

NORMANS' FOR FINE CONFECTIONERY and ICE CREAM PARLORS. Fruits, Candies, Cakes, Pies, Doughnuts and Fresh Bread Daily. Portland Journal Agency. Hendrick's Block, Opp. Depot. I. J. NORRAN & Co. Prop.

FARMERS' CASH STORE, G. A. WOOD & CO, Props

DEALER IN Staple and Fancy Groceries. Highest Price paid for country produce. Fresh bread daily. Your Patronage is respectfully solicited.

Private Free Delivery to All Parts of the City HELLO 551 TROXEL BLOCK OPP PASSENGER DAPOT....

BRING US YOUR CHICKENS, EGGS, BUTTER, FOR CASH OR TRADE. J. F. Barker & Co.

WE HAVE PUT IN PLACE A stock of HOLIDAY GOODS so complete, so meritorious, that we know we can please the purchasing public. Our stock is large and embraces the latest and newest in Carving Sets Silverware Burnt Wood Novelties Cutlery Sporting Goods. S. K. SYKES.

Hints to Housewives. Half the battle in good cooking is to have good FRESH GROCERIES. And to get them promptly when you order them. Call up Phone No. 181 for good goods and good service. C. W. PARKS & CO.

Roseburg Real Estate Co. Farm and Timber Land Bought and Sold Taxes Paid for Non-Residents. Timber Estimates a Specialty. List your property with us.

A. C. MARSTERS & CO. DRUGGISTS. We Want Your Patronage and as an inducement we offer U. S. P. Standard Drugs, Fresh Patent Medicines, High Grade Perfumes, Soaps, Toilet Articles, and Specialties.

SEE PAT. If you want to buy a farm If you want furnished rooms If you want to buy a house If you want to rent a house If you want to build a house If you want to move a house If you don't know PAT Call on or address... F. F. Patterson, Contractor and Builder, Roseburg Oregon.

List Your Ranches and Timber Lands with me. R. R. JOHNSON, OFFICE IN MARK'S BLOCK, ROSEBURG, OR.

Uncle Rastus on Thanksgiving.

There's no place in heben fur de man dat steals. Jess de same 'I specks de coon dat ain't got a cent an' yet brings home a turkey fur Thanksgiving will go to de good place. De American people doan git half 'nuff sleep, an' 'I specks dat's jess why most ob 'em an' allus complainin' ob feelin' run down. De white man oughter git to bed early, 'specially on Thanksgiving ebe.



I allus stick up fur de Bible an' believe every word in dat good book, but I see kinder a little bit 'spicious 'bout Mistah Noah an' his ark. Dat man might hev let all de birds an' animals in his ark, but did dey all git out agin? Dean yo' 'spose dat de turkeys was dun missin' 'bout Thanksgiving time?

When Thanksgiving comes an' I take de head ob de table an' de ole woman an' children gather round an' smack der lips an' roll der eyes, when de coon comes dat I stand up wid knife in hand to begin carlin', when de mist' arroves dat I reach out wid one hand to catch dat turkey by de laig an' hold him solid while I slice away, if one ob my children should look up an' inquer where I got dat bird den I'm tellin' yo' dat sich a calamitous circumstance would perspire dat dat child would remember de event an' de rest ob his bo'n days! A. B. LEWIS.

The President's Turkey. For the last thirty years the turkey which has graced the White House table on Thanksgiving day has come from Western, R. I., the gift of Hiram Vose. In 1873 Mr. Vose sent a thirty-three pound bird to President Grant. It was received with such favor that he has continued to supply the yearly presidential turkey, and his sons after him will keep on breeding turkeys in Washington as long as the race holds out. Rhode Island turkeys are not as numerous as they once were, but their quality has not deteriorated. Bronze and Narragansett grays are the standard breeds. No change has been made in the methods of breeding turkeys as the years have gone by, but in view of the bad luck farmers have had recently in raising large flocks Mr. Vose, whose turkey market is a clearing house for all the country round, is trying to discover some means to prevent the national bird from becoming extinct.

