

**The Commercial Bank**  
**Oakland, Oregon**  
INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF OREGON

A Book of interest more absorbing than the most thrilling work of fiction is a Bank Book. Its tale is never too long, nor its pages too many, and the long row of figures, so dry in other books, is intensely interesting. But in order to enjoy its pages, each man must own a book. The way to do this is to open an account with the

**Commercial Bank, of Oakland, Oregon**

**FALL SELLING IN FULL SWING**  
at the Big Store of  
**Stearns & Chenoweth**  
**Yoncalla, Oregon**

Yoncalla's headquarters for everything in the line of General Hardware, Stoves and Farming Implements.

**A Bargain in Plants**

Send us 50 cents, and we will send you, by mail, eight varieties of hardy Flowering Shrubs, mailing size. Or twenty different kinds by express, for \$1.00. Catalogue will be sent you on request.

**Southern Oregon Nurseries**  
**OAKLAND, OREGON**

**LARGEST STORES IN DOUGLAS COUNTY**

**Stearns & Chenoweth**

**General Hardware, Stoves, Tinware and Implements**

**OAKLAND, OREGON**

**COLLINS HOTEL**  
**H. A. Collins, Proprietor**  
**Oakland, Oregon**

*Home Comforts - Everything neat and clean. Reasonable Rates.*

**THE RACKET STORE,**  
**MRS. IDA BUNYAN, Proprietor**

*Everything New and Prices Right. New Goods coming all the time. Give us a trial.*

**YONCALLA, OREGON**

**THE McCURDY HOTEL,**  
**Mrs. A. E. McCurdy, Prop'r.**

*The best of attention to the traveling public. Reasonable charges.*

**YONCALLA, OREGON**

**E. M. BROOKS,**  
**WATCHMAKER AND OPTICIAN,**  
**OAKLAND, OREGON**

**C. ROSS KING & CO.,**  
**BANKERS**  
**Yoncalla, Oregon**

**MILES McINTYRE,**  
**AMATEUR PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER**  
**Yoncalla and Canyonville, Ore.**

**Crowded O 1**

**CORRESPONDENTS' DEPARTMENT**  
The Continued Story of Current Events at Neighboring Points,  
as Recorded by our Wide-Awake Newsgatherers

**1905 NOVEMBER 1905**

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**Thanksgiving For Two**

*How Little Dan Copied Was Aided in His Campaign by a City Delinquent's Shop*

**By EPES W. SARGENT**  
Copyright, 1905, by Epes W. Sargent

**C**LOSE the window. I cannot stand it!" said the girl, thrusting her hatpin back and forth in the velvet with trembling fingers. The man did as he was told and then turned to her wonderingly. "Can't stand what?" he asked. "That noise down in the street, those gnomes tooting horns and begging for pennies. It's so different from— from last year."

The man did not answer at once, but he understood. He could see it all—the big dining room at the farm, the large table in the center with its vivid red cloth and green shaded lamp, flanked on one side by plates of apples and nuts and on the other by copies of the American Farmer and the Rainier County Herald.

How they had both stood in the doorway that last Thanksgiving night for a final glance at the dear old room. And the next time they had entered it, how everything had changed! Death, desolation, the village auctioneer and the foreclosure of the mortgage, all these had come to the little farm in less than twelve months. The two years that Janet had spent in the big city denying herself everything, working in an office during the day and in her studio room at night to send home interest money for the mortgage, now represented just so much wasted time.

They had both come from Centerville, she as a typewriterist and he as a book-keeper—both fresh from business college. The mighty city had demanded much of their country vitality and energy, so that they had seen very little of each other, considering that they had come from the same town, yet somehow both had felt comforted in the thought that the other was within reach of messenger or telephone.



While the soup cooked in the chaf-

**S**HE SAT DOWN WEARILY TO WATCH HIM UNPACK THE BUNDLES. That was why he had discovered a desirable restaurant where he could secure their table d'hote dinner for Thanksgiving day at the moderate price of 60 cents each.

Now he tried to speak cheerfully and to avoid looking at the hands that trembled and the eyes that would fill in spite of Janet's strenuous efforts to maintain her composure.

