VOL. XXVIII.

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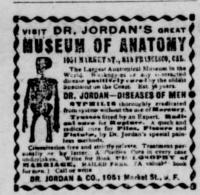
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7:30 a m 5:30 p m 6:35 p m 7:30 p m 7:3

Leaves Monmouth for Dallas—
1:30 a m 7:30 p m
Leaves Airlie for Monmouth and Independence—
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SANTA GLAUS

A Christmas Story

.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0 "O LE Sukle Blueskin
She fell in love wid me,
Ole Sukle Blueskin
She fell in love wid me,
Ole Aun' Sukle Blueskin
She fell in love wid me,
An' she axed me down ter her house
Ter drink er cup er tea."

So sang Black Cæsar, the wag of the plantation, and then he proceeded to

tell us about Aunt Sukle. "I des' tell yo' wat-I tell yo' fo' er fac', by Jo! Ef I didn't git in de lammines' scrape er Crismus time! Dat wus de time we an' dem w'ite boys made up ter play er projick on Unc'

Ike an' Aun' Sukle. "Long time 'fo' Crismus come we don't heah nuttin' but 'Sandy Claws, Sandy Claws,' f'om Aun' Sukie. She go pudgin' erroun' de kitchen sayin': 'Um-m! Won'er w'at ole Marse Sandy Claws gwine ter fotch me Crismus.' Den ef we git ter cuttin' up de leases' bit 'bout de house she 'low: 'Bettuh min' w'at yo' 'bout. Fuses fing 'yo' know ole man Sandy Claws gwine ter pars alon' by 'n' nev' so much es nodice dem ole socks er yo'n. Won't

eben put er groun' pea in 'em.'
"So we all 'sidered an' 'sidered, an' las' we made up ter fix dat ole crittur up 'n good shape. We all know ole Aun' Sukle ain' got no sense ter frow 'way nohow, so we 'cide we gwine ter sca' Aun' Sukle 'n' Unc' Ike out 'n dey

"Two er free days fo' Crismus we wus er settin' on de fence, 'n' ole lady Sukle come by wid some truck ter make de fiah wid, an' den I sing dot little song w'at a be'n singin', an' I

"An' it's w'at do yo' fink
Ole Sukie had fo' suppah,
An' it's w'at do yo' fink
Ole Sukie had fo' suppah,
An' it's w'at do yo' fink
Ole Sukie had fo' suppah,
Apple sass an sparrer grass
An hominy an' buttah.

"Well, sah, dat ole soul mos' had er spazzum w'en she hearn us er singin' dat song, an' she rail out 'n' buse us an' 'buse us an' call us all kin' er bad names an' freaten us wid ha'nts an' I

dunno w'at all. "Unc' Ike, he Aun' Sukle's ole man, an' he wur de contraries' an' de spitefules' ole nigger on de whole plantation. He al'us er pokin' erroun' an' er bout sumpin. res' easy less'n be studyin' up some ole marse keep dat ole nigger 'bout de place fo' nohow, 'case he ain' fitten fo' rasc'ls yit. See 'f i don' tell ole marse, nuffin' but ter prowl erroun' an' hunt "Aun' Sukle say: 'W'at yo' er mut hen-nesses, an' w'en he fin' one he al'us | terin' an' mum'lin' 'bout, Ike? I does tek toll out'n it. He 'casioned us ter | wish yo'd come on ter bed an' quit stirgit er many er larrupin', wid 'e ole rin' up dem coals.' grumplin' ways, 'case marse b'lieve ev'y wo'd Une' lke say, mek' no diffunce how much de ole scoun'l stretch de blankit. But we done made up our min's ter git eben wid ole Aun' Sukie an' Unc' Ike. too, an' we des tense dem ole pussons twel dey mos' have er fit. "Useter sing dis way w'en we see

Unc' Ike er comin': "Big Ike, little Ike, yo' bettah go; Sukie bake de ashcake slow, Dat's so; Sukie bake de ashcake slow,

Poo slow; Big Ike, little Ike, yo bettah go! ole contrary niggah w'en we sing dat song. He look so vigus dat yo' fink ole



