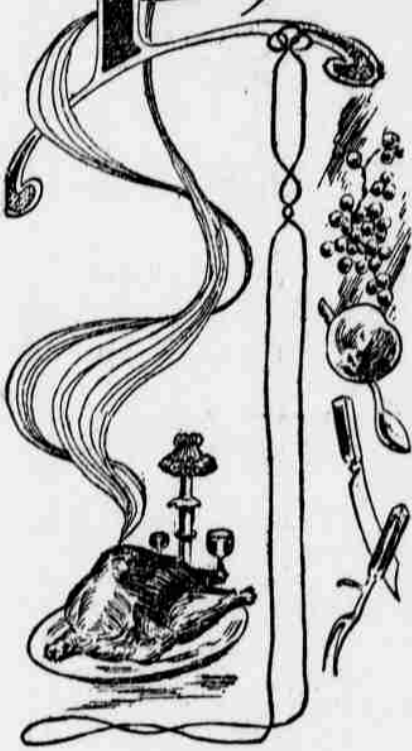


# Thanksgiving



Along about Thanksgiving time, when all the leaves are down, and all the fruit's been plucked and all the hills are turnin' brown, there's somethin' in the air that seems to stir your blood a bit. That makes you glad you're in the world and that you're part of it; the song the wind goes singin' in the evergreen's sublime; there's the ginger in a man along about Thanksgiving time.

There's somethin' wonderful about the ice so thin and white across the narrow little rut that dried up in the night; it's criss-crossed in a hundred ways with streaks and veins and lines, and sparkles out like diamonds when the sun spunks up and shines, and when you break it with your heel you couldn't hardly tell its rattle from the jingle of a little silver bell.

Along about Thanksgiving time it seems somehow, as though the sky was nearer to us than it was a while ago; and when it's clear how clear it is—the crisp, fresh air, I mean—you'd almost think it blew through sleeves somewhere to make it clean. Oh, when it's whistlin' strong and free, it's nothin' but a crime to not get out and stir, along about Thanksgiving time.

It's almost like a miracle to see the first snow fly, to watch the million little chunks come dartin' from the sky, to hear them bounce against the panes, to watch the wild things, tamed, go tumblin' down to melt as though they kind of felt ashamed, and when darkness comes and lets the wind go murruring, it's like the sweet old lullabies our mothers used to sing.

Along about Thanksgiving time there's somethin' in the air that seems to make you brisk and strong, that kind of crimps your hair; you feel all ready for the storms you know you'll have to meet, you're not afraid of anything that's walkin' round on feet, and lookin' at it any way, the old earth's quite sublime, although it's bare and brown along about Thanksgiving time.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

## EDIE'S MISSION.

"Susie, to-morrow's Thanksgiving." Lower over her sewing drooped the golden head, and a tear trembled on her eyelash as she answered:

"Yes, darling."

"Aren't we going to have Thanksgiving?" continued the child, "a little bit of a Thanksgiving, Susie? How mean Uncle Ralph is to let you work so when—"

"Hush, Edie! you must not talk thus. Uncle Ralph is very kind in letting us have this cottage rent free, otherwise my needle would not support us."

But little Edie could not help thinking of the great grim house upon the hill, and the great grim man who utterly ignored his poor relation. She thought so long and so intently about it that at last a daring resolution entered her curly head.

"I'll go and see him and tell him all about it, so I will! I'm not afraid of him if he is big and grim and cross."

And without pausing to consider the doubtful undertaking, away she went in the direction of the stately mansion dark and gloomy which was the home of the misanthropic uncle, who from being one of the pleasantest of young fellows, in bygone days, had changed thus sadly. Rumor said for two reasons—because his betrothed, beautiful Nellie Clyde, had deserted him for her German music teacher, and because his petted, idolized young sister had fallen in love with a poor clerk and married him.

"I will never forgive you, never," he had said to her, sternly, "not because your husband is poor, but because he is shiftless."

And she had gone, proudly, with brave trust in her young husband—alas, but to find her brother's words prophetic. The knowledge broke her heart, and she died, and was soon followed by her drunken husband, leaving their two daughters in bitter poverty.

Edie rang the bell of the great house with such violence that it brought the footman in great haste to the door.

"I have come to see my Uncle Ralph," she said, breathlessly. "I suppose he's in his study? Oh, you needn't show me the way; I know it," and she coolly ran by him up the polished stairway—for

had not her mother told her of every nook and cranny in the old home?"

