



CHRISTMAS.

It has become our time honored custom to close our shop on Christmas Day, give our employes a rest, cease dining the public ear, in short to print no paper.

We had thought to write an article showing how a newspaper is made up, from the gathering of the news to the carrying of the papers, in all involving employes at some twenty people and helping to support some twenty families.

We had thought to mention our advertisers, who have had their places of business crowded and in whose success we take a vital interest.

We had thought to mention our public officials who contribute so much to make an interesting newspaper.

And our ministers of the Gospel, educators, heads of charitable organizations, etc., etc. But lack of space forbids, and we simply wish all a merry Christmas.

May the warmth of Christian love in our hearts drive out all bitterness toward others, and may our love extend to all human beings and all living creatures. May at least once a year, no neighbor be left in want or suffering. We are not sure but that if we laid aside all pride, vanity, selfishness and ambition, and emptied ourselves of ourselves, and in place thereof, filled the vacuum with Good Will or (God's Will) toward all men, this earth would be quite a heaven the year around.

May we learn at this time to look with kindness on all—even those who are not as we would have them be. They are still God's children and we cannot help them a whit, or lift them up, or improve them by despising, denouncing and condemning them. If in His day, the Great Master could associate with publicans and sinners, cannot we of smaller hearts, lesser faith and least goodness, be patient and tolerant towards others when we shall need so much grace ourselves?

Don't fail to see the ladies' bicycle prize at Sonnemann's grocery.

Beautiful slippers for presents at Krusse Bros. 23 21.
Eastern Oysters—At Doty's Market.
CHICKENS—At Doty's Market.

MANLY VIGOR

ONCE MORE in harmony with the world, 2000 completely cured men are singing praises for the greatest, grandest and most successful cure for sexual weakness and lost vigor known to medical science. An account of this wonderful discovery, in book form, with references and proofs, will be sent to suffering men (sealed) free. Full manly vigor permanently restored. Failure impossible.
ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Whistling Rastus.

A Christmas Story by Charlotte Curtis Smith, in Christmas Harper's.

"I say, Rastus, what you gwine to 'stablish tow'ds de Chrismus dinnah?"

Abe was sitting at the breakfast table. Rastus had risen, and was shoving his chair under the table.

"Nothin' 'a I know on, 'cept my own 'spectable presence," Rastus answered, walking toward the door.

"You's a downright lazy rascal; en if I had de management of you I'd make you work fo' a libin', 'stead of whistlin' 'routn' all summer in de woods, en when de col' weeder comes, a-settin' 'hind de stove whistlin'!"

"G'long, you," Rastus said, rolling his eyes at his brother.

"Hol' on dar! Don't you go out o' dis house till you say what you get fo' de dinnah," Abe said, starting out of his chair.

Rastus had his hand on the knob of the door. Abe took him by the shoulder and turned him around. Abe was head and shoulders taller than Rastus.

"Say, Ras, what you gwine to do?" his brother said, towering over him like a shagbald on a bantam.

"I've got nothin' to purchase wid, Rastus said, looking down at the hole in his shoe where his foot shone through.

"No foolin', boy. You ketch a couple o' rabbits what you bin whistlin' to all summer—'heah?" Abe said, giving him a vigorous shake.

"Let 'one dar!" Rastus said, pulling away from him.

Abe caught him by the shoulders again and held him.

"Promise," he said, "or I'll shake y-u clean out o' yo' shoes."

Rastus hesitated, till Abe began to execute his threat, that he promised to get two rabbits for the Christmas dinner.

Rastus went out of the door, whistling a cadenzza of thrills and arpeggios. Abe went back to the table to finish his breakfast.

"Dat boy's done forgot all 'bout dem rabbits already," Abe said to himself.

In a few minutes his mother entered from a rear door. She had been in the yard hanging out clothes.

"Col' mawin', honeys. What's Rastus?" she asked, holding her beamed hands over the cook stove.

"Gone off whistlin'," Abe answered, without looking up from his plate.

"Did he han 'nuthin' braku'?" his mother inquired, looking at Rastus's well eaten plate.

"I's dun know. But what I knows is, he's got to git two rabbits fo' de Chrismus dinnah, en dat's what I know," Abe said, rising from the table and confronting his mother.

"De honey'll never git 'um. He's 's'endah-hearted to kill 'um."

"He've no no honey, I say he'll git 'um. He's promised, en you mu' help me to hol' him to it," Abe said, shaking his head at his mother.

"Law! de honey—"

"Ma, if you don't help me dis time wid dat rascal, I won't fetch one thing to dis house fo' de Chrismus dinnah—'heah?" Abe said.

"We's got 'nough fo' de dinnah. De shoat what you gwine to kill is sufficient meat—"

"I demands two rabbits from dat lazy rascal, shoat or no shoat," Abe called back, as he went out of the door.

That evening, when the family met at the supper table, Abe said to Rastus, "Got dem rabbits yet?"