"Hurry up, Janet!" he said. "The Ramona fills up early, you know."

"I would not care if every table was taken," she replied impulsively. "Oh, forgive me, Herman, when you are so kind to think of me today, but Thanksgiving dinner in a restaurant—you know that seems only for the homeless ones, and it makes me realize more than ever that I belong to that class now."

She looked around the room in which she had gathered the few family belongings brought down from the farm. It did not look homeless to Herman, and its possibilities as the scene of the Thanksgiving dinner were brought to mind as he caught sight of the handle of a chafing dish sticking out from the cretonne cupboard curtain.

"I say, Janet, we won't go out. We'll cook dinner right here."

She sat down very suddenly and stared at him.

"Start Thanksgiving dinner at 12 o'clock!" she asked half bitterly. "And will you please tell me how you can cook a dinner by the aid of one oil stove not guaranteed to work and a chafing dish built for two?"

"Dead easy," was his reply as he buttoned up his overcoat and reached for his hat. "You fill the oil stove and get the chafing dish ready and set out your table, and I'll do the rest."

Before she could ask any more questions the door closed behind him. Mechanically she removed her hat and reached for the gingham apron which she used when preparing her breakfasts and luncheons. Her dinners she always took at a nearby restaurant. She lifted the typewriter from its table and hid it in the closet. Then she spread a newspaper over the table.

"That would do for the culinary department," she argued.

She removed the student lamp from the center table and spread upon it a square piece of plain linen, handed down by Grandmother Harris. Then she went to a trunk which she had never opened since the day it left the farm, and one by one she lifted out the treasured pieces of family crockery. There were tears in her eyes now, and they were not bitter tears. She began to feel strangely content. The idea that Herman might fail to produce the viands for the feast never entered her head. Somehow or other he had always accomplished what he started to do ever since the day he had braved Farmer Green's bull to steal for her a certain red checked apple which she coveted.

When she heard Herman's step at the door she was just putting the chrysanthemum he had brought her to wear into a slender vase to grace the center of the table.

As she swung open the door she fairly gasped. The bundle he carried in either arm rose above his shoulder. She sat down weakly on a flat topped trunk by the "kitchen table" to watch him unpack the bundles. He checked off each package.

"One can chicken soup, one bottle pickled onions, two turkey drumsticks, ditto slices of white meat, stuffing and gravy, one tin pail of cranberry jelly, one wooden dish filled with mashed potatoes, one can lima beans, one stalk celery, one mince pie (just see how thick it is with real raisins), one sack of nuts (have you got a hammer?) and two apples."

Janet looked at the remarkable combination with eyes turned suddenly grave.

"Herman, that cost you more than a table d'hote dinner would, and now how are we going to cook it?"

"Most of it was cooked at the delicatessen shop, and haven't we two stoves, or as good as two stoves? Draw out that old contraption of yours."

She sprang to her feet. In a few moments the teakettle was boiling and the water was ready to pour over the coffee in the little French pot, which was then left to drip. The cranberry sauce and the rest of the cold dishes were set forth in brave array on the china from the farm.

While the soup cooked in the chaf-

ing stove, and when the soup was served the beans took its place in the chafing dish. And the two young people who had forgotten to be homesick and heartsick seated themselves at either end of a ridiculously small Thanksgiving dinner table.

At last they sat over their nuts and raisins. Last year they had eaten them in front of a blazing fire. Instinctively Janet glanced toward a radiator in a distant corner of the room. It did not look cheerful, but the steam was escaping merrily from the valve, and that was something to be thankful for. Then she looked back at Herman. She ought to be thankful for him too. She gave a little sigh of contentment. He looked up quickly. It sounded like old times.

"Do you know," she said wonderingly, "I never supposed this place could be so much like home."

"Home is what people make it—what two people make it," he corrected.

He had stopped picking over the nuts and his hands were clasped under the table. He did not want her to see that they were shaking. He had made the plunge so suddenly!

