

DEACON BURDETTE'S PHILOSOPHY.

UNREQUITED DESIRE. The man who wants the earth, my son, is the very man the earth doesn't want.

RESISTANCE TO TYRANTS. The weary traveler sat on the bed and read the legend on his door.

UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE. A "gentleman's son" Well, my boy, when you find a man whose only claim to respectability and title to existence is that he is the son of a gentleman, you want to look for his name in the "Newark Peerage."

A WORD TO SOMNAMBULISTS. A Boston writer, discussing the lost art of early rising, says "The proper time to rise is when sleep ends."

THE MYSTERY UNVEILED. "My stars, man," exclaimed the traveler, who had stepped into the transfer office to look for a trunk that had been missing for two months.

THE VERGE OF BANKRUPTCY. Delighted friend in Colorado hotel—"Why, why, why! George Jackson, if I ain't glad to see you! I heard that you were dead!

Getting the Worth of His Money. "How much yer charge ter go er mile?" an old negro asked of a street car conductor.

A Choice of Evils. Omaha (looking up from the paper)—Dear me! Horrible! Husband—Eh! Another disaster!

Seeing the Show at Home. "John, I am afraid we can't go to the theatre any more," said a Chicago woman to her husband.

His Sorrow Explained. "George, there is a sadness and melancholy in your eyes to-night, and your cheeks seem blanched as though with mortal agony."

A Numerous Family. Mrs. Smith to Mrs. Jones' Servant Girl—What do you want? Servant Girl—Mrs. Jones sends her regards, and says you'd be so kind as to count your children and see if you haven't got one too many, as our Kiddy hasn't come home and school has been out two hours.

Another Great Living Curiosity. "What is your speciality, my friend?" inquired the visitor of a dime museum freak.

IN DAYS OF INNOCENCE. A Delightful Story of By-Gone Christmas Times.

As I peer into the dim past that haunts the old home by the roadside, a thousand memories troop before me.

The funeral solemnity, the grave, and the never dying worm of future punishment, and a salvation that was free, but must be earned by most vigorous obedience by the few who could hope to attain it.

The birds flitting from tree to tree making music to the ears, the green hues of sunlight falling upon the trees and flowers, kissing with vermilion tints the meadows and fields of ripening grain.

Those preachers did more to plant in my mind the germ of infidelity than all the readings of Voltaire in the years that followed.

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none but the pitying angels knew. One by one the gay throng of children left the old farm house and went into other walks of life, and the halls became more silent than ever.

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CHRISTMAS IN LINCOLN, A. D. 1937. BY J. D. C.

We are permitted to clip the following items from the Christmas issue of THE COURIER for Dec. 25, 1937.

The new Knitther heater was turned on last night. While it did not warm quite so well as promised by its inventor, still it raised the temperature so that at no point in the city was it less than sixty degrees.

Raymond Ernest, Grandsons & Co., yesterday brought out against the London Airline, yesterday to recover overcharges and delay in the transmission of goods.

The Consolidated Sunshine Co., held a meeting and declared a dividend of 1/4 of one per cent. per annum. As this is the limit of the profit allowed by law, the price of light will be reduced as follows: Emporium 2 1/2 cents per month, residences 60 rooms 1 1/2 cents.

Hastings was read into the incorporation at 1 o'clock this morning and will hereafter be known as ward No. 1174. At the same meeting the council remitted the taxes on wards 831 to 835 inclusive, formerly the county of Douglas.

Some uneasiness is reported among our Chinese subjects and a long range battery has been ordered mounted on the Pacific coast. The battery at San Diego fired three practice shots at Island No. 16 Samsan group. The first shot went wild, but the third extinguished the target.

There is some talk of reviving the Daily State Journal. It is to be hoped the move will be successful. A circulation of seven million copies has been guaranteed, but this is hardly deemed sufficient by the gentlemen having the matter in charge.

The Universal Brotherhood cathedral will be dedicated on New Years. The foundation yesterday, and the dimensions will be 300x250 feet, the height of the main chapel roof being 63 feet. The cost when completed will be nearly \$200, and the people of Lincoln may justly pride themselves that it has no superior in the world.

The display of fire works in Berlin last night was plainly seen by the attendants at Lady Malvern's aerial sores. It was very enjoyable but for a mistake made by the operators in mingling blue and yellow lights in one piece.

A student is being formed to undertake the task of making southern California habitable. It is a noble scheme to obtain money on false pretenses.

Hank Hoarwood was annihilated in Ark., yesterday on suspicion of being engaged in the manufacture of liquor. The new ma-

chine worked like a charm, the sheriff simply pressed a button and the malefactor disappeared like a whiff of smoke.

The Female Party will hold its convention at noon to-day—sixty-five thousand delegates will be in attendance. The horrid men will, we expect, go through the form of putting up a ticket as usual.

Prof. J. M. Flabine will tonight deliver a 45 second lecture on "The myth of the north pole," at the Twenty-second chamber of Science Hall. The proceeds will be devoted to the amelioration of the condition of employed men.

New Years Cards. The COURIER will as usual be headquarters for New Year cards, and the assortment this year is without doubt the finest ever chosen.

