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Through Pullman standard and tourist sleeping cars daily to Omaha, Chicago, Spokane; tourist sleeping cars daily to Kansas City; through Pullman tourist sleeping cars (personally conducted) weekly to Chicago, Kansas City; reclining chair cars (seats free) to the East daily.

DEPART	TIME SCHEDULES	ARRIVE
Chicago Portland Special 9:30 a. m. via Huntington.	Salt Lake, Denver, Fl. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	5:00 p. m.
Atlantic Express 8:15 p. m. via Huntington.	Salt Lake, Denver, Fl. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	7:15 a. m.
St. Paul East Mail 8:15 p. m. via Spokane	Walla Walla, Lewis- ton, Spokane, Wal- lace, Pullman, St. Paul, Duluth, Mil- waukee, Chicago and East.	8:00 a. m.

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**MM. McMURRAY,**  
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**CORVALLIS & EASTERN R. R.**

TIME CARD NO. 34

**Trains From and To Yaquina.**

No. 1—  
Leaves Yaquina..... 6:30 A M  
Arrives at Corvallis..... 10:40 A M  
Arrives Albany..... 11:30 A M

No. 2—  
Leaves Albany..... 12:20 P M  
Leaves Corvallis..... 1:10 P M  
Arrives Yaquina..... 5:45 P M

**Trains To and From Detroit.**

No. 3—  
Leaves Albany..... 7:30 A M  
Arrives Detroit..... 12:30 P M

No. 4—  
Leaves Detroit..... 1:00 P M  
Arrives Albany..... 5:55 P M

**Trains for Corvallis.**

No. 5—  
Leaves Albany..... 7:35 A M  
Arrives Corvallis..... 8:35 A M

No. 10—  
Leaves Albany..... 3:50 P M  
Arrives at Corvallis..... 4:50 P M

No. 6—  
Leaves Albany..... 7:35 P M  
Arrives at Corvallis..... 8:15 P M

**Trains for Albany.**

No. 5—  
Leaves Corvallis..... 6:30 A M  
Arrives Albany..... 7:10 A M

No. 9—  
Leaves Corvallis..... 1:30 P M  
Arrives at Albany..... 2:40 P M

No. 7—  
Leaves Corvallis..... 6:00 P M  
Arrives at Albany..... 6:40 P M

No. 11—  
Leaves Corvallis..... 11:00 A M  
Arrives at Albany..... 11:42 A M

No. 12—  
Leaves Albany..... 12:45 P M  
Arrives at Corvallis..... 1:33 P M

All of the above connect with Southern Pacific Company trains, both at Albany and Corvallis as well as train for Detroit, giving direct service to Newport and adjacent beaches, as well as Breitenbusch Hot Springs.

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General Agent,  
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**CHRISTMAS BELLS.**

Ring out in joy, O chiming bells!  
For in your melody there dwells  
The music glad of Christmas-tide,  
On every hearthstone far and wide,  
And rosy lips, with laughter sweet,  
The happy songs of life repeat—  
Ring out in joy!

Ring out in hope, O chiming bells!  
For your clear voice of patience tells  
To waiting hearts who promise yields  
No golden fruit of harvest fields,  
Whose garnered grain of tilling hand  
Lies heaped upon a barren land—  
Ring out in hope!

Ring out in grief, O chiming bells!  
For in your trembling echo dwells  
To saddened hearts a thought of old,  
A picture framed in memory's gold,  
A vanished face beneath the snow,  
A dream of life's sweet long ago—  
Ring out in grief!

Ring out in cheer, O chiming bells!  
For in your peals a promise dwells  
To listening hearts that strive to hear  
The future's voice of hope and cheer;  
For love and joy will have their birth  
As snowdrops spring from icy earth—  
Ring out in cheer!

Ring out in peace, O chiming bells!  
For Christmas-tide a message tells  
To eager souls that bravely wait,  
And loyal hearts too strong for fate  
To crush to earth—oh, listen, then:  
'Tis "Peace on earth, good will to men"—  
Ring out in peace!

—Clara Lee Puckette, in Washington Post.



In the darkness ahead there were occasional flares of red flames, and from them ascended long, comet-like tracks of light that flashed into momentary blazes. The boom of the cannon, the wailing shriek of the shells and their sharp explosion blended in one wild devil's concert.