"I don't think this room is just what we ought to have, but we can get a nice little flat of three or four rooms and you would not have to stop your work, so long as you like it so much, but we would make sure the front room was cheerful and light for you to write in. I think it's a sure cure for homesickness for both of us."

She sat staring at him, at first stolidly; then gradually the color came into her cheeks and the expression on her face changed.

"I don't understand," she said, but Herman knew that she understood him perfectly.

"I am just offering you a prescription," signed H. Blake, M. D., to be taken three times a day, breakfast, dinner and supper—a husband and a cozy little flat."

Janet was regaining her composure. "With delicatessen cooking?"

"Well," he maintained stoutly, "it is considerably better than poor restaurant food, and when Scollard & Co. wake up to an appreciation of my real worth you can queen it over a real flat and a real maid!"

"I think I will try the prescription."

And that is why Herman Blake has always maintained that while most men win their brides by the aid of the florist or the candy maker he wooed Janet through a delicatessen shop.

**Thanksgiving in Hawaii.**  
The American citizenship in Hawaii can serve a Thanksgiving feast truly American if she does not wish to restrict it to the primitive simplicity of thanks and a bunk of breadfruit fresh from the tree. The Hawaiian towns have their markets, and in that temperate climate everything can be raised that can be grown elsewhere. For years the American church in Honolulu has had impressive Thanksgiving services, and the American ladies always decorate the building with flowers and appear on that day in their best new gowns.—Newark Call.

**Wise by Experience.**  
Mrs. Husher let her boarders decide by vote whether the turkey should be boiled, roasted, broiled, fried, stewed or fricasseed.

"What was the decision?"

"The boarders were governed by past experience and voted unanimously that the turkey be put through all the processes."

**Couldn't Keep Up.**  
"She went west at the age of eighteen to grow up with the country."  
"Did she succeed?"  
"Not very well. She is still eighteen."

**Recognizing Her Enemy.**  
"She is so tender hearted she wouldn't hurt a worm."  
"You should see her with blood in her eye after a mothiller."

**Later in the Week.**  
Mary ordered little lamb—  
For that she touched the button—  
But by the time the waiter came  
The thing had turned to mutton.

**Cost Counts.**  
"She doesn't like ice cream."  
"It is pretty cheap, isn't it?"

They wear like iron, those famous Oregon Buckskin pants. Made in Oregon, out of pure Oregon wool, they beat the world for warmth and service. You'll find the right size at Joseph's.

**WEEKLY WEATHER REPORT**  
U. S. WEATHER BUREAU, LOCAL OFFICE, ROSEBURG, OREGON

Week ending Wednesday, 5 p. m., Nov. 15, 1905

Maximum Temperature	.....58
Minimum Temperature	.....34
Rainfall for Week	..... .00
Total Rainfall since 1st of Month	.....0.01
Average precipitation for this month for 28 years.....	4.43
Total rainfall from Sept. 1, 1905, to date	.....3.70
Average rainfall from Sept. 1 to date	.....5.77
Total excess from Sept. 1, 1905, to date	.....2.07
Average precipitation for 28 wet seasons	.....33.13

**THOS. GIBSON, OBSERVER**

**Notice to the Public.**

Having finished a complete course in Optometry in a reputable College of Ophthalmology in Chicago, I am now prepared to make thorough examination of the eyes, and to fit glasses accordingly. Eyes examined free. Glasses fitted, and the lenses changed every month, if necessary, to guarantee satisfaction.

**F. KIRKPATRICK, M. D., Oph. D.**  
**RIDDLE, OREGON**

**Fine Turkeys and Chickens**

Bronze Gobblers, fully matured, 1 to 2 years old, weigh 35 to 40 lbs; hen turkeys, fully matured, weigh 20 to 27 lbs. Finest stock in state.

**MRS. J. H. SHORT, ROSEBURG, OREGON**

**The long looked for found at last**

All forms of lung trouble, such as Hemorrhage Pneumonia, Cold on the Lungs, Tuberculosis of the Lungs, or Cough caused by any form of lung trouble, cured by **Cole's Consumption Cure**. Made and sold by

**Geo. F. Cole, A. C. Marsters & Co.**  
**MYRTLE CREEK, ORE. ROSEBURG, ORE.**

**Hotel Riddle,**  
**J. B. RIDDLE, Prop'r.**

First-Class Accommodations. Everything neat and clean.

