

AN OLD POEM ON TIME.

Why sit'st thou by that ruined wall,
From aged carols, so oft in and gray?

THE DIVINING HORSE.

BY AUBRELIEN SCHOLL.

The Count X—has in his stables six horses
of all styles of beauty, and beside them, in a stall
which touches the wall, stands an old horse

They make him a soft bed; they serve him
with hay from the Maison Dorée and oats
from Bignon's. They exercise him every morning

Where the devil did you find that horse?
asked a friend one morning while they were harnessing the break.

"It is a very simple story," answered X—,
"the most dolorous circumstance of my life this animal was the only being
who could understand me. In a voyage to Italy

"Last New Year's day, re-entering Paris, I
heard the rolling of a drum. A saltimbanque
was gathering a crowd and a clown
was ranging them in a circle. I pushed my way
to the first row of the crowd.

"By the side of the drum stood a horse
curiously accoutered. On his head was a
bunch of three colored feathers, faded and stringy,

"Evidently he was hungry, and death alone
could put an end to his sufferings.
The clown blew a trumpet, while the other man
continued to beat the drum.

"The old rack-o'-bones on four legs
designed successively the most lazy person,
the most gluttonous and the most obstinate.

"The famous tiara from the Parisian clergy
and faithful laity is the great attraction at
the pope's jubilee. It is made of hand embroidered
cloth of silver, with which rest the triple crowns,

"It is this gentleman, then? asked the clown,
and from head to foot the horse answered Yes.

"It was not until night, in a feverish fit



THE DIVINING HORSE



THE MAN MOST IN LOVE

seems, that a feeling of reverence oppressed
by heart. One I had had understood
how one alone and I had let that friend
depart forever. Poor animal! A wail of
ring! With what sympathetic attention he
had looked at me!

CHRISTMAS PAST.

BY WALTER HOGE.

Written for the Christmas COURIER.
"Mama, did Santa Claus ever bring you such
nice things, when you was a little girl?"
It was the closing of Christmas Day and as
the shadows began to merge into gloom in a
cozy cottage not far from the University, blue
eyed Jessie crept into her mother's arms as
she sat by the cheerful fire. That had been
an eventful day to the little maiden. The
time dear to the heart of childhood through
all the wide realm where the Christ child's
blessed way is acknowledged, had brought her
many pleasures. Candles and nuts and toys
innumerable, including a precious dolly half
as large as herself had filled her small measure
of happiness and then pleasant companions
during the day to help her enjoy these, had
made that cup of happiness to overflow.

but in one the few scattered settlers from the
surrounding country had an opportunity to
gather and tell stories and satisfy their
craving for strong drink. Hither had the owner
of the little cabin across the knoll learned to
come too often. He came and left his crop
half tumbled. He came, and the few scattered
settlers of corn hung on the stunted stalks in
the field. He came on the winter winds began
to whistle, and there was no wood by his cabin
door. He came on Christmas Eve, and with
a few boon companions they saw through
bleary eyes the happy Christmas day come in
though to them there was no sacred joy to
halloo it. They sank in drunken stupor on
the floor and did not till the day was far advanced
did they rouse and in drinking a pledge to
Christmas. At a late hour in the afternoon a
man with staggering gait and frenzied brain
had left the saloon and slowly made his way
to the desolate cottage. The hollow eyed child
looking from the window saw him coming and
with a sense of fear shrank into a dark corner.
He entered the room. The mother lay upon
the bed, half covered with the ragged quilt.
He stood and gazed around a moment and
then said with an oath, "Why isn't dinner
ready?" The woman on the bed shivered,

THE GREAT MUSICAL EVENT.

The National Opera Company in "Lohengrin" at Funke's Wednesday Eve.

Among the great composers of modern
times, Richard Wagner stands pre-eminently
as the originator of a new school or class
of music, and while "Lohengrin" is generally
acknowledged to be his masterpiece, "Lohengrin"
is by many esteemed but little less in
dramatic power and interest. The music loving
people of Lincoln had the rare opportunity
Wednesday evening of seeing this latter
opera presented in a style befitting the theme
and the author by a world-famous company.

