Passenger train No. 2 was stalled in the heart of the Mojave Desert, a great, wide expanse of mid-mountain country where parched bosom has expanse of thirst and whose secret of death from cold and thirst destroying. Wearied with the monotonous view of cactus and sand, the passengers gazed upon the approach of twilight with dismay. Down in an angle of the mountains a large party of Mexicans had come on foot, attracted by the scent of vegetation. It was the 24th of December, and in the cars were being prepared the Christmas dinners, the children's gifts and the Christmas tree.

Among the passengers was a young woman who had been married only a few months. Her husband was by her side.

[illegible] crowned the queen of [illegible] from some [illegible] Mary [illegible] the [illegible] heart. [illegible] formed a part [illegible]

The Christmas Dinner.

[illegible]

For Christmas Greens.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Mexicans [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]