

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

The St. Elmo Restaurant

Wishes its patrons a Merry Xmas and will endeavor to give entire satisfaction in the future as in the past.

Meals 15c....

MRS. GEO. F. SMITH, Prop.

244 Commercial Street



Santa Claus Is Everybody's Friend

CONOVER...

THE BUSINESS PRINTER

is the friend of everybody who appreciates a good job of printing. The fact is, Conover's work is appreciated by all of his customers. Try him with your next order.

DEARBORN'S BOOK STORE Phone 77

HOLIDAY CAPITAL JOURNAL, 1898.

AN XMASOVICH BALLADSKI

BY PETER MARTHUR

It danced within the Pastors' When darkness left the shies, About the hour when for his milk The bottle baby cries.

The oxen in shirt of fluted steel Was dreaming dreams of peace, Of that time when he will own the earth, And that great war will cease.

Great Ivan Abochovski rose, That chief of high renown, Whose privilege it is to do, The royal pain-sakes brown.

But when he reached the kitchen range To light the morning fire, He saw a sight that made his skin An icy aveal perspire.

For, lo, upon the hearthstone lay A box of just the size of which our Great-Uncle used to wear.

He raised a comical yell of horror and of fear, That came from the living room to the kitchen door.

The penitents and the saints of old, Who were the souls of the dead, They looked on the scene with awe, They thought the scene was mad.

The AVENUE GREENHOUSES. The Oldest Floricultural Establishment in the Capital City.

Nearly 30 years ago Mrs. J. Y. Taylor worked in this city at her trade that of tailoring, and as her health began to fail her from that confining occupation her thoughts were turned toward raising flowers both for health and enjoyment as well as a livelihood. She began with one small plant, gradually increasing her stock from year to year, making a steady expansion in Greenhouse ideas, with the blue in mind when she would eventually own a greenhouse and be counted among the professional flower growers. This earnest woman applied herself so industriously and with such good tact, that now in her declining years she is owner of the Avenue Greenhouses, and has a stock of plants embracing everything usually kept in a first-class establishment. As neighbors in the early twenties often lived in the apart visits were frequent and during the dreary winters went out from their homes to the Avenue Greenhouses, and there they would find a host of plants, and a pleasant feeling of being in the open air. The dark streets rose on every side and travel where they might the pioneers could find no relief from the inclosing walls. For almost 100 miles in every direction there was no relief in every direction there was no relief sufficiently great to overlook

ALAS AND ALACK

To better to give them notice The world's made a poor fellow of a fellow to notice.

A POSTPONED CHRISTMAS.

BY P. MARTHUR

His story of the postponed Christmas is a tradition of the Preston family; but like most traditions, it requires a few words of explanation to make it clear.

Seventy years ago, when Henry Preston, the patriarch of an important Canadian family, settled in Keweenaw, the strangely directed energy of Colonel Talbot was changing the move into a fruitful promise.

Year by year the pressure came from Great Britain to take up land in the territory where he was almost an absolute monarch, and with them came many younger sons of noble families who were ambitious to make their fortunes in the new world.

Among the latter came our hero, and it was in the first year of his exile that the little adventure occurred that all who enjoyed his acquaintance often heard him describe.

In those days a Canadian winter had many terrors that have since become a memory. The autumn rains changed the level country into a series of vast swamps, and when these mirth romances began to a depth of several feet the winter had a foundation on which to build.

In consequence, from the last of December to the middle of March there was almost uninterrupted cold weather, when the thermometer remained steadily at a point it cannot now reach without the aid of a cold wave from the northwest.

But the snows were not cleared away and a variable climate had taken the place of the earnest weather that was then the rule. Even when the sun shone, however, was the almost unimaginable loneliness. When the winter had fairly set in, the intense frost put a check on all communication, even though it did not improve the roads that were usual.

By quite as bad as those of Scotland "before they were made." As neighbors in the early twenties often lived in the apart visits were frequent and during the dreary winters went out from their homes to the Avenue Greenhouses, and there they would find a host of plants, and a pleasant feeling of being in the open air. The dark streets rose on every side and travel where they might the pioneers could find no relief from the inclosing walls. For almost 100 miles in every direction there was no relief in every direction there was no relief sufficiently great to overlook

STORY OF SANTA CLAUS

FOUNDED UPON THE LEGEND OF JESSE MEASURER. BY CECILIA E. ULLMER.

ONCE upon a time there lived in a neat, snug little cottage, Karl, the blacksmith, and Gretchen, his rosy, blue-eyed, dimpled-checked little wife, and the baby. Now there were many homes in which lived a father and mother and a baby, but there had never been before, nor ever would be again, such a wonderful baby as was this one. I know this to be a fact, for Gretchen, his own mother, had made the assertion repeatedly, and who so competent to judge, I should like to know, as a baby's own mother!

This wonderful baby had been carried to the church at the proper time, dressed in a beautiful white robe made by his loving mother's hands, and, with the proper number of godfathers and godmothers, had been duly christened and given the name of Claus.

Across the road from the tiny cottage stood the shop where big, broad-shouldered Karl made the anvil ring from morning till night, as he beat the red hot iron into horseshoes and wagon-wheel tires.

Gretchen was a busy, happy little wife and mother, for she had plenty of employment to fill up the days, and an abundance of love showered upon her; and if love and occupation cannot make a happy life, I am afraid there is little hope for me in this world.