LAWD ER MASSY, IKE, HE'S COME! w'en we see de ole man grab up er bresh an' mek to'ds us we git f'om dar. "Wen Crismus time 'gun ter git close by, we all 'gun ter fix up fo' dem

ole pussons. Day nex' fo' Crismus. marse he mek er long highferlutin' speech an tell us dat long's we all b'haved ou'se'fs purty well an' wo'k hard an' mek er good crop, he gwine gin us er whole day fo' ter frolic erroun' an' 'joy wese'fs. Me an' Jack an' Tom-dem wus de w'ite boys-slip out'n de back do' an' des lit out. Down at de fu'niss weh dey be'n er killin hogs we sot an rigged up er projick fo ter wake up dem ole folks. Tom say, 'Jack, yo mus' be de ole Sandy Claws, an' we watch so's we don' git cotch up wid, Inck say, 'No. I hain't,

nudder, 'ease yo boys run an lef' me

Yo' boys can't fool me dat erway.' Den We'll git er fo'ked lim', an' put er shirt 'n britches an' er ole hat on de an' mek mustashes an' whiskers, an' I'll git up on de roof an' let de ole Sandy Claws down des es sof'ly.' Den w'ile we fixin' up de ole man we all sing some mo' er dat song an' laff 'bout how we gwinter do 'em up.

"A'ter so long er time, we git everyfing all right, an' we start down ter de quatahs. Unc' Ike so cu'ious an' contrary dat he can't live in peace wid de res' er der niggers, an' ole marse ha' ter buil' 'im er cabin 'way off f'om de res' weh de ole man could fuss 'n' qua'l des so much as he feel like. We ha' ter be mighty keerful gwine frough de weeds, 'case we see er light in Unc' Ike's cabin frough er hole in de chimbly. Any yudder time Aun' Sukie done be'n settin' by de fiah er noppin' an' er' smokin' dat ole pipe twei de dead hours er de night; but now she done laid down, 'case she 'spectin' ole Sandy Claws, an' she heah ole mis' say dat he ain' gwine come home 'long as any pusson 'wake 'bout de house. She lay in' down, an' done had 'er bead kivered up wid de quilts. Unc' lke, he settin' up in de co'ner wid he shucks, platin' an ole hoss collar w'at he gwine ter sell nex' day fo' ter git de Crismus dram wid. An' he had free big ole niggerkiller 'taters roastin' in de ashes

fo' de brekfus. "Aun' Sukie keep er sayin': 'Ike, w'y don' yo' come ter bed? Don' yo' know hit's er gittin' late?'

"Unc' Ike says: 'Sukie, yo' des' shet up yo' mouf. I know w'at yo' studyin' 'bout, vo' ole fool. Yo' lemme 'lone, an' ef yo' sleepy go ter sleep, I tell yo'.' "Den I sorter hum low:

"Paterroller, paterroller, let Ike pars, Sukie cook slow, but she eat mighty f Sorry fo' lame nigger gets dar las'; Do, Mistah Paterroller, let Ike pars,

"Unc' Ike, mus' er hearn me, 'case he stop right still an' cock he yeah sidekin' er meanness. I don' see w'at mek | ways an' listen an' den mumuli out sump'n' 'bout 'Ne' min', I git yo' sassy "Aun' Sukie say: 'W'at yo' er mut-

"Unc' lke say: 'l's er-talkin' ter my se'f, an' 'tain't none er yo' bus'ness Sukie, yo' de bigges' gump I evub seed. Yo' layin' dar finkin' 'bout dat mess bout Sandy Claws. Hain't I done seed yo' ole stockin' hangin' dar? Yo' fink ole Sandy Claws gwin ter pay any 'tention ter dat ole wool stockin'? No, siree, bob! Ole mis' des' ruint yo', an' yo' ba'kin' up de wrong stump dis

time, fo' she' yo' is.'
"Bimeby de ole man git sorter ti'ed, an' he kiver dem taters up mighty good an' start ter bed. Den, a'ter de ole man "Lo'd massy! Yo' des arter seed dat | done hild down, he keep er-talkin' 'bout fo' ter worry Aun' Sukie, who ain' sayin' noffin' 'tall. A'ter long time Unc' lke drops off ter sleep an' 'gin ter spo', an' den Aun' Sukie rise up an' look all erroun' des' as cunnin'lack an' den drap down lack she's er

