

SWEARING OFF TIME.

Or How A New Leaf Is Sometimes Turned Over.



This is the day of all the days, when everybody thinks it pays to overturn a brand new leaf. This is the day when all our grief is heightened by the past year's sin. This is the day when we grow thin reflecting over last year's fun and thinking what we might have done.

Heigh O! I'm sad, now it's too late when I remember '88. Think of the money I have spent. Think of the bills (Great Scott!) the rent! 'Bout all I've done is earn my bread. My boy, you ought to sock your head! What use are you upon this earth? Why, pshaw! I tell you you're not worth the powder that would blow you up. I'm blue today. Well, well, my cup is very full. It makes me mad to think that I have been so bad.

But after all, what is the use? What's done is done. Come, come! a truce. My boy, brace up, 'twill be O.K. a hundred years from yesterday. It does no earthly good to fret. The thing is done, and vain regret won't make it better. Come, don't pine; 'twill be all right in '89. All right! Well, I should faintly smile. You bet; I've done with all past guile.

This raking up of chestnuts old is all played out. The day'll be cold when you observe upon my brow such wrinkles as were there just now. It's just as plain as day to me the reason was unhappy he. My son, it's will power, that is all. Exert it, and Old



Nick will fall. Why, all you've got to do is say "I won't!" By George! it's just as plain as day. Let's see, I'd better make a list, so that nothing will ever be missed.

No more I'll thrum the gay guitar and wake the neighbors near and far. I'll make no bets, nor will I spring old chestnuts from the circus ring upon my friends, nor will I seek to borrow money on my check. I'll wake up in the morning, bright, and in the dark I'll strike a light and start the fire while my poor wife in bed is lengthening her life. I'll hustle round and put in coal and saw up wood, upon my soul! I'd better keep a diary, too, to chronicle what I will do. No more tobacco! I have spoke. By Jove! a man's a fool to smoke. And in regard to spending cash I'll not throw it away on trash. This year ha! ha! by hook or crook, I'll put down figures in a book. I'll save! Let's see, well I should say, a cool five hundred in this way. No more you'll catch me out of nights. How transitory those delights. I tell you, will power is the thing. I've seen my day. I've had my fling.

Hello, who's there? Come in. Why, Jack, my boy, how came you back so soon! I'm glad you're here. Come, shake, old man. A Glad New Year. Sit down. Can't stay? Why what's on hand! No, no, my boy, I've got much sand. What's up? Yes! Well, who'll be there? Only this time. Don't know's I care. Remember then, this once I'll go, but after this no more. No, no. Oh, what a jolly time 'twill be! Only this once, mind. Whoopee! What is the use of feeling down in heart? We'll go and paint the town!



TOM MASSON.

LONG LIFE.

Oh! bright New Year, with snow white train, Oh! glad New Year, you've come again; Covering the earth, its every stain, With snow white trails from mount to main, May good live on in you! The beautiful and true! Long life, long life to you!

Points for New Year's Callers.

Before starting out borrow the clothes you propose to wear from some dear friend who is fool enough to lend them to you.

When you desire to light your cigar, don't attempt to climb a lamp post for that purpose, as your motives are liable to be misunderstood.



A SHORT CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY WALT MASON.

It was on the morning of the Fourth of July. The shades of evening were falling rapidly, and a fierce snow storm was raging, carpeting with spotless white the parched earth; each flake seemed a gem as it glistened in the rays of the warm December sun.

Such was the morning on which farmer Hickman, after having done his chores, eaten his breakfast, drove to town, leaving at his humble home the wife and daughter whom he was never to see alive again.

And this daughter! Words cannot paint her loveliness; her golden hair, black as a raven's wing, was coiled in auburn masses upon her queenly head; her every movement was the embodiment of grace. A famous poet who visited in the vicinity once wrote the following of her:

I think I never saw a more smooth looking girl; her hair Reminds me of the floss of silk While her eyes are like twin citrons.

If her parent would permit It I would take her to town. At once and marry her, but the Old man won't allow it.

