

Why the Dinner For Christmas Was Not Found

IT was Christmas eve. Everybody had gone to sleep, stockings had been hung up, and the house was quite still when all at once strange sounds were heard from the pantry.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" some one was sobbing. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What shall I do?" "It's the mince pie," growled the cranberries. "He's got a nightmare again."

"Keep quiet," growled the pumpkin angrily. "You have wakened the turkey."

And, sure enough, they heard the gobble-gobble of the turkey coming from the yard.

"Listen, my vegetables," said the turkey. "It was only yesterday the children came to my coop and began poking me with sticks. I am going to have his leg," said one. "And I his wing," said another. "And I his breast," said a third. Now let us free the pig and all run away."

"I should like to know where we are going," said a sour pickle. "Why, to Turkey, of course," said a sweet potato.

"Then we must lose no time," the turkey said. "Spring from your shelves and follow me."

The pumpkin, sweet potatoes, lettuce, pickles, cabbage and cranberries jumped down from their shelves. Only the mince pie was left behind, and he could not move, for he had been already chopped up and cooked.

Just then the pig began to grunt outside. The turkey let him out.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" the mince pie began again. "I shall be left behind. What shall I do?" His cries attracted the attention of the pig, who came in the pantry and looked at him.

"Shall I take you with me?" he asked politely.

"Oh, please do!" cried the mince pie. Thereupon the pig swallowed him and trotted off to lead the procession which was waiting in the yard.

"Let us go to the old owl in the wood," said the turkey. "He is very wise and will tell us which is the way to go."

"We want to go to Turkey," whispered the cranberries.

No sooner had the cranberries said this than, gobble-gobble, the turkey swallowed them. Meanwhile the pig had eaten the sweet potatoes and the young lettuce. When they reached the wood where the owl lived only the pumpkin and the cabbage head were left, except the pickles, who were so sour that nobody would eat them.

"Hoot, hoot!" called the owl from a tree.

"Oh, Mr. Owl," said the turkey, "is that yourself?"

"No, it is myself," said the owl. During this talk the pig had swallowed the pumpkin. As for the cabbage head, it had burst with rage at the rudeness of the owl.

Santa Claus And the Big Stocking

POLLY had a small bed close to that in which her father and mother slept, and, although she was nearly always asleep in it by 9 o'clock, the light from a street lamp which slyly slipped in at a curtained window could have told you that upon this particular night she was wide awake long after 11 o'clock and that her brown eyes had been open ever since the lights in the room had been put out.

She lay very still, however, because she had something to do which, although she was good and truthful, for some reason she did not wish her parents to know.

Just after the little clock on the mantel had struck 12 Polly rose halfway to bed and listened. She could hear her father and mother breathing, and a mouse was gnawing somewhere near the dressing case.

She was afraid of the mouse, but she was too much in earnest to let even a mouse stop her. So she thrust her hand softly under the pillow and pulled forth what, had the light been turned up and had you been in the room, you would have seen at once was a large black stocking filled with a number of things which bulged it out in the funniest way.

With this in her hand she climbed carefully out of bed and glided across the carpeted floor like a wee ghost which had forgotten and stayed out too late. The bedroom opened with folding doors into a sitting room, at one end of which was a mantel, where on all the Christmas eves that Polly could remember her stocking and her mother's had been hung. Polly had many times asked her father to hang his stocking there, too, but he said that the leg of his stocking was too small to hold the large presents he wanted, and, besides, it was only children like her mamma who hung up their stockings for Santa Claus, not grown people like himself. Polly felt her way to this mantel and leaned the big black stocking against its side.

She turned and ran back and climbed into her bed. The mouse was still. To tell the truth, it was far more timid than Polly and had heard her first

noiseless footfall and was crouched in the bureau drawer, fearing the worst. In a few moments Polly was asleep, and the ray of the street lamp fell across her quiet little head.

Polly slept on Christmas morning later than any other child in the great city, and when her father, who had risen before she had awakened, passed the Christmas mantel he saw the big black stocking where she had left it. As he had helped to hang up the other stockings the night before this one seemed so strange to him that he looked into its contents. The very first thing he found was a letter:

Dear Santa Claus—This is little Polly. Last Christmas and Christmas before you have given me so many things and I have never given you anything. Take these dolls and blocks and picture books for your little girl I like them but you can have them I want too give you a kiss and time how are your rain dears good by with mery Crismas and happy New Year from your dear little Polly. Pleas excuus mistalks from litle Polly lov to al.

Polly's father took the big black stocking with all the toys which it contained and hid it where Polly will never find it, there to keep until Santa Claus comes to claim it and the darling letter.

When Polly awoke and ran to the Christmas mantel in her dannel nightdress he was there to watch, and when he saw that the first glance of her dear brown eyes was for a big black stocking which was gone he put his arms around her and hugged her very tight and said "Merry Christmas, little Polly!" so sweetly that she fancied he was a st.

