

"Hark! Here Santa Comes!"



LOOKING FOR SANTA CLAUS.

The Gift.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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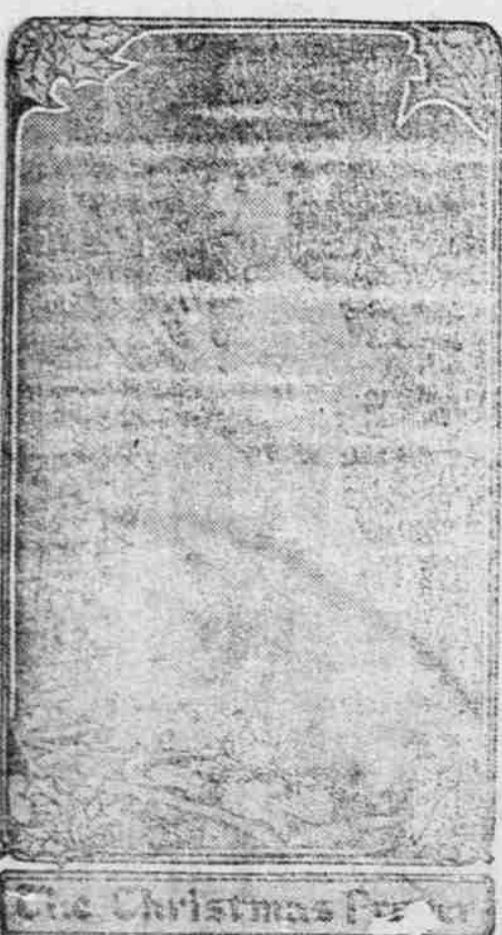
THE Christmas chimes are sounding on the air,
And, as I sit and listen to their sweet,
Unearthly music, gone is every care,
Forgot is all the turmoil of the street.
She troubles that the path of man be set,
The vast anxieties of human life,
All fade away, and every fond regret
Is lost in all their glad and joyous strife.

WHAT though I seem alone on this fair day,
From happy comradeship stand isolate,
With none to greet me as I walk my way.

To merely live I count a happy fate—
To merely listen to those joyous sounds
That through the crisp of winter call
So free,
Although the merry-makers on their rounds
Pause not to think of or remember me.

'T is not enough that on this Christmas morn,
This glad birth morn of him whose day it is,
My heart, but yesterday so sad, forlorn,
Doth open to the message that was his?

'T is not enough to know that from above
The tidings of a sacrifice divine
Come as a gift of an eternal love
That I have but to take to make it mine?



IRISH POINT OF VIEW.

It is a merry Christmas
When there is lots of snow,
For then through my good shovel
Some golden coin I know.

And 'tis a merry Christmas
When not a flake is seen,
For Christmas to the Irish
Is merry when it's green.
R. K. MUNKITRICK.

Pat Cronan and The Cigarettes

THE heroic conduct of Lieutenant William P. Cronan, U. S. N., in saving a turret's crew from death on the battleship Connecticut last year was to have been expected from a man of his character. Pat Cronan, as he is known in and out of the navy, belongs to that class of officers who reflect credit on the country and the service. It was my



IT WAS THEIR LAST BOX.

fortune to be with him on the gunboat Marietta during the blockade of Venezuela in 1902 by Great Britain, Germany and Italy. There was no duty too onerous for him to undertake, no service he was unwilling to face. His men stood solidly behind him, ready to go wherever he would lead. As the Marietta had been in the Caribbean sea a long time, it looked as though the Christmas dinner would consist only of canned stuff and fresh vegetables and the peculiar cigarettes of the tropics. Fortunately the steamer Philadelphia arrived at La Guayra, one of the ports blockaded, and, as it could not unload, Captain Diehl, the commander of the Marietta, succeeded in inducing the commercial vessel to part with two turkeys and some cranberries which, among other things, had been brought from New York carefully stowed away in the icebox. The Philadelphia had no Egyptian cigarettes, and the question arose where they could be got. Cronan pondered deeply over the weighty problem and then asked permission for a boat. Without indicating what he proposed to do he gave the orders to proceed to the British cruiser Tribune, which was one of the ships enforcing the blockade.

Cronan was received by the ward-room mess of the Tribune with open arms. As a special mark of appreciation of his visit a box of a hundred Egyptian cigarettes was brought forth by the executive officer. Cronan was invited to take one. His eyes lingered longingly on the box as he extracted a lonely weed. He remained about a quarter of an hour, and then, reaching over to the box, closed it and, to the astonishment of the Britishers, put it under his arm. They were too well bred to remonstrate, but their eyes spoke volumes. It was their last box! Cronan went over the side and was pulled away to his own ship, leaving behind disgust and desolation. As soon as he reached the Marietta he asked Captain Diehl for one of the turkeys, and this he carefully packed up and sent to the ward-room of the Tribune with the compliments of the American officers, and he accompanied it with fifty cigarettes.

The Christmas dinners on the Marietta and Tribune as well were great successes. The only bar to complete enjoyment on the part of every one on the American gunboat not in Cronan's confidence was the absence of cigarettes. When the coffee was served Cronan announced that Santa Claus had commissioned him to convey a splendid gift to the mess. He then produced the half-filled box.

"Why is Cronan like this box?" enthusiastically asked one officer who belonged to the conundrum class of humanity.

"He's not full," one wit replied.

"He's a delight to the eye," said another.

"He's white, straight, and whatever yellow there is in him is the best yellow there is," hazarded a third.

