

Algerines at Law.

INVENTORIES.

Succession of J. W. Howe and wife amounts to \$2,000.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Crescent City Building and Home-stead Association to Lorenz E. Konrad, lot, Pacific, Homer, Newton and Elmira, \$600 terms.—Stafford.

Brown Realty Co. to Justin Soula-berre, Jr., 2 lots, Nelson, Socrates, Law-rence and Farragut, \$250 cash.—Vid-rine.

Alfred G. Tufts et als to Widow Al-

fred Tufts, 2 lots, Belleville, Vallette, Alix; lot, Morgan, Patterson, Lavergne and Bermuda, \$2832 cash.—Loomis.

Godfried M. Moll to Commonwealth Building and Loan Association, lot, El-mira, Jackson, Belleville and Homer, \$200 cash.—Flynn.

CONVENTIONAL MORTGAGES.

Paul Monier, Mrs. Gerald Rogers and Mrs. Abbie Rogers to F. B. Two-mey, \$113.50, 1 note, 1 year, 8 per cent, lot, Homer, Monroe, Franklin and Newton.—Danziger.

A Chaparral Christmas Gift

By O. Henry

THE original cause of the trouble was about twenty years in growing. At the end of that time it was worth it. Had you lived anywhere within 50 miles of Sun-down ranch you would have heard of it. It possessed a quantity of jet black hair, a pair of extremely frank, deep brown eyes and a laugh that rippled across the prairie like the sound of a hidden brook. The name of it was Rosita McMullen; and she was the daughter of old man McMullen of the Sundown sheep ranch.

There came riding on red roan steeds—or, to be more explicit, on a paint and a flea-bitten sorrel—two wooders. One was Madison Lane and the other was the Frio Kid. But at that time they did not call him the Frio Kid, for he had not earned the honors of special nomenclature. His name was simply Johnny McRoy.

It must not be supposed that these two were the sum of the agreeable Rosita's admirers. The bronchos of a dozen others champed their bits at the long hitching rack of the Sun-down ranch. Many were the sheeps' eyes that were cast in those savannas that did not belong to the flocks of Dan McMullen. But of all the cavaliers Madison Lane and Johnny McRoy galloped far ahead, wherever they are to be chronicled.

Madison Lane, a young cattleman from the Nueces country, won the race. He and Rosita were married one Christmas day. Armed, hilarious, vociferous, magnanimous, the cowmen and the shepherds, laying aside their hereditary hatred, joined forces to celebrate the occasion.

But while the wedding feast was at its liveliest there descended upon it Johnny McRoy, bitten by jealousy, like one possessed.

"I'll give you a Christmas present," he yelled, shrilly, at the door, with his .45 in his hand. Even then he had some reputation as an offhand shot.

His first bullet cut a neat underbit in Madison Lane's right ear. The barrel of his gun moved an inch. The next shot would have been the bride's, had not Carson, a sheepman, possessed a mind with triggers somewhat well oiled and in repair. The guns of the wedding party had been hung, in their belts, upon nails in the wall when they sat at table, as a concession to good taste. But Carson, with great promptness, hurled his plate of roast venison and frijolitos at McRoy, spoiling his aim. The second bullet, then, only shattered the white petals of a Spanish dagger flower suspended two feet above Rosita's head.

The guests spurned their chairs and jumped for their weapons. It was considered an improper act to shoot the bride and groom at a wedding. In about six seconds there were twenty or so bullets due to be whizzing in the direction of Mr. McRoy.

"I'll shoot better next time," yelled Johnny; "and there'll be a next time." He backed rapidly out the door.

The cattleman swept out upon him, calling for vengeance. But the sortie failed in its vengeance. McRoy was on his horse and away, shouting back curses and threats as he galloped into the concealing chaparral.

That night was the birthnight of the Frio Kid. He became the "bad man" of that portion of the state. The rejection of his suit by Miss McMullen turned him to a dangerous man. When officers went after him for the shooting of Carson, he killed two of them, and entered upon the life of an outlaw. When he was, at last shot and killed by a little one-armed Mexican who was nearly dead himself from fright, the Frio Kid had the deaths of 18 men on his head.

