

Santa Claus In Salt Lake

Where the Good Saint Got the Surprise of His Life.

TO a thrifty Mormon household came the patron saint of Yule; He was puffing like an engine, he was laden like a mule. For he knew a row of stockings such as nowhere else is seen. Would he yawning there before him in the home of Elder Green. So he showed his pack ahead of him and started down the flue. While he muttered, "This is something that I hate like smoke to do." Then he followed with reluctance through the Smooty, smuggy air. Quickly landing where the hoisery was hung in many a pair.



SEVEN PAIRS, ALL BABY SIZES.

There were papa's socks and twenty pairs of lengthy wisly hose; There were socks for Eddie, Willie, for Eliphath and Mose; There were stockings of Maidda's, Esmeralda's and Susanne's; There were Charley's hose and Molly's, Cora Belle's and little Dan's. Amaryllis, George, Alfonso, Peter, Joseph, Maud, Eugene, Arthur, Lizzie, James, Amelia, Mary, Frances and Irene, Briggs, Reed, Lucile, Clorinda, Aethusa, John, Estelle, Mattie, Lucifer, Elfrida—from his lips their titles fell.

But about the shelf there dangled other hose whose owners' names He could not recall to save him as he watched the dying flames— Seven pairs, all baby sizes, each in age not quite a year. "Gee!" cried Nick. "Been something doing since the last time I was here! Glad I brought a stock of rattles and a lot of teething rings— Utah always gives a market for such kindergarten things. From 'face suicide' she ever has discreetly held aloof. And there's not a home in Zion free from stock tracks on the roof."

The Modern Mistletoe.
Prominent in the Christmas revels and, with the holly, most essentially "Christmasy" of all the plants used was the mistletoe. With us the old significance and sacredness have gone, leaving but charm enough to give the well known privilege to the man who meets a girl beneath it. There exists also in some places the tradition that the girl who is not kissed under the mistletoe will not be married for a year. (The present writer once knew a thoughtful and provident damsel who wore a hat trimmed with the sacred plant.) But the kiss permitted in olden time was originally of the religious variety, our mistletoe celebration being borrowed from Scandinavian lore.—Critic.

Said Little Socrates.
"Some generous person," said little Socrates Bulgibrow of Boston, "has been kind enough to send me a copy of Mother Goose's lyrics for Christmas. Do you know, the theory that a representative of the bovine genus at one time leaped over the chief luminal of the night leads to some interesting calculations as to the muscular development of the cows of that time. I have ascertained that they must have been endowed with strength proportionate to that of the flea of the present day."—Baltimore American.

A Hard Headed Boy.
"Dar's jes' dis about it," said Mammy Minerva. "I's gott'er han' dat Pickaniny Jim over to de Society Fob de Prevention o' Cruelty to Animals." "What's he been doin'?" "We give him a goat foh a Christmas present, an' Jim an' de goat got to playin' rough, an' de fust thing I knowed Jim he done los' his temper an' butted dat goat arros' to deff!"

He Knew the Boy.
Head of Firm—You had better give the office boy a couple of dollars, Mr. Penwiper, for Christmas. Mr. Penwiper (the bookkeeper)—I think we had better make it a New Year's gift, sir. I have just sent him out with a telegram, and I don't think he will get back by Christmas.—Brooklyn Citizen.

An International Incident

AHOLIDAY celebration that will long be remembered in the American navy is the "Santa Claus dinner" given in the wardroom of one of Uncle Sam's gunboats of the Venezuelan coast. The plan had been to have the affair on Christmas night, but as the vessel was then at sea the event was postponed until New Year's. It was on this occasion that an Italian battleship commander, with warlike intentions toward the United States and all their inhabitants, was beguiled into peaceful thoughts by good American punch, which the American officers dealt out to him in such quantities that he finally said he would like to settle in the western hemisphere. It happened that the Italian's man-of-war and the Yankee gunboat arrived in southern waters at about the same time. There was the usual interchange of courtesies. Then occurred the incident that aroused the Italian captain's ire. A South American newspaper printed a cartoon representing him as being blown out of the water by the United States gunboat. In this, of course, there was no sense whatever, as Italy and this country were on the friendliest terms, but the foreign skipper, being both excitable and suspicious, took the matter to heart. The Americans heard that he even accused them of inspiring the cartoon and that he had complained to his home government.

New Year's day came due while the gossip was at its height. For weeks the wardroom officers of the gunboat had been making preparations for a grand feast. They decided at the last minute to invite the Italian and his staff as guests of honor.

