

Cameron County Press.

ESTABLISHED BY C. B. GOULD. HENRY H. MULLIN, Editor and Manager.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

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Legal and Official Advertising, 25 cents per line.

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Local notices, 10 cents per line.

No local inserted for less than 75 cents per issue.

Religious notices free.

The Job department of the Press is complete.

No paper will be discontinued until arrears are paid.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

No advertisements will be accepted at less than the price for fifteen words.

Religious notices free.

There must be a cause for the higher wages and better living in America than elsewhere.

The Farmer's Interest.

Year after year since the inauguration of William McKinley and the accession of his successor, Theodore Roosevelt, and during the continued operation of our present Protective Tariff the farm products of the country, without regard to the quantity harvested, have netted the farmer more than a billion dollars in excess of the value received during the operation of the Wilson-Gorman Tariff law under the administration of Grover Cleveland.

A Frightened Horse.

Running like mad down the street dumping the occupants, or a hundred other accidents, are every day occurrences.

THE CHRISTIAN churches at Constantinople, Turkey, and Yokohama, Japan, have long used the Longman & Martinez Paints for painting their churches.

Liberal contributions of L. & M. Paint will be given for such purpose wherever a church is located.

F. M. Seefeld, Harris Springs, S. C., writes: "I painted our old homestead with L. & M. twenty-six years ago. Not painted since, looks better than houses painted in the last four years."

W. B. Barr, Charleston, W. Va., writes: "Painted Frankenburg Block with L. & M. shows better than any buildings here have ever done; stands out as though varnished, and actual cost of paint was less than \$1.20 per gallon. Wears and covers like gold."

These Celebrated Paints are sold by H. S. Lloyd.

Some men die of heart failure, but some continue to stack up dollars in spite of it.

Heals Everything.

It beats anything in the healing line ever used. My little girl had been troubled with dark purple sores on her legs for two months.

A man must have a nice banking figure before he can pose as a model statesman.

She Struck Luck.

About six years ago I sent to the store for some medicine and they sent me some Thompson's Barosma or Kidney and Liver Cure.

Photographs for Christmas presents at Bair's studio. Don't wait until it is too late.

What the Robin Told The Holly Sprig

By MARY BAIN BILTON

ON a mountain side grew a sprig of holly. Beneath, in the valley, nestled a village, and the holly could see the people moving about, the cattle going to and from the brook for water; indeed, there was constant motion, while the holly sprig was always still except when the wind set it in motion.

"How I wish I were you!" said the sprig to the bird. "You can fly anywhere and see what is going on, while I am doomed to hang here, passing my life in one spot."

"Yes," said the robin, "I can go about and see the world, and I have opportunities of learning. The other day—it was Sunday—I perched on a limb near a church and heard the clergyman say that one of the greatest blessings was contentment."

Then the robin flew away. One winter morning when the snow had fallen the holly sprig heard merry voices, sounding very loud in the moist air, coming up the mountain side, and presently a number of children approached. They were gathering holly, and one of them took hold of the little holly twig and twisted it off its parent bush.

Then for a time it lay perfectly still, but suddenly the mouth of the bag was opened, a hand thrust in and the holly taken out.

Then for the first time the holly sprig saw a new sight. It was in a lighted room where boys and girls were at work. The girls were tying evergreens together and making ropes of them, while the boys were standing on tables and stepladders arranging the ropes on the walls in festoons.

Some of the girls were making evergreen wreaths and hanging them in the windows. One little girl took the holly sprig and hung it to a chandelier.

The holly sprig was supremely happy. How much more delightful was this than the bleak mountain side, with no change from day to day! It was somewhat disappointed when the boys and girls put out the lights and went out, leaving the room in darkness.

It could see nothing, whereas in its mountain home on clear nights it could see the stars, and often the moon lighted up the trees about it and the valley below.

However, in the morning the children came back to view their work, and people were coming and going all day, so that the holly sprig was not lonely. Indeed, it was charmed with its altered condition, which, it supposed, would last forever.

That day a young evergreen tree was brought into the room and stood before the chimney piece. The children brought in boxes, from which they took little wax candles and fixed them all over the tree. From other boxes they took iridescent and gilt globes, spangles and tinsel chains, which they scattered in profusion among the branches.

But the climax of delight to the holly was in the evening, when the children

all came in together. The candles were lighted, and all stood admiring the beautiful tree.

