

HE CITY OF BETHLEHEM.

at the Present Time.

by people to crowd it; but, besides by the birthplace of Jesus, it is the sthplace of Israel's great warrior ng, David.

Bethlehem to-day has barely 8,000 nhabitants, and in appearance is not attractive. The streets are too narrow for vehicles; in fct, there is but one street in the town wide enough for car-riages, and it is so very narrow that they cannot pass each other in it. The streets were made for foot-travelers, donkeys and camels.

donkeys and camels. Bethlehem is about five miles south of Jerusalem. Leaving the larger lity by the Jaffa gate, we take a carriage and ride rapidly over the fine road built but few years ago. The carriage we are in and those we meet are wretched affairs. The horses are to be nitiged first because they are not well wretched affairs. The horses are to be pitied, first, because they are not well cared for, and second because their drivers are regular Jehus who drive them "furiously" up hill and down. It less than half an hour we are in the marketplace of Bethlehem, in front of the Church of the Nativity. Let us suppose we have arrived on thristmas eve in time to wander about and become acquainted with the little city.

and become acquainted with the little city. Of course it has changed in appear-ance since the thie of Christ. It is larger, and better built. Now, as then, the houses are of stone, and, as citles and customs change but little in the East, we may safely infer that mod-ern Bethlehem houses are much like those of 1900 years ago. Perhaps some of the old buildings that were in existence so long ago may still be stand-ing. Of course, the great Church of the Nativity was not then erected, nor were any of the larger religious build-ings we see. These are the memorials of a later date, built in honor of Him whose earthly life began here. One would have to be unmindful of his sur-roundings and very unimaginative not to wonder what the place was like on that night the anniversary of which we are celebrating.

we are celebrating. We know that then, as on this De-cember 24, it was filled with people. But those people had come for a differ-ent purpose. Augustus Caesar, the master of the then known world, had issued an imperial decree ordering a general registration of all his subjects. This was for the purpose of revising or completing the tax lists. According to completing the tax lists. According to Roman law, people were to register in their own cities—that is, in the city in their own cities—that is, in the city in which they lived, or to which the vil-lage or town was attached. Accord-ing to Jewish methods they would be registered by tribes, families and the houses of their fathers. Joseph and Mary were Jews, and conformed to the Jewish custom. It was well known that he and Mary were of the tribe of Judah and family of David, and that Bethlehem was their ancestral home. Accordingly, they left the Nazareth home, in the territory of Zebulun, and came to David's "own city," in the ter-ritory of Judah. ey came down the east bank of fordan, crossed the river at Jericho, the fordan, crossed the river at Jericho, and came up among the Judean hills and valleys until they reached Bethle-hem. It was a long journey and a wearisime one, and on arriving a wearsime one, and on arriving a place of rest was the first thing sought. Evidently they had no friends living in the place; or, if they had, their houses were already filled. It was necessary that shelter be had, and immediately. hung by the four corners. In this the Ostjak baby is placed, and he soon learns to sway his unique cradle back and forth and bounce it up and down. In the khan, or inn, there was no room; so there was nothing to do but occupy part of the space provided for cattle. It was not an unusual thing to do and is often done to-day in those Eastern villages. In fact, they were about as comportable there as in the khan. At a khan one may procure a up of coffee and a place to lie down on the floor; but each guest provides his own bed and covering. This was call Joseph and Mary could have ob-tained in the inn, had there been room for them. And he win Bethlebem, in a stable, or a cave used for stabling ani-In the khan, or inn, there was no jumper is very simple in construction, and there is no reason why some of our ingenious boys who have baby brothers and sisters should not make just such a cradle. dered, too, was he, and over one shoul-der hung a plum-colored cloak bor-dered with gold braid. His long hose were the color of his cloak, and his shoes were russet leather, with rosettes of plum, and such h! heels as Nick had never seen before. 's bonnet was of tawny velvet, with a in twisted around it, fastened by a jewelled brooch, through which was thrust a curly cock-feather. A fine, white Hol-land-linen shirt neeped through his terfor them. And no con Bethiehem, in a stable, or a cave used for stabling ani-uals. Jesus was born, and Mary "wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger."--"Christ-mas in Bethlehem," by Edwin S. Wal-lace, in December St. Nicholas.

angles by the first interer, thence for-ward by the second initror to the third, which throws it up to the fourth mir-ror, by which it is reflected to the eye. It will thus be seen that the light never passes entirely through the cylinders, and the observer does not see through but around the coln.

The old device which preceded this was on a much larger scale, and was generally used in connection with a brick, which could be seen through, of

brick, which could be seen through, or course, quite as well as a coin. Any clever boy can make an X-ray machine of this sort with some wooden or pasteboard tubes and some bits of looking-glass. And to one who does not understand the trick it is a very wonderful device.

A Horn Inside of a Tree.

Not long ago a huge oak tree was

cut down in a Michigan forest. As the woodman split it up his ax struck something hard, which he thought at first was a knot. But when it nicked the edge of the steel blade he made up his mind that it must be something very much harder than a knot. So h very much harder than a knot. So he cut around it carefully, chipping and splitting until he laid the object bare. It was a huge deer horn, buried in the very heart of the big oak. How it came there is a mystery. Perhaps some ploneer hunter or some Indian of a hundred years ago had shot a deer, and ,to keep it from the wolves had



A Deer Horn in a Tree. hung it by the horns in the limbs of a young oak, expecting to come back soon and claim it. But either he for-got where he left it or else some acci-dent happened which prevented his re-mained in the tree year after year, until the wood grew entirely around them

The part of the tree containing the horns was sent to the museum of the Michigan Agricultural college, where it now is.

