# THE OREGON MIST.

### VOL. 12.

OREGON MIST.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

BEEGLE & DAVIS.

OFFICIAL COUNTY PAPER.

Subscription Bates.

Advertising rates made known upon applicatio

COLUMBIA COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Officers.

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ALLEN & CLEETON.

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T. J. CLERTON.

# ST. HELENS, OREGON, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1895.

### NO. 52.



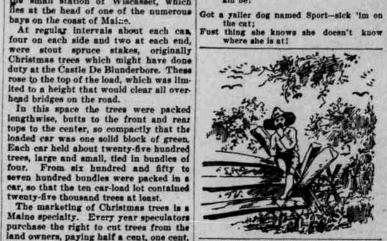
THE CHRISTMAS TREE STATE.

Breat Demand Is Annually Made o the Forcets of Maine.

Not all who desire a Christmas-tree for

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will Mother calls me Willie-but the fellers cal

jection was overruled, and the sweet-smelling freight was allowed to proceed to its destination. How the cars were loaded can easily be described, but the fragrance of twenty-five thousand fresh-by cut evergreen trees must be left to the render's imagination. The ten cars, all "flats," or platform cars, were each thirty-four feet long, loaded eight feet high, and all came from the small station of Wiscasset, which les at the head of one of the numerous bays on the coast of Mains.



Got a clipper-sied, an' when us boys goes out to silde 'Long comes the grocery cart an' we all book a ride! But. metimes, when the grocery man is

worrited and cross. Be reaches at me with his whip and iarrups up his hoss; An' then I iaff and bolier: "Oh, you never

cents each, loaded on the car. He pays also for their shipment to New York—sixty-seven dollars per car, or about two and one-half cents per tree. The trees retail in New York for from one to five dollars each, according to their size. The same quality of tree can be purchased on the street, in the city of Portland, at from twenty-five to fifty cents each, while in other parts of the State boys who wish for Christmas trees sally forth and cut them for themselves. —Youths' Companion. teched me!" But jes' 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I get to be a man I'll be a missioner like her oldes' brother

As wus et up by the cannibals that lives in Ceylon's isle, Where every prospeck pleases an' only man

is vile. But gran'ng she had never been to see a Wild West show. Or read the life uv Daniel Boone, or else 1 guess she'd know



# drum. Some people wish you a merry Christ-mas instead of giving you a present, be-cause it's easier to pay the compliment of the season than it is to settle with Santa Your wife expects you to look pleased when she gives you a \$40 smoking jacket and tells you she has had it charged.-That Buffalo Bill an' cowboys is good enough

f'r me-Excep' jes' 'fore Christmas, when I'm good



<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

earliest age. Capital scrapbooks can be made by chil-dren. Old railway guides may be the foundation and every illustrated paper a magazine of art. A paste box, next to a paint box, is a most serviceable toy. Hobby horses are profitable steeds and of paces. But mechanical toys are more amusing to his olders than to the child, who wishes to do his own mechanism. A boy can be amused by turning him out of the house, giving him a ball or a kite, or letting him dig in the ground for the un-happy mole. Little girls, who must be kept in on a rainy day, or invalid chil that storm-Providence must have shield-ed them from the bullets, but the storm kept in on a rainy day, or invalid chil-dren, are very hard to amuse, and re-course must be had to story telling, to the dear, delightful thousand and one books now written for children, of which "Alice in Wonderland" is the flower of perfec-tion continued to rage and the rengeful for to pursue, till the report of the firearms reached the ears of the sentinel at the fort. No one had yet learned what was happening, when three figures staggered up to the gate, and on into the fort, and up to the door of the Colonel's headquarters. Two of the figures held up a third between them. As he peered in the Ser-geant saluted and said: GLONELS Cupister's

INDOOR CHRISTMAS GAMES. How the Young Folks May Find Pleas ure if the Day Be Stormy.

Parlor games like chess, draughts, dominces, etc., are too heavy for Christmas. The boys and birls want more rollicking, hlp-hlp-hurrah games. A committee ap-pointed to provide desirable amusement for a well-known charity in New York for a well-known charity in New York selected the following program. Ten iours were spent in selecting appropriate indoor games and pastimes, and even then no more than were actually needed were decided upon, says the New York Mail and Express. If the children can get out of doors their amusement is easy, for baseball, leap frog, hide and seek, and other games suffice, but indoors some-thing akin to these games is wanted. In this class is a game known as "The

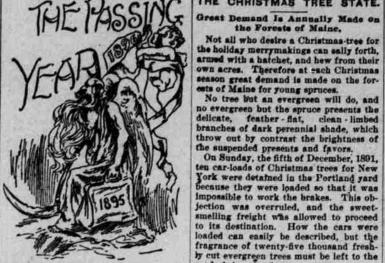
In this class is a game known as "The Country Circus." It consists in making riders, tumblers, clowns, strong men, etc., of all the children and with this impro-vised vised company giving a performance. Another good game for the house is called "Jack-of-Ali-Trades," in which those engaged must perform some work in the particular trade to which they are assigned by the foreman. In this game on Thanksgiving the boys and girls of an institution in Jersey cut and sewed a lot of carpet rags, made a lote of brushes, and split and bundled several cords of