The boy from Maine drew back quickly from the muzzle of the starboard gun No. 1 of the United States gunboat Mackinaw. The old gunner standing rigid drew the lanyard toward himself with a sudden jerk. There was a deafening roar and a cloud of choking smoke enveloped the gun crew. Another shell had been sent into the solid earthworks of Fort Fisher.

The boy from Maine rushed forward through the smoke and thrust the cleaning rod into the muzzle of the gun. Another of the crew dashed a pailful of water over the long steel tube. The gun was reloaded and another shell was hurried at the spurts of flame ahead. They had been doing this at intervals since the early afternoon, and now it was almost midnight—midnight of Christmas eve, 1864.

"Cease firing," came a hoarse order out of the dark. The gun crew of No. 1 flung themselves down on the slopdeck with audible sighs of relief. The devil's concert did not abate noticeably. The remaining vessels of the Federal fleet were still exchanging compliments with Fort Fisher.

The old gunner quickly filled his pipe, and the glow from the bowl half illumined his wrinkled face now and then.

"Put me in mind of a Christmas eve I spent at the mines in California," he remarked, "only it's just a mite worse."

"Don't talk about Christmas," said one of the crew in a husky voice. "I left three children at home. They are in bed now and three little stockings are hanging above the fireplace same as always. I hope. The wife is sitting up a while may be, a thinking of me or maybe saying a bit of a prayer. Don't like to think of it when things are so dubious. What are you thinking about, Fritz?"

"Of the Vaterland—some," replied an unmistakable accent. "What is the matter with the boy? He is always talking before."

The boy heard nothing. He sprawled on the deck with his head on one arm. The smell of the pine trees and the odor of boiling maple sap was in his nostrils. He was many hundreds of miles away from the Mackinaw, off Fort Fisher, back in the Maine woods with a sugaring party. The smoke of the pine-knot fire was rising slowly and the golden brown syrup hissed and bubbled in the kettles. Merry little shrieks of laughter rang in his ears. She was there, the pink and white of her face so prettily emphasized by the milk tippet. How absurdly small those little red mittens seemed in comparison with his! How blue her eyes were! There was no one looking—just one kiss on those lips created solely for the purpose—

"Starboard batteries commence firing!" came the hoarse and relentless order from the darkness.

A none too gentle kick brought the boy back to the Mackinaw, but her face looked at him for an instant out of the gloom. Starboard gun No. 1 again added its voice to the devil's chorus.

The sky began to turn from black to gray. "A Christmas present," said the gunner grimly as he jerked the lanyard.

**The Mystic Mistletoe.**  
For many generations after the last Druid was dust the mistletoe had its votaries. The plant had almost every medical property, according to early physicians. It was believed to be a remedy for all ills, physical, mental and sentimental. In pagan days it was dedicated to Olwen, the Celtic Venus, and through the ages the plant and the tender passion were rather intimately entwined, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. "Kissing beneath it began so far back in history that no one has ever attempted to trace the custom to its youth."

**Johnny's Suggestion.**  
Johnny (on Christmas eve)—Mamma, can't you give the baby something to make him sleep to-night?  
Mamma—Why, Johnny?  
Johnny—Because if Santa Claus hears him yelling, he might think we're all just as bad.—Current Literature.

**Jumping at a Conclusion.**  
Tommy—Santa Claus is coming to dinner to-night.  
Elsie—Oh! How do you know?  
Tommy—Ma told me a white-haired old gentleman was coming and we'd have to be very good.

**Vanishing Pomp.**  
How worldly pride kin pass away,  
'Tis takin' for my ter.  
What is a Christmas tree one day  
is kindlin' wood de nex'—  
—Washington Star.



Mr. Billings settled himself comfortably in his favorite chair beside the stove in the grocery store, and returned the neighborly greetings of the other regular attendants.

"Yes," he said, meditatively, "this is the last night of the old year. Somethin' kind of solemn 'bout it, too, when ye stop to think of it. A year past an' gone, an' a new one—mebbe the last some of us'll ever see—just beginnin'." It makes a man feel serious. People laugh 'bout New Year's resolutions, but I maintain it's a good thing for a man to pull up now an' then an' start fresh; an' the first of the year seems the most natural an' fittin' time to do it."

"Makin' any resolutions yourself, 'Lisha?" asked Nathan Hobbs, good-naturedly.