On the bright Thanksgiving morning on which our story opens, Gwendolen, for such was her name, was assisting her mother to shell peas for dinner, and as they worked, the following conversation occurred:

"I see, mother, that Mr. Holland is planting his corn with a check rower."

"Yes," replied the mother, wearily, "and he makes me tired; the only proper way is to use a lister."

Then, as by one impulse, the mother and daughter embraced each other, tears streaming from their eyes. How beautiful it was! Here was a woman with gray hair and furrowed cheeks, stricken in years, and with only the grave before her, and, in her arms was a beautiful being in the first glow of glorious womanhood, and yet the same thoughts flashed through their minds, and they were of the same opinion as to the best plan of planting corn. Let us draw the curtain on this scene of affection, trust and love, and follow the adventures of the husband and father, who will never again see his loved ones until his eyes are closed in death!

Our story now takes us to the Arctic regions, where a man is engaged in a desperate combat with a herd of polar bears. He hews in the distance the sweet sound of the Christmas chimes, and he makes strenuous

heroine of this story, to enjoy a long life of peace and contentment, since they were married on Christmas-day at the same church where Reginald and Eleanor were made one. Harold de Vere, the blood stained wretch who caused so much misery, was executed on the following Friday. The scaffold was surrounded by his former friends, who came to see him die. He ate a hearty breakfast of lemon and eggs and seemed indifferent until the last moment, when he broke down completely, and had to be supported on the gallows.

A Model Home.

We present to the notice of our readers, this week, an elegant engraving of the new and beautiful home of Chas. S. Hammond Esq., situated on the southwest corner of J and Seventeenth streets. It is indeed a model residence and one that its owner has good cause to be proud of. Situated as it is in one of the best locations in the city, for a dwelling, within a block of the State Capitol and standing alone on high terraced ground, commands the attention of the public for blocks each way.

The building is a fine example of modern architecture and reflects great credit upon its designer. The exterior of this beautiful building at once suggests uniqueness as well as the elaborate and artistic designs of its builder. But it is its interior furnishings that the occupants have directed their time and attention, everything the eye sees impresses one of the modern and latest improvements of the day, even to the lighting, the house throughout being furnished with incandescent electric lights, as well as gas.

The combination fixture for this purpose was furnished by S. C. Elliot of this city and accomplishes its design in a neat and novel manner, the hitherto thoughtless wires being carried through the gas pipe itself, not interfering however with the use of the gas, should an accident happen to the wires and rise. The furniture is from the well known house of A. T. Grueter & Co., also of Lincoln, comprising all that is new and effective in its quaint and elaborate appearance. For the carpeting, Mr. Hammond sent to Omaha where the well known house of S. A. Orchard responded to his wants and supplied his wishes to the letter. The frescoing of tota walls and ceilings has been placed in the hands of E. S. Fassel & Son, also of Omaha, as no paper whatever will be used for their decoration. Electric bells are in use throughout the building and Mr. Hammond may feel assured that his house is built a credit to himself and this the city of beautiful homes.

To One And All.

You are cordially invited to call and inspect the large and elegant display of holiday goods now offered at the very low prices at Chapman's Drug and Book Store, 1123 O street.



NEW RESIDENCE OF C. H. HAMMOND, 17 AND J STREETS.

efforts to overcome his fierce antagonists, but in vain.

A sense of dizziness comes over him; he is growing faint, while the gnawing pains of hunger assail him. Again he seems to be sitting by the little far-off home in the moonlight, while his old white haired mother sings to him a ditty he loves so well:

Billy Simson had a yellow hog And it was always fighting; It used to sneak around the streets A snarling and a biting.

This is only one verse of the beautiful ballad. The rest of it, together with the music, may be obtained by sending fifty cents in postage stamps to Wright, Dreary & Co., No. 248 Pearl street, New York.

It was sung with great effect by the famous minstrel Billy Hamilton, of whom many interesting stories are told. It is said that he was a son of Captain Kidd, but there is no proof as to that. Various people have endeavored to find the money supposed to have been hidden by the latter, but up to the hour of going to press it had not been discovered.