Thanksgiving Day Abroad. Wherever two or three Americans are gathered together on Thanksgiving day there is sure to be an elaborate observance of the epicurean holiday. In every foreign capital a Thanksgiving banquet at the American legation is one of the fixtures in the ambassador's or minister's ceremonial calendar, and to his official reception are welcomed all of his countrymen residing abroad or temporarily away from their own firesides. The American churches hold religious services, where there are American churches, and in their absence the natives usually offer their places of worship to the Americans for the day. Even in Peking Thanksgiving day is a notable event, its observance shared in by Christianized Chinamen and the members of other embassies than our own. The German agriculturists who are making a tour of this country to study American farming are said to be favorably impressed with the beauty and comfort of the metropolitan hotels where they pass most of their time. Possibly they are devoting special attention to the study of irrigation. An English professor has been describing in words of three syllables how one of our high priced 'twirlers' curves a baseball. A quarter of a century ago other professors were using words of four syllables to prove beyond question that the thing couldn't be done at all. Even Andrew Carnegie's life is sorrow shadowed at times. 'Think of havin' the people of some off-ended town say every week or so: 'You can take back your old \$100,000 for a library. We don't want it. So there!'



Black Sam n-e-b-er goin' eat turkey twell freedom done come. First turkey I catch he git fat an' nice, an' freedom ain't come, so he git ole an' tough, an' I gib him ter de buzz'rds. Second turkey he git fat, too, but no freedom yet. He git tough, an' de buzz'rds git him. Den I catch one mo', an' I say dis de bird of freedom, shuah. Now, lue yer! With that he led the way up the mountain side till he came to a tangle of wild grape vines which fell over the rocks and trees like a huge wall. These he parted deftly and conducted us to a spacious glen about out from the prying world. Tied to a stake with a long rope was a fat turkey. 'See de bird of freedom?' says he, with a broad African grin. 'Catched dis chick about las' Christmas ober de moun'n. Hide him yer all day, an' nighttime take him out in de beech woods so he get fat fo' de day of jubilee. Now I got de Thanksgiving taw'e in de mouf, an' jubilee done come.' After more of his palaver it was settled that he would roast the bird in a rule oven built in the hillside, then serve it in the cabin. Meanwhile we worout traps would sleep ourselves into a fitting appetite for the jubilee feast, which was to be turkey and corn pone. Black Sam led us back to the cabin and shored aside some of the poles which made a flooring for the loft overhead. Climbing up with the

DULY THANKFUL BY ROY FARRELL GREENE

I'm thankful for the sunshine, an' I'm thankful for the cloud. I'm thankful for the best o' health an' feelin', rather proud I think in spite o' accidents that carry folks away. I still can say I'm thankful I'm a-livin' here t'day! I've safely dodged the trolleys, which are always grounds for fear; I quite escaped a sunstroke in the dog days o' the year. An' so I'm filled with thankfulness an' ain't disposed t' fret. Because, yo' see, I'm much too poor t' own an auto yet.

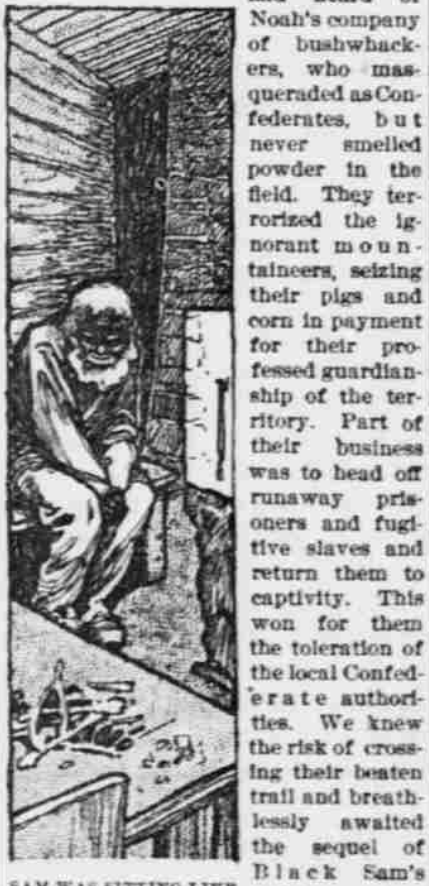
Perhaps since last Thanksgiving if I'd been a millionaire I might have been a-quin'd o' an auto here an' there. An' had a fearful smashup in some record breakin' race; I might t'day be lyin' in some quiet restin' place. An' so I say I'm thankful that I'm livin' here t'day. An' had the luck t' keep myself well out o' danger's way. Though things have been ag'in me in a way, I've no regret; I'm thankful that an auto hasn't mangled me as yet.

