Lake County Examiner the matter to her dolls and was particularly expiled with Stulpin, with

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A Christmas Goose

By CHARLES BARON. [Copyright, 1908, by American Press Asso-ciation.j

HRISTMAS is just as much Christmas at the Boon island lighthouse as it is anywhere else in the world And why not?

To be sure, the nearest land is ten miles away, and when the winter storms come the waves dash quite over the two acres of rocks out at which the sturdy lighthouse reses There are no blazing rows of streets fined with toyshops there, no gather-

ing of families, Christmas rees toaded own with presits, nothing to be seen from the light pase but the changing water and nuchang ing rocks-water on three sides and on the fourth side a bluff barrier of rocks. with the world hiding behind it ten miles pyny. There are six

hildren there. though, and a mother and futher, and if they cannot make a Christmas then

aobody can. Why, Baby Deb alone is material enough of which to make a Christmas, and a very rollickla oily sort of Christmas, too, but who for her you add Tom and Sue an An and Ike and Sam-well, the gr. lighthouse fairly overflows with Laramas every 25th of December.

NUPPIN.

If it is a lonely, old one eyed lighthouse, has it not a chimney? And do not children there have stockingsgood, long stockings? Indeed, they have. And does not Christmas eye em all temptingly bung so invitingly limp and empty, under the mantelshelf? And does not Christmas morning-very early, mind you-see six graduated, white robed ghosts performing mysterious ceremonies around six bulging stockings?

Ah, then, if you suppose that that cunning old gentleman Santa Claus does not know how to find a chimney, even when the cold waves are pelting it with frozen spray drops ten miles from land, you little know what a remarkable gift he has that way

And the Christmas dinners they have there-the goose, the brown, crisp, juley, melting roust goose! What would that dluner be without that goose? What, indeed?

But once they turn pale at that Highthouse now when ther think of itthey came very pear having no goose for dinner on Christmas day:

It came whom in this way from ah if you recall only bear Baby from tell about it. It would be worth the jour never mind- Papa Stoughton, the lighthouse keeper, you know had just all. his money in a savings bank that had fulled early in that December.

A grown is really not a very expensive fowl, but if one has not the money of course one cannot buy even a cheap thing Pana Stoughton could not afford a goose. He said so-said

so before all the family. Ike says that the allence that fell upon that family then was painful to hear. They looked at one another with eves so wide that it's a mercy they

could ever shut them again. "No goose!" at last cried Tom, who

was the oldest. "No goose!" cried the others in

chorus, all except Baby Deb, who was busy at the time gently admonishing Sculpin, her most tratiblesome child. for being so dirty. Buby Lieb said "No doose?" after all the others were

That made them all laugh. No doubt they thought that, after all, so long as Baby Deb was there it would be Christmas unybow, gross or no goose. So they were happy for a moment until the thought came that roast goose was good on Christmas even with Baby Deb, and then they looked dismayed

However, when Papa Stoughton explained how it was they saw it as plainly as he did, and so they made no more complaint. Only Tom fell a-thinking, and when the others saw what he was doing they did the same, the difference being that Tom was get the goose anyhow and they were trying to think what he was thinking about so that they could think the same-all except Baby Deb. of course, goose for Christmas, but when she had who being only four years old, gave crasned the idea she became an enthu-

herself very little concern about the

took all her time. Tom finally said "Ah!" under his breath and mysteriously vanished into another room after beckoning his brothers and sisters to follow him. which they did almost before they had

thoughts of others. Her own thoughts

fairly said "Ah!" Baby Deb was there, too, somewhat swestruck at the mystery. about her, but ready to lend the help of her wisdom if necessary. "We must have goose," sald

"Oh!" gasped his audience, moved mingled amazement and admiration.

Tom tooked at them with great firmness and dignity.

"Ever since I "OH, PLEASE, DOOD born," he LORD, SEND US A was DOOSE! "we had a roast goose for Christ-

Ever since he was born! It might have been a hundred years before. from Tom's tone and manner, and the audience was tremendously impressed. "And," continued the orator, "we must have one now. We will have one

They almost stopped breathing. "I have a plan." They shuddered and drew nearer. "We all must combine!