Many tales are told along the border of his impudent courage and daring. But he was not one of the breed of desperadoes who have seasons of generosity and even of softness. They say he never had mercy on the object of his anger. Yet at this and every Christmastide it is well to give each one credit, if it can be done, for whatever speck of good he may have possessed. If the Frio Kid ever did a kindly act or felt a

trio of generosity in his heart it was once at such a time and season, and this is the way it happened:

One December in the Frio country rode the Frio Kid and his Satellite and co-murderer, Mexican Frank. The Kid reined in his mustang, and sat in his saddle, thoughtful and grim, with dangerously narrowing eyes.

"I don't know what I been thinking about, Mex," he remarked in his usual mild drawl, "to have forgot all about a Christmas present I got to give. I'm going to ride over tomorrow night and shoot Madison Lane in his own house. He got my girl—Rosita would have had me if he hadn't cut into the game. I wonder why I happened to overlook it up to now?"

"Ah, shucks, Kid," said Mexican, "don't talk foolishness. You know you can't get within a mile of Mad Lane's house tomorrow night. I see old man Allen day before yesterday, and he says Mad is going to have Christmas doings at his house. You remember how you shot up the festivities when Mad was married, and about the threats you made? Don't you suppose Mad Lane'll kind of keep his eye open for a certain Mr. Kid? You plumb make me tired, Kid, with such remarks."

"I'm going," repeated the Frio Kid, without heat, "to go to Madison Lane's Christmas doings, and kill him. I ought to have done it a long time ago."

"There's other ways of committing suicide," advised Mexican. "Why don't you go and surrender to the sheriff?"

"I'll get him," said the Kid. Christmas eve fell as balmy as April. Perhaps there was a hint of far-away frostiness in the air, but it tingled like seltzer, perfumed faintly with late prairie blossoms and the mesquite grass.

When night came the five or six rooms of the ranch house were brightly lit. In one room was a Christmas tree, for the Lanes had a boy of three, and a dozen or more guests were expected from the nearer ranches.

The guests had arrived in buckboards and on horseback, and were making themselves comfortable inside. The evening went along pleasantly. The guests enjoyed and praised Rosita's excellent supper, and afterward the men scattered in groups about the rooms or on the broad "gallery," smoking and chatting.

The Christmas tree, of course, delighted the youngsters, and above all were they pleased when Santa Claus himself in magnificent white beard and furs appeared and began to distribute the toys.

"It's my papa," announced Billy Sampson, aged six. Berkly, a sheepman, an old friend of Lane, stopped Rosita as she was passing by him on the gallery.

"Well, Mrs. Lane," said he, "I suppose by this Christmas you've gotten over being afraid of that fellow Mc-

celebrate the occasion. But while the wedding feast was at its liveliest there descended upon it Johnny McRoy, bitten by jealousy, like one possessed.

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Roy, haven't you? Madison and I have talked about it, you know."

"Very nearly," said Rosita, smiling, "but I am still nervous sometimes. I shall never forget that awful time when he came so near killing us."

"He's the most cold-hearted villain in the world," said Berkly. "The citizens all along the border ought to turn out and hunt him down like a wolf."

"He has committed awful crimes," said Rosita, "but—I—don't—know. I think there is a spot of good somewhere in everybody. He was not always bad—that I know."

Rosita turned into the hallway between the rooms. Santa Claus, in muffling whiskers and furs, was just coming through.

"I heard what you said through the window, Mrs. Lane," he said. "I was just going down in my pocket for a Christmas present for your husband. But I've left one for you, instead. It's in the room to your right."

"Oh, thank you, kind Santa Claus," said Rosita, brightly.

Rosita went into the room, while Santa Claus stepped into the cooler air of the yard.

She found no one in the room but Madison.

"Where is my present that Santa

asked.

"Haven't seen anything in the way of a present," said her husband, laughing, "unless he could have meant me."

The next day Gabriel Radd, the foreman of the X O ranch, dropped into the post office at Loma Alta.

"Well, the Frio Kid's got his dose of lead at last," he remarked to the postmaster.

"That so? How'd it happen?"

"One of old Sanchez's Mexican sheep herders did it—think of it! The Frio Kid killed by a sheep herder! The Greaser saw him riding along past his camp about twelve o'clock last night, and was so skeered that he up with a Winchester and let him have it. Funniliest part of it was that the Kid was dressed all up with white Angora-skin whiskers and a regular Santa Claus rig-out from head to foot. Think of the Frio Kid playing Santy!"

