

SANTA CLAUS

Has his headquarters this year at
the Drug Store of

Frank M. Pixley Great Display of Holiday Goods

Much time and thought has been devoted to the assembling together of our Christmas display which we believe excels anything we have before presented in this line. You certainly will be able to make appropriate selections when you start out "gift buying" if you make a visit to our store.

Art Display

Rarest collection of Vases, bric-a-brac and Pictures ever shown in the city.

China Pieces

Few gifts are more acceptable than a pretty piece of chinaware. We have a well selected line.

Toys

All new things in toy creations to make the boys and girls happy.

Dolls

Hundreds of dolls of every size and kind, doll cabs, beds, etc.

Books

Picture books, story books, albums, poems and essays.

Stationary

Select lines of Stationary, Perfumes and toilet article.

Cigars

Cigars are always appropriate. We handle the best brands.

FRANK M. PIXLEY

LADIES--LOOK!

"Here is a Bargain of
a Lifetime"

100 Piece, white and gold Dinner Set . . . \$15.00

This Dinner Set is the very best English ware, would make a beautiful present and grace any table.

One Hundred Piece Dinner Set \$12.50

This Dinner Set is of a beautiful green floral design, the very best English ware, and would be a very useful and appropriate Christmas Gift

A Dinner Set of Plain white Princess ware Price \$8.50

This Dinner Set is a plain white English ware, and one that will last, and give good service.

A Dinner Set of Semi-Porcelain. Price \$5.50

This Dinner Set is of the plain white American ware

Cut Glass Water Sets \$2.00 A big line of Fancy Lamps from \$2.00 to \$8.00
black Earthen Tea Pots from 75c to \$1.00. A nice present for mother.

J. C. HORISKEY

NORTH MAGNETIC POLE.

It is Not a Stationary Point, but is Constantly Shifting.

Only the experts understand that the north pole and the north magnetic pole are two entirely different things. As a matter of fact, there are few localities on the earth's surface where the compass points due north. The reason is because the north magnetic pole or area lies in the vicinity of King William's Land, just off the arctic coast of North America, in Bothnia. When this magnetic pole is between us and the north pole the compass points due north. As we go either east or west from this line it is easy to see that the compass is off to a certain degree. If we were to travel north of the magnetic pole the needle would point south; west of it the needle would point east. Sir James Ross in 1831 located the north magnetic pole approximately at a point up in Bothnia. In 1903 Captain Roald Amundsen in the ship Gjoa set out on a three years' expedition, relocated the magnetic pole and made the "northwest passage" for which mariners have striven since the days of Henry Hudson. Terrestrial magnetic force is different in every part of the earth's surface and is not always the same at a given point. It is subject to regular daily and yearly changes. Amundsen posted himself near the seat of the magnetic power and for nineteen months, day and night, with his party, took readings of their instruments, both inclination and declination. He also made short excursions into the region of the magnetic pole and was able by the aid of the declination observations to prove that the magnetic north pole does not have a stationary situation, but is continually moving. But the general location is where Sir James Ross first had the honor to place it.—Chicago Tribune.

BOSTON LIGHT.

It is Said to Be the Oldest Harbor Beacon in America.

The outer light of Boston harbor is Boston light, eight miles below the city and at the very outer end of the channel that ocean liners follow. It stands on Little Brewster island, a pile of rocks partly grassed over in its gentle hollow on the sheltered side. Three families live here—those of the head keeper and his two assistants. In all the inhabitants number a dozen souls.

The light itself is said to be the oldest in America, built in 1715 by the government of England. It is of rough bowlder stone, hooped with iron bands, and its lean, whitewashed form is a landmark and searack far and wide.

A rustic iron railway for carrying coal leads up from the waterside to the engine house, where is an engine and boilers in which steam is kept up continually to operate the siren foghorns. Their great trumpet-like forms protrude through the wall of the building on the seaward side. In foggy weather one can hear from the open windows the faroff moaning of the foghorn on the Boston lightship, seven miles away, as the keepers on the lightship can hear this one at Boston light.

An old cannon lies on the ground near the lighthouse. It was provided by the Cunard Steamship company before the foghorn was installed to give signals. It is unused now. But in addition to the great revolving light in the tower there is a set of red and white range lights that give the location of anchorage for vessels in the channel. If they see red it means that they are out of their proper location, but if white they are safe.—New York Mail.

The Sea Captain Librarian.

At the Melbourne university council Justice Higgins remarked that he had come across some queer librarians in his time. He knew one Australian institute that had appointed a retired sea captain to the office. That honest worthy catalogued Max Muller's "Chips From a German Workshop" under the heading of "Carpentry." He should have some fun with Ruskin's titles when it comes to classifying "Sheepfolds" and the "Ethics of the Dust."—London Chronicle.

Twisted.