"The Boy Hunters," in which the chil-The Boy Hunters," in which the chil-dren learn the name, habits, and peculiar-ities of the entire animal kingdom, is an-other good game, and "Robinson Crusce" one of the same kind and value. All these games are active ones, require constant movement, and are meant only for the daylight. For the evening, games less boisterous must be chosen. In this class are "Anagrams," "Authors," "History of Our Times," and shadow pantomimes. The last named, however, are the most popular and enjoyable and have so in-creased in favor that books written especially to show how to prepare and per-form them can be had at any well-stocked book store

A Financial Transaction.

"8" y, mister," said a boy who had just overtaken a market wagon after pursu-ing it for four or five blocks, "do you papa? He bowed his little head on my





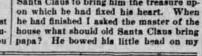
Come, old year, 'tis time to go Age, perhapa, has made you slow. But your time of rule has flown And I come to claim my own.

You are popular no more, All your triumphs here are gone With what strength is left to you, Had you better hasten on.

Learning from experience. I have promised much, like you. When another year has flown People will condemn me, too.

But what matters that to us? Years, like men, must come and go. We are fast with promises, With fulfiliments we are slow.

The following story is told by one who for years was an inveterate better on horses: "It was Christmas eve. My 4-year-old stood by my knee in his nighty' just before being tocked in his crib, and in Just before being tacked in his crib, and in his infantile manner was praying to Santa Claus to bring him the treasure up-on which he had fixed his heart. When he had finished I asked the master of the



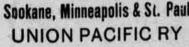
Maine specialty. Every year speculators purchase the right to cut trees from the and owners, paying bails a cent, one cent, and two cents aplece for trees from eight to twelve years old on the stump. Then the natives are hired to cut and bring

# Race Track Fiend Cured.

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"Col. Dawson, I report myself, and I bring you a Christmas present." And as the Colonel uttered a shout of surprise and rushed forward with outstretched arms, the brave little woman fell into them, and the two men sank down in their tracks, and those who lifted them up wet their fingers with the blood EGINNING at Beaton City, on

A handsome merry-faced woman, who is five years older—a Sergeant of infantry who limps a bit—a lone grave in which sleeps the soldier-operator—nothing more

leaps across to the Laramie mountains, and at a point opposite the great mass of earth and rock and tree, called Red Butte, it comes to a sudden stop. From Builte, it comes to a sudden stop. From this point to the fort, a distance of twen-ty-five miles, is the roughest portion of the way, and the skulking bands of In-dians make it the most dangerous. At the terminus of the line is a rude shanty and a soldier operator. Close by the shanty are tents of the soldiers, who

the Union Pacific Road, the tele-graph line stretches to the north,

ross to the Laramie mountains

RESENT

are setting the poles and pushing the line along until the fort shall have electric along until the fort shall have electric communication with the outside world. It is December now-only two days to Christmas. There have been cold rains, snow storms, severe weather, and the soldiers are wondering why they have not been ordered back to the fort for the winter when a mounted mounter are soldiers are wondering why they have not been ordered back to the fort for the whiter, when a mounted messenger ar-ives over the trail bearing the expected of the operator is to wire has gone East, where she is until spring. When her an-over is received the shanty is to be closed for the fort. The afternoon wears away, the night comes down, and some of the years are asleep, when Benton (fity sends in its call, and follows it by a tele-trans reading: "The Colonel's wife to be there or a the fort now." Mer morning there was an arrive for the South. The Colonel's wife, rid-ying opened the door with a cheery "How do, boys!" to the operator and the Sergeant. As both men stood at "at-tention," she removed the hood and cloak which aid to the Sergean: "I came through with hardly an hour's of the moto took something. The twe the Colonel a surprise."

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### "BOTH MEN STOOD AT ATTENTION."

to be seen. The Colonel's wife may tell you the story-the Sergeant couldn't be coaxed to, but he can't conceal the limp, and is prond of the extra stripes he has worn on his sleeves ever since that Christmas day.

I will remember the poor if I have to make a memorandum to that effect every morning

wanter know who hit you in the neck with | knee again and innocently pleaded: "And, ant hard snowball?" dear Santa Claus, please bring papa a race horse that can win sometimes." That that hard snowhall? I "Yep." "Gimme 50 cents?" "Yes," said the driver, lifting his whip from the socket; "but I don't give you any, more'n that." "Well, git the money rendy." "You haven't got the boy that threw the snowball ret." was his mother's work, I suppose, but i went. I bought a tree that night, loader ening speed.

"Yes, I have. That boy is me. Dad's sick, and me mother can't get work. The

Curty beaded Johnny had a tear drop in bi eye, Curly-headed Johnny couldn't speak without

a sigh. And the Christmas preparations that were

'round him everywhere Had not the least effect upon his meian

and not the seast effect upon his melan-choly air.
"Oh, what's the use of hanging up my stock-ing." he would say:
"There's nothing to look forward to for me on Christmas Day;
He'll scratch us off his program when he bittenes up his term."