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Children and Christmas in Many Lands

HE little folks of all the world do not keep Christmas as the children of this country do. In fact each land has its own peculiar ways, and our people, being drawn originally from almost every clime, have introduced into our celebration of the day a bit of the Christmas features brought from mother countries. We have the Dutch Santa Claus, the German Christmas tree, the English plum pudding and carols and our own peculiarly lavish gift making.

The boys and girls of far distant countries are spending the day in such different ways that it may prove of interest to young and old to hear something of the distinctive Christmas customs.

HE children of Belgium on Christmas Eve are dressed in gay colors and form a procession, which marches through the streets, led by an orchestra and singing carols. Each child holds aloft either a Christchild in a manger or a crucifix.

AMERICAN mothers find one day of Christmas merry-making distracting enough for their children, how would they like to live in Russia, where work is often suspended for a fortnight, while all the people keep holiday.

Even the poorest peasant has a tree and it is harvest time for beggars, for no one will refuse him anything.

In some of the country districts the boys dress as animals, and led by other boys as keepers, march through the

HE English Christmas is not unlike ours, save that we do not have their pretty custom of "bringing in the yule." In almost every family in England the boys and girls gather about the burning log on Christmas eve to sing carols and tell Christmas legends. Often the children who live in the country assist at the dragging in of the huge log.

An English child would not feel it was Christmas if there was not a bit of mistletoe hanging in the hall, under which the unwary are kissed soundly. Little and big eat the rich and blazing plum pudding, and all join in the singing of Christmas carols and church-going.

CHRISTMAS in Holland is the gala day of the year for the children. They have a pretty custom of ushering it in. Just at midnight on Christmas eve, the men and boys dressed in fancy costume, march through the streets in long procession, holding aloft a brilliantly lighted star, as they chant the "Gloria in Excelsis." The little girls clad in white stand at the windows and bow to the star as it passes.

PERHAPS the finest Christmas of all, if not the most lavish, is spent by the children of Germany. It combines the Christ child—which we Americans are prone to forget—and Santa Claus.

The whole day is full of cheer; families feast and go to church; presents are simple, but in every home is a blazing tree hung with cakes, colored candles and gifts. It is a pretty sight to see the children march in to see their tree, singing as they go, "O, Tannen Baum" (O, Fir Tree), to the air of "Maryland, My Maryland."

In many German towns just as the bells ring to usher in Christmas, every window in every house is quickly lighted. Then the children are up bright and early, even the tiny babies, to go to six o'clock church. Often each child bears a candle to illuminate the church.

The German Krisa Kingle has one horrid habit that our jolly old St. Nick would scorn. He generally leaves in the stockings a bunch of switches in case they should be needed before his next call.

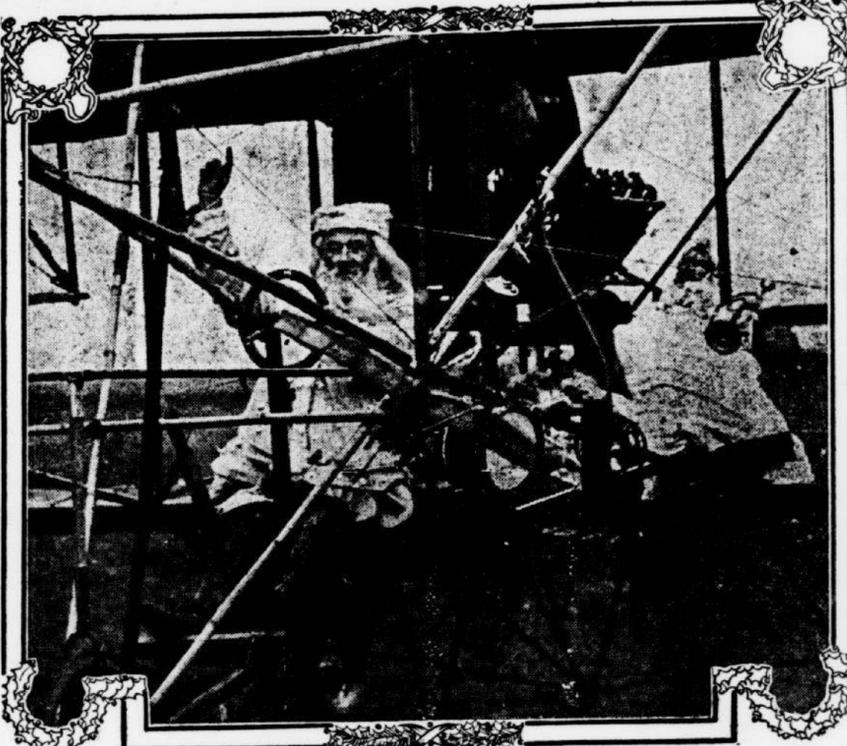
HE Serbian children have a strange custom. On Christmas Eve the father of the family goes to the wood and cuts a straight young oak, which he drags into the room where the family awaits him, saying as he does so: "Good evening and a merry Christmas!"

