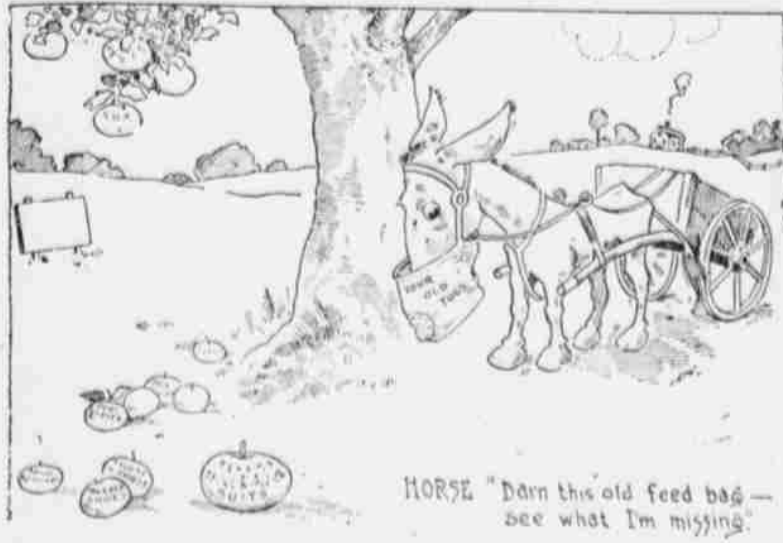


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### TRAGIC CHRISTMAS DAYS.

World's Greatest Holiday Has Often Been Reddened by Blood.

Christmas, which should be and usually is the merriest day of all the year, has sometimes been reddened by blood shed and blackened by tragedy.

One of the most barbarous of the persecutions against the Christians was begun by Diocletian on Christmas day, A. D. 303, when a church in Nicomedia, filled with Christians, was ordered by him to be set on fire. Every way of egress was barred, and not a single worshiper escaped the flames.

Yuletide in 1000 was a melancholy time in England, which nevertheless always celebrated it with the utmost eagerness, for Harold, the last of the Saxons, had fallen before the Norman conqueror, and on Dec. 25 of that year William the Conqueror was crowned in Westminster abbey. The occasion was signalized by the slaughter of a huge crowd of Anglo-Saxons outside of the church through a mistaken idea that they had risen in revolt.

Exactly two years later there was an uprising of the malcontents in the northern counties who hoped to throw off the Norman yoke. William marched in person against the rebels and directed a universal slaughter. His men surprised several garrisons and put them to the sword. Neither age nor sex was spared, and every house in the disaffected regions was razed to the ground. It is said that over 100,000 men, women and children perished on Dec. 25, 1005.

It was on Christmas day in the year 1170 that Thomas a Becket, the greatest English cleric of his day, ascended the cathedral pulpit at Canterbury and preached what may be called his own funeral sermon. The words he made use of so angered Henry II. that he let fall those fatal words: "If anybody loved me he would rid me of this turbulent priest."

Four knights took him at his word, and on Dec. 29 they slew the prelate before the altar of St. Benedict in the northern transept of Canterbury cathedral.

On Dec. 23, 1384, John Wycliffe died as he was about to preach his Christmas sermon.

One of the saddest Christmases known in London was that of the year 1663. The great plague had stricken the city, and the people were dying at the rate of 1,900 a day.

known his preference for a year and more, haven't you?"

"Ye-es, unless he has changed his mind."

"He hasn't, Annie, and never will. Don't you believe that?"

"Ye-es."

"Well?"

"Come over to my Christmas tree tomorrow night, you and Dorothy. Evelyn will be here. We'll talk things over."

"Thank you; we'll come without fail. But Dorothy—and Dorothy's father—will be sadly disappointed if Dorothy's gift isn't ready."

"Perhaps it will be."

"Annie—really?"

But Annie Claus had rung off.

Eight Millions For Toys.

The real amount of cash money paid out in the United States alone for toys that on Christmas morning gladden the hearts of American children is conservatively estimated at \$8,000,000. This means about 60 cents apiece for the something like 13,000,000 of five to twelve year old children. The children of one other country have so great an amount expended for toys for them.

An Effective Way.

"They say," said the young dramatist, "that I shall have to cut my play down, but I really don't know where to begin."

"Why not start at both ends," his candid friend asked, "and work toward the middle?"

Read The Times' Want Ads.

### A CHRISTMAS DRYAD.

By ADDISON HOWARD GIBSON.  
(Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

It was Christmas day, and the sun shed a golden radiance over the Arizona desert, brown breasted and spotted with mesquite and cactus. As the cow pony bore Lela Warren over the indistinct trail she took deep breaths of the ozone of the foothills.