**Bar in Connection**

Fine Liquors of all Kinds are kept constantly on hand.

Riddle, Oregon

**Thanksgiving Ball.**

There will be a Masquerade Ball, at Hunsaker's Hall, Myrtle Creek, Ore., on Thanksgiving night. You are all invited to attend.

**Roseburg Weekly Market Reports**

CORRECTED EACH WEEK.

Wheat—Club, 68¢/bu; bushel; bluestem 77¢/bu; valley, 75¢.
Oats—No. 1 white feed, 35¢ bushel; gray, 32¢ bushel.
Barley—Feed, 22¢; brewing, 24.50¢; rolled, 22.50¢-27¢.
Rye—41¢/bu; 45¢ per cental.
Hay—Eastern Oregon Timothy, 11¢/bu; ton; valley Timothy, 11¢/bu; clover, 10¢/bu; grain hay, 8¢/bu.
Fruits—Apples, 5¢/bu; pears, 6¢/bu; 7¢ per box.
Vegetables—Cabbage, 20¢ per pound; cauliflower, 75¢ per dozen; celery, 30¢/bu; corn, 45¢ per sack; pumpkins, 5¢/bu; peas, 4¢/bu; 5¢/bu; turnips, 10¢/bu; carrots, 75¢/bu; beets, 25¢/bu; 30¢/bu.
Onions—Oregon Yellow Danvers, 12¢ per sack; lower grades, down to 10¢, according to shrinkage; valley, 20¢ per pound; mohair, 20¢.
Butter—Fancy creamery, 75¢ per roll.
Eggs—Oregon ranch, 25¢/dozen; young chickens, 10¢/do; springs, 10¢/do; dressed chickens, 12¢/do; turkeys, live, 10¢/do; geese, live, 10¢/do; ducks, 15¢/dozen.
Hops—Oregon, 1905, choice, 11¢/bu; olds, 9¢/bu.
Wool—Eastern Oregon average best, 10¢ per pound, lower grades, down to 10¢, according to shrinkage; valley, 20¢ per pound; mohair, 20¢.
Beef—Dressed bulls, 75¢/bu; cows, 20¢; country steers, 45¢/bu.
Veal—Dressed, 45¢ per pound.
Mutton—Dressed fancy, 80¢ per pound; ordinary, 65¢/bu; lambs, 80¢.
Pork—Dressed, 65¢ per pound.

J. E. Sawyers, lawyer and notary public. Office upstairs in Douglas County Bank Building.

Marshal Jarvis arrested four inmates of the house of ill fame, known as "The High Board," for getting into a scrap among themselves. City Recorder Orant assessed \$10 fines against three of the women and the other was given a "floater," to get out of town.

**MAIL SCHEDULE, ROSEBURG POSTOFFICE**

Mail closes for northbound trains at 9 a. m. and 10:30 p. m.  
Mail closes for southbound trains at 5:30 p. m. and 4:15 a. m.

Outer doors of postoffice open at all times. Registry and Money Order Windows are open from 7:30 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Stamp and General Delivery Windows open from 7:30 a. m. to 7:30 p. m.

Above hours daily, except Sunday.  
Stamp and General Delivery Windows open Sundays 9:30 a. m. to 10:30 a. m.

C. W. PARKS, P. M.

**Southern Pacific**

Time of Trains at  
**Roseburg and at  
Other Points in  
Douglas County.**

OUTBOUND LEAVES	Overland Daily Express Trains	NORTHBOUND LEAVES
No. 11, No. 11	Roseburg, 9:30 a. m.	No. 12, No. 12
8:00 a. m.	Corvallis, 11:30 a. m.	11:30 a. m.
10:00 a. m.	Yoncalla, 1:30 p. m.	1:30 p. m.
12:00 p. m.	Oakland, 3:30 p. m.	3:30 p. m.
2:00 p. m.	Yoncalla, 5:30 p. m.	5:30 p. m.
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