"Yes, sir, I am!" replied Elisha, defiantly. "I'm makin' one, anyhow, an' I don't care who knows it. I'm resolvin' to keep a better bolt on my temper this year. 'He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city,' the Book says, I've had my fallin's that way, as some of ye know; but now they're beginnin' a new year an' a new century, too, I'm goin' to turn over a new leaf."

"What was that you said 'bout a new century?" asked old Eben Cook, from his seat in the corner.

"I said now that we was beginnin' a new century I was goin'—"

"What you talkin' about, 'Lisha? The twentieth century began a year ago. Tomorrow'll be nineteen hundred an' one, won't it?"

"Course 'twill; but ain't 'one' the first number there is? An' don't that make tomorrow the first day of the new century?"

"Not by a long shot, 'less I've forgotten how to count. It don't take a hundred an' one years to make a century, does it?"

"No, but it takes more'n ninety-nine. S'pose I was to begin with one, an' count—"

"Hold on a minute," interposed Judson, the storekeeper. "Let's say that Bill, here, owed me a hundred dollars an' started to pay me in dollar bills, callin' out 'one, two, three—'"

"Well, s'pose he did?"

"No, Jud," suggested Seth Gibson. "Here's the way I heard that feller up to the academy put it: How old is a man on his one-hundredth birthday?"

"Good land and seas!" shouted Mr. Billings, as he rose excitedly to his feet. "If he didn't know any more'n this 'lection of hand-picked lunkheads he wouldn't pass for more'n six or seven, at most. It's a waste of breath talkin' to ye. My ol' sorrel mare's got more sense than the whole passel of ye!" and he started for the door.

"What was it 'Lisha was sayin' 'bout New Year's resolutions?" McPherson asked the storekeeper, as the door shut with a bang. But Judson was too intent on his argument with Gibson to reply.—Youth's Companion.

**The Week Before.**  
'Tis the week before Christmas, and all through the place  
Each woman goes shopping, with worn, weary face;  
And held in her hand is a long, fearsome list  
Of names that could simply by no means be missed—  
So shopping, and shopping, and shopping  
Bumped, shoved, pushed, and tangled in  
squad and in row.

'Tis the week before Christmas, and father is sad  
Though mother and sisters are all of them glad  
Poor father reflects on the state of his wealth  
And broods on expenses that tell on his head—  
But once in the year come the glad Christ-  
mas Day;  
The rest of the year's for poor father to pay.

'Tis the week before Christmas—and now the coy girl  
Puts on her glad garments, adjusts her cute curl  
And sends for the lover with whom she has fussed,  
To tell him she knows he's the one she should trust,  
And he forgives her. The gas is turned low—  
And this is the week before Christmas, you know.

'Tis the week before Christmas, and all through the home  
The children are watched as they aimlessly roam,  
And when they approach any wardrobe or chest  
They are told they must stop—and obe the behest:  
And O, the sweet children! So faithful are they  
At Sunday school—Santa will come Christ-  
mas Day.

'Tis the week before Christmas, and all through the land  
Each poet is tolling with pen in his hand  
At work on the parody based on the rhyme  
That somebody jingled out once on a time—  
But where is the prophet who wishes to sing  
The row that the week after Christmas will bring?  
—W. D. Nesbit, in Chicago Tribune.

**Plum Pudding.**  
One pound of grated bread, one and a quarter pounds of grated suet, one pound of raisins, one pound of brown sugar, twelve eggs, well beaten; two wineglassesful of brandy, one-quarter pound of citron, cut fine. Mix all these the night before. In the morning before putting it in the cloth stir two table-spoonsful of wheat flour, beat the cloth and sprinkle with flour. Tie tightly and boil four hours. Put a plate turned on the under part in the pot under the pudding, add cinnamon and nutmeg if liked.

**Liked the Old Way Best.**  
"Pa, I've wrote Saxy Claus a 'nother letter."  
"What about, Georgie?"  
"I tole him he mustn't come in a automobile; I want him to come in a sleigh."  
—Detroit Free Press.

**That Costly Season.**  
"What makes your father look so blue to-night?"  
"S—ah! Somebody thoughtlessly mentioned the fact that Christmas is coming."  
—Chicago Post.

**RAM'S HORN BLASTS.**

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



LIVING is the only way of learning to live. The fool sacrifices his wisdom to his wit. Wandering never finds any terminus but woe. Raising the wind often reaps the whirlwind. The torch of truth must be fed by the heart.

Only in ministry is the secret of manhood.

Winds of flattery waft no one to the skies.

All things must depend on the things within.