"What we want," said the magazine editor, "is a story that reflects real life."

"That's the trouble with our current literature," replied the harsh critic. "We are getting too much fact in our efforts for fiction and too much fiction in our alleged facts."—Washington Star.

How the Days Go By.

Frank looked up thoughtfully from his engine and cars game of railroad-ing, played on the primitive plan of a five-year-old boy.

"Mamma, isn't it funny how the days go by, one after the other, just like a train of cars, with Sunday for the engine."—Harper's.

A Misapprehension.

The young man leading a dog by a string lounged up to the ticket office of a railway station and inquired, "Must I—aw—take a ticket—for a puppy?"

"No; you can travel as an ordinary passenger," was the reply.—Suburban Life.

A Jewel.

"Are you satisfied with your new maid?"
"Very. She's too old to get married and too fat to wear my things. So I think we'll be able to keep her."—Detroit Free Press.

An Impromptu Christmas

And the True Christmas
Feeling It Prompted

By EDWARD PIERCE

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The blizzard raced across the foothills and screamed down the canyons, obliterating all trails that led to the Double Star ranch. It filled the air with smothering, flying flakes and plastered the sides of the bunk house with a thick white covering. The windows of the ranch house a hundred yards distant were oblongs of light that diffused a sickly yellow glow into the flying snow.

Ducie Case tossed another log on the blazing hearth and surveyed the silent crowd with growing disdain. At last he could no longer control himself and broke forth into violent speech:

"Say, you mum mouthed dummies, you long faced, solemn eyed, good-for-nothing cayuses, do you know this is Christmas eve?"

The moody circle about the fire straightened as by one accord and looked at the speaker with the first sign of interest that had been betrayed since the silent supper had ended.

"Do you know this is Christmas eve?" repeated Mr. Case impressively as he brought a pipe from his pocket and proceeded to clean it with the nervous energy that characterized his every movement.

"Of course we know it," growled Miller from his corner. "We didn't get any mail today—haven't had any for a week! Excuse-me—Christmas, coming! Bah!"

"You've got a grouch, Miller. You're always kicking about the mail, and I've never seen you get any letters yet—not even one of them picture postal cards that Frankie here gets so many of."

Ducie Case bustled out of his chair and noisily mounted the heavy table, where he looked down on his companions with a benevolent smile.

"Tonight's Christmas eve, boys, and I'm going to confess it's the onlikeliest Christmas eve I ever spent."

"Every one of you is downright homesick. That's what's the matter with you. I expect you're homesick every time Christmas comes around. If you can't get home to your folks and find an old fashioned Christmas—why, I say let's have Christmas right here in the Double Star bunk house. All in favor say 'eye.'"

"Aye!" came forth a mighty chorus from seven throats.

"Good! Now, gentlemen, there ain't any tree within three miles of the ranch except the maples at the big house, and they're too large. Can we have a Christmas tree?" he asked skeptically.

"Nix!" was the laconic reply.

"Well, then, you've all got socks. Hang 'em up here along by the chimney. We might as well do this Santa Claus business up nice and brown."

The men scattered, laughing, to their several bunks to search their effects for clean socks. When they returned Mr. Case was ready with hammer and nails to fasten them to the long shelf. The first to go up was his own, a huge blue woolen affair with a startling void presented by the sagging top.

"Now, what you going to put in 'em?" demanded Miller as he witnessed the hammering of the last nail into his own sock.

"Now, that's up to the rest of you in a way," drawled Mr. Case indifferently. "I've started this thing and got the ball rolling nicely. All you chaps has got to do is to find something to put in these socks. Seems as if you might find something to give each other just to remember the day and make things pleasant."

"Who feels like being very pleasant with no mail for a week and no prospect of any?" complained Frankie, rather peevishly. "I thought Christmas eve was the time for good things to eat and drink. I haven't seen the chink handing out any goodies yet."

"You go along and work that Christmas spirit business I was telling you about," commanded Mr. Case. "Sam Huh and me will take care of the eating end. Just watch my smoke!"

He disappeared behind the plank door that shut off the kitchen quarters from the living room, and they heard the sound of his strident voice mingled with the staccato objections of the Chinese cook.

Storrs stepped forward, a slight flush on his handsome face, and turned toward his companions. "I'm rather ashamed, boys, that Ducie had to remind us that it was the night before Christmas. It's certainly a dull time, and I believe we ought to do all we can to make it pleasant, even if the mail doesn't come at all. Suppose we make the best kind of a Christmas we can out of what we've got."

"Let's," agreed Miller boyishly. "Suppose we begin with Ducie's meal sack here. He must expect an automobile in that. What do you say?"

"Let's give him one," retorted Storrs cheerfully. "I saw one a minute ago." He reached for a magazine and drew a knife from his pocket. He turned to the advertising section and cut from it the picture of a large touring car. "What's the matter with that?" he crowed softly as he slipped it in Ducie's stocking.

