

We Wish All  
Our Readers a  
Merry Xmas  
and a Happy  
New Year.

## Merry Christmas!

A Paper with  
Opinions and  
not Afraid to  
Express them

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**B. W. STRONG,**  
Roseburg, - - - - - Oregon.

### After Forty Years

A Christmas Story by  
Elizabeth E. Stow

**S**OMEHOW she looked out of place among the gay throng of Christmas travelers that enlivened the dull waiting room. Whenever the station master's stentorian voice rang through the room she started tensely, only to settle back stiff and alert, as before.

She was small and slightly bent. Her decent black dress, though far from the latest cut, had a nattiness of its own. She had probably passed two-score and ten, yet there was a youthfulness about her that had defied work and worry, trouble and sorrow. I felt sure that she had experienced all three. At last she glanced shyly in my direction.

"It's tiresome waiting, is it not?" I ventured.

"Oh, no! It's all so new and strange to me, and then I've only an hour to wait." Her voice, like herself, had a pleasant alertness.

"Perhaps you're unaccustomed to traveling," I suggested tentatively.

"This morning is the second time since I was ten years old that I've been on a train of cars," she answered, with suggestive accuracy. "I didn't need to mind staying at home, but the longing to go somewhere had seemed to grow on me. Why, one time I even thought of setting in the milk train that makes up at our station. It backs up and switches round for 'bout an hour, so I could imagine I'd started for nobody knows where. I even got so far as hoping a clatter'd blow in my eye, like when I was a little girl and went to the city with father. It's a mercy I never told my idea. Folks would have thought I was getting in my dotage. I ain't trying you, be I?" she asked anxiously. "I don't know when I've talked so much about myself."

I hastened to reassure her, remarking that home ones had doubtless prevented her getting away.

"How did you know?" she said, with a birdlike turn of the head. "Why, I was only eleven when I began making bread and pies. I was the only child, you see, and mother began to be lame then. She kept right on growing worse and worse till finally her joints all stiffened up, just like the bones between. She suffered dreadful till the last fifteen years or so, when the soreness kind of left."

"How long did you say it was since you rode on the cars?" I asked.

"Just forty years ago this morning. It was on my eighteenth birthday. I was born the day before Christmas. I'm fifty-eight today."

"I wouldn't have thought it."

"That's what folks all tell me. I should think I'd look as old as Methuselah, though somehow I don't feel it. I remember that day, forty years ago, just as well. 'Twas just such a morning as this, the snow all a-sparkle and crisp underneath. Goodloe said 'twas like fairyland. It was Goodloe Mortimer—a faint flash came on her faded cheek—who took me on the Christmas excursion to Buffalo. We was going to the falls, but something

turned with a crank, like a windlass, so I could lift her alone, just as easy.

for all she was such a dead weight. Our doctor said we ought to have it patented, but I made him promise he'd never use it to father."

"One time the doctor had a young doctor up from a New York hospital to see mother, and he thought the machine was great. 'Why,' he says, turning to me, 'you'll let me get out a patent on it, won't you?' 'Oh, yes,' says I, 'get out all the patents you want to and welcome.' So he had a photograph took of it. Afterward I felt real kind of sorry I let him do it, he was so young and green looking."

"Well, you can see, what with mother helpless and father patenting, there wasn't much chance for me to get away, but I always had a hankering

to see Niagara falls. It's a sight once seen stays by, they say. When our money was more plenty I laid out to go a number of times, but something or other always turned up to prevent. The first time father was took with a crick in his back. The next time the daughter of the woman who was coming to take care of mother had her leg broke in a runaway. Once everything seemed moving favorably. Clarissy Strickland had come to take care of mother. I had my ticket there and back, and even my lunch was put up, for I was to start at 5 in the morning. That night there came up the worst thunderstorm you ever see and washed out the track on our branch, so the trains couldn't run for two days.

"Yes, mother died a little more than a year ago, just a year and three

months after father. I was so thankful she went before me. You see, she had been sick so long, and then she was naturally pretty high spirited (she said I'd just let folks run right over me), so she used to speak out pretty sharp, and sometimes 'twas awful hard to please her, but I never minded, for I knew she meant all right. Oh, you don't know how lost I was after she was gone. Why, there hasn't been a night since I don't wake up 'bout the hour she used to ask me to pull her a little to one side or lower the cushion under her knees or do something to make her easier. Sometimes I find myself setting right up in bed, thinking certain she's calling me."

