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Oregon Historical heriety

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On the 1st of Jan., 1903, we celebrate the 25th anniversary of our start in the general merchandise business in Reseburg. In 25 years we have grown from the humble beginning so many of our old pioneers remember until we are now the largest house in our line in Southern Oregon. This is due in the greater part to adhering to the plan of Straightforward, honest

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THE

BIGSTORE



JEANNETTE H.

IGHT was falling fast, and mane, little one, and what doest thou the snow was piled high here alone in the bitter nighttime?" against the outer walls of the hovel where a poor mon- afresh, and between her sobs she told jik (peasant) named Kato- the kind, soft eyed woman how she ma lay dying in a little village in far- had been traveling with a great com-Katoma knew that he was going to leaving their own village to seek a bet-

would have said to death, "Come; thou

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 copeck to bless

When I tell you that it takes 100 copecks to make a ruble and that a ruble is less than 60 cents, you will understand how dreadfully poor Ka-

He could not die pencefully 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 upon his boy's smooth foreigne and silently commended him to heav-

The house was very still. The hour was late. Ossip's healthy, regular breathing was the only audible sound. If only kind beaven would raise up one of good people this big world swarmed with, Katoma felt that he should not mind how soon he was laid away un-

While his hand rested on Ossip's head and his heart was filled with these auxious thoughts the door of the hovel opened softly. The moufk turned wondering eyes in that direction, and there, coming noiselessly toward him across the benten 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

eping child, she muttered: "Perhaps this is the one at last," Katoma looked at her anxiously.

"Whence came you, good mother, and what seek you?" Across the sleeping boy she an-

wered softly:



"I HAVE COME FOR OSSIP." care for him as though he were my very own. I am called Baboushka,

Then Katoma, the moujik, died hapa friend to all little children, and when she gathered Ossip close into her motherly arms when the end came the child

s pitiful sound of weeping somewhere whose shoulders was wrap on the tree shadowed side of the road. and soiled woman's shawl.

The old woman stopped at the sound. always he kept well opened so that no asked: "Good mother, may we ask sign of distress may escape us."

a stone where, wailing and shivering trusha is but a sickly cripple."
In the darkness of the winter night, Then Baboushka opened wide her

Baboushka knelt down by the child and, gathering her cold little feet into grt thou abroad on such a bitter night "Perhaps this is the child."

At which the child's tears flowed pany of men and women who were die. It was Christmas eve, but there ter land across the seas - our own was no gladness in the season for him. blessed America, I make no doubt-His wife, whom he had loved very and how, when they had encamped for dearly, was already gone. For three the night, her aunt, who was the only ecutive years now his crops had relative she had in the world, had sent falled. A few weeks before the wolves her into the woods to gather fagots to had devoured his last cow. If he had put under their soup kettle, and how been entirely alone in the world he she had wandered so far that she had



SHE TOOK THE CRIPPLED BOY IN HER ARMS. not been able to find her way back to wolves would devour her before any one should come to look for her. Then she told Baboushka that her name was

Baboushka clasped the little wanderer to her great motherly heart.

"That, indeed, the wolves shall not, that I am setting my house in order? thre back to thy aunt, for I know no beffer than thou dost where this great impany of men and women may be campleg for the night. But thou shalt without thy help. go home with Ossip and me. Thou

resy and happy." Then Vasalissa quickly dried her "I have come for Ossip. They told Baboushka's she trudged cheerfully numbered, and I knew that Ossip cottage set back from the road a short

was burning brightly. The window and the lamp belonged ance of the star I lost." to Baboushka's cottage. She pushed its unlocked door open, and the children entered with her into a clean

swept, well warmed room. A large chair was drawn close up to the hearth. As Babousaka entered she glanced eagerly at this chair, and again

she muttered under her breath: "I had hoped he might have come while I was out." "Good mother," Ossip asked, "why do you leave a lighted lamp in the win-

dow when you go away?" one go astray in the cold and the dark he might find his way to my poor cottage. And now let us see if the bean broth has kept warm all this time. I made it before I left home in the early morning hours so that if any wander-

ers found their way hither they might not leave my roof hungered." The bean broth had kept warm. She bade Ossip throw a few more fagots under the pot and set Vasalissa on a brought three bowls, filled them with he bean broth and put them on the able. Over them she asked a blessing. Before her own wooden spoon had

made two journeys from bowl to lip ceased weeping for his dead father. she heard a timid knock at the door. When Baboushka and Ossip were She ran quickly to answer it. A tall, well on their way to the old woman's pale lad stood outside. In his arms be home, in the next village, they heard carried a small mite of a boy, about whose shoulders was wrapped a worn