This should teach us that it is far better to earn an honest living by patient toil than to pursue the indelicate.

Again must the scene be changed. A noble vessel is being tossed about on the heaving bosom of the ocean.

The captain, a splendid seaman, has seen that the bimini top lights have been supplied with oil, and that the starboard sextant has been clewed down to the main forecastle halliard. He has just telephoned for his favorite saddle horse to go to a jeweler to have his watch repaired, when he is startled by seeing some unfortunate shipwrecked wail floating on a hen coop in the water.

Orders are given for his rescue and he is soon on board. He is almost faint from exhaustion, but insists on expressing his thanks.

"Captain," he said, "you have saved me, and may heaven bless you. And now, if you will give me a moment, I would like to show you a copy of Gregory's Revised Encyclopedia and Family Cook Book, for which I am soliciting orders; you will see that it is printed on finely tinted paper, beautifully illustrated—"

Who can portray the rage that swelled the hearts of the sailors as they seized the wretched man and threw him overboard?

Reader, there is but little more to add. Let us all profit by the lesson that this story teaches, and endeavor to be better and nobler in every way.

Herein we have learned that virtue always gains its reward, while crime and wickedness is punished. The machinations of the evil ones are invariably overthrown, and the righteous man comes out on top. So we leave Edwin and Viola, the hero and

Xmas Greetings.



May's see sweets, & hys see neats, And plenty of holiday ebere. Olde friends we'll meete, And with hand clasp greete, For Xmas now is here.

Dr. A. B. Burrus wishes to remind the good people of Lincoln that he still continues to supply their wants in the shape of finest enameled teeth on plain and gold plates and that he spares no pains to turn out only first class work. Doctor Burrus has had over twenty years experience at the trade and his patrons all have a good word for him.

The Finest Train in the World. The Golden Gate Special of the Union Pacific, "The Overland Route" between Council Bluffs, Omaha and San Francisco is "The Finest Train in the World." It is composed of Pullman Vestibuled Cars, with living car, steam heat, electric light, separate bath rooms for ladies and gentlemen, barber shop, library, observation, and smoking rooms. A lady attendant for the ladies and children. A modern hotel on wheels. Leaves Council Bluffs every Wednesday, 7:45 a. m. Arrives at San Francisco every Friday, 9:45 a. m. Fare, including berth, meals and all conveniences, \$100.00. Secure your accom-

Special line of Best Sets and E. broils - Pillow Slits for holiday trade have just been received by Ashby & Millsap.

AMERICA'S DISCOVERER.

A Lady Claims That Christopher Columbus Was Not the Man.

The Chicago men who are figuring on bringing the Columbus celebration in 1892 to this city have cause to bestir themselves. Not only may Chicago lose the big fair, but the big fair itself may not be held. At least so says Miss Marie A. Brown.

"It is perfectly absurd," said Miss Brown, "to talk about Columbus discovering America. You might as well speak of a New Yorker discovering Chicago years after the Chicago fire."

"How so?" "In the first place the Scandinavians had been in this country hundreds of years before Columbus was born. They went from Norway and Sweden to Iceland, from there to Greenland, and then to the North American continent. They went south almost as far as Boston."

"Where did they go then?" asked a defender of the Columbus idea. "They stand there and colonized the place. Why, I can prove to you, or any one else, if I am allowed to continue my researches, that after Lief Erickson discovered the American continent, in the year 1000, there were thirty Roman Catholic bishops appointed by Rome, and they built a great many cathedrals and monasteries, and the bishops and monks sent communications to Rome during the hundreds of years which elapsed between the year 1000 and the date of Christopher Columbus' landing."