"What a happy change for me!" exclaimed the holly sprig. "Had not the children come and brought me down here I should now be a part of my parent bush, out in the cold wind, with nothing above me but a murky sky, nothing beneath but the cold snow."

Then some of the elder people who were present went to the evergreen tree and took off boxes and packages they had hung there in the night when the children were in bed and distributed them among the little ones. Each package was marked with the name of the child for whom it was intended and was opened eagerly.

The holly sprig, hanging high in the center of the room, could see everything and as each child opened its package watched eagerly to see what was being unwrapped. There was frequent clapping of hands, shouts of laughter, everything expressive of happiness.

"This is delightful," said the holly sprig to itself. "I wonder if they are going to do this often."

By and by, when the merrymaking had lasted a long while, the candles on the tree were extinguished and the children were sent to bed. Then their parents put out the lights, and the room was dark. But the holly sprig had so much to remember that it did



THE HOLLY SPRIG SAW A NEW SIGHT.

not feel lonely during the night, expecting that it would again have plenty of company on the morrow.

In the morning before the sun was up servants came into the room and took out the evergreen tree, then tore down the evergreen from the wall. The holly sprig looked on, terrified.

One of the servants said to another: "It's a pity master doesn't like to see these things about after Christmas. They would look pretty for weeks."

With that the holly was pulled down and thrown into the general heap, all of which was taken down into the cellar.

Then the holly sprig wished itself back on the mountain side, where it could see the sun sparkling on the snow and icicles by day and the stars and the moon by night, but as the juice of life dried out of it it gradually lost sensation.

One spring morning a servant came down into the cellar and looked about for some kindling. Seeing the holly sprig, she took it upstairs, put it on the hearth in the room where the tree had been, laid wood on it and touched a match to its dry leaves. As it burst into a flame it thought of its home on the mountain side, where the buds were sprouting, the soft south wind was stealing up the valley and the sweet summer time was at hand. Its last remembrance was what the robin had heard the clergyman say: "One of the greatest blessings is contentment."

CHRISTMAS TREES.

Where They Come From and How They Are Sold.

Where do all the Christmas trees come from? You would think there were not enough to supply the huge demand, but in almost all parts of the country there are big pine, fir and cedar tree forests that remained undisturbed for centuries until Mark Carr gave Americans the idea of cutting them for Christmas.

It used to be that Maine furnished 90 per cent of them, and for two months before the holiday the woodmen were busy chopping and the farmers were busy carting them to the stations, where they were loaded into cars and sent west and south to be sold to the dealers. Today Maine has rivals, and all the northern border states deal regularly in Christmas trees. Christmas tree selling is a paying business nowadays, and it is entered into with all the formality and shrewd business methods that you might use in disposing of acres of land.

The woods that furnish spruce and fir are sold on contract, and the jobber visits them in October to "size them up." He offers so much apiece for each tree as the trees run—usually about \$3 a hundred—and makes the money payable on receipt of the package of trees at the nearest railroad station. On their arrival in the city the jobber sells them to the wholesaler, getting about \$7 a hundred for the trees, after which the wholesaler sells them to the retailer at a good profit, and the retailer does his best to get big prices from the housewife and the head of the family.

The boughs of fir bring the highest price because of their symmetry and grace. After them come the stiffer pine and cedar, but when they are covered with gorgeous tinsel and brilliant baubles and strung with popcorn, candy, toys and presents you really do not see much of the form of the tree.

One of the most remarkable facts about the Christmas greens lies in connection with the people who handle them. Christmas tree merchants do a rushing business and work steadily from October to the 1st of January, after which they take a vacation and are the laziest of all idlers from January to the next October. Their season is only three months long, but they have to "step lively" during that time or it will pass them by unremunerated. —Washington Star.

THE COUNTY.

SINNAMAHONING.

Pretty good winter weather. Snow enough for sleighing would be appreciated.

Our young people are enjoying the fine skating.

R. H. Lightner is doing business again. His quarters are small but his new and commodious building will be erected soon.

Crum Bros. have their new store building up.

The P. O. S. of A. boys are building the wall for their new hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Losey, of Laquin, attended the funeral of Twila Berfield on Saturday. The floral tributes to the little one was profuse.

The Patriotic Order of Americans have received their new charter and paraphernalia and will meet in Brooks' hall Wednesday evening of this week.