"This is living!" she cried, stretching her arms toward the trees which bordered the canyon. "It's grand to spend Christmas all alone by oneself out on this great desert."

"To see me now no one would think me thirty-five years old," she laughed, swinging lightly to a seat on a favoring branch of a live oak. "The west has given me back strength, youth and—well, in a degree forgetfulness of the past. The change has taught me a wonderful philosophy—not to keep trouble."

She took an apple from her lunch bag and ate it.

Suddenly a stir in the manzanita bushes behind her attracted her attention. Peering through the leaves of her retreat Lela saw a tall, well built man in hunter's garb picking his way through the chaparral directly toward her tree. He approached with the elastic tread of virile manhood, resting his rifle against the oak. Then he fung himself at its trunk and stretched his limbs upon the earth to rest.

For a minute she studied the intruder, debating in her mind the best means of acquainting him with her prior occupancy of that retreat. Suddenly a spirit of mischief overcame her, and she let fall an oak ball she had plucked from a nearby twig. The small green globe struck the man squarely on the head.

Instantly he sprang to his feet, caught up his rifle and began peering up through the live oak's branches.

"You can't challenge me that way, Mr. Squirrel," he said, pointing the rifle upward; "not with impunity."

Lela gave a little cough. "Don't shoot me, please," she called down. "I plead guilty."

She encountered a pair of surprised brown eyes looking up at her. Dropping his rifle to his side, the man lifted his hat politely.

"I never shoot dryads," he answered.

"I suppose," she said, a smile hovering on the lips, "that you are perfectly familiar with dryads."

"Hardly," he answered, smiling up at her. "I know very little except they are said to live in trees. Are the other live oaks in this canyon inhabited by your cousins?"

A twinkle came into the dryad's blue eyes. "Possibly," she returned; "you know we have family trees."

"Do they all have turquoise eyes like this one?" he asked.

A frown crossed the dryad's face, but the man's good natured playing quickly banished it, and she said: "Oh, yes, and their color is beryl," looking at her sage-green sweater.

"I don't believe," he pursued, "that the woods would reveal another just like you if one looked all day."

"Not likely," she replied, continuing the play. "I think all my kind turned into topaz when the forest became petrified."

The dryad, thinking the play had progressed quite far enough, made no answer. The man started toward the spring, whistling. Suddenly he wheeled about and called back:

"Miss Dryad, not being familiar with your code of etiquette, I hope you will

never forgotten you. We are both still unmarried, thank God! Look!"

He commanded, his boyish spirit returning, as he pointed to a cluster of mistletoe that hung to a branch of the oak just above her head. As she looked upward he kissed her, murmuring with endearing accents:

"My Christmas dryad!"

"Formerly from Vermont," she answered, mastering the refractory mass of hair.

"Lela Warren?" he cried, his face glowing with gladness. "I wondered from the first if I hadn't met you in some moon long ago."

"And you are John Fletcher," she returned, shaking hands. Then her eyes fell under the radiant light in his.

"Your beard prevented my recognizing you before," she added.

"I was a more strapping in those days and you a girl just through high school," he said. Then he asked with gentle reproach: "Why did you sell the old home, Lela, and go away without leaving one word for me? When I returned from Europe I searched everywhere for you, but no one knew where you had gone."

A shadow from the past crossed the woman's face.

"Of course you heard that my brother defaulted. Mother and I sold the old home to settle up for him," she explained. "Then we went to Chicago, where I taught school. After mother's death I came west. I am governess for the Evans family at Circle Ranch."

"Lela," he said tenderly. "I have never forgotten you. We are both still unmarried, thank God! Look!"

He commanded, his boyish spirit returning, as he pointed to a cluster of mistletoe that hung to a branch of the oak just above her head. As she looked upward he kissed her, murmuring with endearing accents:

"My Christmas dryad!"

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### RETURN IS STAYED.

Word reached here by phone last week that Will Fleming and J. L. Crook of Smith River, left that place en route to Gold Beach to open up a saloon. The gentlemen came as far as Pistol River and turned back. Probably the spirit that caused Mr. Fleming to leave these parts three years ago between suns, whispered in his ear that California's climate would be healthier for him than Oregon's.—Gold Beach Globe.

### MONOGRAM oil at The GUNNERY.

A. M. PRENTISS is selling local COMIC and CHRISTMAS POST CARDS at ONE CENT each.

Pocket FLASHLIGHT at the GUNNERY.

**IRRIGATED LANDS \$25 AN ACRE**  
\$1 an Acre a Month. No Interest. Perpetual water right. First-class land. Perfect climate. Tracts ten acres and up. No residence requirement. Want salesmen in every town in Oregon and Washington.

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