# The Islander.

VOLUME 4, NO. 44. FRIDAY HARBOR, WASH., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1894 PRICE 5 CENTS



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Need some money and as an inducement to those who have it and want fruit trees we make the following offer: Anyone paying into the ISLANDER office, or sending directly to us, can have the following discounts:

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### TO THE FARMERS AND OTHERS.

Anyone desiring a first class article of pickled herring can now be accommodated by leaving their orders with Thomas Brothers, at Friday Harbor, Wash. Price in whole barrels $4, Halves $2.50.

THE dear world's Christmas marshal legions of precious memories cut from the past and crowns the future with a nail of golden, cheery promises. Out from the shadows come the festive time when Santa Claus was a verity, with his fat paunch and great, rosy cheeks when, on awaking, stockings filled bursting greeted the eye, and at eventide the flashing Christmas tree fairly laughed its satisfaction at the joyous gladness it was diffusing all around.

Day of the children! An infantile laugh is the divinest of songs in the ear of the Christ, who was once a helpless babe, His only shelter a mother's loving breast. The Man-Christ took little ones in His arms and blessed them, declaring that all must be as they in trust and innocence, if they would be heirs to His everlasting kingdom.

Day of home-bringing and home gathering, when the loved ones near and unselfishly live in the pleasure of each other. Tender affection banishes self and man lives in tune with his fellow, glorified of the divine benediction of love. He is nearest divinity who gets furthest from self and the gifts of Christmas-tide are many pledges of disinterested esteem for the recipients. A time is this when care rolls away like a scroll in the fire and mirth and good will become the all-pervading genii of the household. Love and joy cross the threshold and kiss one another, as they pronounce a blessing upon all beneath the roof. Peace covers the dear ones as a mantle, and gladness so abounds that it is the day of all days throughout the metes and bounds of Christendom.

Christmas of sleigh-bells and crystal snow, Christmas of warmth and flowers, for the Christ-day girdles the earth and embraces all climates and all nations, and everywhere, thank God! it is a day of festive joy and happiness—a fitting commemoration of the fulfillment of the promise made by the herald of God in the glowing words: "I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people."

It is peculiarly the Christ day, a time when the beauty of His self-abnegating life is reflected in sublime majesty. Never a selfish shadow obscured His path; His the grandest of all epitaphs: He lived and He died that others might live forever. A man without a home. He has gladdened and brightened millions of homes. He was a man of sorrows, acquainted with grief, yet from His presence an ocean of consolation has spread out and covered the earth with its waters of healing. His last prayer was an intercession for His enemies, and His last sigh a breath of confidence in God.

The glory song of the herald angels sung at the first Christmas, that paean of praise to God and pledge of peace to man, shall never die. The grandest of all carols, dearest of all angel hymns time has destroyed none of its sweetness and has preserved all of its promise. Peace and amity dwell where the spirit of Jesus prevails, and each Christ day is a benison indeed to those who see His face through the clouds and the mists of mortality.

Christmas, the home day, the Christ day! May its lessons and its blessings gladden all hearts and make a truth of the common salutation: "A Merry Christmas be upon you."

WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

THE FAD OF THE HOUR.

The man in the moon hangs up his stocking.—Golden Days.

**An Even Exchange.**

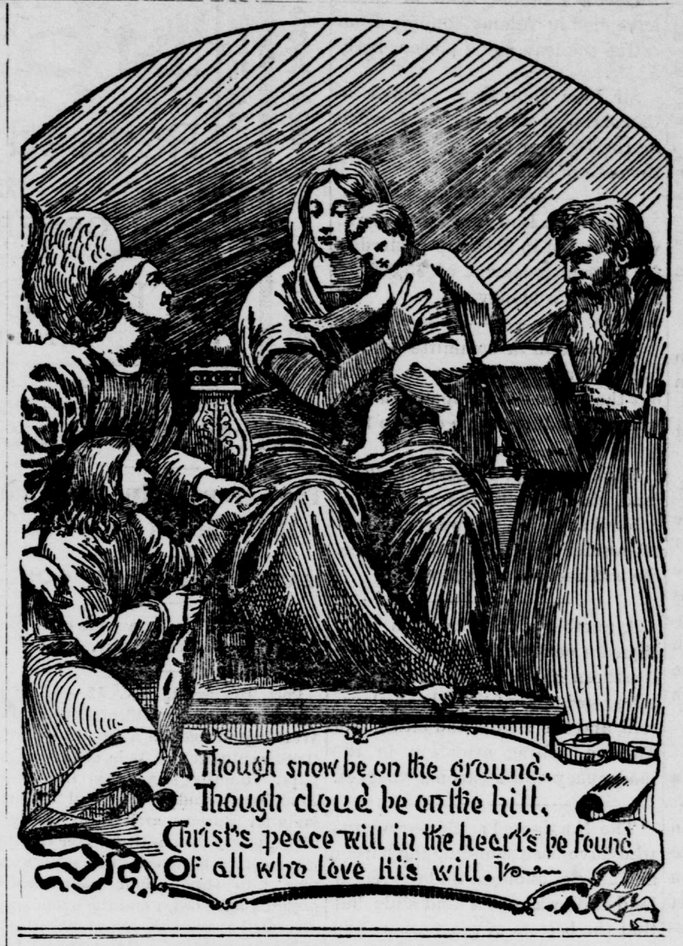
Mrs. Bride—I suppose you and Fred will give each other handsome holiday presents?