"Perhaps," admitted the questioner.

"But my answer is this: You find Cronan always where the smoke is thickest."—Chicago Tribune.

A Prayer to the Christ Child.
Behold, ye season is again at hand; once more ye snows of winter lie upon all ye earth, and all Christyantsie is arrayed to the holy feast.

The Bargain at Home.
Bobby—Mamma, let's give papa a lovely gold scarfpin.
Mamma—That will be nice, Bobby.
Bobby—Mamma, you put in \$4.90, and I'll put in a dime.—Brooklyn Eagle.



Headquarters for Christmas Gifts FOR MEN AND BOYS

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|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| FANCY BOX NECKWEAR | SMOKING JACKETS |
| FANCY COMBINATION SUSPENDERS | FANCY VESTS |
| LATEST FANCIES IN TIE PINS | BATH ROBES |
| SILK-LINED GLOVES | SUIT CASES, SACHELS |
| LINED MITTENS | 50c AND 75c FANCY HOSIERY |
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| PHOENIX AND WAY'S MUFFLERS | COLLAR BAGS, ETC. |

ROZELL & BARGER

OUTFITTERS TO THE PEOPLE

The Bon Ton Window.

Have you noted the Bon Ton's window display of Fancy Bon Bon Boxes for Christmas? They are unequalled for the finest in fancy and home made candies, in fruits and nuts.

Huber has the largest line of Christmas Candles in town. Come in and see us before buying. Special discount to churches and schools. Also have nuts of all kinds.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. will give a public reception at the home of Mrs. C. A. Fisher on New Year day between the hours of 3:00 and 5:00 P. M. A cordial invitation is extended to all.—18-2ts.

McMillen, Druggist, has a very select line of dressed and kid dolls as well as a novel assortment of doll toilet articles.

Leave your order now for that big fat Christmas gobbler at D. C. Marsh's.

We have the finest line of Olives and Olive Oil in McCook. The full Red & Muddock line. HUBER.

P. E. REEDER is in Lincoln.



THIS PIANO GIVEN AWAY

Free!

CONTEST OPEN UNTIL DEC. 24

SANTA'S HEADQUARTERS

The Ideal Store

THE BIG ASSORTMENT STORE

A Christmas Warning.

"In giving Christmas presents to children," said Mrs. Frederick Schoff, the president of the National Mothers' Congress, "our first aim should be to transport, to overjoy, to enrapture.

"I once knew a little girl who, on fire with excitement, rushed in from her bedroom to see her presents on Christmas morning and after one look burst into loud sobs of disappointment and disgust.

"It was some such experience, I have no doubt, that had befallen a little girl friend of mine.

"Are you going to give me anything for Christmas?" she said one day to her aunt.

"Yes, if you're good," the aunt replied.

"The little girl gazed at her aunt with wistful earnestness. Then she said:

"Please, auntie, then, nothing useful."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Christmas Hope.

We do not pretend to be prophets, but we can all dare to hope. And this is what we hope: That some day the strong will help and not exploit the weak; that some day fraternity will be more than a rhetorical flourish; that some day love will beget justice rather than charity. And Christmas is the one day in the year that such a venturesome hope seems more than a will-o'-the-wisp.—World Today.

A Christmas Hymn.

No tramp of marching armies,
No banners flaming far;
A lamp within a stable,
And in the sky a star.

Their hymns of peace and gladness
To earth the angels brought,
Their "Gloria In Excelsis"
To earth the angels taught

When in the lowly manger
The holy mother laid
In tender adoration
Her babe of heaven laid.

Born lowly in the darkness
And none so poor as he,
The little children of the poor
His very own shall be.

No rush of hostile armies then,
But just the huddling sheep,
The angels singing of the Christ
And all the world asleep.

No flame of conquering banners,
No legion sent afar;
A lamp within a stable,
And in the sky a star.

—Margaret E. Sangster in Collier's Weekly.

The egret is the crowning beauty of an egret mother. The collector seizes the bird while she is on her nest, with the young just hatched, and tears off her plumes and wings, leaving her to die beside her little ones, who, deprived of her fostering care, also die.—Exchange.

His Wife (writing)—Which is proper, "disillusioned" or "disillusionized"? Her Husband—Oh, just say "married" and let it go at that.

COURT HOUSE NEWS.

COUNTY COURT.

Licenses to marry issued by the county judge since our last report:
Oscar F. Trasper (21) and Malinda A. Purvis (18), both of Cambridge.

A Guaranteed Cure For Piles.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles. Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case, no matter of how long standing, in 6 to 14 days. First application gives ease and rest. 50c. If your druggist hasn't it send 50c in stamps and it will be forwarded postpaid by Paris Medicine Co. St. Louis, Mo.

A Pre-Holiday Special

Our line of dainty and useful presents is so large, we cannot enumerate our complete assortment of desirable gifts. We have a big line of

Dolls, Doll Toilet Articles and Teddy Bears

Toys in Abundance, pleasing and durable

Gift Books, Children's Books and Bibles

Games for all Ages

Doll Buggies, Go-Carts and Shoo-fly Horses

In Imported China—the finest hand work incrusta ware

Steins and Dishes

Albums, Toilet Articles, Pictures, Novelties,

Bric-a-brac, Statuary,

Postal Albums, Fountain Pens,

Razors, Etc.

Decided bargains in Holiday goods at this seasonable time are worth your attention. Bring in the little ones and show them around.

Respectfully,

A. McMillen
Druggist