She put her face close to his and stroked his cheek with her hand, and then her mother came, and altogether they had a merry morning with the gifts which Santa Claus had brought. But Polly said never a word about the big black stocking. That was a secret between her and Santa Claus.

DOING UP THE PACKAGES.

Vastly Important Detail to Assure Unstinted Appreciation.

To send a package that isn't "Christmas looking" is bound to detract from the gift. There are stickers of all sizes and shapes, with Santa Claus, holly sprays, red and gold seals, "Merry Christmas" and gayly bedecked trees upon them. These stickers not only make a parcel more attractive, but they are a great help in tying up, especially a bulky parcel like a sofa pillow, which requires several sheets of tissue paper.

Red, bright green or holly baby ribbon is used for doing up most parcels that are not to go through the mail. The adhesive red and green paper ribbon is often substituted for the other kinds, or sometimes the outer wrapping has the pasted ribbon, while the inner tissue paper is tied.

Inside, instead of using a regular calling card, the name of the sender is written on one of the bright Christmas cards that come in packages.

RURAL YULETIDE SPIRIT.

The Mail Carrier Finds a Present at Almost Every Door.

The rural postmen are not less generously remembered at Christmas time than are their city brethren. There is scarcely a farmhouse on his route where the mail carrier does not receive a token. Most of the presents are practical.

Knitted scarfs or mufflers, mittens and slippers are favorites with feminine donors, whereas the gifts of the farmers usually take the form of pumpkins, bushel baskets of potatoes, barrels of apples and turkeys. Many a rural mail carrier receives on Christmas morning enough eatables to stock his larder for weeks to come.

Extremely Polite.

The forms of Mexican politeness to the stranger are sometimes embarrassing. Miss Mary Barton, who visited the country to paint landscapes and tells her experience in "Impressions of Mexico," says that "people seemed anxious to help me in all possible ways, from the railway conductor, who invited me to dine with him, to the very smart young man that I met in the postoffice when I had a number of invitations in my hand and who offered to lick the stamps for me."

GOOD ADVICE FOR MARSHFIELD PEOPLE

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ANCIENT DOLLS' HOUSES.

Those of Earlier Centuries Marvels of Completeness.

The history of dolls is particularly interesting at this season. Very beautiful wax dolls were made in France in that period of reckless extravagance, the seventeenth century. No price was too high to pay then for anything that a little great lady might be pleased to own.

A few of the fine old dolls' houses built and furnished in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries still exist and reflect thorough attention to the smallest detail.

All are furnished and equipped with the same completeness, whether it is the linen cupboard, with its piles of napery; the drawing room, with pretty carpets and tiny china ornaments and pictures, or the nursery, where there is a high fender guard before the fire and a rocking horse for the baby to ride on.

Such details give a human interest to old toys, emphasized by the doll inhabitants which are to be seen in the old houses. The mistress of the house, with stately set out brocaded skirts, sits in the salon, her workbasket at her side, in which we find wee reels of cotton and rolls of tape. In the nursery the baby, with lace edged cap, is in the nurse's arms. The cook is suitably dressed in short cotton skirts and white cap.

Plurals. There is considerably less reason why the plural of mouse should be mice than why the plural of spouse should be spice. Any bigamist will admit as much.—Puck.

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STATEMENT OF CONDITION

Flanagan & Bennett Bank

—of—

MARSHFIELD, OREGON

At the close of business, December 5, 1911.

Resources.	
Loans and Discounts	\$422,312.68
Banking House	50,000.00
Cash and Exchanges	184,486.42
Total	\$656,799.10
Liabilities.	
Capital Stock paid in	\$ 50,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	58,531.57
Deposits	548,267.53
Total	\$656,799.10

Condensed Statement

of the condition of

The First National Bank

OF COOS BAY

at the Close of Business, Dec. 5, 1911.

Resources.	
Loans and Discounts	\$229,329.57
Bonds, Warrants and Securities	73,161.50
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	25,000.00
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures	81,472.94
Cash and Sight Exchange	141,131.98
Total	\$550,096.20
Liabilities.	
Capital stock paid in	\$100,000.00
Surplus and undivided profits	10,797.39
Circulation, outstanding	25,000.00
Deposits	414,298.90
Total	\$550,096.20

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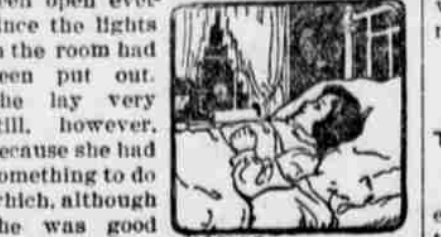
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POLLY'S FATHER FINDS THE STOCKING



"I DIDN'T DO NOETHIN'."