ALL AROUND THE HOUSE.

How to Make the Holiday Cake—A Useful Christmas Gift—Practical Hints.

The Christmas fruit cake should be made
in good season, for every one knows that it is
not at its best when fresh. Following is a
recipe by which an old housewife has con-
cocted her holiday cake for many years past:
One pound each of flour, sugar and butter,
two pounds of raisins, two pounds of
currants, one pound of citron, twelve eggs, four
nutmegs, two tablespoonsful each of cinnamon,
mace and allspice and one-half table-
spoonful of cloves; one half teaspoonful of
molasses, two glasses of brandy, one of wine
and one of rose water.

Home Made Chair Bottoms.
An experienced housewife tells how to re-
place the worn out bottoms of chairs with a
substitute which she says is nice and durable:

A Troublesome Lamp Wick.
Sometimes the lamp wick will obstinately
refuse to be turned up in an orderly manner.
It will seem firmly wedged at one side, while
the other will run up in a point, causing
weariness and vexation of spirit.

A Firm Cement for Lamp Tops.
Lamp tops are commonly fastened on with
plaster of Paris. Kerosene oil will penetrate
this, and it frequently happens that the lamp-
top becomes loose and finally comes off. A
cement which is said not to be affected by
kerosene or water has been recommended for
this purpose.

Pulled Bread.
Pulled bread is not a common edible on
American tables, but is pronounced delicious
by people who have tried it. It is to be eaten
with cheese. Take a loaf of freshly made
bread, and while it is yet warm pull the
inside out of it in pieces the size of your hand
and smaller. Put those into the oven and
bake them a delicate brown. When cool they
are crisp and as full of flavor as a nut.

The Chinese Primrose.
Few house plants are as satisfactory as the
Chinese primrose. It must be kept cool, and
thrives best in a north window. In watering
it care should be taken to keep the buds dry,
otherwise they will rot. Plants that have
been started from seed in June and properly
cared for will come into bloom in December
and continue through the winter.

The Vienna Bread of This Country.
The likeness of much so called Vienna
bread made in this country to the original
article has been recently explained by the
assertion that the Hungarian flour, of which
the famous genuine bread is made, contains
about 17 per cent. more of gluten than does
a great deal of the flour of our country.

Removing Rust from Steel.
Sweet oil will sometimes remove rust from
steel, and kerosene is even better. When an
article is deeply rusted it may be necessary
to remove the rust by mechanical means,
such as rubbing with fine emery powder and
oil or with fine emery paper.

The Care of Japanned Goods.
Boiling water should not be poured on
japanned goods, such as tea trays, etc., for it
will crack the varnish. Wash with warm
water, a soft sponge and a very little soap.
Sweet oil will sometimes take out marks
made by hot things.

Feather Cake.
For feather cake use two and one-half cups
of flour, one cup of milk, one cup of sugar,
butter the size of an egg, one teaspoonful
cream of tartar and half a teaspoonful of
soda. Bake rather slowly.

Cranberry Sauce.
One quart of cranberries, one pound of
granulated sugar, one-half pint of cold
water. Boil fifteen minutes.

A Useful and Ornamental Gift.
Among articles suitable for a Christmas
gift to a gentleman is suggested a news-
paper rack, modeled after one which Modern
Priscilla illustrates by the following cut. Al-
most any man prefers a gift that contrib-
utes in some way to his comfort and conve-
nience. This holder for papers and mag-
azines will be liked by many better than a
wall pocket, as it holds a larger quantity, and
is looking for book numbers the papers can
be easily run over. It is also a decorative ob-
ject in a room.



