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For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Plitcher*
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

ON THE THIRD CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 25.)

cherry parlor. "Do you know, I don't believe Uncle Gilbert had any money to leave. I think he had lost it and that was why he was so worried to think that we were not fitted to support ourselves. We disobeyed and disappointed him in life. Now let us atone as far as we may by obeying his last wishes. Gilbert, dear, let us learn telegraphy—not for the sake of the money, but because he wished it, because of what we owe him."

And so we mastered telegraphy. Elsie much more readily than I. We had been full-fledged "brass pounders," with fairly lucrative positions for almost three months preceding the third Christmas. We were bursting with pride of our jobs—that's what we called 'em—and we felt that our dear old guardian had, in forcing upon us the gift of independence, bestowed upon us a treasure of greater value than the legacy for which we had hoped.

So with no further expectations or hopes concerning the hidden inheritance and with cheerful resignation to its loss we met in loving compliance with his request for our third and last vigil in his workroom, with his many inventions, which Aunt Elsie kept carefully covered, looking like shrouded ghosts.

Aunt Elsie alone of the trio seemed gloomy and despondent.

"If you don't find where the money is hidden tonight I suppose we would better plan for you to marry Percy Gaines, Elsie," she said as I stepped upon the table to wind the clock, or, rather, "crank" it, for its mechanism was set going by giving some dozen turns to a handle, protruding from its left side—a handle not unlike that of an old-fashioned coffee mill.

"But he sort of sniffs, and his socks and neckties are so shrill," protested Elsie, referring to Mr. Gaines.

"Well, then, there's old Mr. Riney," suggested Aunt Elsie. "I've noticed that he is quite neutral in his dress."

"But he talks to himself and gesticulates frightfully with his walking stick," replied Elsie. "I should be afraid to get near enough to caress him, and, besides, I think he proposed to me during a brainstorm, and it would be taking an unfair advantage to accept. Don't you think him a wee bit daffy?" she asked me.

"He's so nutty. Aunt Elsie," I solemnly asserted, "that when he strolls about in his ancestral groves the squirrels pursue him."

"Dear me! How extraordinary!" exclaimed Aunt Elsie.

"So, you see," observed Elsie, "after all, I had better marry Gilbert."

"I think so, too," I agreed. "You see, Aunt Elsie, thanks to Uncle Ambrose, I can earn a living for myself—Here I broke off abruptly and stared astounded, at that extraordinary clock Elsie, with her dear little jaw sagging in sheer amazement, was staring too."

"What are you two gaping at?" demanded Aunt Elsie in alarm. "Now, why do you stare like stuck pigs?" she queried a moment later, for Elsie and I sat as if spellbound listening.

We found ourselves listening to the new familiar staccato-tapping of a telegraph instrument. Clear and sharp through the invisible sounder came a message tapped by an unseen key, and mechanically—no, automatically—our dazed minds caught the message.

"Elsie and Gilbert, my little girl and boy," ran the message. "Patterson has the money for you. Ask him for it tonight. It is my Christmas gift to you. Merry Christmas! God bless you both! Goodbye!"

"The clock," I gurgled. "It's in the clock! Listen!" For after an interval of hoarse, clucklike ticks the message was repeated.

"Now, why are you making such a fuss about that clock?" demanded Aunt Elsie. "That clock never has had a sane, natural tick. It has always made a noise just like that."

And this was true. Twice before we had held our vigil in the workroom unheeding, while the faithful clock had patiently delivered the message which we failed to comprehend.

"There cannot possibly be a telegraph instrument in that clock," declared Elsie, "but there are little automatic transmitters with Morse alphabet records for students, you know."

"Elsie," I said after I had carefully examined the vitals of that blessed clock. "You certainly are the original Miss Nancy Know It All. There is an automatic telegraph transmitter in that clock. Here's the tape!"

Elsie eyed the coiled strip of paper tape with its perforations corresponding to the dots and dashes of the Morse alphabet with much interest.

"Now for Patterson," I interrupted. "I'll wager that he has been chuckling in his sleeves these past three years. I'm going to call him up this instant. I hope that I'll get to rouse him from his beauty sleep." I continued maliciously.

But in this I was disappointed, for he answered the phone promptly.

"This is Gilbert Ashcraft speaking." I began with much dignity. "Miss Elsie Martin and I would like definite information concerning the money bequeathed us by Ambrose Breen, which he left in your care."