I haven't raced an auto, so I've heard no victim wail. I'll own I broke no record, but I haven't been in jail. An' so I'm duly thankful there's no damage bills t' pay. I'm thankful for the sunshine an' I'm thankful for the cloud. I'm thankful I am livin' an' a mixin' in the crowd; But, more than all, I'm thankful that I haven't been beset With the worry that is born of auto ownership, as yet!

help of a rude bench, we found a carpeting of mountain grass for our bed and a space just large enough to lie down upon. As we'd done in prison, and aimed by a hole cut in the cables. Black Sam descended, and we moved the loose poles back into position. 'Ain't no bushwhacker's seesh gwine luk fur yo' up dere,' said he, with a chuckle, and went his way to prepare the turkey. After a long sleep we awoke and rept down from the loft, wondering that we had not been hidden to the feast. Black Sam was sitting like a mourner, with his lank yellow dog for a companion in misery. By the light of a warning fire in the chimney we saw the well picked bones of a turkey and some scraps of pone on the board. What had happened? Surely that woe-begone negro and his woe-begone dog had not regaled themselves on the bird of freedom. We looked from one to the other of our crowd and then to our host, who tremblingly began his story of the disastrous jubilee feat. Said he: 'Dess I git dat turkey an' dat pone ready an' mek to call yo' all to Thanksgiving when 'long come passel o' Cap'n Noah's seesh critter company snakin' around an' say dey lookin' fur Yan

In view of the latest anti-Semite outrage in Bessarabia, the European powers might give the unspeaking Turk a brief intermission and read the riot act to the Russian bear. Anent the kissing of babies by political candidates, have the infants rights under the constitution which political aspirants are bound to respect? Cotton is certainly king, judged by the way Wall street is kowtowing to his majesty. The rapacity of the packers seems likely to make the lump of pork in the poor man's greens look like the oyster in the boarding house soup. If General O. O. Howard insists upon stopping Kentucky feuds he will be wise if he does his insisting at long range. Czar Nicholas' "religious toleration" rescript appears to bear bloody fruit in Bessarabia.

kees. Tell 'em I ain't seed none, an' dey ast why dis roasin' dat turkey dees fur dis nigga'b' lone. 'Kase I jess hear about freedom,' I tole 'em. 'I got no mammy, no missus, no chile, only yo' yaller dog Slim. Done roast dat turkey all for dis nigga'b' jubilee.' 'Den dey eat dat turkey an' pone an' nebb'er gib me none an' nebb'er say 'Tank yo', Black Sam.' All de time dey cuttin' dey kept lookin' up to dem poles overhead, munda' like dey want see behin' dare. Dey keep mighty still, dough. One seesh, he stan' outside, an' de odders take some turkey fo' him. Bymeby dat man he say, 'Sh' an' dey all grab der swords an' pistols an' sneak out, nebb'er sayin' nuttin'.' Den I know why dey doan go peekin' behin' dem poles where yo' all hidin an' don't take Black Sam along back to be ole massa.' We forgot our hunger and the vanished luxuries over this recital, for we had heard of Noah's company of bushwhackers, who masqueraded as Confederates, but never smelled powder in the field. They ferreted the ignorant mountaineers, seizing their pigs and corn in payment for their professional guardianship of the territory. Part of their business was to head off runaway prisoners and fugitive slaves and return them to captivity. This won for them the toleration of the local Confederate authorities. We know the risk of crossing their trail and breathlessly awaited the sequel of Black Sam's story.



SAM WAS SITTING LIKE A MOURNER. 'I looks at dem turkey bones an' dat empty pone dish,' continued he, 'an' I moan 'kase yo' all git none. Den I skored call yo' 'kase yo' kill dis nigga'b' fo' shuah. I stan' lookin' at de bones, gittin' hum-grier ev' minute. Next 'ting somebody sneakin' up an' hoiler in de do'. 'Whar dem rebs? 'Whar rebs yo' mean? I say. 'Cap'n Noah's company,' he say. 'We seesh 'em comin' dis a-way las' night.' Dis one a Yankee all in blue, an' I up an' tole 'im I pose dat turkey all by mysef' an' Cap'n Noah's men come eat 'im all an' den run away. Dis Yank he laff all across de face, but he make no noise laffin'. Speck he tink berry funny how de rebs cut dis chile's turkey an' pone. Den he go out de do', an' long come about 200 Yanks. 'Den I git mad at dem Yanks, an' I say: 'S'pose yo' tink dis nigga'b' cryin' 'kase he got no turkey an' pone, he an' Slim. I ain't cryin'. I see laffin' on de inside 'kase I see a free nigga'b'. 'Den dey all laff ag'in an' go way down de lane, sneakin' after dem Noah's men. Now, what yo' all laffin' at? 'Yankee soldiers, Sam? Are yo' sure?' gasped half a dozen in a breath. We didn't make any noise, either, not being certain we were out of the woods yet; but every mother's son of us grinned like the man in the moon. Yankoes of the right stripe were what we were looking to meet up with more than a feast of turkey and pone. 'Shuah, mars, shuah. Linkum sogers from up de Kanawha way. I beered

