

## Miss Ackermann's Christmas.

By Mrs. MOSES P. HANDY.

MISS ACKERMANN opened her eyes to the sunshine with a startled feeling of having overslept herself, then closed them again at the sound of the chimes from the church around the corner, for it was Christmas day, the one day, barring Sundays, in the year which she could really and truly call her own. She was that overworked individual, a popular dressmaker, going out by the day, and she sometimes wished, with E. P. Roe's old doctor, that people would send for somebody else sometimes and let her rest. On the last Fourth of July she had been in the country sewing for dear life in order to finish a belated bridal trousseau, and on Thanksgiving she had worked until dark to accommodate a customer who wished to outshine her sisters-in-law at a family gathering at the house of her husband's father, but on Christmas day not even the most exacting customer could ask her services.

And yet—was she glad it was Christmas? The associations which cluster around the season make it a sorrowful one to those who have nothing left of home excepting its memories, and, saving for one brother, Miss Ackermann was alone in the world.

Recently, Miss Ackermann told herself, she had no business to be low spirited; she was a very fortunate person; think how many people were starving for lack of work, and all that, she concluded vaguely as she finished her breakfast. The tea, which she made in her room, heating the water on a small gas stove, was excellent. She was finicky



SHE FOUND HERSELF FACE TO FACE WITH A BRONZED AND BEARDED MAN.

about tea, and she felt better after drinking it. Altogether she was in quite a cheerful mood when the little daughter of her landlord came to wish her a merry Christmas and bring an invitation from her mother to eat her Christmas dinner with them. Dinner would be at half past 2. Miss Ackermann thanked them very much and would dine with them with pleasure. Then she gave the little girl the present she had ready for her, a stylish young lady doll dressed in the latest fashion, with coat and hat complete, a gift which made its recipient radiant, and sent her off to exhibit it at once.

The sermon "God's Christmas Gifts," from the text "Wait upon the Lord, and he shall give thee the desire of thy heart," made her homesick again, the desire of her heart seemed so exceedingly far off. Miss Ackermann was not one of those who forget, hard as she had tried not to remember. She found her thought straying back ten years to the seaside, to her old home and Jack. Their parents were neighbors. Her father and mother lived in the little fishing town and took boarders in the season. His father was the farmer who supplied them with vegetables and fruit. Jack drove the wagon which brought the daily supply to the cottages. They would have known each other in any case, but the morning interviews over lettuce and strawberries, melons and tomatoes brought them closer together.

Every one approved of their engagement, and the day was set, when a great misfortune happened—her mother and oldest sister were killed in a buggy which they were driving by a train at a railroad crossing. This was bad enough surely, but "troubles hunt in couples," and the blow seemed to affect her father's mind. He became almost childish, took to his bed and would have no one but her wait upon him. To complete the roll of disaster her brother suddenly brought home as his wife a girl whom none of his friends would have chosen, and the old man would not let his daughter-in-law come near him. To tell the truth, she had no desire to help Miss Ackermann in her duties. She had married for a step up and said plainly that she did not mean to slave to please anybody.

"You see how it is, Jack," Miss Ackermann said, with streaming eyes. "I cannot leave father, even for you."

"Bring him to our house with you," replied Jack. "There is plenty of room, and father and mother won't mind."

"No, Jack; thanks ever so much, but that wouldn't do any good. Father

wouldn't be satisfied. Besides, he takes up so much of my time that I couldn't do my duty by you." And Jack had to submit with the best grace he could muster.

Unfortunately he consulted the doctor who attended Mr. Ackermann as to the probable duration of the old man's illness.

The doctor assured him that the trouble was chiefly hypochondria, and that he might live for years in the same state or might possibly recover as suddenly as he had collapsed. At all events the patient was in no immediate danger.

The inquiry would have done no harm had it not been that the doctor had a talking wife, to whom he told everything, so before long the whole neighborhood was saying that Jack Ralston had been asking how long old man Ackermann could live. Of course the story came to Miss Ackermann's ears, to her intense indignation and still greater grief. Jack could not deny it in toto, and short of positive denial there was a quarrel, a broken engagement, and Jack Ralston went west, leaving his sweetheart well nigh broken hearted, with only duty to console her, and sometimes duty is the best consolation one can have.

If he had been less impatient there would have been no trouble. Dr. Bland did not understand the effect which a broken heart sometimes produces upon the body. Mr. Ackermann died before the winter was over. Jack Ralston came home as soon as he heard the news, but Miss Ackermann had gone to the city with a cousin of her mother and was obdurate. Her filial affection found satisfaction in refusing to forgive the lover who had desired her father's death. She would not even see him, and so the affair ended.

Well, it was too late now, and she was a fool to be dreaming of it. The sermon was ended, and the music of the organ roused her to the consciousness of things present and to come. She took part with the congregation in the rest of the service and then hurried home to make a hasty toilet for dinner.