If your goodness is goody-goody, it is no good.

The impact of your life will depend on its uplift.

You cannot save souls unless you sow yourself.

Many a little obedience has led to a large blessing.

If you really love your Lord you will never be lonely.

You do not rise in the world by giving yourself airs.

The uphill road always looks steeper until you are on it.

It is your motive that gives moral value to your money.

Praying for calm is not the best way to prepare for storm.

It takes more than a melting mood to soften a hard heart.

No great work was ever done without the shedding of blood.

It's easy to shut your eyes and talk of a world where there is no God.

Jesus becomes Christ and Lord only as He becomes central in all our living.

The brightness of your crown does not depend on the darkness of your frown.

Everyday goodness in living is the best commentary on the law and the Gospel.

**HIS TWIN GIRLS.**

How Two Boyish Names Were Corrupted Into Feminine.

When, after the successive advent of four daughters, twin sons were born to Professor Shawe of Canby Academy, he was a proud father indeed. The two sturdy babes received the names of Darius and Richard, which the professor explained to his friends were good names, historic names and family names all at once, and had besides the advantage of suggesting good nicknames or none—a thing always worth considering in the naming of boys.

If Richard should become Dick, why, Dick was as satisfactory as Richard; and Darius probably would retain its classic entirety, but if it did not, what could it become but Dare? Dick and Dare—could there be more manly, attractive, picturesque nicknames for a pair of fine boys?

As for the good professor's hopes! It is as impossible to calculate what nickname his mates will bestow on a small boy as where lightning will strike.

Richard did not become Dick nor Darius Dare. A big boy at school promptly discovered that Richard Shawe suggested "Ricksaw," which at last became Jiricksaw, which in turn was cut down to Jinny—and remained there.

Equally unexpected was the fate of Darius. There was in the boys' class a girl much larger and older than he, named Maria, whose stupidity kept her with the little ones. Darius and Maria are names easily confused when quickly spoken, and the two were constantly answering the teacher in each other's stead. So perhaps it was merely natural that they should presently be known as Big Maria and Little Maria.

"Little Maria" and "Jinny" the professor's boys remained through primary, grammar and high school, and well into their college days. They accepted their feminine cognomens cheerfully enough; but it was long before their father became reconciled to the inquiry from teasing friends:

"Well, professor, and how are your twin girls to-day?"—Youth's Companion.

**Mental Limitations.**  
"Your honor," said the arrested chauffeur. "I tried to warn the man, but the horn would not work."  
"Then, why did you not slacken speed, rather than run him down?"  
A light seemed to dawn upon the prisoner.

"Gee!" he said, "that's one on me. I never thought of that."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**We Want to Know, Too.**  
An inquirer asks the New York Sun: "What has become of the comets? Some twenty-five years ago there were whoppers on exhibit, or, at any rate, they seemed immense to my youthful eye. Are they out of fashion? Are more expected to put in an appearance at some future time? I should like to show a good specimen to my children."

**Unexpected Settlement.**  
"Did the old man settle anything on his daughter and her husband when they married?"  
"Yes, indeed, he did; he settled himself."—Baltimore American.

How policemen are abused! And did you ever know a policeman who wasn't a pretty good fellow and anxious to do his duty? We never did.

**Stubborn Coughs and Colds**

Obstinate racking coughs that settle on the lungs and may develop into Pneumonia over night are quickly cured by

**FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR**

It soothes and heals the inflamed air passages, stops the cough, and strengthens the lungs. FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR contains no opiates or other harmful drugs, and is safest for children and delicate people. Remember the name—FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR—and insist upon having the genuine, as no other remedy is so safe or as certain in results.

**Given Up to Die With Croup.**  
Mrs. P. I. Cordier, of Mannington, Ky., writes: "My three-year old girl had a severe case of croup; the doctor said she could not live and I gave her up to die. I went to the store and got a bottle of FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR. The first dose gave quick relief and saved her life."

**Editor Cured of Lung Trouble.**  
W. L. Straub, Editor of St. Petersburg (Fla.) Times, writes: "When coming across the bay from Tampa I got wet and caught a cold that settled on my lungs. I neglected it, thinking I would get it out by just getting warm, until I bought a bottle of FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR, and it cured me completely."

Three sizes—25c, 50c, \$1.00. The 50 cent size contains two and one-half times as much as the small size and the \$1.00 bottle almost six times as much. Refuse substitutes.

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