"And I'm so thankful," she continued, regaining her self control. "I've money held out till she was gone. I've had to let the place go. Last week after everything was settled up I had just \$25 left. Through it all everybody's been just as good to me as they could be. I often wonder why, for I've never had time to do anything for them. Well, I had plans all laid to go to work for Mrs. Jennings at a dollar a week when one evening—it was just a week ago—I was setting alone feeling pretty blue and thinking 'twasn't likely now I'd ever see the falls, and in stepped Dr. Brown. 'Well,' he says in his offhand way, 'Miss Fannie, can you bear good news?'

"'Why, I don't know, doctor,' says I. 'I've never had much experience at it.' You see I was feeling blue yet."

"Well," he says, with a twinkle in his eye, "I guess you're going to have a chance now. I've just heard from the young doctor who wanted to get a

patent on your mother's lifting apparatus."

"He gave me a letter which had a check in it and which said I'm to have \$10 a week my lifetime. It's half the royalty he gets for his patent on mother's machine. Well, when I realized it wasn't a story out of a book I never waited to have a dress made nor nothing, for four something'd happen. And so here I am on my way to Niagara falls. The falls are pretty badly froze up, of course, but I ain't going to take any chances on not seeing 'em. Besides—"

"Train going west?" came in stentorian tones.

A warm hand clasp, and the last I saw of my little friend was a cheery expectant face lost in the hurrying crowd of Christmas travelers.

### DOGS TO HELP WOUNDED.

Italian Officers Train Collies to Take Them For Use in War.

The use to which dogs have been put by the monks of the Hospice of St. Bernard, in the Alps, in searching for lost persons and administering most urgent aid in the shape of cordials and food has suggested to the Italian army the training of dogs to discover wounded soldiers and to bring to them the water and stimulants they may need after long exposure in the field, writes the Rome correspondent of the New York World.

A work of fiction produced in France over 700 years ago contains a description of a tree having its branches from top to bottom decked with burning candles, with the figure of a child at the

### Evolution OF THE Xmas Tree

A Yuletide Sketch by  
JONATHAN JOYCE

(Copyright, 1903, by C. N. Lurie.)

**T**HE Christmas tree for the display of presents is an evolution. The tree origin and significance of this arboreal feature of Yuletide are uncertain. Apparently it is derived from an ancient custom. The pagan races of northern Europe had a deep veneration for trees as the abodes of the gods. For instance, the hidden sheltered Hertha, the spirit kindly to ladies. When celebrating festivals the chosen tree of the different gods were decorated with lights, wreaths and tassels, and offerings to the spirits were suspended in the branches.

The Romans used greenery in the festivals of Saturn, celebrated in December, and carried the custom among the Germans. The Egyptians used trees for interior decoration, their favorite being the palm.

A work of fiction produced in France over 700 years ago contains a description of a tree having its branches from top to bottom decked with burning candles, with the figure of a child at the

base. About the message is the best Christmas present that can be conceived of for the season. An electrical outfit for lighting Christmas trees has been invented at small cost. One clever boy used it with novel results by applying it to a magnificent evergreen standing in front of his



A VERY EARLY USE OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

home. It was lighted on Christmas eve after a snowstorm which checked the branches with frosty garls. The best of the lamps melted the snow and then it froze in all manner of shapes. When lighted up again on Christmas night the pendant tassels and key armor glittered like a myriad of gems suspended in the glare of shifting lights.

### BAN ON CORSETS.

Englishwomen Wearing a Corset Against Time Honored Article. Perhaps it is too much to say that the "new woman" has inaugurated a campaign against feminine tradition, but it is certain that from Leeds and Birmingham blasts have been sounded upon the trumpets of the antiques crusade, while in London and the suburbs the new rainy day skirt, which within the last few months has been seen in large numbers, is already working a reform in teaching women to be careful how they walk, says the New York Herald.

Legions have been formed for the suppression of that first ignominious article, which has so long been regarded as essential to feminine dress, and pines are being enrolled among the members. That women are bad walkers—many being pained to the knees—being one revelation of the new article. Physical culturists, discussing the question, say the greater offense is the "bustle girl," whose attempt to assume man's gait and freedom is an absurd mimicry. Watch a woman going upstairs as a railway station. In nine cases out of ten she will pull herself up by the hand of the railing and then these side of the stairs, too, is lined up.

In sitting, too, women are guilty of a number of sins of awkwardness. A stout woman invariably sits squarely, with her feet planted twelve inches apart. The thin woman, while her feet are close together, and she crosses her legs and thrusts her feet out in front of her, while the small woman either sits with her feet dangling in a helpless way or perching herself on a high seat with one foot touching the ground and the other hooked round the edge of the seat.

### LEMONADE THE LATEST DIET

Cautious Food Fads of a Class of Women in Pastoral.