WE SCRAPED TOGETHER A LITTLE YANKEE MONEY. Cap'n Noah's men say dey all skored o' Yankee sogers platin' dis a-way.' At last we were among friends—good enough fortune to draw thanks from yearning stomachs. We scraped together a little Yankee money to reward Black Sam for the loss of his jubilee dinner and for saving our necks with that lone nigger bluff, which so effectively dulled the curiosity of Noah's infamous gang. The negro grinned at the sight of the greenbacks, coming with his newly discovered freedom. We kept on grinning in our joy at being once more in 'God's country,' surrounded by boys in blue. No doubt the bushwhackers were grinning, too, over the after taste of that unexpected dinner. They got away from their pursuers, but we didn't begrudge them this good fortune. And as we got next to Uncle Sam's fat rations in the saddle pouches of Crook's Kanawha cavalry division a few hours later we didn't begrudge them their monopoly of Black Sam's jubilee turkey and pone. FRANK TOWNLEY.

R. W. FENN, CIVIL ENGINEER. (Lately with the government geographical and geological survey of Brazil, South America.) United States Deputy Mineral Surveyor. Office over Postoffice. ROSEBURG, OREGON. Correspondence solicited.

GO TO THE ROSELEAF FOR CIGARS, TOBACCO AND SMOKERS' SUPPLIES. Jackson Street, Roseburg, Oregon

Attention Rheumatics!! Why pay the Rail Road a lot of money to carry you to Springs of unknown medical properties when you can be GUARANTEED A CURE at BOSWELL SPRINGS near home.

ELATERITE is Mineral Rubber. YOU MAY INTEND BUILDING OR REPAIRING TO REPLACE A WORN-OUT ROOF ELATERITE ROOFING. Takes the place of shingles, tin, iron, tar and gravel and all prepared roofings. For flat and steep surfaces, gutters, valleys, etc. Easy to lay. Tempered for all climates. Reasonable in cost. Sold on merit. Guaranteed. It will pay to ask for prices and information. THE ELATERITE ROOFING CO., Worcester Building, PORTLAND

GREAT REDUCTIONS IN LADIES' AND MISSES' JACKETS AND CAPES. \$15.00 now \$11.25, \$10.00 now \$7.50, \$14.00 now \$10.50, \$12.50 now \$9.40, \$11.00 now \$8.25. WOLLENBERG BROS., Phone 801. THIS STORE WILL BE CLOSED ON THANKSGIVING DAY

A. SALZMAN, Pratical Watchmaker, Jeweler, Optician. Watches, Clocks, Jewelry Diamonds and Silverware. Watch Repairing a Specialty.

Douglas County Bank, Established 1883. Incorporated 1901. Capital Stock, \$50,000.00. BOARD OF DIRECTORS: F. W. BENSON, E. A. BOOTH, J. H. BOOTH, J. T. BRIDGES, J. P. KELLY, A. C. MARSTERS, K. L. MILLER. A general banking business transacted, and customers given every accommodation consistent with safe and conservative banking. Bank open from nine to twelve and from one to three.

BOYCE & BENSTON. The ONLY up-to-date Merchant TAILORS. We also do the best work in Cleaning, Scouring and Pressing. Call and see us. Opposite Post Office.

Flowering Bulbs.... Stock is now in from Holland, and it is time to plant them. Write today for our new catalogue, which tells all. The same catalogue tells about our ROSES, TREES and PLANTS. PORTLAND SEED CO. PORTLAND, OREGON.

NOTICE! Call at the office of the Roseburg Water and Light Co. and pay your water and light bills, on or before the 15th of each month and take advantage of the discount.