At the far end of a gloomy room a fire glowed sleepily, and a gray-haired man sat in an armchair motionless before it. Edie crept in softly.

As she neared him she perceived that his face was very sad and weary looking. Some look upon his face made her think of her dead mother, and, almost before she knew it, she had flung both her chubby arms about his neck and kissed his cheek.

To say that Ralph Morley was surprised but weakly expresses it; he was thunderstruck, and gazed down in the dimpled little face in mute amazement.

"Edie, little Edie!" he cried; "is it little Edie, a child again, and come back to me?"

"Yes," said the child, clinging about his neck; "I was mamma's little Edie, and I will be yours if you will let me."

Then he comprehended. It was not his own little sister, but it was her child; it was her gentle, loving spirit speaking to him through her. And his hard heart became tender, as he folded the child to his breast and bowed his head upon the soft, fair curls and wept.

Susie wearily wending her way homeward, pondering how best to expend the small change which she dared spare for a Thanksgiving dinner, was overtaken by Karl Schilling, her own true love.

"Oh, Susie!" he cried, breathlessly, "what do you think has happened? Look! here is an invitation to Bleak Hall, from my employer, requesting the presence of my mother and myself at his Thanksgiving dinner to-morrow. What is the world coming to?"

"I'm sure I don't know," smiled Susie.

"No, no; get in, right away—do get in," commanded the excited child, and as one in a dream Susie Green allowed herself to be assisted into the carriage.

"I went to see Uncle Ralph, and I kissed him, and he kissed me, and called me 'his little Edie,' and—and I told him all about our hard times, and about that pain in your side, and about Karl and his invalid mother, how you loved each other, and—all. Uncle Ralph said we were to live in his home after this, and he would take care of us."

"It is a fairy dream, Edie."

"No it isn't either; it's true; and there is Uncle Ralph on the steps awaiting us."

It was no dream. Susie realized it forcibly when the grave, stern man came quickly forward and took her gently in his arms and kissed her tenderly, and in a husky voice bade her "welcome home."

Such a dinner as was ordered! Such light, and warmth, and beauty, as filled the mansion throughout! Edie was in ecstasies and danced hither and thither like a stray sunbeam. Her lovely new dress and dainty slippers burdened her none; she enjoyed them among the other good things that had befallen them. But Susie protested feebly.

"Indeed, Uncle Ralph, you are more than kind, more than generous; how can I ever repay you?"

"By forgiving my former cruelty and loving me a little, and wearing the pretty things your maid has selected. It will please me to have you wear them."

And when Susie entered the parlor in her lovely trailing blue satin, Edie sprang from her uncle's arms with a little cry of rapture.

"Oh! how beautiful you are, Susie!" The sound of carriage wheels here di-

## A HANDFUL OF TURKEY THOUGHTS.



The gobble grows rotund, and so we shout "Hooray!" And hurl our hat on high thereat. And romp and frisk and play, and sigh, by sudden rapture stuned: "Alack, a well a day!" While thus we slip-flap o'er the sand and gally skip Joy's saraband. We watch him spread his tail As on he proudly struts, And see him puff and And crisp and stuffed With bread and sage and nuts, Till we would on the fork impale His choicest juicy cuts— While Fancy's breeze Fills us a-sigh With argosies Of golden pie. Oh, bird of rare renown

That makes the eagle look To all intents Like seven cents, You're greater when the cook, Who knows just how to do you brown, And knows it like a book, Makes you in glee A roasted dream— A symphonic Of bliss supreme! Full soon o'er you, blithe fowl, The knife and fork will clash; And first we'll hold You hot, then cold, And later in that hash Which whisks the whiskers off the scowl Of sorrow like a flash; While hand in hand We sigh and swoon In fairy-land Beneath the moon.

—R. K. Munkittrick, in Sunday Magazine.

"Uncle Ralph is no doubt beginning to appreciate you, Karl."

"But he was that cross this morning, he resembled an icicle more than anything else. There must be some mistake."

"No," said Susie, gravely; "it is a very kind invitation, and you must accept it."

"Oh, certainly; but how very surprising. What will mother say? Our paths divide here, Susie, so, for the present I will say good-night."

His mother surprised! If she was, she betrayed it only by a sudden paleness, then a slight color, and placing her bowed head in her hands she sobbed softly.

Susie, hastening homeward, beheld a pair of superb horses and an elegant carriage at their humble door, and Edie, with bright, eager face, came bounding to meet her.