"Oh!" in chorus. "Do you want goose, Sue?" "Yes, indeed?"

"You. Sam?

Im 12 Well!"

"Ann? "Yes, sir!"

"Me, too," said Baby Deb, with great earnestness, for it was clear to her that it was a question of eating and she did not wish to be left out.

"Of course you, too, you deary dumpling," sald Tom. continued when order was restored. what shall we contribute? I'll give my new sailboat. That ought to bring 50 cents."

His new sallboat! Why, he had only just made it and had not even tried it yet. Oh, evidently this was a time of sacrifice! Who could hesitate now? "I'll give my shells," said Sue hero-

"My sea mosses," sighed Ann. "You may take my shark's teeth,"

"And my whale's tooth." said Sam. The sacrifice was general. The light ouse would yield up its treasures. "All right," said Tom. "Now let's

tell father And father was told, and for some reason he pretended to look out of the window very suddenly, but be did not. He wined his eyes, and Marama Stonghton wiped her spectacles and

vinsed very hard and said; "These thoir hearts?" For, you see, these purents were very simple hearted folk, and it weem of to them very affecting that the hildren should make such sacrifice

a procure the goose for Christmas. "And what does Baby Deb contribasked Papa Stoughton by way

"I dea l'a not dot nuffin," was Baby Heb's reply when the matter was exdued to her, " 'cept 'on rate Stupin." Oh, what a laugh there was then, for if ever there was a mained and demoralized doll it was Stupin. But Buby Deb was bugged and kissed as

instead of a little bundle of rags. Papa Stoughton and Tom were to go out to the mainland the first elear hay to buy the goose; but, alas, a storm come on, and they were forced to wait for it to go down. It did not go down. It grew worse and worse. The wind stricked and meaned and wrestled with the ionely tower, and the waves harled themselves at it and washed over and over the Island, and no heat

if she had contributed a jump of gold

could have lived at all in such weather. If a goose be only a goose, no matter. but if it be a Christmas dinner-sh

Yes, they had good reason to Teel dismal at the lighthouse. It was no tion was said to Baby Deb, and mwonder if five noses were fifty times a day flattened despairingly against dinner next day: the lighthouse windows. Yes; six noses, for even Baby Deb was finally affected, and, though she did not know the least thing about the weather, she, too, would press her little nose against the glass in a most alarming way, as of Christmas mall was an ... trying to think what he could do to if she thought that pressure was the only effective thing.

It took some time for Baby Deb to realize the importance of having a siast on the subject. She expeatured and almost painful conversations.

One thing became very certain. There was very little prospect of clean weather within a week, and it incked only three days of Christmas. The others gloomily gave up hope, but not so did Baby Deb. The truth was she had a plan, and you know when one has a plan one has hope too.

Mamma Stoughton had only recently been having a series of talks with sz.co Baby Deb on the important question of prayer, and it had occurred to Buby Deb that the goose was a good subject for prayer. It was a very clear

> goose was necessary. Why not ask for it, then? The great diffi cuity was to find a secret place for her devotions, for the family very well filled the tighthouse, and Baby Deb understood that prayers ought to be quietly and secretly made.

case to her. The

found, however. Just in front of the lighthouse was a broad ledge of rocks. STEP BY STEP, PAT- generally washed

The place was

TER, PATTER. by the waves, but at low tide, even in this bad weather, out of water. The other children had been forbidden to go there because it was dangerous, but no one had thought of cautioning Baby Deb. So there she went and in her imperfect way begged hard for the goose

Christmas eve came, and still there was no goose. Baby Deb was puzzled; the others were gloomy. Still Baby Deb would not give up. It would be low tide about 7 o'clock. She knew that, for she had asked. She would make her last trial. She had hope yet, but as the others knew nothing of her plans they had absolutely no hope. To them it was certain that there could be no Christmas goose as their house that year.

