty's warehouse; tax \$11.90, penalty \$1.18, advertising \$2.00; total \$15.08.  
Worrell, W. D.—Possessory claim to improvements on Clark's Townsite; tax \$2.95, penalty 29c, advertising \$2.00; total \$5.24.  
**Moapa Road District, No. 13.**  
Batsch, Ganderz—Fee simple title to 2 lots in Moapa, lots 9 and 10, block 7; tax \$1.18, penalty 12c, advertising \$2.00; total \$3.30.  
Caldwell, Jane—Fee simple title to 2 lots in Moapa, lots 9 and 10, block 5; tax \$1.18, penalty 12c, advertising \$2.00; total \$3.30.  
Carver, W. D.—Fee simple title to 1 lot 7, block 2, in Moapa; tax 59c, penalty 6c, advertising \$2.00; total \$2.65.  
Davies, John A.—Fee simple title to 1 lot in Moapa, lot 6, block 64; tax 59c, penalty 6c, advertising \$2.00; total \$2.65.  
Drury, John T.—Fee simple title to 1 lot in Moapa, lot 1, block 7; tax 59c, penalty 6c, advertising \$2.00; total \$2.65.  
Erlanson, E.—Fee simple title to 2 lots in Moapa, lots 9 and 10, block 49; tax \$1.18, penalty 12c, advertising \$2.00; total \$3.30.  
Fleming, J. H.—Fee simple title to 2 lots in Moapa, lots 1 and 2, block 50; tax \$1.18, penalty 12c, advertising \$2.00; total \$3.30.  
Hartsholomew—Fee simple title to 2 lots in Moapa, lots 5 and 6, block 62; tax \$1.18, penalty 12c, advertising \$2.00; total \$3.30.  
Jensen, Emil—Fee simple title to 2 lots in Moapa, lots 4 and 5, block 64; tax \$1.18, penalty 12c, advertising \$2.00; total \$3.30.  
Kendall, Mrs. L.—Fee simple title to 1 lot in Moapa, lot 7, block 27; tax 59c, penalty 6c, advertising \$2.00; total \$2.65.  
Kenny, Ludwig—Fee simple title to 1 lot in Moapa, lots 5 and 6, block 51; tax \$1.17, penalty 18c, advertising \$2.00; total \$3.35.  
Kohl, John—Fee simple title to 2 lots in Moapa, lots 7 and 8, block 25; tax \$1.18, penalty 12c, advertising \$2.00; total \$3.30.  
Krause, Emil—Fee simple title to 2 lots in Moapa, lots 3 and 4, block 30; tax \$1.18, penalty 12c, advertising \$2.00; total \$3.30.  
Lockard, Herman—Fee simple title to 1 lot in Moapa, lot 1, block 19; tax 59c, penalty 6c, advertising \$2.00; total \$2.65.  
Lyons, Daniel—Fee simple title to 2 lots in Moapa, lots 9 and 10, block 6; tax \$1.18, penalty 12c, advertising \$2.00; total \$3.30.  
Marion, Edith—Fee simple title to 2 lots in Moapa, lots 7 and 8, block 64; tax \$1.18, penalty 12c, advertising \$2.00; total \$3.30.  
Murphy, J. I.—Fee simple title to 2 lots in Moapa, lots 1 and 2, block 62; tax \$1.18, penalty 12c, advertising \$2.00; total \$3.30.  
McCraw, J. L.—Fee simple title to 1 lot in Moapa, lot 8, block 6; tax 59c, penalty 6c, advertising \$2.00; total \$2.65.  
McEntee, James—Fee simple title to 2 lots in Moapa, lots 4 and 5, block 24; tax \$1.18, penalty 12c, advertising \$2.00; total \$3.30.  
Mison, Martha—Fee simple title to 2 lots in Moapa, lots 4 and 5, block 27; tax \$1.18, penalty 12c, advertising \$2.00; total \$3.30.  
Rasche, Nellie E.—Fee simple title to 2 lots in Moapa, lots 9 and 10, block 25; tax \$1.18, penalty 12c, advertising \$2.00; total \$3.30.  
Riordan, P. J.—Fee simple title to 4 lots in Moapa, lots 7, 8, 9 and 10, block 4; tax \$2.36, penalty 29c, advertising \$2.00; total \$4.65.  
Sandberg, Mrs. A. C.—Fee simple title to 2 lots in Moapa, lots 1 and 2, block 30; tax \$1.18, penalty 12c, advertising \$2.00; total \$3.30.  
Sandberg, A. C.—Fee simple title to 4 lots in Moapa, lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, block 6; tax \$2.36, penalty 29c, advertising \$2.00; total \$4.65.  
Schmitt, E. G.—Fee simple title to 2 lots in Moapa, lots 1 and 2, block 49; tax \$1.18, penalty 12c, advertising \$2.00; total \$3.30.  
Schafer, John G.—Fee simple title to 2 lots in Moapa, lots 5 and 6, block 4; tax \$1.18, penalty 12c, advertising \$2.00; total \$3.30.  
Shmid, Ernest—Fee simple to 3 lots in Moapa, lots 9 and 10, block 2; tax \$1.77, penalty 18c, advertising \$2.00; total \$2.95.  
Smith, Josephine R.—Fee simple title to 3 lots in Moapa, lots 1, 2 and 3, block 28; tax \$1.77, penalty 18c, advertising \$2.00; total \$2.95.  
Steffan, Michael—Fee simple title to 2 lots in Moapa, lots 7 and 8, block 61; tax \$1.18, penalty 12c, advertising \$2.00; total \$3.30.  
Thompson, Mrs. E.—Fee simple title to 1 lot in Moapa, lot 2, block 27; tax 59c, penalty 6c, advertising \$2.00; total \$2.65.  
Withers, Helen—Fee simple title to 2 lots in Moapa, lots 7 and 8, block 5; tax \$1.18, penalty 12c, advertising \$2.00; total \$3.30.  
**Ivory Difficult to Judge.**  
The next time you have a billiard cue in your hand and expect to run the game out just stop and ponder over the age of the pieces of ivory which are rolling tantalizingly about the table. That white ball which has just received too much "English" belonged to an old elephant who was wandering through the Congo jungles when Napoleon was still alive. Those balls cost from \$8 to \$10 apiece. Study the history of the billiard ball and their case and you will have more respect for the game.  
The elephant's tusk which is large enough to furnish the product for a good billiard ball must be at least twenty-five years old. If it is fifty years old, so much the better. The tusk of the elephant grows much like an oak tree, and the grain of the ivory looks not unlike the grain of a seasoned piece of oak lumber. If it is "green" the ivory will shrink just as the wood shrinks. If it is too "dry" it will "chip" in the same fashion.  
The buying of billiard balls at best is a gamble. A ball may have the right weight, the proper gloss and appear to be well seasoned, but for some unaccountable reason will chip off and become totally ruined by a fall on the floor. Buy a dozen balls like a setting of Plymouth Rock eggs, three or four balls will last for years, while the others will have to be replaced again and again.  
**Real Breakers.**  
Gunner—Did you hear about Spender? Some one rescued him from the breakers out in Lake Michigan.  
Guyer—Great Scott! Was he bathing?  
Gunner—No, he was on one of those floating poolrooms where the breakers break the lads.