There was only a quiet family gathering. The fiancé of the oldest daughter, a traveling salesman in the employ of a wholesale house, was the life of the party. He was considered a very bright young man and a good talker. He was at his best today and kept them all amused with stories of his travels, so that Miss Ackermann had only to listen with a semblance of interest.

"By the way, Miss Ackermann," he said presently, "I met an old friend of yours on this last trip. Ralston was the name—J. W. Ralston. It was in Idaho, Boise City. He is doing well in mines out there and is quite chummy with one of my best customers, who has some money in his business. The two were together at my rooms in the hotel, and he saw Min's picture on the bureau. I always carry it around to keep me out of temptation—guardian angel business, you know, Min—and he saw it. You know people say you two look alike, and the likeness comes out strong in that photo. It struck him all of a heap. 'Excuse me,' he said, 'but will you tell me whose picture that is? It looks very much like some one I knew ten years ago.'"

"Certainly," said I. "That is my best girl. She is thought very much like a lady who lives in the same house, Miss Ackermann, from New Jersey." Well, it turned out to be the very same. He asked lots of questions about you, especially whether you were married. I gave you a good character, and I guess you'll be hearing from him before long. Ross says he is a bachelor."

Miss Ackermann controlled herself sufficiently to smile. "Thank you, we were friends and neighbors when I was a girl," she replied, and in a moment more they were all laughing at a comical anecdote which the drummer was telling in his best style. It was no wonder he sold goods.

When the dinner was over the hostess excused herself soon upon the plea of domestic duties, leaving Miss Ackermann with the young people. So, knowing herself in the way, she lingered but a few minutes. Back in her room she gave way and took refuge in that last solace of her sex, a good cry. Her overwrought nerves demanded relief and would not be denied.

She was still huddled, a disconsolate heap, on the lounge when there came a tap at the door which she recognized as that of her little friend. She sat up and hurriedly straightened her hair, trusting that in the dim light of the fast falling twilight the child would notice nothing amiss, sharp as she was. "Come in," she called as the knock was repeated.

"Here's a gentleman to see you," the child said, with the air of a person who confers a favor. "He says he is an old friend, so I brought him right up." Miss Ackermann remembered that, it being Christmas day, the maid would be out and that consequently the little girl would answer the door.

"Thank you," she said, "you may go." Then she found herself face to face with a bronzed and bearded man whose eyes only were familiar.

"Well, Annie," he said in a voice she knew so well, "here I am once more." She held out both hands with an eager gesture. "Oh, Jack, Jack!" she cried.

A moment more and she was sobbing on his shoulder while his arms held her as though they would never let go.

A Disappointing Feature. "Was there any disappointing feature about your appearance as Santa Claus?"

"Well, rather! The nose of my false face melted off!"

## CHRISTMAS ON SHIP OF ICE.

Strange Story of Skipper Shipwrecked on the Pacific.

Captain S. A. Hoyt, secretary of the Masters and Pilots' association of Seattle, Wash., and possibly one of the most widely known seafaring men on the Pacific coast, has a fund of experiences to draw from when he wishes to while away an hour. Up in the big, pleasant rooms of the association the captain recently told the following tale:

"The approach of Christmas always reminds me of the December that I spent on an ice ship. Never heard of one? Well, they are unusual. I was master of the little brig Holly, and along about the 1st of November we were wrecked away down south of the Horn. The ship went on an ice floe and was battered all to pieces. We did manage to save some tools and food and part of the cargo.

"I put the crew to work to cut off a large pinnacle of the berg. Then I set them all to work with axes, and we shaped it into a graceful ship's hull. After that we hollowed it out inside, making cabins and everything like a regular ship, and with some of the timber saved from our vessel we rigged her as a bark, side lights and everything, even going so far as to paint her and name her the Holly. She was a fine craft and floated like a duck when finally launched. We spent Christmas on board of her and had a great time. I loaded part of the wrecked Holly's cargo in her, and we then started for Callao, which was our destination.

"The ice ship sailed fine and was as good a sea boat as any in which I sailed. This was only, however, when we were down south in cold water. The nearer we got to the equator the lighter became our vessel, and I finally discovered that our ship was melting beneath us. Another two days and we would have been in the water when a steamer picked us up and also saved the cargo. This paid for the loss of the vessel, which was also insured, so the owners came out ahead in the end."

## OUTDID UNCLE SAM.

How an Old Lady Found a Person the National Postoffice Couldn't.

"The fates call and mortals obey." The speaker was a small, precise and elegant old lady whose diminutive stature was quite forgotten by her hearers in the realization of her force and dignity. She had gone to the dead letter sale under protest and was narrating an experience which grew out of the purchase she had made. "I went to that sale not because I wanted to or was interested or expected to buy anything, but because I've an impertinent grandniece who hinted I was too old to be in such a crowd.