Then the children shout back: "May God grant both to thee and mayst thou have riches and honor."

With this they shower their father with corn and the tree is thrown on the fire to burn until Christmas morning, when it is greeted with pistol shots.

HE French children rarely have a tree. Sometimes they hang up slippers to be filled, instead of stockings, and there is great chanting of "Noel, Noel," the Christmas song.

Like the Scandinavian children, little French boys and girls never forget the birds, but instead of placing sheaves of grain on long poles, they are hung along the eaves of the houses.



streets headed by a band of boys making dreadful music with harsh sounding instruments. These processions go from door to door, pound until they are admitted, and all given food and drink, and two small pieces of money.

All over Scandinavia a week is given to merry-making. Every one goes to six o'clock church on the dark Christmas morning, and in the evening every home in the land is illuminated. They have wonderful trees, around which grown people and children dance and sing. The Scandinavian child is very good to the poor on Christmas and takes gifts and food to poor families.

Doubly Philanthropic. Venerable Scribe (on staff of Daily Bread)—Yes, sir; the proprietor of this paper has kept me in his employ for more than 40 years. I tell you, he's a genuine philanthropist.

The Other Man—Yes; I suppose if he hadn't done that you would have dropped down on some helpless community and started a paper of your own.

To Economize Space. "But why is it that you always serve toast with each slice stood up on edge?"

"Oh, I just got into the habit; you know we lived in a flat when we were first married."

Bulgarian "Koleda." In Bulgaria "Koleda," as Christians is called, is marked with many quaint ceremonies. One is called "Koledars," the name given to a band of boys, mostly, who go about proclaiming that the season of fasting is over, and heralding a reign of feasting and merriment. Each Koleda party numbers seven—the Old Man, the Old Woman, the Crumb Picker (who collects the presents and money, while the Old Man and Old Woman play the fool), and Four Singers, who carol out the Christmas songs. The attire of the Koledars is most grotesque, and their procession is joined by a huge crowd of townspeople, who take a great delight in the antics of the jesters.

Xmas Will Soon Be Here!

Have you seen dear old SANTA CLAUS at THE HUB

IF NOT DO NOT FAIL TO BRING THE CHILDREN TO SEE HIM. HE HAS ALL KINDS OF TOYS FOR THE CHILDREN—SUCH AS DOLLS, GO-CARTS, DOLL BEDS, IRON STOVES, PIANOS, DRUMS AND TOOL CHESTS FOR THE BOYS; MECHANICAL AUTOMOBILES, HORNS AND OTHER TOYS TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION. "THE HUB" IS TRYING TO SUPPLY EVERYBODY IN ALGIERS WITH CANAL STREET GOODS, BUT PRICES ARE MUCH LESS. THE ONLY WAY TO CONVINCING YOURSELF IS TO COME AND SEE. IT IS RIGHT AT HOME. YOU NEEDN'T PAY FERRYAGE OR STREET CAR FARE. WHY NOT GIVE A CHANCE TO YOUR HOME MERCHANTS? WE CARRY EVERYTHING IN DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS. COMPARE OUR PRICES WITH OTHER STORES.