"Oh, Susie! I've been to see Uncle Ralph, and oh! he loves me, he does truly, and you, too, and—and you're to come with me in the carriage, you know, to his house; he said so, and—he sent me after you."

"Are you mad, Edie?" exclaimed the incredulous elder sister.

verted her attention. "It is Karl!" she cried, running to the window.

Yes, it was Karl, and the surprise he felt upon meeting his betrothed, robed like a princess, in her uncle's parlor, increased when he presented his pale, lovely mother to his employer.

"My mother, Mr. Morley," he began, then paused, for a glance at his employer's white, agitated face; and his mother's downcast and softly-flushed, told him they had met before.

"Nellie! Nellie Clyde!"

"Yes," she answered, softly. "Nellie Clyde Schilling, a widow, old and poor, to whom you sent an invitation to a Thanksgiving dinner."

"Nellie!" he repeated, eagerly, "you would not have come to mock me in my solitude and loneliness, unless—the past was to be forgotten! Shall it not be as it was, twenty years ago?"

"I—I did not suppose you would feel thus, at this late day," she said, in confusion. "I only thought we might be friends once more."

"And so we will," he cried, "the very best friends the world has ever known. Oh, what a Thanksgiving you brought me, little Edie!"—The Hearthstone.

# OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

## NEW LUMBER CENTER.

Two Mills Building and Three Under Consideration at Dallas.

Dallas—Though situated in the midst of a splendid fruitraising and hopgrowing territory, Dallas promises to become a great lumber center as well. In addition to the Cone mill, now being built, and the Nap mill, which will be remodeled, three more propositions are now before the business interests of the city for consideration.

Plans for the remodeling of the Nap mill are completed. The mill will be rebuilt several hundred feet west of the present location, and enlarged to a 50,000-foot plant. A pond will be excavated between the "Y" tracks of the Falls City railroad and will be fed with water from the same source as the Cone mill.

The Cone pond is completed, and the superstructure of the mill under cover. The sawing frames and carriage trucks are being put in place and everything indicates the early completion of the plant.

Every house in Dallas is occupied, and new cottages are springing up in every quarter. The common comment of all newcomers is that Dallas is a beautiful town and has the finest court-house lawn in the state. Although the Lewis and Clark fair is said to have drained the valley of all the stray change, the merchants say trade is good.

## Big Land Deal.

Weston—Two of the largest real estate transactions consummated in this section for some time were recorded this week. One was the sale of 240 acres of land, with fine improvements by Mrs. Annie O'Hara to Charles M. Price for \$18,500. This is one of the finest farms in this section of the country, having upon it a handsome brick residence. Mr. Price also owns a third interest in what is known as the Steen place, located on Dry creek, consisting of 560 acres. This, it is said, he is about to dispose of to his brothers.

## Old Picture of General Lane.

Salem—State Librarian J. B. Putnam has received from New Orleans an old photograph of General Joseph Lane, Oregon's first territorial governor and one of this state's first senators. The picture bears no date, but was taken in Washington, D. C., presumably while Lane was delegate in congress or senator. No communication or explanation came with the photo further than the words, "Compliments of William Beer, Howard Memorial library, New Orleans, La."

## Southern Pacific After Gravel.

Eugene—Southern Pacific surveyors have laid out a route for a spur in the northeastern part of the city to the gravel beds across the river, just outside the city limits. It is said that the company intends getting its ballast material for its proposed new line from Natron across the mountains from the extensive beds here. A trestle will have to be constructed across the river, which is narrow at that point.

## River at Very Low Stage.

Eugene—The river at this point is almost as low as it was during August and lower than was ever before known in November. Loggers find great scarcity of water above here for driving logs, and would welcome a few days of rain. There is plenty of snow high up on the mountains, which fell a month ago, but the weather has continued cold and the snow does not melt.

## Buy Indian Creek Mill.

Elgin—J. G. Brown, of the firm of Shockley & Brown, sawmill men, has disposed of his interest in that firm to his partner, and has purchased the Cummins mill, located on Indian creek, together with 320 acres of timber land. H. G. and H. E. Reed, experienced sawmill men, are interested in the deal. A new engine, edger and gang lath mill will be added.

## Want Pay for Dead Cattle.

Elgin—F. E. Graham, of this town, has presented a claim against Union county, amounting to \$290, for the loss of cattle killed by the collapse of the Wallowa bridge. Hector McDonald, who was also driving a herd of cattle across the bridge at the time and suffered a similar loss, has also put in a claim against Wallowa county for damages.