Seven o'clock came, and Baby Delcrept softly from the room and down stairs. She opened the great door just a little bit and slipped out into the darkness-really did slip, for it was very key on the rocks, and she sat down very hard. However, she was very chubby and did not mind it. She crawled cautiously around to the big rock, the keen wind nipping her round cheeks and pelting her with the frozen drops of spray. She knelt down.

"Oh. please, dood Lord, send us a doose! We wants a doose awful Won't you, please, dood Lord?" Taud fell something right alongside

"Oh, what's dat?" she exclaimed. putting her hand out. "Why, it's a doose!" she cried, with a scream of de-

light, as her hand came in contact with a soft, warm, feathery body. She forgot to give a "thank you" for the goose, but she was thankful, though

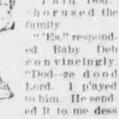
not so very much surprised. She really had expected it. It was a heavy load for Baby Deb. but she was excited and did not notice it. She made her way into the lighthouse, and, step by step, patter, patter, she went upstairs and burst, all

breathless, into the sitting room, cry ing exultantly "It's tummed, it's tummed!" as the great goose fell from her arms upon the floor. Well, if you think they were not sur-

prised you know very little about the Stoughton folks What they said nobody knows. They all talked at once. but by and by Papa Stoughton had a chance to be heard. "Where did you get it. Baby Deh?"

"Why, I played Dod for it," answer-

ed Deh in the most matter of fact way "Paid Dod!" celaimed Papa carafiton. "Pald Dod! nmily





More ques long and mor of Baby Deb's explanations revented the whole story. Funny folks, those Stoughtons, but they spent the next ten minutes wining thele

eyes and lauguing and kloding and making up new pet names for Buby

Papa Stoughton did say to Mamne Stoughton that night as they were go ing to bed:

"A wild goose. It was blinded by the bright light and broke its neck by flying against the glass. And, after all who shall say the good Lord did no

send it?" At all events, not a word of explana one contradicted her when she sald at

"Dod's doose is dood."

The Present Said "Papa! In station K. in New York young clerk who was serving a package in the said most ried the sack to the sorting to e and dumped out the contents. So ething suddenly exclaimed:

The frightened clerk examined every

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package carefully. In the one that moved he found a live kitten packed in a small bird cage. The kitten had a pink bow of ribbon at its neck, and attacked to the ribbon was a card bearing the inscription:

"A Merry Christmas from Uncle Jack. Further investigation brought forth the fact that the cry "Papa!" came from a doll with blond curls that call-

ed "Papa!" each time it was squeezed. In moving the mail sack the postal clerk had frightened the kitten in one package and squeezed the mechanical doll in the other package. He was much relieved when he had unraveled the double mystery.

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To Lake County Orchardists: Notice is hereby given that fruit growers must make preparations to throughly spray their fruit trees during the year 1910.

A. M. SSII II Impostor Dated, Nov. 4th, 1999

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATOR In United States Land Office Lake-

view, Oregon, Nov. 20th, 1909. Notice is hereby given that the Northern Pacific Railway Company, hose post-office address is St. Paul, Monesota, has this 20th day of No vember, 1909, filed in this office its application to select under the provis ions of the Act of Congress, approved July 1, 1898, (30 Stat. 597, 620), NW1NE1, S%NE1, N%NW1, N%SE14, Section 10, T. 388, R. 176, W.M. Any and all persons claming adver saly the lands described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or for any other reason, to the disposal to applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office on or before the 20th day of January 1910.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department Of The Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon.

ARTHUR W. ORTON Register

N25D30

Nov 23d, 1909, Notice to hereby given that John Incoh Van Keuten, of Plush, Oregon, who on April 3d, 1908, made Homestead entry No. 3971, Serial, No. 01549, for lots 1,2,3; SW14NE34, Section 4, Tranship 36S., Range 24E., Williamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proct, to estatlish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Lake

uer. 1010. Claimant names as "theosen; P. Cotton, of the Over / Morris,

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