

# Advertising

In busy seasons brings you your share of trade; advertising in dull seasons brings you your share, and also that of the merchant who "can't afford" to advertise.

# Roseburg Plaindealer.

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ROSEBURG, DOUGLAS COUNTY, OREGON, MONDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1902.

# Job Printing

Is a very important factor in business. Poor printing reflects no credit on a good business house. Let us do your Job Printing—we guarantee it to be in every way satisfactory.

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No. 99

## JOSEPHSON'S The Big Store

On the 1st of Jan., 1903, we celebrate the 25th anniversary of our start in the general merchandise business in Roseburg. In 25 years we have grown from the humble beginning of our old pioneers remember until we are now the largest house in our line in Southern Oregon. This is due to the greater part to adhering to the plan of Straight-forward, honest dealing, and by avoiding misrepresentation. Our 25th anniversary special sale which will hold during the month of Jan., and will be advertised later, will be characterized by special values and prices which you will do well to examine!

### Butterick Patterns

Thompson's Glove Fitting Corsets

Dr. Reed Cushion Sole Shoe for Men  
The Florsheim Shoe  
Black Cat Hosiery  
White Cat Underwear  
The Gitzly Hat  
Kuppenheimer Guaranteed Clothing

Each of the above lines is peerless and pre-eminently above imitations, of which there are many. Our fancy work department is one of the most fully equipped to be found in stamp covers, silks, flows, canis, braids, etc.

When you select a dress pattern from us, besides getting best possible value for your money, you can have it shrunk and sponged free of charge by our new process without steam sponging.

Furnishings  
Clothing  
Hats, Shoes  
Millinery and  
General  
Dry Goods



## HOW BABOUSHKA FOUND THE CHRIST CHILD

By JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH  
Copyright, 1902, by Jeannette H. Walworth

NIGHT was falling fast, and the snow was piled high against the outer walls of the hotel where a poor moujik (peasant) named Katoma lay dying in a little village in far-away Russia.

Katoma knew that he was going to die. It was Christmas eve, but there was no gladness in the season for him. His wife, whom he had loved very dearly, was already gone. For three consecutive years now his crops had failed. A few weeks before the wolves had devoured his last cow. If he had been entirely alone in the world he would have said to death, "Come; thou art welcome!"

But there was one other, his boy Ossip. The idea of death became terrible when he thought of leaving his boy all alone with not a coepek to bless himself with.

When I tell you that it takes 100 coepek to make a ruble and that a ruble is less than 60 cents, you will understand how dreadfully poor Katoma was.

It could not die peacefully for thinking of Ossip's future. His dim eyes turned fondly toward the pillow by his side, which the boy's thick black hair almost covered. Ossip lay motionless in sleep. The sick man put one feeble hand upon his boy's smooth forehead and silently commended him to heaven's care.

The house was very still. The hour was late. Ossip's healthy, regular breathing was the only audible sound. If only kind heaven would raise up one friend for his boy out of the millions of good people this big world swarmed with, Katoma felt that he should not mind how soon he was laid away under the frozen sods.

While his hand rested on Ossip's head and his heart was filled with these anxious thoughts the door of the hotel opened softly. The moujik turned wondering eyes in that direction, and there, coming noiselessly toward him across the beaten earthen floor, was a tall woman with soft brown eyes full of pitying tenderness.

She came close to the bed, on Ossip's side of it, and looking down upon the sleeping child, she muttered: "Perhaps this is the one at last."

Katoma looked at her anxiously. "Where is your good mother, and what seek you?"

Across the sleeping boy she answered softly: "I have come for Ossip. They told me in the village that thy days were numbered, and I knew that Ossip would need a friend. I will love and care for him as though he were my very own. I am called Baboushka, and I keep my promises."

## LOOKING FOR SANTA CLAUS

By EDWIN L. SABIN  
Copyright, 1902, by Edwin L. Sabin

The snow was falling on the mountains, hiding their tops in a misty veil, and the air was full of whirling flakes, which were rapidly covering the brown earth with a carpet of white and obliterating the trail up the mountain side where, tramped, or, rather, stumbled, along a grotesque childish figure in a man's rough jacket, the sleeves rolled over and over to let out the small brown hands, while the edge of the coat, on a line with her heels, left a trail in the snow. A red hood covered the child's head, dark curls peeping out around her face, and in the fearless, wistful eyes shone a new light, for Dorothy was going to find Santa Claus. When her mother had gone to heaven a short time before they had carried her up the mountain, and now Santa Claus was going to find Santa Claus. When her mother had gone to heaven a short time before they had carried her up the mountain, and now Santa Claus was going to find Santa Claus.