Miss Fiance—Yes; we have promised to surrender our liberties to each other right away.—Raymond's Monthly.

HIS CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.

"Did you take Miss Phair under the mistletoe last night?"

"Yes, and then went out under her father's missile-toe."—Judge.



A cabin squatting on the side of a hill; trees leaning back as though afraid of falling into the ravine below; grass green under the brow of a rock as if hiding from a cow that stood in the hollow, ringing her bell; a hawk sailing round and round, darting his covetous, hungry glance at a pig sty wherein under a hen had taken refuge; the gurgle of water pouring over a shelf-like ledge of slate stone; a boy and a girl standing under a tree, dreamily gazing into a blue pool. The month was June, the scene, the backwoods of Kentucky.

"If I was that bass down there," said the boy, "and you was that perch. I wouldn't let them common fish come a nigh you."

She laughed. "Oh, you'd want to eat me all by yourself."

He gave her a look of troubled reproach. She laughed merrily. "You can't take a joke yet, can you?" she asked.

"Why yet?" he replied.

"Because you've got to be so well acquainted with me," she rejoined.

"Is that a reason why I ought to take a joke?"

"Yes; for I ain't nothin' more than a joke."

"Well then," he said, "I can take a joke—I could take you."

"Oh, could you? But that wouldn't be a joke. It would be awful serious to me."

"Nell, don't talk to me that way. You know why I am stayin' here—you know that if it wan't for you I'd go away somewhere and be a poet. You know the school-teacher said he couldn't learn me any more, and I take it that when Bill Jimison can't learn anybody anything he's goin' to be a poet. Jimison told me that I ought to go away somewhere—said there never would be any chance for me here. And do you reckon I'd plow over yonder in that blazin' field if it wan't for you?

"OH, QUIT!" SHE CRIED.

There ain't nothin' in the ground for me to dig out—my fortune and my fame are in the air and the woods."

"Oh, shucks. Sam, why don't you grabble all that foolishness out of your head and go to work. I reckon I've gone to school as much as you have, and I never have thought about bein' a poet."

"Maybe it is because you never have been in love," he replied, half pitifully.

"Maybe so," she rejoined, and then in excitement cried: "Look there! the bass has caught the perch!" And she had not more than said this when he seized her in his arms and passionately, violently kissed her.

"Oh, quit!" she cried. "Don't I tell you! Mother is in the door and will see you. Go away, you—you fool!"

He released her and stood gazing at her. "I despise you," she said.

"Ah, I have squeezed the truth out of you, have I?"

"If you have you put yourself to unnecessary trouble—you might have known it before."

"Yes, I might, for the poet always has been despised."

"Oh, has he? But if that's the case you ought to be loved."

"Nell, you'll force me to hate you."

"I will? But why should you want to make me so happy?" She took up her sunbonnet, which had fallen to the ground, and, holding it by the strings, stood swinging it like a pendulum.

"Do you mean that?" he asked.

"Of course. Why shouldn't I, Sam; you have made me miserable all my life. Yes, you have, now. All the time at school, whenever nobody was lookin' you'd all the time try to kiss me, and I hate to be kissed all the time. Why, you don't know how tiresome it is. There, mother's callin' me, and I just know she's goin' to give me an awful goin' over for standin' round here foolin' with you. Good-by, and I hope I'll never see you again—all the time tryin' to kiss me. Yes-um!" she cried, "I'm comin'."

She ran up the hill, striking at the trees with her bonnet. A woman, flushed

THE GIRL STOOD IN THE DOOR.

and angry-looking, met her near the door, and pointing to a churn standing in the shade near the corner of the house, said:

"Thar's that thing standin' thar all the mornin' and you a foolin' round down thar on the branch. You air gest a gittin' so yo' ain't no manner account on the face of the earth. Who was that down thar a scrappin' with you? But you neenter tell me—I know. It was that good-for-nothin' Sam Foster. A triflin'er wretch never lived on the face of the earth."

"He's goin' to be a poet," the girl replied, taking an apron off a lilac bush and tying the strings about her waist.

"And what's that, for goodness' sake?" the woman exclaimed. "He'd better be thinkin' about cuttin' them sprouts outen that pore old hill-side field that he's afflicted with. Conscience alive, I pity the woman he marries."

"I don't reckon he's old enough yet to think about marryin' anybody," the girl replied. Having tucked up her skirts she had begun to ply the churn dasher.

"Not old enough," the woman snapped. "My sakes alive, I'd like to see a fool too young to think about gittin' married these here days. And I warrant you that thar air gals fool enough to marry him. Oh you neenter jerk that dasher around, for you know it's a fact. I do believe you'd be fool enough yourself."