"Dey wus er little chunk er fiah w'at kep' er winkln' en' er bliakin' in de h'ath, but we done be'n er watchin' an' las' I gon' ter climb up on de house. I clumb right easy up de co'ner an I eased erlong twel I got ter de chim-bly. I got er straddle er de ridgepole, an' den I fix' my oie Sandy Claws an 'gun ter git ready fo' de cirkis. De chimbly was about er foot too low down, so's I ha' ter let one foot res' on de chimbly an' w'en I fotch de yudder laig down I say ter myse'f:

"Cle Sukle Blucskin She fell in love wid me. An she ax me down ter her house Ter drink er cup er tes.

"Down, down, down went de Sandy Claws, breshin' de sut down, an' des as 'e come in sight Aun' Sulie squalled lack er crippled coon, 'Lawd er massy,

-Ike, he's come!"
"Des den de clof tetched de little blaze er fiab. an' bit blazed way up, an' bit stiffed me twel I los' my holt, an' gid er elitter elatter, rip an' ker blim, on top er de Sandy Claws an' all mixed

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"Yo' neber hearn sich er row 'twix' dis an' jedgment. Aun' Sukie she squall: 'Oh, marse! Oh, mistis! He'p! He'p! De ole boy's come a'ter me an' lke!' An' she went er spinnin' out frough de dead teaweeds. he done riz, an' w'iles I scuffiin' wid de Sandy Claws he got er ax handle an wus des er lambastin' me.

"A'ter w'iles I say: 'Please, Unc' Ike, don' hit me no mo'! Hit's Ceeze, Unc' Ike! Please don' hit me no mo'!' But de ole scamp, gittin' madder dan evah w'en he fin' out hit's me, kep' er peltin me an' er sayin': 'Yes, yo' rase'l, yo' done ruint my taters! Yo' b'en singin' bout me. I'll big Ike you! I gwine little Ike you! I gwine Sukie Blueskin "Bout dat time ole marse he

to'ds de quatabs, an' he cotch Jack an Tom des as dey wus er gittin' ovah de

fence.
"'W'ats de mattab. Sukle?" "'Oh, marster, de debble's in de house er ras'lin' wid Ike.'

"Des den I to' loose, an' w'en I lit out'n de do' ole marse grab me. "Dem ole critters den 'gin ter tell all so'ts er tales, an' dey 'cuse me er tryin' ter b'un de house down an' singin' bad songs, an' dey beg ole marse fo' ter

buck me down 'cross er log an' gimme fl' hunderd. "Ole marse lis'n', an' a'ter erwiles he 'gun ter snicker an' den ter laff, an' den we all slip off, an' ole marse ain' nevah said notfin' 'bout buckin' down lawn tennis cannot be substituted for spite 'gin me evah sence, an' de ve'y minit Unc' Ike lay eyes on me he 'gin ter hunt 'roun' fo' sump'n' ter fling at interest over the holiday numbers of

THE CHRISTMAS BIRD.

Claws."-New York Evening Post.

How to Prepare and Cook a Goose,

A goose is the typical Christmas bird, although most families dine on such a feature of life in the tropics turkey that day, and some like a pair Very many of the white people of Jaof ducks and a fine roast of beef. The goose must be young, or what is called know nothing of the Christmas cusa green goose. feet are a sign of youth. A goose is dressed and trussed in the same manner as a turkey, but the skin should be thoroughly washed.