A Bit of History. Some four months ago, there came in our midst a firm who opened in a field that was said to have been already too full, and the cautious gambler said "it will never pay," but the surprising merchants were not to be discouraged by such talk and consequently on a bright September day, a new merchant tailoring establishment was opened in our city.

Trickey, the leading jeweler, is as usual in the lead with an immense line of goods for the holidays. Everything appropriate and useful in this line can be found here in artistic designs, at prices that assure their rapid sale.

To the Traveling Public. Please note that a superb line of FIVE CHAIR CARS is now run between Lincoln and Chicago on trains Nos. 5 and No. 6; also that sleeping car berths or drawing rooms on the "flyers," Nos. 1 and 2 may be reserved in advance at City Ticket Office, corner Tenth and O Streets.

Low Rates to California. The California scenic line via the Burlington route (the excursions of America) have become so popular as to necessitate a train of this kind every week.

Among the leading and representative business houses of the city is that of Betts & Sewell, No. 1029 O street. On the first of April of this year these gentlemen succeeded to the business of Mr. Theo. Sewell, one of our oldest and most respected citizens, and the new firm has more than kept up the reputation, acquired by Mr. S. in his long years in business, for keeping none but the best and freshest groceries.

Fancy and Realism. Little Nell—Mamma, I wish you'd let me read a novel. Omaha Mamma—Don't mention such a thing. "But novels tell things just as they are in life, don't they?" "Yes. Now ask no more such a lovely novel, and."

A Minnesota Compliment to Browning. There is a very breezy young lady of literary tastes living on Summit avenue, who thought the name of her desired to Charles Dudley Warner, who has been paying a visit. After conversing with the inquiry: "Oh, Mr. Warner, don't you adore Browning?" Mr. Warner murmured in reply that the section of country he came from thought something of the mystic poet.



A Dream of Heaven.

befitting well the change from the old to the new. Even the oaken bucket that hung in the fern fringed wall is usurped by a creaking pump.

But the meadows are the same stretching away to the dark fringe of woods, from where the tinkle of sheep bells come floating, music-like; the green sward dotted here and there with the bright dandelions; while the sun-gleams all formed to me then brighter scenes and higher admiration of nature's handiwork than in after years I ever felt inspired by Sierra's towering peaks or orange groves and vine-clad countries of the south.

The great back porch yet bears one mark of my presence, carved in one of the columns: BU That was my pen-knife as I got trying the metal of my new pen-knife, for a cuff on the ear from grand-mother put an end to any further attempt to develop my genius (at carving, and then her subsequent gift of doughnuts stopped the flood of tears and noisy howl her slay had brought forth.

The men would gather around the church while the hand shaking among the good dames went on. Some loitered on the outside, or sat beneath the trees during the services and talked in low tones, through respect to the occasion, while from within went up in sweet cadence on waves and billows of sound.

"Rock of ages cleft for me," And so the delightful years of my childhood pass like one long summer's day. The autumn with its sharp frosts drives grandfather from his favorite place of evenings, by the well, where he was wont to sit and smoke his pipe while the stars gleaming down like laughing eyes at the boys cracking their brisk jokes, or pointed wit, until Hester, lame from her birth lameness drives them to bed with her stick. Poor girl! those stars looked down like pitying eyes of tears from heaven upon her sorrowful afterthoughts.

Then came the clash of arms, reverberating the war cry from the granite hills of Maine to the flowery borders of California, invading the old home by the roadside, as it did thousands of others and with tearful eyes the old couple clasped their eldest to their bosoms and sent him on. After that the halls were silent for many a year. The merry laugh seemed to have an echo in hollow sounds, while Granny would sit by the window with a far away look across the fields and meadows, waiting, always waiting a wanderer's return; and then she would turn with tear dimmed eyes to her Bible and find a consolation in its words of promise and the old man, such as had pioneered the primeval forests of Indiana, and to whose like I would rather trace my lineage than if it came from lords or kings, bore his sorrows with a stoical silence whose depths

I shall never forget when I moved into the west, how with stout heart and willing hands I turned away the tall grass from the plain and built a little home. I was ever so light hearted until the wagon brought my boxes, and I had my handful of things scattered over the yard. It was all that was left of my old home; and as my eyes fell upon the mute companions of a happy day I weakened for the first time. I smile as I record the incident, it was so little and apparently trifling. Yet, our lives are made up of little things, and who should feel ashamed of even a tear drawn from its fountains by the chain of love.

As the joyful season of Christmas approaches, the young folks speculating as to what old Santa will bring them, the children daily wishing for the arrival of the time honored guest, and all the world seems to shout a word of welcome to the coming festivities, it is but right and proper that we make the preliminary steps now to celebrate in a becoming manner this, the most eventful holiday in the christian year. It is the time when presents are exchanged, tokens of love and friendship are given and received, and it is perplexing to the average person today to know what may be most appropriate for a present.

In a few words, let us add, that Mr. R. O'Neill, the jeweler on Tenth street, has the most complete line of fine holiday goods shown in Lincoln this season, and it would not be doing yourself justice, were you to make a selection before first going to see his stock. Read his ad. elsewhere in this issue. They know just how to please you with oysters in every style at Brown's New Vienna Cafe.