The girl was silent. She had ceased to ply the churn dasher, she stood motionless, gazing down the slope toward the pool where she and the young fellow had watched the bass and the perch.

"Yes," the woman repeated, "I do believe that you'd be fool enough to marry him yourself."

"Well, if I was to, I might not have to churn all the time," the girl replied, resuming her work.

"That's a fact," the woman quickly agreed. "Yes, that's a fact, for you wouldn't have nothin' to churn."

"Well, I'd rather not have nothin' to churn. I wish there wasn't a cow nowhere. I hate 'em. All the time goin' about causin' folks to churn. If I was to marry a man I'd see that he didn't have a cow."

"You can safely marry Sam, then. He'll never have one—he'll never have anything."

"He'll have a wife if he marries, I reckon."

"Don't you sass me, Nell. I won't have it."

"I wouldn't sass you, mammy. You know I wouldn't; but he would have a wife if he married, wouldn't he? If he didn't there wouldn't be any use in marryin', would there?"

"Hush sich foolishness. It would depend altogether on the woman he got."

"Suppose he got me?"

"Look here, Nell. You ain't thinkin' about marryin' him, air you?"

"'Lowed I might, as he ain't got a cow, and that's about all I'd ask of him. But, mammy, suppose I was to tell you that I love him?"

"I would think you had lost your senses."

"Well, then, I reckon I have, for I do love him. Yes, I love him so much that I despise him and I could knock him down."

"Gracious alive!" the woman cried. "You've upset the churn and all the milk's gone. Come back here to me. You'll break your neck a runnin' off down thar. You are the fetchtakedest creeter I ever seed."

The girl came back, laughing an apology for the mischief which she had wrought, and the woman was scolding her, though with lessening harshness, when the mirthful apology and the reprimand were put to an end by the sudden appearance of a man, who, lazily turning a bend in the path that ran round a corner of the house, came slouching toward the woman. He held up a piece of paper, fluttered it, and drawlingly said:

"Got this here fer Miss Nell."

"For me?" the girl cried, running toward him. She snatched the piece of paper, ran away a short distance, halted, and read the following:

"Now that I have found out you hate me and don't want to be kissed all the time, I am goin' away to be a poet, and when I am one I know you will love me some and will let me kiss you a part of the time at least. If I don't become a poet I never will come back again, for bein' a poet is the only way I can win your love, for that is the only way I can learn to tell you how much I love you, and when I have done that you can't help lovin' me, for then you will see my soul all blazin' for you. I don't reckon I can get to be a poet before Christmas, but I am sure I will by then, so you may look for me Christmas; and if by any strange possibility I don't get to be a poet in time to reach home by Christmas, you just keep on a despisin' me as much as you please, but you must keep on a waitin', and don't let anybody else grab you up like the bass done the pearch, for as I tell you I'll be back.

"Yours, SAM."

A change came with the reading of the note. The noon in her eyes sobered into a twilight. For the first time in her life she was serious. She turned to her mother and said:

"I am awful sorry I turned over that churn."

The woman was surprised. "What's the matter, dear? Never mind about the churn. What's in the note, Nellie?"

"Nothin'; only Sam has gone away and won't come back tell he's a poet and I'm afraid he won't be one before Christmas and I want him now."

"But maybe he can git the job before then. It's a good while till Christmas, and a good many things mout turn up 'twixt now and then. Don't fret none."

But she did fret. She fretted for weeks at a time; at morning when she saw the dew on the trumpet vine, at noon when she stood, gazing into the blue pool, at evening when the whippoorwill sang his sad song. The season ripened, the grain was reaped, the leaves had fallen—Christmas was approaching, coming slowly down, it seemed, from the browning hills.

Christmas Eve, Christmas night. The girl stood in the door, listening. No sounds except the faint hack, hack, hack of an evening's woodchopper, far away, and the lowing of a cold and desolate cow in the ravine. He did not come.

The grass was green again, the leaves came out, the blackberry briars were in bloom, the water pouring over the shelf of slate struck a sweeter, sadder note. The season drew a long breath and another change came.

It was Christmas night, and the girl stood in the door. The belated woodchopper's hack, hack, hack was heard, and the same cold cow was lowing in the ravine.

"Good evening."

"Gracious alive, is this you, Sam?"

"Yes," he said, still standing back from her. The firelight falling upon him showed that he was well dressed.

"Won't you come in, Sam?"

"No, for you'll still have to despise me."

"Why?"

Because I'm not a poet."

"What are you, Sam?"

"I am an agent for a patent churn dasher."

She sprang forward and threw her arms about him. "Oh, I am so glad," she cried. "And you may kiss me all the time."

A CONSIDERATE LOTHARIO.

Don Juan O'Rafferty — Sure, and shave smooth the convexity of me upper lip. I want to make it aisy for the ladies until this missletoe business is over.—Texas Siftings.

**Something for the Boy.**

Office Boy—Are you going to give me anything for Christmas?

Boss—Oh, yes; a few errands to do.—Detroit Free Press.