KROEGER PIANO.

(Sunday Sentinel, Indianapolis.)

ROSIN THE BEAUX

BY ROBERT M'BEYSOLDS.

clasp the hands that long age were dust. Of

such mam ries there is one comes trooping back tonight amid the gay sounds of a Christ-

mas atmosphere, a song I used to hear at

Christmas times beyond the Dixie line, the

sentiment of which may, or may not be in

The Steinway Piano Company is considerably "torn up," so to speak, at the almost cer-tain indications of being totally eclipsed by a new and very dangerous rival manufactory. The rival company is that of Kroeger & Sons, of New York. The head of the firm, Mr. Henry Kroeger, was for a period of twenty-three years, the foreman and superintendent of the Steinway factory, and during which time the Steinway plano secured its excellent reputation, and though the steinway folks have enleavered to create an impression that Kroeger was only a common employe and not instrumental in producing the reputation. Mr. Kroeger has readily produced letters of introduction from the Steinways themselves, and a sufficient number of affidavits to fully establish his position as the person responsible for the good name of the Steinway Piano. At any rate, the Kroeger & Sons planos are just now more sought for by eminent musicians and good judges than any other in the mar-

S. B. HOHMANN, Manufacturer's Agent, LINCOLN. - NEB.

08 ----

-

Holiday Trade

H.W.BROWN

127 South Eleventh St.,

All the leading ILLUSTRATED BOOKS of the year. Also a large line of

Standard Books

in Sets which he offers at prices lower than ever before.

Writing Desks, 1

Offers for the-

Gold Pens and Pencils,

Toilet Cases,

Collar and Cuff Boxes,

Work Boxes,

Odor Cases,

Manicure Sets,

Fine Pocket Books,

gay throng in one of these old plantation of his coat he tremblingly handed it to the homes, and it seemed to me then I had never heard anything half so melodious. After that came the re-idening storm of war, and amid its clash of arms, and roar of canonade, for one brief spell, for a day, or an hour per-"How dear to our hearts are the scenes of haps, there was a central figure amid the struggling ranks behind reb-1 breastworks, our childhoo I," is a postic line that finds response in the breasts of us all, when free and when the sabre strokes had censed, and

from the cares of business in a meditative sounds of battle died away, the southern hour spine little word or fragment of a song songster lay beneath two feet of sod. rolls back the curtains of the past and we hear again familiar voices and can almost

A CONDEMNED CONTRIBUTOR'S CONFESSION-

BY E. M. CORRELL.

strict accord with you or me, but neverthe less the dogsel lines "Old Rosin the Row," have had their melody and pathos and have He was on trial before the bar of Offended Public Opinion. Whether he had been before melted more than one tender eye to moisture. any other bar was a question ruled out, after when sung to the tune of the old Mathodist lengthy citations from the 173 Patagonia and hymn by the rollicking John Cox who made them famous. The song was suited to the time in which it had its run, in the log cabins terial and irrevellant." From the very first of Kentucky, where country boys and girls it was evident that the case would go against him. He seemed to feel utterly hopeless. met to dance to the tuns of "money musk," There was upon his face the look painters or in the barn at corn husking over the jug of cider, some rural songster with saw edged sometimes portray upon the face of a hunted voice and quaint gesticulation would let stag when brought to bay, or the horror of a loose its revebrations until they came echoing rabbit when it finds no escape from a relentback in pathetic cadence from over the hills and woodland, and again, around the lonely biveue fires of a Confederate camp more him as one who had passed beyond the limthan one half starved fellow sung the song in it of forgiveness and entered into the portals of stern and merciless justice. self consolation, or parhaps because he knew of nothing better to sing. Howbeit, "Rosin the Bow," is one of the The jury returned in charge of a bailiff.

They took their accustomed seats with the few American ballads, that did comfort or amuse a people who pioneered a southern wilderness and as such it comes to my recol-man banded the verdict to the court, who lection as also does circumstances of its adjusted his judicial spectacles astide his judicial nose and judicially and judiciously

writing. Col. W. H. Sparks a resident of New Orread the paper. The judge then said: "Prisoner at the bar, stand up Have you leans is the original author, and in reply to a anything to say why the sentence of the court letter to him on the subject he says he was formerly a resident of Mississippi, and that among his neighbors was James Rossum who should not be passed upon you?"

The prisoner raised his pale face, and said in tones of hopelessness and sadness; had been teaching school in that district for over forty years. He was a very peculiar man in his habits. On Monday mornings you now address to me, is one often uttered judge. It was as follows: HISTORY. I saw, or fancying seemed to see, Amid the ruins of a city vast, A mablen rare, whose form and face Were mature's sweetest poetry.