"Not yet," Rastus said. "I's watin' fo' de full o' de moon. Can't ketch 'um when dar's clouds in de sky; de clouds skeer 'um—"

"None o' yo' untrufs 'bout dis yere affair. De moon's nuthin' to do wid rabbits," Abe said, bringing his fist down on the table with a bang.

"Yaw-yaw-yaw!" laughed Jake. "Dat hain't stealin'. Dat's a Chrismus joke. Abe played one on us las' year, en I jes played it on him dis year—"

"All right," said Rastus. "I'll lay low on de subject if you'll give me two rabbits. I'll never tell. Abe en me has had a triffin' disapprehension."

Rastus obtained the rabbits, and went whistling down the road. Abe heard him coming. The family was at the breakfast table when he entered.

"Thar's yo' rabbits, Mr. Abe. I could jes as well had fou', but yo' didn't ask but fo' two, so I jes got two," Rastus said, handing the rabbits to Abe.

Abe grinned when he saw the plump little animals. "Them's fine. What did you ketch 'em?"

"I don't tell all I knows," Rastus said, sitting down to the table.

"My! honey, dey am extraordinary fine fo' a pie. You's a brave man," his mother said, admiring Rastus and his game.

After breakfast Abe went out to bring in the shoat.

He came hurrying back, screaming: "Help! help! Some one dun stole de shoat! some one done stole de shoat!"

Rastus turned on him.

"Yo' long-year'd rascal, I don't 'bieve you had a shoat. Yo' dun fool us all de time."

"Fo' my honor, I had one, en he's gone," Abe pleaded.

"Namein' 'bout de shoat," Rastus consolingly said; "de rabbits is good 'nough fo' us en me. Yo' en Sam en Mose can go widout de shoat."

Rastus and his mother enjoyed the rabbit pie and apple dumplings, but Abe, Sam and Mose missed the roast shoat.

"Dee rabbits is powerful good," Abe said; "but my jaw de watah fo' de shoat what I fattened fo' dis yere dinnah."

After the Christmas feast Abe put on his coat and hat, saying:

"I's gwine to open de rest o' d's day lookin' fo' de one what stole de shoat. I guess I'll call on Jake and Lee Tompkins, to see how dey is spendin' de day."

He went up the road towards the

"It's de win, Abe," his mother explained. Abe opened the door. It was snowing hard, but there was no wind still. "Ma, what's dat boy? You know You've got him hid," Abe said.

"Hid Abe? I don't see where I'd hide him in this little house," his mother innocently answered.

"What's he bin 'n de week?" Abe asked.

"Whistlin'!"

"He's bin somewhar in dis house, en I's gwine to sit up all night en watch fo' him to crawl on—"

"You don't zone crazy, Abe his mother told him. You go 'long to bed. I'll sit up."

"I need de fire-board, a jigglin' a minute ago," Mose said, pointing be hind de stove. "Mebbe he's in dar."

Abe made a dash for the chimney and pulled down the fire board. His mother screamed and caught him by the tail of his coat, but she was too late; the fire-board was down, and there sat Rastus crossed-legged in the soot and ashes. He gave a long shrill whistle like the yout from a safety valve and then grinned at Abe.

"You tormented villain, you," Abe yelled, snaking him out of the chimney.

"Let him 'one, Abe I did it. I dun hid him," his mother screamed.

But Abe walked Rastus turkey fashion across the room and put him out of the door. "Don't you darat come back till you fetch dem two rabbits," Abe said and slammed the door and bolted it.

"D' honey'll freeze! de honey'll freeze!" his mother cried.

"He's won't freeze. He's too lazy," Abe hissed at his mother.

Rastus picked himself up and looked at the closed door.

"I's do 'bieve Abe's in mad earnest dis yere time," he said, brushing off the snow. "I'll hab to stay in de hen coop till arter Chrismus, en lose my dinnah. But ma'll slide me out a dumplin', I guess."

He went to the hen coop and lay down on some clean straw.

His mother listened, and for an hour she heard him whistling. But Abe was sound asleep.

About midnight Rastus was awakened by stealthy voices. He peeked through a knot hole into the pig pen, and saw his neighbors, the Tompkins boys, taking down the shoat from the ceiling, where Abe had hung it to freeze.

"We'll play de same joke on Abe what he played on us las' year," Lee Tompkins chuckled.

"Dat we will," Jake echoed.

"Dis 'il go fine wid de rabbits," Jake said, putting the shoat into a basket.

While the boys were there, Rastus buried his face in the straw to keep from whistling. A thought had come to him. He saw the way to his Christmas dinner.

Just after daybreak Rastus rapped on the Tompkins door, and inquired for Jake and Lee.

"If you don't min, I'll take a couple o' rabbits to pay fo' de shoat you stole off Abe las' night," he said to the boys.

"Who stole a shoat?" Jake demanded.

"You an Lee did," Rastus said.