A NEWSPAPER HOLDER.
The frame is made like an inverted saw
horse, but should be rather small and light
in order that it may not look cumbersome.
It is finished very smoothly and then re-
ceives two coats of black paint that can be
bought readily mixed. Inside the frame
are placed two thin boards or pieces
of very thick card board covered with
plush, felt or cretonne in any dark shade.
These make a stiff back for the papers. An
ornamental scarf, music long enough to hang
over the top, after having been laid on inside,
gives a very attractive finish to the whole.



"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood."

A Tiara for the Pope.

The famous tiara from the Parisian clergy
and faithful laity is the great attraction at
the pope's jubilee. It is made of hand embroidered
cloth of silver, with which rest the triple crowns,

past. They ranged over the small joys of her
childhood, then seemed to concentrate on one
bitter, fateful day.
Twenty years ago tonight!
Ah, how well she remembered it. She was
just Jessie's age then but the memory of that
time came back with the force of actual pres-
ence. It showed the little one room hut, on a
wide almost desolate prairie. Snow covered
the earth. A leaden sky hung above and a
chilling wind blew fitfully. In a shed half
covered with coarse grass two bony horses
were shivering by their empty mangers. The
house contained but the scantiest furniture, a
rule bed, a table, a chair or two and an old
stove fed by a few cobs and chips that had
been dug out from under the snow. The pale
facial mother went wearily about her few
household duties but frequently sank down on
the bed as if unable to stand. The little girl
with intelligence prematurely sharpened knew
it was more than temporary weakness that af-
fected that fragile form, though the patient
lips made no complaint. She herself was
weak and hungry. A few crusts of bread was
all she had eaten that day and she knew that
there was nothing more in the house. Her
tattered clothes did not protect her shivering
form from the biting blasts that came through
cracks and unplastered walls. The mother
said that this was Christmas day, but little of
brightness or happiness did that suggest to the
child. She simply thought that she was hun-
gry and cold and that mama was sick.

half raised on her elbow and said, "There is
nothing in the house to eat." With a drunken
imprecation on her as a lazy thing, the hus-
band jerked her to the floor. The little girl
rushed forward and was herself smitten down
by the father's hand. As if ashamed, he then
tossed and went out and gazing after him
through the little window the child saw him
going toward the village. With many endear-
ing words and caresses the little one comforted
her mother and at length got her back into
bed. The shadows of night were beginning to
fall but the loving eyes saw a stranger and
more terrible shadow gathering on that white
and patient face. Tenderly creeping in be-
side her mother and putting her arms around
that slender neck the little one sank down and
soon found in sleep forgetfulness for the sor-
rows of childhood. An hour or so later she was
waked by the father who had returned sobered
by his former brutal act, but the form beside
her was cold and still. The mother, sick and
starving and with a broken heart, had died
clapping her sleeping child in her arms.

pure and sweet, and, though she had but little
opportunity to show its power, with the possi-
ble exception of the second act, she won
many friends. Ebel Sylvia as "Lohengrin
Knight of the Holy Grail," carried his part
most acceptably, though his tenor is not so
powerful as it once was. William Ludwig,
as "Count Telramund," was, in the opinion of
many, the best vocalist as well as the best
actor in the company. He carried himself
with much graceful ease, and sang with such
feeling and expression that the general verdict
was that a more charming villain never was.

Money Put Into Circulation.
The statistician has been figuring upon the
probable amount of money put into circula-
tion by Mrs. James Brown Potter's debut be-
fore a New York audience, and foots it up at
about \$40,000. The receipts of the house were
a little over \$13,000. Of the 2,500 people 50
came to the theatre in hired carriages at \$5
each, making \$2,500 additional. More than
half of these went to the Brunswick or Dal-
monico's afterward, at an expenditure of
\$7,500. Fully \$5,000 more, he thinks, was
spent by men between the acts.

It was the Christmas night of long ago that
the mother of little Jessie thought of as she
sat by the fire clasping her darling to her
heart, and lifted a silent prayer to the Christ-
child now enthroned beside the loving Father
on high, that her child might never have to
look back to such an unhappy Christmas
night.

Lincoln Illustrated.
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