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(Sunday Sentinel, Indianapolis.)

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ROSIN THE BEAUX.

BY ROBERT M'BEYNSOLDS.

"How dear to our hearts are the scenes of our childhood," is a poetic line that finds response in the breasts of us all, when free from the cares of business in a meditative hour.

Col. W. H. Sparks a resident of New Orleans is the original author, and in reply to a letter to him on the subject he says he was formerly a resident of Mississippi, and that among his neighbors was James Rossum who had been teaching school in that district for over forty years.

gay through in one of those old plantation homes, and it seemed to me then I had never heard anything half so melodious. After that came the re-belling storm of war, and amid its clash of arms, and roar of cannonade, for our brief spell, for a day, or an hour perhaps, there was a central figure amid the struggling ranks behind red breastworks, and when the sabre-strokes had ceased, and sounds of battle died away, the southern songster lay beneath two feet of sod.

A CONDEMNED CONTRIBUTOR'S CONFESSION.

BY E. M. CORRIELL.

He was on trial before the bar of Offended Public Opinion. Whether he had been before any other bar was a question ruled out, after lengthy citations from the 173 Patagonia and 197 Alaska reports, as "incompetent, immaterial and irrelevant." From the very first it was evident that the case would go against him.

The prisoner raised his pale face, and said in tones of hopelessness and sadness: "I am aware, your Honor, that the question you now address to me, is one often uttered

of his coat he tremblingly handed it to the judge. It was as follows:

HISTORY.

I saw, or fancying seemed to see, Amid the ruins of a city vast, A maiden rare, whose form and face Were nature's sweetest poetry.

But on her face where thought and beauty shone, There was a look of retrospection deep, As if the mind for food had inward turned To feed upon the soul.

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

In tones that fell upon my ear Like courses of a lark's 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 aid And gave to me for service in his cause The boon of youth, perpetual youth.

That monarch's name is time. So great his realm, none dare dispute his power, A tyrant he, of look severe and stern. He brooks no divided sway.

The proudest works of men, their stately halls, Their highest monuments, their noble arts, Though chiselled in unyielding flint, Yet Time's effacing touch doth feel.

Not a year ago, O'er crags and stone Till limbs are faint, and breath is spent In toiling up the steep ascent.

"Tis ever thus in human life! He who would conquer in the strife, And win the goal, Must strive and toil, To quaff the cup, Is ox and yoke.

Though languor comes, no rest he knows; The summit only has repose.

Clara pebbles easily are found, Lying scattered o'er the ground. Bangers abound Where pearls are found! Labor and care For jewels rare! And for a prospect rich and fair,— Onward and upward—do and dare!

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 COURIER, 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 it. You will therefore receive the severest penalty in such case made and provided, which is—"

Here the judge was interrupted by a piercing 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 hushed.

Could it be a man? The young girl was palsied with fear. She made for her gun—but alas! It was gone. "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 always 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 the dash board of life. The back yard of Regret is filled with tumble down disappointment with the hoops off, old cans are also in that dreary yard, filled with the cinders of burned out love which winters of regret and sorrow have consumed and tin cans which crest and are while contained short pounds of joy are strewn over the same black, drear desolate waste—but none of them are tied to the faithful dog's tail.

CHAPTER XVI. "And he went for the heathen Chinese,"—Harte. 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 pleasures of life. Oh! what a thrill and thud! empty-handed years come to us because we do not seek the burdens of good things which are around us all.

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.