Upon a colum'd stone she sat, And writ ng, marked from time to time, Upon a tablet in her hand, The lettered semblance of a thought.

The failing drapery lovingly clong Around a form whose lines of grace Might rival poet's dearest dreams, Or artist's purest pencilings, Or sculptor's graver to deplet,— And yet the drapery scarce concealed The charms it sought to shield.

But on her face where thought and beauty vied, There was a look o, rettospection deep. As if the mind for food had inward torned To feed upon the soul.

Impelled by interest in her pensive thoughts I nearer drew, and said in tores of deep re-"Fair Maid, forgive presumption great In one who feels the sympathy So dear to heart o'er full of grief, And tell me, . ensive one, your name."

In tones that fell upon my ear Like ecnoes of a lakesid- song She said, "my name is History," "And would you further know?" I bowed assent "Know then, when this world was young, I

too was young. A monarch sought my ald And gave to me for service to his cause The boon of youth, perpetual youth.

That monarch's name is time, So great his realm, none dare dispute his

So great his realm, none date dispute his power, A tyrant he, of look severe and stern. He brooks no divided sway, And rules, a despot, o'er the earth and man And when he lays signet on the mount. And rocks, and towers and city walls All yie d to his behest and crumble into dust.

The proudest works of men, their stately halls, Their hishest monuments, their noble arts, Thouge chiseled in unyielding film, Yet Time's effacing touch dofh feel.

E'en youth, though bright with Joy and hope, Soon turns to age, and age to death. Death is the homage he exacts from all, While men yet dwelt in caves and buts

And down the vistas of the years to be

I see a nobler, true humanity, And hope forbids the old time fils— "On earth, to man, peace and good will."

While the judge was reading the prisoner

aning dejectedly against the railing. The

judge finally looked up and said: "Have you

extreme depths of my offense." "Somewhere I had read that a traveler,

ed a beautiful poetical thought, I-

ook the paper and read the following:

ONWARD AND UPWARD.

Night's ebon pinion darkly hung Above the mountain top, where clung, Against the sky, The gloomy walls, And echoir g halls, Of castle safe, like exgle's nest, Where hunted one might fearless rest,

No lightsome task to reach that home Of rest and quiet, free from storm Of men's cold hate Insatiare!

anything further to say ?"

with confusion

Not-UP and on, O'er crags and stone Till limbs are faint, and breath is spent In tolling up the steep ascent.

Tis ever thus in human life; He who would conquer in the strife, And who the goal, Must strive and toil, To quaff the cup, be on and UP. Though has not est the knows; The summit only has repose.

C arse pebbles easily are found, Lying scattered o'er the ground, Dangers abound Where pearls are found! Labor and care Por jewels rare! And for a prospec rich and fair,-Onward and upward-do and dare!

Af er reading the piece through the judge again asked:

"Have you anything further to say !" "Only this,"replied the prisoner, in a voice rembling with emotion, "I now realize more than ever the enormity of my offense. I am compelled to admit my confession does not contain any reason for judicial consideration. I can therefore only ask the court for meroy."

As he finished speaking he timidly looked around the court room for a kind look of sympathy, that to him would have been as an oasis in the desert to one almost perishing with thirst. But all eyes glared savagely upon him.

Then with the usual deep judicial solemnity and an added sternness, the court passed judgment. He said:

"Prisoner at the bar, you have been convicted of the grave offense of perpetrating upon a discriminating public, in the columns of the CAPITAL CITY COURSES, two effusions over which I will throw the charitable mantle of my silence. The jury found you guilty as charged in the indictment, and I find nothing in your confession to extenuate the offense or mitigate. You will therefore receive the severest penalty in such case made and provided, which is-

Here the judge was interrupted by a piereing shriek. The prisoner had fainted.

CLARA'S CHRISTMAS

BY AL. FAIRBROTHER.

CHAPTER IV' The night was dark. It is a way some nights have. The moon was in the heavens. The moon is generally there. Nature seemed asleep, yet it did not snore. A heavy snow had fallen on the ground. The snow general ly falls upon the ground. The air was hush-ed. In fact it had not been boisterous since twelve o'clock. The dawn was being painted gray. The milky way was being traversed by a dairyman. A gorgeous sun had been set the evening before. The awful stillness filled Clara's mind with dread forebodings. She thought of her chewing gum which was plastered to the bed post-but the object in the room seemed to move toward the bed. Could it be a man?