"After awhile the auctioneer offered a package as big as a sack of flour, and I bought it for 85 cents. Then when I brought it home I found it contained nothing but a lot of worn, threadbare clothing mented almost to death. I was just about to force it on that grandniece of mine and make her distribute it to some poor families when I found a letter in the pocket of the coat. I've kept that letter. The writer was a young girl from down east in Massachusetts. She was sending that clothing as the only Christmas gift she could make for her brother Ben, who lived in a city in Wisconsin.

"Well, when I read that letter I just sat down and cried to think that poor girl's sewing had all gone astray. I made up my mind that if the postal authorities could not find that girl's brother I could. So I did up the bundle again, put a letter outside asking the postman to return the package to me if he couldn't deliver it and then addressed the whole thing to 'Mary Burgess' Brother Ben, —, Wis.' Would you believe that that postman in that Wisconsin town really found that poor boy and gave him the bundle? And now I've a letter from the girl in which she tells me both she and her brother are in much improved circumstances, that Ben has a fine position in a furniture factory and that they are soon to be together for good." —Washington Star.

## THE ACTOR'S CHRISTMAS.

Life on the Boards Is Not All a Happy Holiday.

"I like Christmas," said an actor. "No two are ever alike in my business. Last year, for instance, the company I was with was four weeks behind in salaries, and we were simply hanging on with the hope of the big houses Christmas day pulling us out a little. We were playing one night stands and left some little town in New York state for Wheeling, W. Va., right after the performance. It was a trip that called for three changes of cars, and there were no sleepers in any of them.

"Every car on every train was loaded with holiday excursionists, and every male excursionist was loaded with rye and brimstone. There were fights fresh every half hour, and constables met us with open arms and clubs at every station. No eating stations were honored by us, and we arrived at Wheeling too late to give a matinee performance, our manager had two black eyes and a broken wrist, and our star had lost a new set of teeth, without which he refused to play at night.

"The report had it that we were all in jail, and there would have been no house anyway. We had to get up three benefit performances before we could get money enough to buy tickets to New York, but we got there. However, as I said before, Christmas days are not all alike." —Buffalo News.

## The Eldorado

Wines, Liquors and Cigars.....

Rasmussen Bros.

Proprietors.

Banden, Oregon.

CLARENCE Y. LOWE,

Banden, Oregon.

Druggist and Apothecary

Is just in receipt of a new and fresh stock of

Drugs and Chemicals,

Patent and Proprietary Preparations

Toilet Articles,

Druggists Sundries,

PERFUMES, BRUSHES, SPONGES, SOAP

NUTS AND CANDIES.

Cigars, Tobacco and Cigarettes.

Prints, Cils. Glass and Painters' Supplies.

A. B. SABIN

Manufacturer and Dealer in

All Kinds of Saddlery.

Harness and Saddles Repaired.

BANDEN, OREGON

Furnished Rooms

—AT—  
The Pacific

BANDEN

Nice clean rooms, 35 and 50c a night; \$1.25 a week; \$5.00 a month.

MRS. SARAH COSTELLO.

BANDON TRANSFER CO.  
C. H. PATTERSON & SON

Dray and General Delivery

Meet all Boats.

—All orders handled with care.—  
BANDON, OREGON.

## The Question?

How can I increase my sales? What incentive have I to offer to induce people to buy? Every business man racks his brain for new means of attracting customers. Coupons, lotteries have all been tried, with more or less results, and now for something new! Have you glass show cases where you can display new goods, thereby calling the attention of every customer at your store? Others have tried it and the results not only pay for the outlay in the cases, but soon are a source of revenue in themselves. It is worth considering.

## Another Question?

Do you still follow the old pen methods in business corresponding and in making out bills and statements? It is time to get out of the old rut. A typewritten bill or letter has an air of business about it that leaves a good impression of business methods. You will save time in the end, and time is what counts now days. We handle the Underwood Typewriter, the best machine on the market. Holds all records for speed and durability. Is not built like a threshing engine and is of other use than an ornament. Have our salesman call on you.

The Modern Company,  
W. C. Bradley, Mgr. Marshfield.

IF YOU WANT FIRST-CLASS PHOTOGRAPHY, CALL AT

## Lint's Studio

The Up-to-Date Gallery

All work done in the highest style of the art and at as low prices as consistent with first-class work. Portrait Work, Copying, Enlarging and View Work. Amateur work finished. Kodaks and amateur supplies on sale at all times. Local views and post cards always on hand.

News Stand in Connection

The latest and best city daily papers always on hand. By far the largest and best selected assortment of magazines in the city. Also 5c and 10c literature.

Stationery and Cigars

A complete line of stationery of all kinds. The finest stock of Christmas Box Stationery in the city. See our Post Cards. Examine our goods and get our prices.

Your Patronage Solicited,  
J. W. LINT.