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- ALL-WOOL SWEATERS—Never sold before for less than \$2.98. Our price\$2.50
- A LARGE ASSORTMENT of Embroidered Tailored Shirt Waists.....98c
- LADIES' ALL-WOOL PANAMA SKIRTS—Embroidered panels front and back. Our price only\$1.98
- VOILE SKIRTS—Nicely made and trimmed. Only\$2.25
- ALL-WOOL VOILE SKIRTS—Made in the latest styles and best quality. Former price \$7.50. Special\$4.98
- A LARGE STOCK of Ladies' Underwear; ribbed shirts and pants; union suits; ranging in prices from.....25c to 50c
- CHILDREN'S RIBBED UNION SUITS—Shirts and drawers to match. Ranging in prices from10c to 25c
- BOYS' SWEATER COATS—In grey, white and brown; from25c to 39c

- BOYS' APPAREL THAT WILL GIVE GOOD WEAR—
- DOUBLE-BREADED, Knickerbocker style, in good wearing all-wool materials, patterns and colors; pants made extra strong so as to give good service. Worth \$3.00 and \$3.50. At\$2.25
- JUVENILE SUITS—Ranging in sizes from 3 years to 6 years; this season's new styles. At\$1.75
- BOYS' KNICKERBOCKER PANTS—Made especially for us; chevots and blue serges; special with belt straps.....50c
- A BIG LOT of Cassimers; knickerbocker, sizes from 5 to 15 years; our price.....25c
- BOYS' SHIRTS.—Assorted sizes and patterns25 to 50c
- BOYS' GOLF CAPS—Made of woolen fabrics in the new styles and patterns; ranging in price.....10 to 25c
- CHILDREN'S FANCY HATS—In red, blue and white, all sizes; only.....50c
- BOYS' SCRATCH FELT HATS—Jaunty styles. New York's latest fad Telescope or Alpine shape; special.....98c
- CHILDREN'S REEFER COATS—A special offering of fancy tweeds, chevots, etc. Prettily trimmed, some with silk embroidered emblems on sleeves; sizes from 6 to 14 years; prices.....98 to \$1.98

- MENS' TROUSERS—In cassimeres and chevots and serges, new styles and patterns, well tailored; our prices from\$1 to \$3.50
- BUY OUR 98c hats, they are as good as the same styles as elsewhere for. \$1.50
- NEW SHIRTS—With and without collars, fancy an dplain pongee and madras, all the kind; our price.....50c
- A BIG LINE FOR THE HOLIDAYS—Monarch, Cluett & Peabody shirts and row brand collars.
- MENS' COAT SWEATERS—Brown, white and gray; elsewhere \$1.25 and \$1.50; our price98c
- A BIG LOT OF COAT-SWEATERS—Assorted colors and sizes; our price50c
- MISCELLANEOUS—
- BABY CAPS—Large assortment of styles ranging in prices from 25 to 98c
- QUILTS AND COMFORTS—All prices from 79c to \$3.50. See our special \$1.50 quilt elsewhere\$1.00
- WINDOW SHADES and lace curtains, squares and pillow shams. A full line for the holidays.
- ASK TO SEE our embroidered fancy patterned squares, doilies and mats; they are remarkably cheap.

THESE ARE ONLY A FEW ITEMS. AS ALL ARE TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION; BUT EVERY DOLLAR SPENT AT "THE HUB" WILL DO DOUBLE ITS DUTY. A CALL WILL CONVINCING YOU.

CHAS. H. BOTNICK, Prop.

"The Hub"

ALGIERS' GREATEST BARGAIN STORE. OPPOSITE THE THIRD DISTRICT FERRY.

WANTS U. S. S. UTAH MARI GRAS. To furnish further proof that the safest and deepest harbors in the world, with unsurpassed facilities for the reception and accommodation of vessels of every class and kind, and the highest type of construction and equipment, are to be had at New Orleans for Mardi Gras, the efforts of Mayor Behrman and his topical are successful. Mayor Behrman took up the idea of securing a visit from the big night with Congressman Egan, who has wired that he will make a trip along the lines requested. The Mayor's idea in having this visit, New Orleans is threatened, desires to make a practical demonstration to naval officials of the ability of this port to handle vessels of any size and class. "The Utah is, I am informed, only a dreadnaught in the world, successfully uses oil for fuel power, and her visit would be particularly interesting to those who are concerned in the opening up and development of the oil fields of this State. I received last week a letter from a gentleman in naval circles, suggesting that New Orleans was admirably equipped for handling oil in large quantities, expressing the opinion that it would be but a short time before oil would be piped here directly from the fields and from car tanks at the side into the ship by the always powerful. He also believed that vessels of our navy ultimately would be equipped with fuel oil engines, and that then New Orleans would without a rival as a distributing point for the oil."

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