"I got a couple of handkerchiefs that I've never used," said Frankie suddenly. "I'll give one to Ducie and one to somebody else. Let's get busy, boys."

They got busy and searched their trunks and their pockets for treasures that might go to fill a comrade's stocking. Pocketknives, handkerchiefs, a watch chain, a key ring, neck handkerchiefs, a pair of spurs, tobacco, cigars, a patent pencil, matchboxes—all changed hands deftly from pockets to one or another of the yawning stockings. When the little store of articles gave out they had recourse to the magazine and lavished all sorts of lithographed gifts upon each other.

They all entered into the spirit of the thing with an abandonment that was pathetic when one considered the barrenness of the ground upon which they tried to graft a Christmas. Whatever else the occasion lacked, the Yuletide spirit was there.

When Ducie Case emerged from the kitchen with the thoroughly cowed Sam Huh in his train they were laden with plates of red apples and yellow oranges, plates of crisp cakes fresh from their paper boxes and a large dish of candy, which Ducie placed in the middle of the table.

"Bring in the coffee, Sam, when I holler," said Ducie ceremoniously. Then he turned to the grinning cow-punchers surrounding the fire. "Let's see what Santa Claus has got for us, eh, boys?"

"You first, Ducie!" they insisted, and they watched him delightedly as he brought forth from the stocking a paper of his favorite tobacco, which Storrs also carried, and a silver watch chain.

"That was a great idea of mine," chuckled Ducie after he had identified the givers and thanked them warmly. "I have a feeling that this here is to be a kind of a merry Christmas, even if the mail don't get in."

After that there was no end to the fun. Each man found several surprising gifts in his stockings, and there was much merriment in identifying the givers and more interchange of good feeling than the Double Star had known in some time.

Presently Sam Huh brought in a pot of steaming coffee, and they gathered about the board and ate of the refreshments and toasted Mr. Ducie in the stimulating black liquid with much flattery.

When the meal was concluded Raymond Storrs sang a song in his fine tenor voice. It was a Christmas carol, one that they all knew, and they joined in the chorus with a vim. Frankie delivered an amusing monologue, and the taciturn Miller gave an absurdly funny imitation of a fashionable lady buying a hat. There were other songs and recitations and the quaffing of a weirdly constructed bowl of punch that Sam Huh had laboriously put together from several cookbooks and unlimited advice from the different members of the party.

"What's the matter with this Christmas?" demanded Frankie excitedly as 11 o'clock was struck on the tall clock in the corner.

"It's all right! It's been a bully one! Couldn't be better! Up to us to thank Ducie!" were some of the comments on the occasion.

There was the sound of hoofs pounding in the snow outside and a loud shout. Every man was on his feet with interested faces.

"The mail at last!" cried Miller excitedly. "Now we'll see what's what!"

They crowded about the door as Mr. West came over from the big house to open the mail bag. It had stopped snowing, and the stars were blazing in a cold, clear, dark sky.

"Letter for you, and you, and you," rattled Mr. West as he tossed letters here and there among his employees. They grasped them eagerly and then tucked them away for private perusal. It happened that each one received at least one letter, and Raymond Storrs received several with a San Francisco postmark, as well as a wooden case that was dumped on the floor ere the letter carrier drove away.

Storrs ripped off the cover while they hung breathlessly over him. From numerous careful wrappings he drew forth a large phonograph with a morning glory horn and a collection of wax music rolls. Deftly Storrs fitted the parts together and placed the machine on the table and wound it up. There was a cylinder in the machine, as if his sweetheart, who had sent it, had left it there that he might hear the continuation of a melody she had been singing.

There was a low, buzzing sound, and then there came forth from that instrument of wood and metal a sweet soprano voice singing with a delicate violin accompaniment:

"Oh, holy night, peaceful night."

As the hymn rang out every hat was whipped off and the little group stood bareheaded in the open doorway looking out at the same brilliant stars that had shone down over Bethlehem that long ago holy night when the first Christmas was sung over one who brought peace and good will into the world.

Afterward, as they followed Mr. West across the yard toward the big house where he said a feast awaited them, Frankie nudged Ducie Case with a razor-like elbow.

"I learned one thing tonight," admitted Frankie graciously, "and that was you can have Christmas cheer most anywhere, provided you've got the ingredients in your heart—eh?"

Ducie nodded. "Everybody has got the ingredients to make a happy Christmas in their hearts, only they don't stir 'em together to make 'em work properly. Haven't they, Norman?" He shot this question at the tall young man walking beside him with radiant face upturned to the stars.

Storrs pressed the phonograph that had registered the singing voice of his sweetheart close under his arm and smiled contentedly.

"You bet!" he cried emphatically.