The young girl was palsied with fear. She "I don't think," remarked the Co', as his lips closed under his teeth, "that the storm will last long. If it does, I would like to know what you are going to do about it." CHAPTER XLVII.

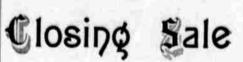
We are the kind of stuff they make dreams of-SHAKESPEARE, The old homestead had been sold on the auction block. It was a heavy task to get it on the auction block, but an angry woman is alway a winner. The dog's wonderful devotion and splendid

trust in his master were never doubted. He flew to the dead man's grave, and while the master was gnawing a file in the realm beyond, the dog gnawed a bone.

But all human affairs are transitory. Death takes man by the foretop and yanks him over ths dash board of life. The back yard of Regret is filled with tumble down disappointment with the hoops off, old cans are also in ed with the cinders o burned out love which winters of regret and sorrow have consumed and tin cans which erest and ere while contained short pounds of joy are strewn over the; same black, drear desolate waste-but none of them are tied to to the faithful dog's tail. CHAPTER XVI. "And he went for the heathen Chinese."-Reader did you ever stroll down a long, winding land on your father's farm, or cut across the clover laden meadow with its burden of perfume; its wild flowers and its wealth of jimson weeds, and as you walked along fall into a well? The man who has not experienced the indescribable sensation of falling in a well knows not the joys or pleas-ures of life. Oh! what a thrill and thud! empty-handed years come to us because we do not seek the burners do not seek the burdens of good things which

.

AT OUR GREAT



We are offering inducements that

purchasers of

Holiday * * Goods

SHOULD NOT OVERLOOK.



Fine French and American **Dress** Goods and Silks.

> and German **Table Linens** and Napkins.



Card Cases, Etc., Etc.

-

Also the finest line of Perfumery, Cut Glass and Fancy Bottles ever show in the City.

HARK! XMAS BELLS They Chime the Opening

of the Beautiful Stock of

Presents

Holiday

H. C. McArthur & Son's DRUG STORE. ELEVENTH AND N STS.

CALL AND SEE !

them

"My friends then so neatly shall dress me In linen as white as white as the snow--And in my new coffin shall press me And whisper, Poor Rossum the Beaux.""

Fremont, Elkhorn & Mo. Valley

RAILROAD

Trains leave 6:50 a. m. for West and 6:50 and 2:25 p. m. for East.

And when I am to be buried I reckon The ladies will all like to go; Let them form at the foot of my coffin, And foliow Old Rossum the Beaux." THE ELEBORN VALLEY LINE. To free homes in Northwestern Then take you a dozen good fellows And let them all staggering go; And dig a deep hole in the meadow, And in it toss 'Rossum the Beaux.'" outhwestern Dakota. To the Black Hills and the Hot Springs. To Central Wyoming coal and on fields Then shape out a couple of dornicks, Place one at the head and on the toe And pray do not fail to scratch on it, The name of 'Old Rossum the Beaux.' " cattle ranges. To Chicago and the East. To St. Paul, the North and Northwest. For further information inquire of GEO, N. FORESMAN, Agent. Then take these dozen good tellows, And stand them all round in a row. And drink from a big belied bottle, Farewell to 'Old Rossum the Beaux.'" 15 South 10th street, Lincoln

H. G. Buar, General M'ger, J. R. BUCHANAN, Gen'l Pass. Ag't OMAHA, NEB.

"OLD ROSSUM THE BEAUX."

n atly dressed and cleanly shaven he went to as a mere matter of forr. Yet it carries to his duties in the little brick school house where two thirds of his life had been pa sed. On Saturdays he arrayed himself in his best not with the expectation of avoiding the penand devoted the day to visiting the ladies in alty that follows conviction, but with the and devoted the day to visiting the indies in the neighborhood, where he was always a welcome guest. This habit had continued so long that he had acquired the sobriquiet of "Rossom the Beaux." Young Cox was a frequent r of Col. Sparks' law office, and which otherw se would doubtless be imposed upon one occasion when Mr. Rossom was to the utmost limit. I beg you, sir, to re-passing by Cox remarked to the colonel in member that it is my only and my last plea quite a feeling tone, "Poor old Rossom, some for mercy.

of these sunny mornings he will be found "I had a friend in a city where wealth. dead when he shall have a noble funeral and luxury and intelligence afforded him fitting all the ladies will honor it by being present, I environments for his many charms of person know." Soon after he left the office, the colonel being in the humor, wrote the lines, and soon after handed them to Cox, who, by " Soon after he left the office, the and graces of manner. With a mini finely adapted to literary work, he had wisely chosen the editorial profession. With superb business tact and tireless energy, he had his splendid vocal powers, gave popularity to the song. Hundreds of lines have been writachieved success in the extremely difficult ten to the air by many persons, but the fol-lowing are the original as Col. Sparks wrote

enterprise of building up a society paper." "Well," interrupted the judge, "what has all this to do with your case? Your f. iend is not on trial here.' "Now soon on some soft sunny morning The first thing my neighbors shall know, Their ears will be met with the warning— Come bury 'Old Rossum the Beaux.'"