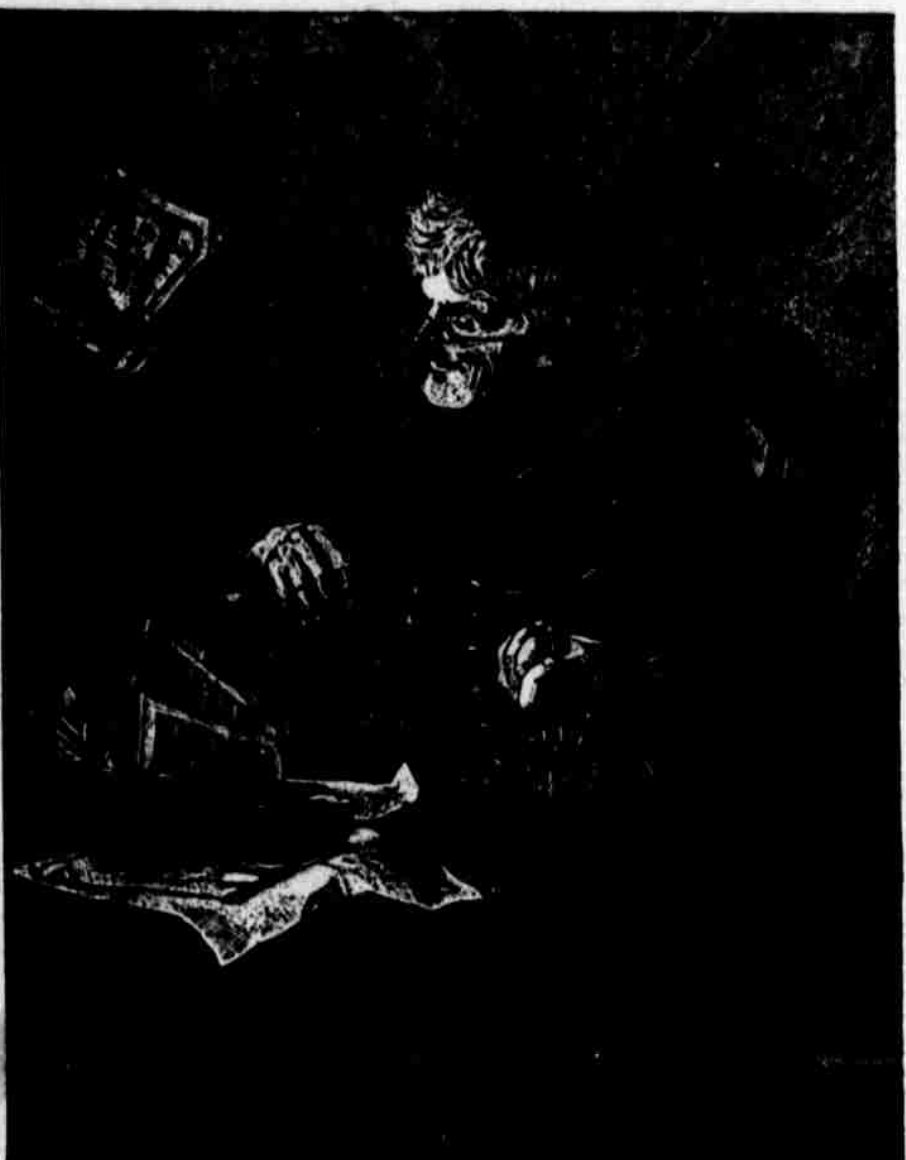
CHAPTER I.

"The boy stood on the burning deck,"—Mrs. Hemans. And ah, the good things that Christmas brought! Clara found a larger piece of gum 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 three years of work and planting and scheming had not been in vain. I have found the clog, then in a voice trembling with emotion, he said "the man whom your daughter saw that night in her room was undoubtedly Santa Claus!"

[THE END.]

"Forewarned is forearmed" and just because 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 calculations last winter will remember the task it was to get coal delivered on side streets, where it was almost impossible for an empty wagon to make any progress through the seemingly bottomless mire. You can leave your order for the winter's supply with the old reliable Whitebread Coal Co. and get it safely housed ere winter with all its terrors breaks upon us. Mr. Stobbs their genial manager informs us that at no time were they better prepared to supply all demands than at the present, and customers may feel assured that the Whitebread will continue to satisfy all its patrons to that same liberal extent that they have in the past.