## No Right to Sell the Land.

Salem—Attorney General Crawford has held that the State Land Board has no authority to sell land bequeathed to the state for the Soldiers' home. He holds that the board can sell land only when it has authority of law to do so and its general authority extends only to the sale of state land granted by the government.

## ADVANCE IN PRICE OF LOGS.

Logging Camps Soon to Shut Down, and Shortage is Expected.

Astoria—While several of the loggers in the Lower Columbia river district are under contract to deliver logs at \$7.50 per thousand until the first of the year, the others have advanced the price for fir logs to \$8 and a few sales are said to have been made at figures a shade higher. In spite of this advance in price, the demand is excellent and the logs are being taken as fast as they are put in tide water. A number of the larger logging companies will close down their camps for at least a month or six weeks as soon as the heavy rains set in and as, with the single exception of the Eastern & Western Lumber company, none of the mills have a large supply of logs on hand, a shortage is looked for before the end of the winter season.

Notwithstanding the advance in the price of fir logs, spruce is still selling at about \$7.

## Buy 2,000 Lambs.

Prineville—Stockmen here are still commenting on the sale recently of 2,000 lambs by Williamson & Geener to the Baldwin Sheep & Land company, at \$2.50 per head. Such a large sale at this time of the year is considered as remarkable, particularly when the price is such a good one. In the spring there would be nothing extraordinary about the transfer. That such a large band should be transferred just as the feeding season is coming on, and at a good figure, is taken to mean that there are indications somewhere of a good price for both mutton and wool next spring.

## West Coast Lumber in Demand.

Portland—Within the last few weeks a new market has been opened up for Oregon and Washington lumber, and already shippers are preparing to transport by water more than 9,000,000 feet to New York. Part of this lumber will go from Portland on sailing vessels and part of it will be taken from the mills of Puget sound. Outside of the extreme heavy timber heretofore there has been practically no demand for Oregon and Washington lumber in the New York markets, and the suddenness and magnitude of the orders of recent date have come as a surprise.

## Can Corn at McMinnville.

McMinnville—If present interest in the matter does not wane, next year will see McMinnville with a large canning factory. Several years ago samples of corn were sent to this county to test soil, climate and other conditions. The results sent back to the promoters show the quality first class in every particular. The Eastern people contemplating building a factory here state the plant will be the same size as the one they now operate, paying out about \$10,000 each year for the product and about \$6,000 in wages.

## PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Club, 71c per bushel; bluestem, 73@74c; valley, 74@75c; red, 67c.

Oats—No. 1 white feed, \$26; gray, \$26 per ton.

Barley—Feed, \$21.50@22 per ton; brewing, \$22@22.50; rolled, \$22.50@23.50.

Rye—\$1.50@1.60 per cental.

Hay—Eastern Oregon timothy, \$15 @16 per ton; valley timothy, \$11@12; clover, \$8@9; grain hay, \$8@9.

Fruits—Apples, \$1@1.50 per box; huckleberries, 7c per pound; pears, \$1.25@1.50 per box; grapes, \$1.25@1.65 per box; Concord, 15c per basket; quinces, \$1 per box.

Vegetables—Beans, wax, 12c per pound; cabbage, 1@1½c per pound; cauliflower, \$1.75@2.25 per crate; celery, 75c per dozen; cucumbers, 50@60c per dozen; pumpkins, ¼@1c per pound; tomatoes, \$1 per crate; sprouts, 7c per pound; squash, ¾@1c per pound; turnips, 90c@1 per sack; carrots, 65@75c per sack; beets, 85c@1 per sack.

Onions—Oregon yellow Danvers, \$1.25 per sack.

Potatoes—Fancy graded Burbanks, 65@70c per sack; ordinary, 55@60c; Merced sweets, sacks, \$1.90; crates, \$2.15.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 25@27½c per pound.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, 35c per dozen.

Poultry—Average old hens, 11c; young roosters, 9@10c; springs, 11c; dressed chickens, 12@14c; turkeys, live, 17@18c; geese, live, 8½@9c; ducks, 14@15c per pound.

Hops—Oregon, 1905, choice, 8@10c; olds, nominal, 5@6c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon average best, 16@21c; valley, 24@26c per pound; mohair, choice, 30c.

Beef—Dressed bulls, 1@2c pr pound; cows, 3@4c; country steers, 4@4½c.

Veal—Dressed, 3@7½c pr pound.

Mutton—Dressed, fancy, 7@7½c pr pound; ordinary, 4@5c; lambs, 7½@8c.

Pork—Dressed, 6@7½c pr pound.