A refusal, of course, was out of the question, but when the guests arrived their attitude was cold and distant, especially that of the captain, who looked as though he expected to be thrown into irons. It was said afterward that he had ordered his vessel to be ready for immediate action in case of treachery. At any rate, he sat down at dinner without a smile for his hosts, and for awhile things looked gloomy. Gradually, however, the younger officers of the gunboat succeeded in forc-



ing the visitors to partake of the punch, and with each glass the suspicious captain grew less suspicious. In an hour he was affable. In another hour he was affectionate. By the time the real celebration began, while the coffee was being served, he had forgotten the cartoon and was drinking healths to the stars and stripes every thirty seconds. When the ceremonies, which had been carefully arranged, had been in progress a few minutes he was proposing a joint expedition by his and the gunboat's crews against the Venezuelan capital.

Even if the incident of the Italian's conversion had been lacking the dinner would have been an affair to be remembered. The first part of the closing celebration was the appearance of a Christmas tree, which of course should have been called a New Year's tree. It was a big tree, too, one that anybody might have envied, and the tars had made a trip ten miles inland to get it on the previous day. As it was borne into the wardroom it reached up into the dome-like window at the top. For this window, forming a sort of tower space to the wardroom, naval men have a technical name, but no landlubber could hope to get it right, so let it be called simply a window. The tree went all the way up, and from every branch there hung gifts for the merry diners.

Just as the New Year's tree was fastened into its place on the center of the table there appeared through the high window a real Santa Claus, with beard and furs and red coat of approved cut. Down the chimney-like opening he crawled, finally leaping upon the table with such force that half a dozen glasses went crashing to the floor. Amid the applause of the now hilarious party he proceeded to award the presents, calling each name in a gruff voice from beneath his white whiskers. When he came to the Italian captain he addressed him as "Your most powerful excellency Signor Captain," by which high sounding appellation the signor captain was so flattered that he bowed until his forehead bumped into what was left of a saucer of ice cream.—New York Times.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN PARIS.

Picturesque Scenes at the Madeleine, Historic French Church.
They drove to the Madeleine through streets already full of life and movement of hurrying crowds, darting figures now plunged in the black shadows and now slipping out into the full glare of the clustered lights. The big perspective of the Place de la Concorde, thickly sown with lamps, was shot through with glistening reflections from the tops of carriages, the arcade of the Rue de Rivoli was brilliant as a stage setting, the hotels in the broad Rue Royale were ablaze with light, and far at the end of the street, where the lofty portico of the Madeleine showed clear against the starry sky, a hundred sparks twinkled from the cabs flitting along the boulevard.

The steady roll of wheels merged with the varying notes of horns in motors and the sound of talk and laughter from the sidewalks, and all blended in a great humming symphony, struck through with the rattling, syncopated clack-clack of hoofs upon the asphalt, like the staccato of sharp drums.

The crowd at the Madeleine was almost impassable, but somehow they gained the steps, the vestibule, and were swept in the solid pack of men and women through the door at the right. The great floor was filled with a throng as varied as Paris itself. Piety and the ildest curiosity, youth and age, came together. As the procession came in sight its song was joined by the organ in the sanctuary, and the music rose louder and fuller in a single godlike voice ranging down from the dazzling altar.

Suddenly, like artillery, the great organ overhead crashed out in a volume of sound that flooded the whole vast interior like a wave, sweeping over the heads of the kneeling crowd and mounting to the shadowy arches of the roof. The very concussion took the listeners' breath away, and in the reced men and women burst into tears, and billows of emotional excitement rolled back and forth through the church.—Winfield Scott Moody in Scribner's.

YULETIDE IN SHETLAND.

Curious Customs In the Island Where the Ponies Come From.

The festival of Yule, as is well known, dates back to prehistoric times, when men worshiped nature rather than nature's God.

The inhabitants of the Shetland Isles are descended from Norsemen, who were zealots in religious belief, and "Yule" to them meant a season of great importance. The "Gamml Norsk Jul" signifies, literally, "wheel," and the festival so called was held in honor of the sun at the winter solstice wheeling round toward the equator. The return of the sun formed an important period of the year as being the beginning of renewed life in nature, which only could be revived by the light and warmth of the ascending orb.

The course of the sun was observed in all things as far as possible. Everything was turned from left to right—the boat was so turned on the water, the corn stacks so built in courses, the mill so turned in grinding and the wheel in spinning—in fact, everything went with the sun, even the round of the drinking horn.

Many superstitions included in nature worship had full scope at the "Hjul" time—or more modern "Yule"—when a vast multitude of "frows," or fairy folk, who at that season were not only active, but maliciously disposed, had to be propitiated.