Before the baby came Gretchen thought herself a very busy, fortunate woman, what with her three little rooms to keep sweet and clean, and her Karl over the way to peep at occasionally from between the snowy curtains of the window. But with little Claus to care for, and love, and pet, she felt now indeed she could say with the Psalmist, "My cup runneth over."

And such care as the little one received. Never was baby kept sweeter, cleaner, and warmer than this one, who repaid all this attention by being happy, fat, good-natured, and he would ooze and kick and grow just as a baby should. To be sure Gretchen could not take so many peeps through the window curtains now; but oftentimes when Karl would stop beating the iron for a moment he could hear the sweet voice of his Gretchen crooning a soft lullaby, or breaking forth into joyous strains like some happy little songster of the forest, and then such a pleasant smile would light up his dark face, as to make you feel that Gretchen was not so far wrong when she would declare, with glowing face and loving eyes, "My Karl is the handsomest lad in the village."

Time passed by as time will, and the baby Claus out roars of sharp, peppy teeth, and learned to walk, timidly at first, holding to the dear mother hands, and then, growing stronger and bolder, he could go from chair to chair, and finally to his own surprise, and the wonder and delight and admiration of his mother, the sturdy little legs could carry him wherever he wanted to go. And you may be sure while all this wonderful development had been in progress he had also been learning the use of the baby's little tongue, and the red lips, and each day some new word seemed to form itself in the baby's intelligence, and to be lisped out to the delight of the food in their and proud father.

The house of Karl was not far from a deep, cool, forest, and in the long summer days Gretchen and her boy spent hours and hours under the trees, and beside the chair, peppy brook—so clear they could look down to the very bottom and see the round, smooth stones, the delicate green mosses, and the little fish gracefully darting hither and yonder in the ripples of the stream, or the sweet summer breeze made music through the branches, and only to that of the birds, as they flitted about from tree to tree, waking the echoes with their bursts of melody. Or they would search out the delicate vines and the tiny wood flowers, or watch the timid snail poke out the gray squirrel as they would flash before them, sometimes even stopping at a safe distance—with their bushy tails curled up over their backs, and their little bright eyes snapping in such a comical way at their human visitors, that little Claus would laugh and clap his hands, which of course made the little creature scamp off to sight.

Not only did they see and enjoy all these beautiful things of nature, but Gretchen talked a great deal about the good fairies, who were known to inhabit this very wood; and she taught Claus that if he would only keep himself good enough and pure enough, some day they might be permitted to see and talk with the spirits, and have granted them the nearest wish of their hearts.

So the years went by till little Claus was eight years old, and then a change came into the home. It was not that Gretchen was less beautiful, for Karl thought she never had looked so lovely as now; such a rich, bright color as would come into her cheeks, and such a sparkle would burn in her eyes—though some way the merry twinkle seemed to be going out of them—and such a delicate whiteness of the skin; no wonder that even the little boy noticed it, and many times, as he looked at her lovingly, called her his "Pretty pretty, mamma." And Karl began to notice her more and more frequently seated at the window, and he would give her a smile and a nod and think what a pretty picture she made, framed in by the snowy curtains; but there came a day when he noticed that the picture lacked color, except the gold of the hair, and the blue eyes had a hinging, wistful look, and the hands were thin and white, and she seemed content to let them lie idly in her lap instead of being restlessly busy, as always before.

And now the black shadow settled down over the once happy home. Gretchen was passing away, and who would make life happy for poor little Claus, her baby, her heart's treasure! She wept as she looked forward to the lonely days and years that are the lot of a motherless child; to be sure his father would be left to protect and care for him, but while a man may love and indulge he cannot understand a child as a woman. That is what God made mothers for.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

He thought of all his little ones. He sorrowed for his wife; a frozen tear or two would fall. Then he turned away to his work.

With trembling hands he carried the little ones to the stable. Beyond the outer gate there on a dreary night of snow he further lamented fate.

He covered all the covered stalls with his own hands. This little card he found.

With seasonable compliments I wish a Merry Christmas to you and yours. With hopes that you may live.

Oh, then they all came off quick and to themselves they fell— Now is not this as usual a tale as ever hard did tell!

LEADING GALLERY OF ART. New Firm Introducing Innovations in the Capital City.

During the past month a new Photo art gallery has been opened in our midst which is introducing new methods, new styles, and modern work in the art of photography. We refer to the Pickercell Art Gallery located next door to the Red Front Drug Store. It is projected by Mr. Frank Pickercell late of Indianapolis, Ind., F. J. Carterlin will be employed as assistant. Mr. Pickercell the photographer was in business in Salem over ten months about 12 years ago, and then created a stir with his artistic work. For over 20 years he has been established in the business of photography at Indianapolis and was there recognized as a leader in his particular line. The citizens of Salem, who are ever ready to acknowledge and credit real enterprise will welcome Mr. Pickercell back to the Capital City and welcome his company substantial patronage. The new company expect to give the Salem people the best work known to the profession, as well as the benefit of all the newest devices and improvements for turning out artistic work. A visit to their gallery is of itself a rare treat and all callers are made welcome. This is the only thoroughly equipped grand old gallery in Salem, everything grand and modern, being placed on the North-west coast, Prices as low as consistent with strictly first-class work.

Capt. Clark clears at Ellis & Zion's the boat on earth for 54.

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