Members of Lieut. D. W. Taggart Post, No. 241, will attend a meeting at Druitwood, Saturday afternoon, to elect officers for ensuing year. All comrades are requested to be present.

Ajax Answers.

Please allow me a little space in the columns of your valuable paper that I may answer Mr. T. W. Kailbourne's vindication. First, I never said publicly that Mr. Kailbourne was the "Gazette" correspondent from this place.

I opened battle with that reporter for misrepresenting and ridiculing me through the columns of the "Gazette," and if Mr. Kailbourne is not the correspondent, he is not the one I am fighting. Second, why don't he let the "Gazette" man fight his own battles? No doubt that reporter is more capable of defending himself than Mr. Kailbourne and his narrow minded, and narrow gauged assistant is to fight for him. The shoe fit or he wouldn't put it on. The pill I gave the correspondent from his own pill bag certainly lodged in Mr. K's stomach and soured or he wouldn't feel so sick. He said in the Press I was "looney." Well it is better to be looney and attend to your own affairs, than to be "foolish" and try to attend other peoples' business, and fight other peoples' wars. There is about as much sense in him taking sides in this fight, as there would be in me going to Port Arthur and threaten to lick the whole world because Japan and Russia are at war. Perhaps the Gazette reporter would thank him to mind his own business. Mr. K. is howling liab suit. I think I am the one to feel aggrieved, for I have been misrepresented, ridiculed, and abused at least a dozen times in the last two years through the the columns of the "Gazette" by smart (?) correspondents from this place, and he has not. He denies writing for the Press and "Gazette" last spring and summer and can prove himself innocent by the Editors. Very well, I never said he was guilty, but he can't prove himself innocent of not writing for the Gazette within a month. The items he referred to about me in the Press and "Gazette" certainly had a reporter and that is the person I intend bringing to justice if this fight is continued much longer. How quickly Mr. K. recalled these items to memory. The "Gazette" editor has barred out its correspondent, and now Mr. Kailbourne has taken refuge in the Press, and openly announced himself to defend that correspondent. Mr. editor, please look over your file and see if I haven't been imposed upon repeatedly by some "Simple Simon" who signed his or her self "Bruiser" and "Bouncer" and still by another, who didn't sign any name. But hereafter, if any items appear in the columns of the Press and Gazette of a personal direct or indirect nature from this place about me some one will suffer for it, and editors are requested to guide themselves accordingly. The Gazette barred out its correspondent, and the Press is hereby notified to do likewise, cut out all correspondents from this place, for items are not written four or five times a year, and then for the sole purpose to "shoot" me. If Mr. Kailbourne wants a libel suit why go ahead, and I will go hand in hand with him.

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One of the most remarkable facts about the Christmas greens lies in connection with the people who handle them. Christmas tree merchants do a rushing business and work steadily from October to the 1st of January, after which they take a vacation and are the laziest of all idlers from January to the next October. Their season is only three months long, but they have to "step lively" during that time or it will pass them by unremunerated. —Washington Star.

Christmas in Bethlehem.

Christmas in the Holy Land is an interesting experience. Indeed it is one never to be forgotten, and every Christmas thousands of persons from all over the world make a journey to Palestine in order to witness the various ceremonies held there during the festive season. Every one almost puts up at Jerusalem and on Christmas morning makes his way to Bethlehem, which lies almost due south, about six miles away as the crow flies; over a range of hills. No highway the world over presents such a motley crowd as may be seen streaming along this thoroughfare early on Christmas morning.

Where the Heavens Open.

In Poland it is believed that on Christmas night the heavens are opened and the scene of Jacob's ladder is re-enacted, but only the saints are permitted to see it. In Holland the people enter thoroughly into the spirit of the Nativity. In nearly every Dutch town at 2 o'clock Christmas morning the young men assemble at the market place, singing the "Gloria" and other hymns. One of them carries a large star on a pole. This is supposed to represent the star that guided the steps of the three kings to the stable at Bethlehem.

A Holiday Jingle.

Cedars standin' in de cold, Trim dat Christmas tree, Maple drops a bunch o' gold, Trim dat Christmas tree, Stars a-shinin' in de night, Make de snowflakes glisten bright, Gwine to hab it lookin' right, Trim dat Christmas tree.