To give the fairy folk no opportunity of playing tricks, the fishing creel and lines were removed from the wall, the spinning wheel taken out of gear and its integral parts laid aside, and everything suspended from ceiling or walls lifted down, as if left in their usual places the ubiquitous elves were supposed to set all going against the sun's motion, which of course would mean serious trouble. The time of Yule was, and still is, rigidly observed as "helly"—i. e., a time of rest from all manner of labor.—Madame.

Christmas in Guam.

Christmas was celebrated in Guam last year in as true American style as the possibilities of the situation would permit. Great interest was taken by the Americans in celebrations for the native children. A number of entertainments were provided. A feature was a floating Christmas tree, magnificently decorated, which was paraded through the streets of Agaña drawn by six plumed mules with costumed outriders and preceded by a native band and from which Santa Claus distributed abundance of good cheer.

A New Malady.

It was Christmas day, and the candy bon had been waiting—oh, so patiently—for Mary to finish her dinner. Much against her baby wishes had she been obliged to swallow the last of her bread. When her mother insisted on her finishing her milk the small face looked up in desperation as she lisped, "Mozzer, if I eat any more food I will be humpback in my stomach, like grandpa!"—Lippincott's.

Only Two Realities.

Billy—So yer didn't get natlain' but a jackknife and a sled for Christmas?
Tommy—Yes, dat's all I got worth speakin' of. Dere wuz a suit of clothes, and a overcoat, and a hat or two, and some undershirts, and a book of poems, and some stockin's and gloves, and some collars and cuffs, and a few other things like dat, not worth speakin' of.—Men and Women.

Don't Let the Mistletoe Drop.

It is very unlucky if the mistletoe should fall from the place where it has been hung.

Little Johnny's Resolutions

NEXT Tuesday 'll be New Year's day,
Said little Johnny Lake.
"Some resolutions, mom declares,
I really ought to make.
Mom's promised to stop gossipin',
An' so has Sister Sue.
I guess I'll resolve a bit.
Le's see—what shall I do?"

"I'll resolve, I guess, to quit
A-splittin' kindlin' wood;
Then pop 'll have to do that work.
Like fathers always should.
An' then, while I'm a-doin' it,
I'll resolve to quit
The Sunday school, fer goin' there
With me don't make no hit.



"I GUESS I'LL RESOLVE A BIT."

"I'd like to resolve some way
To git myself a goat;
I want a buttin' Eilly ram
With whiskers on his throat.
An' then I'll resolve, I guess,
To beat up Tommy Hunt;
He's took an' stole my girl from me,
The doggone little runt!

"I reckon that's enough fer me
To resolve jist now;
At any rate, I'll make that do—
It's plenty, anyhow.
Le's see—I start on New Year's day.
Well, that ain't very fur.
Won't mom be tickled when she finds
How well I've minded her!"

—Denver Post.

A ROYAL POKER GAME.

How King Kalakaua Wound Up His New Year's Festivities.

C. R. Mackenzie, describing in the St. Louis Republic a New Year's day in old Hawaii, says:
"After dinner we adjourned to the royal library, where we found card tables duly equipped. We generally wind up an evening of this kind with a game of poker," said Kalakaua. "Are you all content? Every one was content, and it was my luck to be seated at the king's table.

"Next morning when at breakfast at the hotel one of the king's equerries came to my table and placed a chamois bag containing forty ten-dollar pieces in front of me, saying the king had sent them with his compliments. One of the ladies of our party who had witnessed this somewhat unusual proceeding asked me why the king should send me such a present.

"Madam," I replied, "the shillings and sixpences which in the days of my youth I cast upon missionary waters to buy popguns and blankets for the Sandwich Islanders have this morning been returned to me a hundred fold."

Fortune Telling on New Year's Eve.

Fortune telling obtains in rural Germany on New Year's eve. The young people, who gather to peer together into the future, melt a little lead in a long handled ladle. The person who grasps the handle then pours the molten metal into a pail of water, standing well back so as not to be scalded by the splashing water and steam, for the striking of the lead upon the water produces almost the effect of an explosion. If the lead congeals into any shape that can be construed as like a star it is a good augury. If a film gathers on the surface it means money. Any old woman who is an expert seer can see in the metal and water sure signs of coming marriage, long journeys, sickness or death. The ability to read these riddles is supposed to descend by inheritance from mother to daughter.

New Year's Eve in Italy.

Don't you wish you were an Italian on New Year's? Probably at the stroke of 12 on New Year's eve there are rustling and bustling and merry laughing as each maiden kisses all the young men she can catch. It is the only moment in the year when custom permits her such a liberty, and she is not slow to take advantage of it. Then, the new year having made its bow, the party breaks up, the young folk take a walk, and the first person of the opposite sex which each roisterer meets is considered destined to be that merry-maker's future partner in life.

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