"True, your Honor," replied the prisoner. "but you will soon see. I do not accuse my friend of intentionally bringing me to my unhappy condition, but it was his solicita-tions and my weak yielding that led to the commission of the offense for which I now stand before you."

"He wrote me a letter full of earnest en-treaty. He said he could not take no for an answe, and charged me by the happy mem ories of the past to comply with his wishes He wanted me to write an article for the holiday edition of his paper. I weakly consent e.l," and for a time the prisoner was overcome with emotion.

The court, unmoved by his agitation, said, "Go on sir."

With broken tones the prisoner proceeded. "How bitterly I regret my compliance! With a rashness that can plead no excuse, I tried to write something in blank verse. What induced me to perpetrate this—but the confession is too painful. Here, sir, is the article itself." I remember Cox as a dashing young man

of some twenty-eight and heard him sing "Rosin the Beaux," one Christmas night to a Taking a manuscript from an inside pocket

The undertaker suppressed a tear and said that little Charlie would die. Tom, who had stood it all up to date wound up the watches of the night and took a long drink of tolu rock and rye. CHAPTER I.

"The boy stood on the burning deck."-

Mrs. Hemans, And ah, the good things that Christmas I first begun the record of the race-E'en then its page was red with blood and brought! Clara found a larger piece of gum Since first the brother, false to brother love, Siew him whose mother bore them both, Manking have reveled in brethren's blood And war has followed in the train of hate. on the bed post. And just three years after that night spoken of in chapter twenty seven Col. Charley Crow went to Clara's father and told him in a very low whisper that the Ambitions curse from age to age Hath deluged earth with grief. Great crimes have borne the name of faith And seorged the world with woe. three years of work and planing and scheming had not been in vain. I have found the clew, then in a voice trembling with emotion, he said "the man whom your

Yet virtue lives, and hope ne'er dies, The world is wher now, and better far, And sometime peace will bind her wreath Forever on the brows of men. daughter saw that night in her room was undoubtedly Santa Claus!" THE END.]

> "Forewarned is forearmed" and just be cause we have so far enjoyed an unusually mild winter does not indicate that we are not to encounter Jack Frost and his forces before the summer season opens. There will be no better chance for you to replenish your coal bin and lay in your winter's supply than the present. People who tell short in their cal-

'I have," answered the prisoner. "I would culations last winter will remember the task it was to get coal delivered on side streets, willingly omit the remainder of my confession, but something impels me to expose the where it was almost impossible for an empty wagon to make any progress through the seemingly bottomless mire. You can leave wishing to visit the castle of Wirtemburg, your order for the winter's supply with the was told whenever he inquired the way, old reliable Whitebreast Coal Co. and get it safely housed ere winte with all its terrors

"Immer henaus and henauf,"-ever onward and upward. Fancying the incident containbreaks upon us. Mr. Stobbs their genial manager informs us that at no time were "Go on, sir," sternly commanded the julge. they better prepared to supply all demands "I attempted to put in a poetical form." than at the present, and customers may feel said the prisoner, and his pale face reddened assured that the Whitebreast will continue to "Let me see it," said the judge. The judge satisfy all its patrons to that same liberal ertent that they have in the past.

> While selecting Christmas gifts, you should baar in mind the fact that usefulness is the one commendable feature in view and that you can make no more suitable present to your wife or mother than a nice china service, either tea or dinner, a bisque ornament for the parlor mantel, a hanging lamp or in fact anything offered for sale by S. C. Elliot 1212 O street whose counters are filled with an endless variety of useful and desirable goods suitable for the Christmas holidays.

APANESE

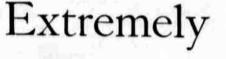
o-Embroidered-o

⊂ilk Handkerchiefs,

&c. &c. &c.

o-All at-o







For the Spring Trade We will Occupy Our New Building, 131, 133, 135, and 137,

SOUTH 11th ST.

E. Miller.