Johnny's Woe.

hitches up his team. Por Santy needs a fireplace, and they heat our flat by steam." --Washington Star.

### A Christmas Church Idea

If the platform of a churs's or Sunday school room be deep enough to admit of it an artistic Christmas arch can easily be made by an amateur carpenter, write Florence Wilson, in the Ladies' Home Florence Wilson, in the Ladres' Home Journal. The upper part should have wires stretched across, to which may be fastened small hemiock boughs, thue forming a solid mass of green. The framework should, of course, be wound with evergreen, the whole placed about two feet from the wall, so that behind two neer roat the want so that behind it may be hung the Christmas bells of red and yellow immortelles at differen lengths by ropes of evergreen. These bells may be made to hang at differen angles by using fine picture wire. Let each bell be worded, so that they may seem to ring out their own song of "Glory to God in the highest."

to God in the highest." For a Sunday school featival, a post office where each child upon inquiring might find an envelop addressed an-scaled, containing a pretty Christma card, is a unique feature. Then there is the huge snowball made of cotton, be sprinkled with diamond dust and fille-with gifts for the infant class, which may be rolled through the window wit' an appropriate letter from Santa Claus.

#### Her Heart's De

Claus.

Truth.

The Boarding-House Turkey.

"Is the fuse laid?" inquired the land-lady of the head waiter.

"I have, madame." "But the turkey is still whole."

"Yes, madame, the powder had n effect on it."

"Then send for some dynamite, and tell the boarders the turkey is so tender

His Resson

It was drawing near to a very interest-ing season of the year. Willy was getting ready for bed. His mother looked happy. "My dear," she said, "I am glad to see that you do not hurry through your prayers as you used to do." "No, ma'am," said Willy: "Christmas is week after next, and I have a good many things to ask for."

He Was Surprised.

Nothing Slow About Johnnie.

-

Tommy-Did yer have a good tum Christmas, Johnnie?

-Don't ver see dat I did?

3

It was drawing near to a very interest-

"It is, madame. "Then fire it."

it takes time to carro it.

them to the shipping point, where they cost the speculator from ten to twelve cents each, loaded on the car.

Yuicti le Customs. It is customary to give a quarter pres-ent and expect a \$5 one in return. With the usual perversencess of nature.

Christmas comes in the middle of a hard

The modern highwayman doesn't say "money or your life!" he wishes you "a merry Christmas."

The small boy who tries to make too much noise is apt to blame Santa Claus for not giving him an extra head for his

-Youths' Companion.

Her Heart's Desire. There comes a time once in every year, when children may without impropriety give their loving friends a hint in season. Uncle William was talking with Lucy, his best little niece, about Christmas. He wished to know her mind upon a certain highly interesting object, but preferred to get at it indirectly. "Now, Lucy," said he, in a casual man-ner, "if I were going to buy a doll for a little girl, what kind of a one do you think she would like?" Then ol' Sport he hangs around, so sollom like and still-His eyes they seem a-sayin': "What's er mat-ter, little Bill?" The cat she sneaks down off her perch, a-wonderin' what's become Uv them two encemies uv hern that use ter make things hum! But I am so perilie and stick so earnestlike t) big.

t) bis, That mother ses to father: "How improved our Willie is!" But father, havin' been a boy bisself, sus-picions me, picions Ten as good as 1 ntue girl, what kind of a one do you think she would like?" "O. Uncle William," answered Lucy, with undisguised interest, "there is noth-ing like twins."

picions me, When, jes' 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots uv can-dles, cakes and toys. Wus made, they say, fr proper kids, and not fr naughty boys! So wash yer face, and bresh yer bair, an' min' yer p's and q's.



An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, an' don't wear cut your aboes; Say yessum to the ladles, an' yessir to the

He Was Surprised. Mrs. Gazaam—I're got a box of cigars for my husband's Christmas present, which will surprise him. Mrs. Maddox—Women don't know how to buy cigars for men. Mrs. Gazaam—I know that, so I got Brother Jack to get them for me.— Judge. An' when they's company don't pass yer plate

an watch they a company don't pass yer plate f'r ple again; But, thiakin' uv the things you'd like to see upon that tree, les' force C'ristimas be as good as you kin bel -Eugene Field, in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Christmas Entertainment.

A novel idea for a children's Christ-

"You haven't got \$5 about you, Jones?" "No, I haven't. Wife borrowed the last to buy my Christmas present."-Atlants Constitution.

"Sonny," said the market man, in a voice that was remarkably husky, "here's yer 50 cents. I'm in a hurry now-you needn't bother about deliverin' the goods.

Now comes the glad New Year; Though fate may do her worst, She cannot blot that legend clear; "All bills due on the first!" Atlanta Constitution

We'll call it square."-Washington Star.