There was a moment's silence; then a chuckle trilled melodiously over the telephone. "Say, young man," said Lawyer Patterson, "you're all right, and Miss Elsie too. Great scheme of Breen's, wasn't it? You'll find your bank books, deposit slips and other papers in the package that I left with your Aunt Elsie yesterday. Merry Christmas! Good night, son."

And that's all, I believe, except that Elsie and I are married, and it is our present intention to "live happy ever afterward." We hold dear, wise old Uncle Ambrose in grateful memory, and we do not permit even that fat, spoiled rascal, Ambrose Breen Ashcraft, to tamper with that clock.

Dr. F. L. Utter, Dentist, Masonic temple.

WELL KNOWN SALEM UNDERTAKING FIRM MAKES IMPROVEMENTS

For the benefit of those who do not know, the Journal takes pleasure in announcing the fact that the Lehman & Clough Co. have made a large number of alterations and improvements in their undertaking parlors at 445 Court street, which have added greatly to the appearance as well as the convenience of the place.

Mr. C. B. Webb, of Portland, who has had a number of years of experience as funeral director and embalmer, has succeeded Mr. Lehman as manager of the business and is ably assisted by the well known A. M. Clough, who has been connected with the business and has been coroner of Marion county for a number of years, and is now president of the company. Mr. Lehman will not take any active part in the business this ensuing year, except when needed, and intends spending a greater part of his time on his ranch near Salem.

The company has taken advantage of every modern method known to the business and also enlarged their stock, until now they have practically everything from bronze caskets and vaults to the cheapest that's made, and are prepared to give service to their patrons equal to that of any city on the coast. Mr. Webb states that if they are justified in it, they will put in a new auto hearse in the near future.

They can be reached by telephone at Main 120, day or night, and will attend all calls promptly.

ADVANCE, WEST INDIA!

(From the New York World.)

Among the more important by-products of the Panama canal we are likely to see the development of another self-governing dominion or commonwealth within the British empire. This will consist of the West Indian islands, and perhaps also the continental possessions of the British crown in Central and South America. These various colonies are collectively much larger in population, commerce and wealth, than is Newfoundland or even New Zealand. Yet they have no voice in imperial affairs and little influence because of their lack of unity. Of course, their geographical distribution makes it less easy for them to be administered under a common government than a single community; less easy, but not impossible nor even gravely difficult.

For a score of years the question of federation has been intermittently considered. Now the impending opening of the Panama canal and the prospect of profound changes in commercial relationships have given to the movement a new impetus and have made its realization seem all but essential.

MANY LEAVING ENGLAND.

(UNITED PRESS LEASED WIRE.) LONDON, Dec. 20.—Emigration is depleting the population of the United Kingdom at the rate of 36,000 a month, according to government statistics published today and covering the first ten months of the current year. The figures show the marked preference of Irishmen for the United States. Out of 41,888, the total number of emigrants from Ireland, 30,789 went to the States, whereas of the total English emigration of 252,216, only 16 per cent made America their destination.

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CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS—Between all points in Oregon; also from Southern Pacific points to points in Washington and Idaho, December 18 to 24, inclusive. Between Oregon and California points December 20 to 25. Return limit all points January 5, 1914.

NEW YEARS HOLIDAYS—December 27 to January 1, with final return limit January 5, 1914. The New Year fares apply only between points in Oregon and between Oregon and California.

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BIG CONGRESS PLANNED.

(UNITED PRESS LEASED WIRE.) PARIS, Dec. 20.—The International Congress of Chambers of Commerce, which will be held here next June, will be the most important gathering of its kind ever held according to those who today are planning the convention. President H. J. Shouinger, of the American Chamber here has been appointed a member of the Organization Committee by the Associations of French Chambers of Commerce, Mr. Shouinger, with Frederick Dodo, of Chicago, will represent America at the International Congress.

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WILL FIGHT TONIGHT.

(UNITED PRESS LEASED WIRE.) NEW HAVEN, Conn., Dec. 20.—Tango instructive and exponents of naturalized wrestling will focus their attention here tonight when Jess Wil-

lard meets George Reddy the Boer, in oral expectation that no one would do what is scheduled as a "20 round haul tonight, unless unforeseen complicity." Because of Willard's recent cautious rise. Reddy had the better of burlesque in New York with Moun-a go with Willard at Milwaukee a few tainous Carl Morris, it was the gen-

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