Sage and onions are the traditional seasonings, and a very good way to bound in the Arctic circle, and their stuff a goose is to boil and mash some white potatoes and season highly with onion juice, sage, also salt and pepper. Dredge the outside lightly with salt and pepper and thickly with flour. Lay the goose on a rack in the baking pan and put a few tablespoonfuls of water in the pan; baste often. Twenty minutes to the pound is the average By some sudden sound she drops the time to allow for the baking. Garnish with blood oranges cut in sections on may be told that nervousness is a luxury parsley, celery tips or any other green which only a

Make a sauce from the contents of the pan thickening with flour, and after straining add the giblets, which have been cooked until tender in the same of the woman her to be worth the same of the woman her to be worth the woman can afford to include the woman can afford the woman ca after straining add the glblets, which have been cooked until tender in wasition. Someter and chopped coarsely. An old goose cannot be cooked satisfactorily in this way. It will need to erry the price of

be parboiled and then braised.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

FEEDING THE BIRDS.

go Inter Ocean.

FEEDING THE BIRDS.

A Happy Christmas Custom Among women is com-Swedish Pensants. Christmas is celebrated in Sweden to symptom of

an extent maknown to our country, and the celebration is not over until Jan.

13. or "twentieth day Yule." A very "doctor for the pretty feature of the festivities is thus nerves alone, described by a writer who has visited. Countied issues described by a writer who has visited Cure the diseases that country: One wintry afternoon, which attack the at Jul-tide (as the season is called). I delicate woman-had been skating on a pretty lake three by organism and been skating on a pretty lake three by organism and the season is called). miles from Gothenberg. On my way home I noticed that at every farmer's house there was erected, in the middle of the yard, a pole, to the top of which was bound a large, full sheaf of grain. "Why is this?" I asked my courade. "Oh, that's for the birds, the little wild birds. They must have a mercy Christmas, too, you know." And so ut is: not a pensant in Sweden will st

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CHRISTMAS IN JAMAICA.

Tropical Celebration With Santa white people of Jamaica celetrate Christmas in spirit rather than in active observance. Of course Santa laus is unknown here, for wnat would Kris Kringle do in his fur raiment and with his reindeers in a land where few indeed of the people know what snow is and fewer still ever saw it. Outdoor sport is out of the question, and even f'om dat day twel dis But Aun' Su-kle-u-m-m! Dat ole pusson had er north. The white people sit or swing in hammocks under the cool shade of the palm trees and look with curious 'Peahs ter me dey ain' nevah goin' | English and American magazines, with ter fo'git 'bout Aun' Sukie's Sandy their strange pictures of snow scenes. and read the stories of Christmastide In the land of Kris Kringle and Jack Frost. After sundown there are social gatherings, at which the guests sit out

on the verandas, eat ice cream, fan themselves and while away the evening with conversation and in that "sweet doing nothing" way that is maica were born in the island and so Yellow and flexible toms of the north. But there are also it is like the crew of a polar expedition celebrating Fourth of July while ice Christmas is mostly one of reminisnot without its compensating advan-tages, and although Christmas here is

STARTLED

Christmas, toe, you know." And so it is; not a pensant in Sweden will six down to a Christmas dinner within down to a Christmas dinner within down to a Christmas dinner within a consens, headache, heart trouble and female weakness, writes Miss Blanch M. Bracey, of Sala Convego Co. N. Y. "Last summer I wrote you and you advised me to try your 'Pavorite Precription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery' for the space of five months, and in less than a year had regained my former health."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets clear the middly complexion.

BLACK-DRAUGH THE ORIGINAL IVER MEDICINE

and kidney diseases. Stomach and bowel troubles, severe as they are, give immediate warning by pain, but liver and kidney troubles, though less painful at the start, are much harder to cure. Thedford's Black-Draught never fails to benefit diseased liver and weakened kidneys. It stirs up the torpid liver to throw off the germs of fever and ague. It is a certain preventive of cholera and Bright's disease of the kidneys. With kidneys reinforced by Thedford's Black-Draught thousands of persons have unelt immune in the midst of yellow fever. Many families live in perfect health and have no other doctor than Thedford's Black-Draught, It is always on hand for use in an emergency and saves id kidney diseases. Stomach and use in an emergency and saves many expensive calls of a doctor.

Mulins, S. C., March 10, 1901.

