

**CHRISTMAS ON**



**A... RANCH**  
By Theodore Roosevelt

**How the Rough Rider, Before He Became President, Restocked His Larder For a Yuletide Feast and Went Home Cold and Wet.**

One December, while I was out on my ranch, so much work had to be done that it was within a week of Christmas before we were able to take any thought for the Christmas dinner. The winter set in late that year and there had been comparatively little cold weather, but one day the ice on the river had been sufficiently strong to enable us to haul up a wagon load of flour, with enough salt pork to last through the winter, and a very few cans of tinned goods to be used at special feasts. We had some bushels of potatoes, the heroic victors of a struggle for existence, in which the rest of our garden vegetables had succumbed to drought, frost and grasshoppers, and we also had some wild plums and dried elk venison. But we had no fresh meat, and so one day my foreman and I agreed to make a hunt on the morrow.

Accordingly one of the cowboys rode out in the frosty afternoon to fetch in the saddle band from the plateau three miles off, where they were grazing. It was necessary to get to the hunting grounds by sunrise, and it still lacked a couple of hours of dawn when the foreman wakened me with a touch as I lay asleep beneath the buffalo robes. Dressing hurriedly and breakfasting on a cup of coffee and some mouthfuls of bread and jerked elk meat, we slipped out to the barn, threw the saddles on the horses and were off.

The air was bitterly chill. The cold had been severe for two days, so that the river ice would again bear horses. It had already frozen once and then again thawed. Beneath the light covering of powdery snow we could feel the rough ground like wrinkled iron under the horses' hoofs. There was no moon, but the stars shone brilliantly down through the cold, clear air, and our willing horses galloped swiftly across the long bottom on which the ranchhouse stood, threading their way deftly among the clumps of sprawling sagebrush. A mile off we crossed the river, the ice cracking with noises like pistol shots as our horses picked their way gingerly over it. On the opposite side was a dense jungle of bullberry bushes, and on breaking through this we found ourselves galloping up a long, winding valley which led back many miles into the hills. The canyons and little side ravines were filled with brushwood and groves of stunted ash. By this time there was a faint flush of gray in the east, and as we rode silently along we could make out dimly the tracks made by the wild animals as they had passed and repassed in the snow. Several times we dismounted to examine them. A couple of coyotes, possibly frightened by our approach, had trotted and leaped up the valley ahead of us, leaving a trail like that of two dogs. The sharper, more delicate footprints of a fox crossed our path, and outside one long patch of brushwood a series of round imprints in the snow betrayed where a bobcat, as plainmen term the small lynx, had been lurking around to try to pick up a rabbit or prairie fowl.

As the dawn reddened and it became light enough to see objects some little way off we began to sit erect in our saddles and to scan the hillsides sharply for sight of feeding deer. Hitherto we had seen no deer tracks save inside the bullberry bushes by the river, and we knew that the deer which lived in that impenetrable jungle were cunning white tails and that in such a place they could only be hunted by the aid of a hound. But just before sunrise we came on three lines of hoar-shaped footmarks in the snow which showed where so many deer had just crossed a little plain ahead of us. They were walking leisurely, and from the lay of the hand we believed we would find them over the ridge, where

while a sudden crashing of underbrush told of the flight of her terrified companions. We both laughed and called out "Dinner!" as we sprang down toward her, and in a few minutes she was dressed and hung up by the hind legs on a small ash tree. The entrails and viscera we threw off to one side after carefully poisoning them from a little bottle of strychnine which I had in my pocket. Almost every cattlemen carries poison and neglects no chance of leaving out wolf bait, for the wolves are sources of serious loss to the unfenced and unhoused flocks and herds. In this instance we felt particularly revengeful because it was but a few days since we had lost a fine yearling heifer. The tracks on the hillside where the carcass lay when we found it told the story plainly. The wolves, two in number, had crept up close before being discovered and then raced down on the astonished heifer almost before she could get fairly started. One brute had hamstringed her with a snap of his viselike jaws, and once down she was torn open in a twinkling.