The tall, pale lad looked into the fire "We will go and see who is in trou- lighted room with longing eyes. His ble, Ossip. Our eyes and ears should teeth chattered with the cold as he shelter for the night? The cold bites Guided by the sound, they came to bitter hard, and my little brother Pe-

they found a little girl scarcely as door with an eager hand and fast beatlarge as Ossip, who was not at all well ing heart. Perhaps, at last, this was grown for his eight years. the child. What she said aloud was: "That indeed thou mayest. But why with the little one?" She took the crippled boy in her strong, loving arms and carried him

straight to the great chair in the chimney corner. She rapped her own LOOKING. FOR best shawl about him and chafed his small, withered feet until they glowed with warmth. The tail, pale lad

looked on gratefully, tle one," he said. "I have to work hard and the air was full of whirling flakes, to keep him and myself from want. A Which were rapidly covering the brown rich merchant has promised me work, earth with a carpet of white and oblitbut he says I must not bring Petrusba. erating the trail up the mountain side That he would take too much of my where trudged, or, rather, stumbled,

"And where seek you an asylum for Baboushka looked pitifully at the small, sad face of the cripple. The tall

brother answered sadly: "Alas, that I know not yet. I was with her heels, left a trail seeking the nearest town to ask counsel of the priest." Baboushka laid a kind har

"Put care away from thy young heart. Thou hast found an asylum for thy crippied brother. He shall travel no farther on the frozen roads. He shall be my own little Petrusha. I ; have a tiny truckle bed into which he will fit to a nicety. Such as I have, dear child, I make thee welcome to in the Christ Child's name."

The night was but very little older when the three children, Ossip, Vasalissa and Petrusha, fed, warmed and ta Claus could not be far comforted, were sleeping the care free away. Thus reasoned litsleep of innocent childhood.

by the fireside, because there was no bed left for them. "Tell me, good mother," the boy said, ber rag doll in the little looking straight into her kind eyes, brown but which served 'why are you so good to all children?

Your fame has gone abroad." once. When she did, her voice sounded | said, "and it must be near Christman,

"Yes, I will tell you, my son, for you mother and God."

"Many years ago I was setting my house in order when three men stopped at my door with a great piece of news. "'We have seen a radiant star in the east,' they said, 'and we know that the Christ Child must be come. Leave thy labor. Come with us to find him and to do him honor." "But I sent them away with words

of foolish impatience, 'Seest thou not my dear little Vasalissa. I cannot give Go thou to where the star beckons thee, and I will follow at some more convenient time. I can see its light "So they went their way and left me

shalt share our fire and our porridge, and all that is mine thou shalt share that I found it convenient to follow with Ossip. I can keep the wolves of the star clouds obscured the heavens, hunger and cold away, and if thy aunt and there was no star to be seen, and comes to claim thee she shall find thee so I knew not how to seek the Christ "I have been seeking him ever since,

lears, and with her hand clasped in up and down in the land. Whenever, me in the village that thy days were forward until they came to a tiny little perhaps I have found the One I seek. and my heart yearns over him. But would need a friend. I will love and distance. In its one window a lamp not yet have I found the Christ Child, whose face must shine with the radi-With tears of sorrow wetting her

eyelashes Baboushka fell asleep in her chair. She had filled all of her beds with cold and friendless children. And as she slept a tender hand seemed to dry her tears and a loving voice to whisper in her ears:

and ye took them in. They were han- holding her in his arms, while beside you're done for. 1 prefer duty of a gry, and you have fed them. They her was the most beautiful doll of more quiet, instructive nature, where were cold, and you have warmed them.

Which she had ever dreamed, and, I may teach by means of my deportclasping it close to her heart, little

ment rather than by violent action." And on that glad Christmas morning Dorothy asked with reverent joy, the Baboushka awoke with a great peace dark eyes filled to overflowing:
and a first. found him she had been reeking far too?"

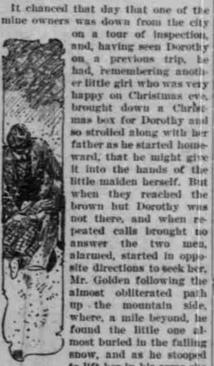
SANTA CLAUS

The snow was falling on the mountains, hiding their tops in a misty veil, along a grotesque childish figure in

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 in the snow. A red hood covered the child's head. dark curls peeping out around her face, and is 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 God and Santa Claus were always associated together in the child's mind. So, If God lived up there, Santle Dorothy in the hours Only the tall had and Raboushka sat | when her father was off working in the mine and she was left alone with

as shelter and home. "Santa Claus may not come here Baboushka did not answer him at now mother has gone," the little girl as sweet and solemn as church chimes so I will find him, and perhaps he will take me in his reindeer sleigh to see

the ashes to bake, that her father's supper might be ready for him, she had wrapped herself in his old coat, donned her red hood and started out to find It chanced that day that one of the



where, a mile beyond, he | talked. found the little one al-) most buried in the fulling guard mount over a lot of frippery!" snow, and as he stooped sighed the one. to lift her in his arms she or, good murmured drowsily, see other. "The monotony is frightful." Santa Ing the kind face bending

over her: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto eyes again, the same kind face was second. "I understand they scratch the least of these little ones ye have bending over her as she lay on her cot you and bend you and otherwise maldone it unto me. They were homeless, in the little brown house, her father treat you without cause, and soon

CALLIE BONNEY MARBLE.