Rabbit's track runs round about, Trim dat Christmas tree, Simmon's rally—grab me about, Trim dat Christmas tree, Is my eyes a-gettin' dim? What's dat bangin' 'em de limb? Possum! An' 'Pa's proud o' him! Trim dat Christmas tree.

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—Washington Star.

FIRST FORK.

At a box social and fair, held at the Gilmore school house, on last Saturday evening for the benefit of Rev. Simpson, the sum of \$52.00 was realized, which will pay up his salary at this, and Brooks Run appointments.

Spafford & Currier have their bark hauled and shipped, and have their jobbers at work skidding the logs.

W. H. Tanner has moved his family into the camp up Mill Run.

Hunting season being over we have very few casualties to chronicle, as far as the deer are concerned and none as far as the hunters. One of the B. & S., employees reports 16 deer and 2 men killed about Medix Run, by the hunters. Said it was dangerous to work in the woods with a log loader, as the bullets were whistling in all directions.

Wm. Mahon was down from Hulls and stayed over Sunday with his family.

A good many wells have gone dry in this vicinity and the people are hauling or carrying water a long ways, as the water in the creek is unfit to use for any purpose whatever. Wonder if the Board of Health or the fisheries commission or our lawmakers in the Legislature, will look after the matter at the coming session?

A good many of the farmers about here are going to do their annual butchering this week.

News like the weather is pretty dry here now.

Elmer Smith is on his annual assessment round.

SIZERVILLE.

Snow has come to stay.

Miss Maude Evans came over from Austin and spent Sunday with her folks at this place.

Mr. Floyd Minard has returned to our city after a well earned vacation to take up his position as operator.

Mr. Jos. Stonham and son David has left for Florida to take up a position as carpenter for Mr. Felt.

Mr. Silas Farrell from Hulls came over and spent Sunday with his folks, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Sizer.

Mr. W. D. Sprague and J. H. Evans were out hunting Wednesday. We have not seen any game yet.

Mr. Michael Kepthart aged 38 years was killed last Saturday morning at 4:10 while walking track. Intermat at Sizerville Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Mr. E. S. Ling principal of Emporium schools was seen on our streets last Saturday.

Mrs. William Farrell who is employed as conductor for Goodyear Lumber Company is visiting his parents.

FINNINIKY FINNINIKIN.

If you desire to make your friend happy, present them a picture of your self mounted on those lovely calendar cards at Bair's studio.

The Line Drawn.

Ethel—What do you intend to give me for Christmas?
Bertie—Would a kiss answer?
Ethel (with sarcasm)—No, indeed! Mamma never allows me to accept valuable presents from gentlemen.

Vacaney.

There's Christmas smiling in the sky,
There's Christmas in the trees,
There's Christmas in the streets near by,
There's Christmas in the breeze.

It's Christmas, Christmas everywhere,
No matter where you look,
Save when you gaze with mild despair
Into your pocketbook.

—Washington Star.

Christmas Bills.

The Christmas bills
Give dad the chills;
He'll never climb
The heavenly hills
Nor wear the angels' wings
Because o' them
Same Christmas bills!

—Atlanta Constitution.

Don't Jump

to conclusions and think, because you have suffered so long from chronic PAIN, that it is incurable. Whether you call it rheumatism, neuralgia, backache, earache, toothache, headache, a sprain, indigestion or some internal trouble, of which you don't rightly know the nature, the surest and most reliable relief and cure is HAMLINS WIZARD OIL.

This medicine acts directly upon the nerves and blood vessels in such a way as to relieve inflammation, reduce swellings, and drive out the exact cause of trouble to which the pain is due. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Fully guaranteed.

For sale and recommended by L. TAGGART.

HOWARDVILLE.

Mr. Truman Carpenter was at Belmont, N. Y., Monday, buying machinery for a large saw mill to be built in Canada, by Pennsylvania parties. The duties will hit them twice if they buy their machinery here, as they will have to pay duty (or tariff) on the machinery going over to Canada, and again on the lumber coming back.

E. L. Mason met Mr. Carpenter at Belmont Monday evening, and returned with him on the midnight flyer.

Mr. Theodore Newton has returned from a week's visit with his mother at Corry, Pa.

The new mill has started on hardwood for the winter sawing. This means a reduction of employees.

Have your photograph taken and mounted on those Christmas cards. Did you see them at Bair's studio? They are something entirely new.

—M. E. L.

Fight Will be Bitter.