"The only way to prevent poverty is to convince persons that it is necessary for them to eat." So says the Baroness Stenmel, and, what is more, she practices what she preaches, says the Chicago Record-Herald. For many years the baroness resided in one of the Baltic provinces, but recently she removed to London, and there she turned, with several other women, a club, the members of which have pledged themselves not to eat anything. Two glasses of lemonade a day away member may indulge in, but nothing more. The baroness says that she has lived a long time on this diet, and she is as plump and as healthy as ever. She proves that she is not as healthy and as vigorous as any ordinary person of her age. Solid food, she claims, does more harm than good, and she warns every one who desires to become a member of the club that instant starvation will be the result if the diet is not even as much as a mildful of bread.

In this strange experiment both the Lisbon doctors and restaurant keepers are much interested and for change reasons.

### The Fashionable Flower.

Flowers have their day in the fashionable world as well as other articles, says the Washington Star. The expensive and beautiful orchid is the blossom of the moment among women wearing as a corsage ornament. This rare exotic has supplanted even the violet, which will be only used in conjunction with it. Just over the heart is the spot in mode has selected for corsage flowers' resting place. The American Beauty will be the rose par excellence for decoration and as an offering at beauty's shrine. Nothofagus for the royal knight seems able to take the place given this magnificent rose. White chrysanthemums are the flowers used for the autumn and early winter weddings until Christmas brings in the mistletoe and holly.

### Christmas Eve Prayer



months after father. I was so thankful she went before me. You see, she had been sick so long, and then she was naturally pretty high spirited (she said I'd just let folks run right over me), so she used to speak out pretty sharp, and sometimes 'twas awful hard to please her, but I never minded, for I knew she meant all right. Oh, you don't know how lost I was after she was gone. Why, there hasn't been a night since I don't wake up 'bout the hour she used to ask me to pull her a little to one side or lower the cushion under her knees or do something to make her easier. Sometimes I find myself setting right up in bed, thinking certain she's calling me."

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"Well," he says, with a twinkle in his eye, "I guess you're going to have a chance now. I've just heard from the young doctor who wanted to get a

purpose of discovering hidden soldiers lying supposedly wounded in the least accessible points of the field, and wonderful was the sagacity displayed by them in searching for the wounded and gently lying beside them in order to offer the cordials they carried in flasks tied around their necks.

### PASSES FOR HEAVEN.

Dr. Dowie Claims His Influence Will Open Gates to Worth.

The right to issue free passes to heaven to those he may recommend was claimed by John Alexander Dowie in his address at Zion City the other afternoon, says the Chicago Record-Herald. The speaker dwelt at length on his claim of being sent to command the world. He said:

"It matters not what people say of me, but it does what matter what I say of them at the day of judgment. A man's power in heaven is to be measured by his work on earth, and as mine is one of the greatest my word at the judgment day will be worth something. It will count much what I recommend."

### New Mask For Automobiles.

The difficulty automobilists find in protecting their faces has at last been satisfactorily solved, says a Paris cable dispatch to the New York Herald. Ugly masks and goggles are now likely to be cast aside for a new mask, which is strong and transparent and modifies in no way the appearance of fair complexions. It is constructed of transparent horn, with the usual spectacle glasses, and thus obviates the danger of fire so much feared with inflammable celluloid masks.

very top sending forth a brilliant light. This tree in some way symbolized Christianity, the candles representing souls and the child typifying Christ.

It is said that the Christmas tree was adopted in France and England in 1840. Prince Albert is credited with having introduced it in England the first Christmas following his marriage, which was in 1840. Within a few years after that one of the trees at Windsor castle bore gifts valued at \$45,000. But more than a century before Prince Albert's advent an improvised Christmas tree, called a "basant," was used in processions in England at Yuletide. It consisted of a pole decked with holly or other evergreens and ribbons, together with oranges and apples and sometimes a pair of dolls.

The irrepressible desire for novelty has led to unique variations in Christmas trees. A society woman having a couple of valuable pet dogs got up a dog's Christmas tree and carried forty or more of the neighboring thoroughbred pups to the ovation.

The device by which Santa Claus is cooped up in the trunk of a portable tree, with his head showing out at times, is very simple, yet very taking with young folks. It is accomplished by having two empty barrels without heads fastened one above the other and covered with floss, bark and lichen. Through a knot hole Santa's voice is heard. The structure being on casters, the lamp inside can move it about the platform to the infinite delight of the children.

Another device for having a voice issue from the Christmas tree is accomplished by the use of the telephone, the receiver being hung in the tree. The absent ones can then send familiar tones to those present, and when the speakers are very dear and unavailing.