"Yaw-yaw-yaw!" laughed Jake. "Dat hain't stealin'. Dat's a Chrismus joke. Abe played one on us las' year, en I jes played it on him dis year—"

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Tompkins house. Rastus sat on the door-yard fence, whistling like a thro' when the trees are blossoming. He mother, watching him from the window, wondered if it were Christmas or spring time, so merry and dulcet were the tones that vibrated in the frost-air.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1895.
A. W. CLERSON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Marvelous E. U. S.
From a letter written by Rev. J. Gunderman, of Detroit, Mich., we are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's new discovery, as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist Church at Rives Junction she was brought down with pneumonia succeeding La Grippe. Her symptoms of coughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in result." Trial bottles free at Fred A. Legg's Drug Store. Regular size 50 cents, and \$1.00.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Electric Bitters.
Electric Bitters is a medicine suited for any season, but perhaps more generally needed when the liver is torpid and sluggish and a need of a tonic and alterative is felt. A prompt use of this medicine has often averted long and perhaps fatal bilious fevers. No medicine will act more surely in counteracting and freeing the system from the malarial poison. Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness yield to Electric Bitters. 50 cents and a 100 per bottle at Fred A. Legg's Drug Store.

B. cken's Arnica Salve.
The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Foul Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give effect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents a box. For sale by Fred A. Legg.

Notice.
The rapidly increasing number of accounts and the difficult way of keeping record and collecting the same necessitates us to adopt the cash system, and from January 1, next, all packages must be paid for when delivered. So far as many of our customers are concerned we regret to be obliged to adopt this plan, but as we cannot discriminate we trust they will appreciate our position.

N. B.—For the convenience of customers we will have coupon books in denominations of \$2, \$5, \$10 and \$20 which may be had at our office, or from the driver at a discount of 5 per cent. These can be left at home when a bundle is delivered the proper amount of coupons may be torn out.

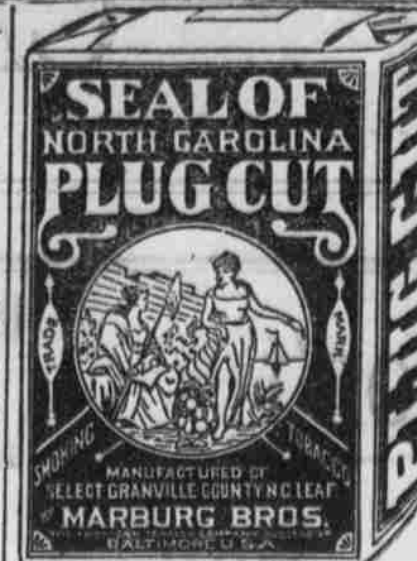
THE SALEM STEAM LAUNDRY
12-23 61

BRIDGE BROKEN.—A bridge one mile east of Brooks is crippled by a tree blowing over onto it Sunday night, breaking down the approach and one bent. A number of citizens were before Judge Hubbard today and he will order it rebuilt, as it is on a road that has a great deal of travel.

LOOK OUT FOR BREAKERS AHEAD
when pimples, eruptions, boils, and like manifestations of impure blood appear. They wouldn't appear if your blood were pure and your system in the right condition. They show you what you need—a good blood-purifier; that's what you get when you take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

It carries health with it. All Blood, Skin and Scalp Diseases, from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula, are cured by it. It invigorates the liver and rouses every organ into healthful action. In the most stubborn forms of Skin Diseases, such as Salt-rheum, Eczema, Tetter, Erysipelas, Boils and kindred ailments, and with Scrofula, in every shape, and all blood-taints, no matter from what cause arising, it is an unequalled remedy.

SCROFULOUS ABSCESSSES.
Mrs. BESS SWERNY, of Flat Top, Mercer Co., W. Va., writes: "About four years ago I took scrofula, and did everything that doctors and others prescribed, but only got worse. Several abscesses formed about my neck, and discharging a quantity of matter. I got so weak I could scarcely walk about the house. I tried all the medical works I could get hold of, and among the rest, read some of your works. You described my case, and recommended 'Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery' with his 'Frothing Pills.' So I procured some and commenced using them and soon began to mend. In six months my sores were all healed up. In forty-five years old and believe I am as stout as I ever was in my life. I used about one dozen bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' with the 'Frothing Pills,' and used nothing else after I began using your medicines."



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GOOD NEWS

Christmas Is Coming.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR RENT.—A house on Winter street with five gas stoves, a free water supply, a well, and a lot of land. Apply to Mrs. J. A. Carson, High street, South Salem.

WANTED.—A girl to go general housework, a girl to Mrs. J. A. Carson, High street, South Salem.

WANTED.—A man of ability, \$200 to \$300 per month to sell State and general agent. Apply to Mr. J. A. Carson, High street, South Salem.

PUBLIC NOTICE.—The undersigned, J. A. Carson, do hereby give notice that I have purchased the property of the late J. A. Carson, and will sell the same at public auction on Monday, the 11th day of January, 1896, at 11 o'clock, A. M., at the residence of the undersigned, High street, South Salem.

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