I have used Thedford's Black-Draught if or three years and I have not had to go to a doctor since I have been taking it. It is the best medicine for me that is on the market for liver and kidney troubles and dyspepsia and other complaints. Rev. A. G. LEWIS.

apt to be a pretty lonesome time to Americans, they are very apt to fine cause for congratulation after the festive season is over in the fact that they are safe from the cold, the snow, the slush and the blizzards of the north.

YULETIDE IN AUSTRIA. Customs and Legends of the Non-

Yuletide as kept by the non-German population of Austria is very picturesque. On Christmas day the Poles in Galicia first attend mass and then sit on the table contains consecrated eggs, which the father distributes. After eating, all eyes are closed and all heads that Jacob's ladder is then descending ance of the goose, cooked by this rec-from heaven to earth and down the lips on the board.—Cincinnati Enquirer. adder angels are coming to bless the worshipers and to carry away their earthly troubles to heaven. Among the Czechs the legend runs that he most strictly fasts on Christmas eve will see the holy Christ in his dreams that night. In the evening the real celebration begins. All lights are then extinguished in the house; no fire, no light is visible. The children crowd to gether in fear and remain perfectly silent, as otherwise they know they will receive none of the presents brought by the Christ Child and lold at the entrance of the house. The older females amuse themselves by throwing heated lead into water and gathering from the forms it assumes some hint as to the appearance of their future husbands.-Pittsburg Dispatch.

CHRISTMAS MENUS

HE bousewife will find no better spread than are contained in the following. The menus have a Christmas flavor and are cosmopolita in their makeup. They are planned for ten or more people, but for a small family the fish course and some of the vegetables and sweets could be omit-

MENU NO. 1.

Oyster Cocktails.
Julienne Soup.
Olives. Celery. Saited Almonda.
Broiled Smelts, Tartar Sauce.
Parisienne Potatoes.
Roast Turkey, Stuffed with Truffiss.
Oyster Brochettes.
Spinach. Macaroni Croquettes.
Lettuce Salad.
Plum Pudding Glace. Mince Tarts.
Small Cakes. Bonbons. Nuts.
Coffee.

MENU NO. 2 Oysters on the Half Shell. Clear Tomato Soup. Celery. Olives. Salted Pecans. Boiled Rock, Egg Saucs. Bolled Rock, Egg Sauce.
Potato Cakes.
Roast Turkey, Stuffed with Chestnuts.
Cranberry Jelly. Giblet Sauce.
Brussels Sprouts.
Sweet Potato Croquettes.
Grape Fruit Salad.
Crackers. Cheese.
English Plum Pudding.
Frozen Fruit Cup.
Bonbons. Cakes. Nuts.
Coffee.

Oysters on the Half Shell. Oysters on the Half Shell.

Consomme.

Radishes. Saited Filberts.
fbut Cutiets on Toust, Lemon B
Roast Goose, Savory Stuffing.
Giblet Gravy. Jellied Apples.
Hashed Browned Potatoes.
Lemon Ginger Sherbet.
Celery Salad.
Crackers. Cheese.
Plum Pudding, Rum Sauce.
Fruits. Nuts. Bonbons.
Coffee.

All of these dinners are easily prepared. The soups are light and simple, but must be perfectly seasoned and perfectly free from grease. Nearly every one now prefers the Christmas turkey stuffed with truffles or chestputs and has a favorite recipe for this delicacy, so it is unnecessary to say anything on this subject. If this noble bird is to appear on the table, put a double row of nut meats down by breast, to button up his brown coat in true military fashion, and let him rest down to family supper. The chief dish on a bed of celery and parsley leaves. The Christmas goose, celebrated in song and story, is not very well known on this side of the water. The turkey tired palate will welcome the appear-

Two things are essential to good roads in Oregon—first, the general destre for them, and, second, the intelli-gent determination of the people to have them, says the Portland Orego-What, indeed, may not a wide awake, progressive people, with the law of "initiative and referendum" back of them, accomplish in the matter of public improvements? All that is needed is applied energy in accordance with the light that we have or can get, and good roads will in due egon. Isolation, that bane of country life, will be overcome, and the spirit of neighborliness will put discontent duced by loneliness to flight.