No sooner was the sun up than a warm west wind began to blow in our faces. The weather had suddenly changed, and before an hour the snow was beginning to thaw and leave patches of bare ground



I CAUGHT THE GLINT OF A BUCK'S HORNS, on the hillsides. We left our coats with our horses and struck off on foot for a group of high buttes cut up by the cedar canyons and gorges in which we knew the old bucks loved to lie. It was noon before we saw anything more. We hunched at a clear spring, not needing much time, for all we had to do was to drink a draft of icy water and munch a strip of dried venison. Shortly afterward, as we were moving along a hillside with silent caution, we came to a sheer canyon of which the opposite face was broken by little ledges grown up with wind-beaten cedars. As we peered over the edge my companion touched my arm and pointed silently to one of the ledges, and instantly I caught the glint of a buck's horns as he lay half behind an old tree trunk. A slight shift of position gave me a fair shot slanting down between his shoulders, and though he struggled to his feet, he did not go fifty yards after receiving the bullet.

This was all we could carry. Leading the horses around, we packed the buck behind my companion's saddle and then rode back by the doe, which I put behind mine. But we were not destined to reach home without a slight adventure. When we got to the river, we rode boldly on the ice, heedless of the thaw, and about midway there was a sudden, tremendous crash, and men, horses and deer were scrambling together in the water amid slabs of floating ice. However, it was shallow, and no worse results followed than some hard work and a chilly bath. But what cared we? We were returning triumphant with our Christmas dinner.—Philadelphia Times.

**London's Christmas Pudding.**  
Many grave and reverend persons can recall the excitement of that moment when they were invited into the kitchen to stir the Christmas pudding, and though the day for them is passed when stirring and even eating the pudding brings any delight they may be interested to learn from The Master Baker that if all the puddings made in England in honor of Christmas were rolled into one the total weight would be 7,580 tons. It should encourage poultry farmers to learn that in the making of this monster no fewer than 32,000,000 eggs are used.

**That Was His Idea.**  
"Look here, Mr. Hojack," said Mrs. Hojack, "I'd like to know why you asked me what I wanted for a Christmas present if you intended to get something entirely different?"  
"I wanted to surprise you, dear," was Hojack's unsatisfactory reply.

**Merry Christmas!**  
Many hundred years ago,  
Where Judean rivers flow,  
Early, 'er the morning light  
Made the eastern hills tops bright,  
Rose a star whose radiance mild  
Shone upon a little child.  
Resting in a lowly manger,  
Wise men found the little stranger.  
Yonder by the star's soft light  
Shepherds watched their flocks by night.

Chatting there upon the ground,  
Lo, they hear a wondrous sound!  
High in air and coming near,  
Angel voices sweet and clear,  
Rang the glad song from the sky,  
"Glory be to God on high,  
In the earth good will abound,  
Peace and joy be ever found!"  
Sing, we now as they sang then,  
"Peace on earth, good will to men!"  
This is why the joy bells ring:  
This is why the children sing.  
Merry Christmas, one and all!  
Merry Christmas, great and small!  
As the angels from above  
Sang of our Redeemer's love,  
So on all glad Christmas days  
We will sing the Saviour's praise!  
—Boston Herald.



THE DEER WAS DRESSED AND HUNG UP BY THE HIND LEGS.

there was a brush coulee. Riding to one side of the trail, we topped the little ridge just as the sun thumped up, a burning ball of crimson, beyond the snowy waste at our backs. Almost immediately afterward my companion leaped from his horse and raised his rifle, and as he pulled the trigger I saw through the twigs of a brush patch on our left the erect, startled head of a young black tail doe as she turned to look at us, her great, mulelike ears thrown forward.

The ball broke her neck, and she turned a complete somersault down—the hill,

**SECOND ANNIVERSARY.**

TWO years ago we opened our store to the public. Our stock was entirely new and up-to-date. The People quickly saw the sudden drop in prices and of course, patronized us liberally. The result is, that we have been forced to build a large ware-house to hold a reserve stock for this sale. We thank you for your generous patronage and hope to merit your future favors, and to show our appreciation of same, we are going to make this ANNIVERSARY SALE long remembered in Cameron county. Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

We will now quote you prices that will certainly surprise and please you:

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<p><b>Very Fine Side Board, 14 x 24 Bevel Glass, Top Drawers Double Swell, \$7.00.</b></p>	<p><b>STEEL Beds, Brass top rail Like cut, \$4.50. IRON Beds, Like cut, \$2.50.</b></p>	<p><b>Ladies Desk, Like Cut, \$3.75.</b></p>
<p><b>Solid Oak, like cut, Cane or Cushion, \$1.50.</b></p>	<p><b>Golden Oak Hall Rack, Very Fine, Only \$6.00.</b></p>	<p><b>Quartered Oak Stand Like Cut, \$1.00.</b></p>

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