"How do you propose to continue your researches?" "I am getting up a petition for presentation to congress, stating the facts of the case, asking that the index of all documents of American concern between the years 1703 and 1783 be extended as far back as the year 1000. This will give a chance to establish the fact of the existence of the colonies in Vinland and Greenland up to the date of their extinction, in the year 1541. Besides this, I propose to ask congress to authorize a thorough investigation of the records of the Vatican which Pope Leo XIII has thrown open for public inspection. I expect to prove by those records that not only was there European travel between America and the old world long before the days of Columbus, but that the colonists had arrived at a high degree of civilization, and were not the savage barbarians history has designated them."

"But how will this affect Columbus as a discoverer?" "Simply by proving that not only was there no originality in his discovery, but that he merely palmed off as his own what he learned from other people."

"From the Norwegians?" "Certainly. In the year 1487, according to the 'Life of Columbus,' written by his son, he undoubtedly visited Iceland, Greenland and most probably the American continent. He speaks of the trade which existed in those days between the Greenlanders and the English, and mentions the port of Bristol as the seat of trade in the eastern hemisphere. He also refutes the theory which existed at that time that the sea above a certain latitude was frozen. Five years after that he made the journey from Spain which ended in South America, but it was not a discovery. He merely proved that the knowledge he had previously acquired was authentic."

"You have evidently given the subject considerable study, Miss Brown?" "Yes, I have devoted six years to looking up authorities on the question. Three years I have spent in Sweden, and two years in London, principally at the British museum, which, next to the Vatican, is the greatest mine on earth for discovering lost records. If congress will vote an appropriation for the purpose of sending me to inspect the Vatican records I expect to prove conclusively before the year 1892 that the Columbus idea is an exploded myth, and that Lief Erickson, the Scandinavian, was the true discoverer of America."—Chicago Tribune.

Collecting Debts in Turkey. The honesty of the Turks in all money matters is proverbial. The necessity for resorting to the law for collecting debts is rare. When, however, this has to be done, the methods differ from ours. The following story told of the prime minister, Achmet, makes this plain.

When he was in the ministry a poor man complained to him, as the minister in whose department the matter lay, that a chamberlain at the palace would not pay a debt, that he had obtained a legal decision in his favor, but could not get it executed against a person employed about the court. Achmet told the man to come again in a month, and sent word to the chamberlain to settle it within that time. He also wrote letters at intervals to remind him.

At the end of the month the complainant came, saying that he had not yet seen paid, and was desired to come again next day. Achmet requested the chamberlain to come also, who, when asked to pay the debt, laughed and positively refused to do so; whereupon Achmet ordered pipes and coffee, and whispered to an attendant to take his excellency's horse as it stood to the market, and sell it at once.

Shortly after the attendant returned and placed a bag of money before Achmet, who divided it into two heaps (Turkish money in those days consisted of large debased coins), and, calling the complainant, said, "This belongs to you," and turning to the chamberlain, "This remains to your excellency."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the chamberlain. "Why," replied Achmet, "as you positively refused to pay a debt, which it has been decided by a court of law that you owed, and as I have been applied to officially in the matter, I have caused the horse on which you rode here to be sold, and have paid your creditor out of the proceeds; I now hand over to you the remainder of the money."

The chamberlain's wrath was great; the more so as he was obliged to walk back to the palace. —Youth's Companion.

Marriage of Cousins. The prejudice against the marriage of cousins has existed for several centuries. The Mosaic law, which forbade marriages within fifteen certain prescribed degrees, does not prohibit the marriage of first cousins. Such marriages were forbidden early by the Roman Catholic church, and Pope Gregory gave as argument against such marriages that "the offspring will not grow." Distinguished biologists who have made laborious researches and collected statistics on this point generally incline to the belief that the danger from consanguineous marriages arises chiefly from the special tendency of the children to hereditary diseases of the family, arising from the marriage of persons with the same hereditary tendencies. There can be no doubt of the increased tendency of the child to a special disease which it inherits from both its father and mother. Aside from this, biologists find that the evils arising from the marriage of cousins have been greatly exaggerated. There are no statistics to prove the popular idea that the children of cousins inherit a weak mind. On the contrary, statistics carefully taken show that there is no more tendency to diseases of the brain among the offspring of cousins than from other marriages. —Herald of Health.

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