EDWIN L

and thronged with dolls and hibited himself proudly, skates and sleds, and bobbyhorses condition. that galioped, and cows that moved, enters the most rapturous Christmas | on?"

In the center of the large show winodds the finest soldiers in the store, much superior to the personnel comments and companies stationed here ting room?" and there along the aisles. The pair were made of tin, to be sure; but they | dier, were of heroic stature, eight inches tall, richly uniformed in black and rubber gun ever?" yellow, and could be wound up so that they would present arms several times | dier.

The other soldiers, poor things, were soft you were?" compelled to remain the whole time at a "carry" or a "right shoulder" with- dier. out relief.

Naturally these two soldiers were proud and of aspirations reaching be-



yond their present narrow quarters. They pined for a wider sphere. As answer the two men, they stood and stared with stern, fixed gaze through the plate glass into the site directions to seek her, gay street they talked together in toy Mr. Golden following the language, and none, not even the most but somehow I grew dreadfully enalmost obliterated path versatile linguists among the people nuicd. I almost longed at times for up the mountain side, passing and repassing, knew that they

"Oh, to get away from this eternal "With all my heart!" agreed the

"I'd give half my solder to receive orders to report to some little boy," continued the first, "Oh, for a change!" "But the majority of little boys are When she opened her wistful, dark so rough and careless," responded the "Well, I should enjoy a hard drill and a tussle, I believe," asserted the

"Our organism is too fine for such active service, my lad," indulgently corrected the second. "What-scratches and dents? No, no. Give me a post of more elegance, where my uniform will be treated as it deserves,"

Christmas day had been over and gone a mouth when after their separation the two soldiers again encounter ed one another, but this time in a great heap of rubbish at the city dump, where the dump man had unwittingly thrown them out. "Hurrah! Helio, old chap!" exclaim-

ed the first soldier delightedly. "Hello!" returned the second, with rather more reserve. "Goodness! Been through the Seven Years' war?" Well might he put this query. The other soldier was a perfect wreck. He am carted to the dump. I am old and had lost an arm and a foot, his head disfigured and a back number, and I was sharply inclined forward upon his wanted to go before he would cease to chest, he had only one eye, his body miss me." was twisted askew, his gun was bro- The spick and span soldier was siken, his cap was missing, his features lent, were buttered and distorted, and as for "HI, yi?" sollloquised the veteran, his uniform of black and yellow-there with a sigh and with a chuckle, stiffly was hardly a spot of paint on him! rolling over on his back. "I'm past re-"I-I've been having my tussle," an- pairs, but it was sweet-aye, it was nounced the first, with a cracked laugh. worth it! I-have-had-the-time-of "But you-why, you evidently found -my-life." just what you were looking for."

the windows and the shelves and he wasn't allowed to hurt me. See, I the cases ablaze with filigree haven't a mark on me." And he ex

dishes and engines and trains and True, be was still in dress parad "Thunder and Mars!" chuckled the and nice that ran, and-and every- first. "And look at me! Do you mean thing, absolutely everything, that ever to say that you never were steppe

didn't lie around on the floor. I was dows, fronting upon the gay street, put away just as soon as he was done stood two soldiers. They were by all playing with me. His mother has made him a very orderly little boy." "So you never stayed out all night posing the different troops and regi- in the half or in the middle of the si "Never," said the spick and span so

> "And did he shoot at you "Never," said the spick and span sol-

> "Never," said the spick and span sol-

"Never," said the spick and span sol-"Or sick the terrier on you?"

"Or take you to bed with him and roll on you?" Never. I was always placed on the shelf in the closet." "Or kick you or whack you or throw

"Never. Watch-I can present arms as well as ever." "Or kiss you and hug you with all his might and cry for you when he was sick through eating too much

"Never. He used to forget me en tirely for days and days. Did your boy really do all that to you?" "Yes, all that and more," answe

the battered soldier softly. "And did he kiss you, you say? asked the spick and span soldier a bi

"Yes; he kicked me and he kissed me," laughed the first.

"And did you enjoy it?" pursued the "I had the time of my life," declared the other. "How did you find thingsup to your expectations?" The spick and span soldier hesitated;

more excitement, more energy. We got tired of one another. After a day or so we exhausted all our programme of proper exercises, and he was so cautions of wearing me out that I was laid aside, and-and, finally, here I am. I don't suppose he even knows that I'm gone."

"Dear me" mused the other. "I'm glad my little boy was not like yours. Of course there are the knocks; but,



bet he's crying for me at this instant, poor chum! Still, it is as well that I

ust what you were looking for."

And with his one eye he gazed "Yes," explained the second, "I fell through a chink in the debris up at the into an excellent post. It was the stars.

D. C. HAMILTON, Secretary.

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