While selecting Christmas gifts, you should bear 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.



"OLD ROSSUM THE BEAUX."

nately dressed and cleanly shaven he went to his duties in the little brick school house where two thirds of his life had been passed. On Saturdays he arrayed himself in his best and devoted the day to visiting the ladies in the neighborhood, where he was always a welcome guest. This habit had continued so long that he had acquired the sobriquet of "Rossum the Beaux." Young Cox was a frequent visitor of Col. Sparks' law office, and upon one occasion when Mr. Rossum was passing by Cox remarked to the colonel in quite a feeling tone, "Poor old Rossum, some of these sunny mornings he will be found dead when he shall have a noble funeral and all the ladies will honor it by being present, I 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 his splendid vocal powers, gave popularity to the song. Hundreds of lines have been written to the air by many persons, but the following are the original as Col. Sparks wrote them:

"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.'"

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

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 follow 'Old Rossum the Beaux.'"

Then take you a dozen good fellows And let them all staggering go; And dig deep holes in the meadow, And in it toss 'Rossum the Beaux.'"

Then shape out a couple of dormicks, Place one at the head and on the toe And pray do not fall to scratch on it, The name of 'Old Rossum the Beaux.'"

Then take these dozen good fellows, And stand them all round in a row And drink from a big teilled bottle, Farewell to 'Old Rossum the Beaux.'"

I remember Cox as a dashing young man of some twenty-eight and heard him sing "Rosin the Beaux," one Christmas night to a

as a mere matter of form. Yet it carries to the condemned the right to speak in his own behalf. Of this right I avoid myself; not with the expectation of avoiding the penalty that follows conviction, but with the hope that confession from which nothing is withheld, may possibly present for your consideration, some facts in my unhappy career to mitigate the severity of a sentence, which otherwise would doubtless be imposed to the utmost limit. I beg you, sir, to remember that it is my only and my last plea for mercy."

"I had a friend in a city where wealth, luxury and intelligence afforded him fitting environments for his many charms of person and graces of manner. With a mind finely adapted to literary work, he had wisely chosen the editorial profession. With superb business tact and tireless energy, he had achieved success in the extremely difficult enterprise of building up a society paper."

"Well," interrupted the judge, "what has all this to do with your case? Your friend is not on trial here."

"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 solicitations 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 entreaty. He said he could not take no for an answer, and charged me by the happy memories of the past to comply with his wishes. He wanted me to write an article for the holiday edition of his paper. I weakly consented, 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 first began the record of the race— Even then its page was red with blood and crime!

Since first the brother, false to brother love, Slew him whose mother bore them both, Mankind have reveled in brethren's blood And war has followed in the train of hate.

Ambitious curse from age to age Hath deluged earth with grief. Great crimes have borne the name of faith And scorched the world with woe.

Yet virtue lives, and hope ne'er dies, The world is wiser now, and better far, And sometime peace will bind her wreath Forever on the brows of men.

And down the vistas of the years to be I see a nobler, true humanity, And hope forbids the old time ill— "On earth, to man, peace and good will."

While the judge was reading the prisoner leaning dejectedly against the railing. The judge finally looked up and said: "Have you anything further to say?"

"I have," answered the prisoner. "I would willingly omit the remainder of my confession, but something impels me to expose the extreme depths of my offense."

"Somewhere I had read that a traveler, wishing to visit the castle of Wirtemberg, was told whenever he inquired the way, 'Inmer henau und henau,'—ever onward and upward. Fancying the incident contained a beautiful poetical thought, I—"

"Go on, sir," sternly commanded the judge. "I attempted to put in a poetical form," said the prisoner, and his pale face reddened with confusion.

"Let me see it," said the judge. The judge took the paper and read the following:

ONWARD AND UPWARD. Night's ebon plian darkly hung Above the mountain top, where clung, Austere and high, Against the sky, The gloomy walls, And echoing halls, Of castle safe, like eagle'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— Inasistare!

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