Naturally these two soldiers were proud and of aspirations reaching beyond their present narrow quarters. They pined for a wider sphere. As they stood and stared with stert, fixed gaze through the plate glass into the gay street they talked together in toy language, and none, not even the most versatile linguists among the people passing and repassing, knew that they talked.

"Oh, to get away from this eternal guard room!"

"Dear, good Mr. Santa Claus, I want..."

Christmas day had been over and gone a month when after their separation the two soldiers again encountered one another, but this time in a great heap of rubbish at the city dump, where the dump man had unwittingly thrown them out.

## THE TWO SOLDIERS

By EDWIN L. SABIN  
Copyright, 1902, by Edwin L. Sabin

IT was a brilliant holiday store, the windows and the shelves and the cases ablaze with filigree and through with dolls and dishes and engines and trains and skates and sleds, and hobbyhorses that galloped, and crows that stood two soldiers. They were by all odds the finest soldiers in the store, much superior to the personnel composing the different troops and regiments and companies stationed here and there along the aisles. The pair were made of tin, to be sure; but they were of heroic stature, eight inches tall, richly uniformed in black and yellow, and could be wound up so that they would present arms several times in succession.

The other soldiers, poor things, were compelled to remain the whole time at a "carry" or a "right shoulder" without relief.

"Dear, good Mr. Santa Claus, I want..."

"Dear, good Mr. Santa Claus, I want..."

"Dear, good Mr. Santa Claus, I want..."

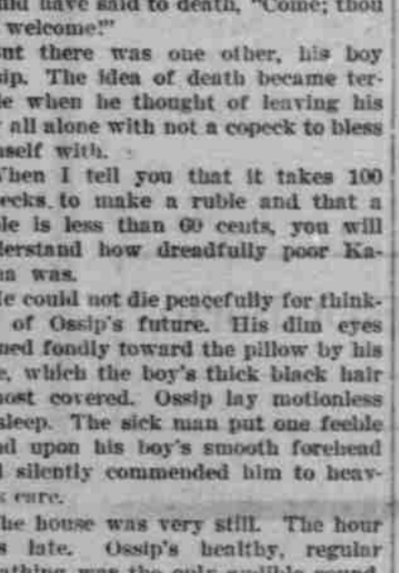
"Oh, no," replied the second. "I didn't lie around on the floor. I was put away just as soon as he was done playing with me. His mother had made him a very orderly little boy."

"So you never stayed out all night in the hall or in the middle of the sitting room?"

"Never," said the spick and span soldier.

"And he didn't bite you to see how soft you were?"

"I had the time of my life," declared the first. "How did you find things—up to your expectations?"



She took the crippled boy in her arms, and was able to find her way back to the camp, and how she feared the wolves would devour her before any one should come to look for her.



THE VETERAN'S MERE. Oh, our companionship was sweet! I bet he's crying for me at this instant, poor chum! Still, it is as well that I am carted to the dump. I am old and disgraced and a luck number, and I wanted to go before he would cease to miss me.

### TRANSFORMATION

BY ARTHUR L. BURTCH  
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|                                  |                                 |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Earth was a desert spot.         | Earth was all desolate.         |
| A weary way.                     | A songless way.                 |
| Till on the world there dawned   | Till shining angels sang        |
| One Christmas day.               | Of Christmas day.               |
| Then, like the fields made green | Then every tiny rill            |
| By rapturing brook.              | That danced along               |
| Hope came and all the world      | Found voice, and with the birds |
| New courage took.                | Burst forth in songs.           |
| Earth was a gloomy place.        |                                 |
| A dreary way.                    |                                 |
| Until the Star arose             |                                 |
| On Christmas day.                |                                 |
| Then fled the world's despair.   |                                 |
| The heart's dread night—         |                                 |
| A Saviour came to earth          |                                 |
| And there was light!             |                                 |

## JOSEPHSON'S THE BIG STORE

### J. D. HAMILTON, President. CAPITAL STOCK \$5,000 D. C. HAMILTON, Secretary.

# TITLE GUARANTEE AND LOAN COMPANY

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