An Indian Baby-Jumper. When the Ostjak baby grows large enough to sit up his father builds for him a baby-jumper. The Ostjak peohim a baby-jumper. The Ostjak peo-ple live in cold Siberia, where there are a great many spruce trees. The father goes out and cuts a limber young tree, which he fastens to the wall and cell-ing of his home, as shown in the pic-ture. At the end he hangs a neat ham-mock-like cradle, made of sacking and



Fun for the Baby.

As you will see, the Ostjak baby-

An Actor of Shakespeare's Day.

He had trim, straight legs, this

stranger, and a slender. lithe body in a

tawny silken jerkin. Square-shouldered, too, was he, and over one shoul-

land-linen shirt peeped through his jer-kin at the throat, with a broad lace col-

lar; and his short hair curled crisply all over his head. He had a little

all over his head. He had a little, pointed beard, and the ends of his moustache were twisted so that they stood out fiercely on either side of his sharp nose. At his side was a long Italian poinard, in a sheath of russet leather and silver flagree, and he had a reckless, high and mighty flag about

his stride that strangely took the eye, --"Master Skylark," a new serial, by John Bennett, in December St. Nicho-

Mr. Chip's Big Pockets,

pockets in his mouth. And they are

good, big pockets, too. Not long ago a

Vermont man thought he would see

just how many kernels of corn little

Mr. Chipmunk could carry home to his

family all at once. So he laid thirty

kernels on a board near the barn and then hid behind a shed to watch. Pres-

ently Mr. Chip appeared, bobbing his

good showing for a little fellow.

A, chipmunk, unlike a boy, has his

188.



When Bugles Blow.

gles blow, let no man his commercial measures Leap, But let him rise with heart actow, And rush to meet his country's foe, I foremost to the danger leap.

What though at the home the maidens weep, and wives fail down in sorrow deep? Where honor calls the man will go, When bugles blow.

oowards shun the blasing steep; fields of glory herces reap, And if they fall and no word show, Where they do lie, 'tis better so-t freedom all her spiendors keeps. When bugies blow, —Joris Von Linden. at fr

Don't Fret. Don't fret,

Regret worry do not pay, ir the better way ok, what e'er betide, the brightes: side.

Don't fret, Nor let Despair your heart steal in, Its rlot to begin. 'Tis best, without a shirk, To nobly do your work.

Don't fret,

Forget, If possible, mistake, And excast effort make. To build, with hope's light bars, A ladder to the stars. Kavanagh, in New Orleans Pleayune. K. K

A Song of Hope.

Back of the gloom-

The bloom! Back of the strife-Sweet life, ind flowing meadows that glow and gleam Where the winds sing joy and the dalates

and the sunbeams color the quickening clo and faith in the future, and trust in God. Back of the gloom-The bloom!

Fronting the night— The light! Under the snows— The rose! ind the vales sing joy to the misty fills, ind the wild winds ripple it down the rills; ind the far stars answer the song that swells with all the music of all the belie! Fronting the night— The light! -Frank L, Stanton, in Stlanta Constitution.

Lost Light.

ot make her smile again, icannot make her smile spain, That sunshine on her face that used to make this worn earth see At times so gay a place. The same dear eyes look out at may The features are the same; Sut, O, the smile is out of them, And I must be to blame.

iometimes I see it still: I went With her the other day Fo meet a long-missed friend, and while We still were on the way, Her confidence in waiting love Brought back to me to see The old-time love light to her sym That will not shine for me.

N 3BRASKA INDEPEDEN

Just a little cloud with hue Casting shadows o'er the blue Where tney stood; "It will rain," he whispered, "dear,

WHO KNOWS

Let us find a shelter here In the wood."

Then the sliver drops came down, inote the sweying, emerald crown Of the tree But the snugly she tered pair Watched the heavy downpour there Lovingly.

And he held her tiny hand. Why? True lovers understand,

This I know: When the sun peoped from the sky, Pretty, maiden seemed so shy-Loats to go!

Here the twain were lingering, After birds began to sing,

For an hour. And she whispered tenderly: "Who knows, darling? There may be

Another shower." -Brooklyn Life,

PITH AND POINT.

He-"Just think of it! They say man descended irom a monkey." She - "A come down, indeed !"-De troit Tribune

Teacher-"Now, if I take your slate sencil what can I do with it ?" Listle Boy-"You tan tur? your hair."-Insper's Bagar.

The man whose nature 'tis to sigh Oan always flud a reason; 'Mid frost he says that coal's too high, While warmth is out of season. —Washington Star

She-"Is it not true that two peo-ple can live as cheaply as one?" He

pie can live as cheaply as one?" He -"Yes, if they are married. Not if they are engaged."-Pack. "Diner-"Isn't that a protty small steak?" Attandant-"Yes; but you'll find it will take you a good while to eat it."-Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Blands-"They say that Mag-lin married for money."-Mrs. Swarve - "Anybody could see that who ever saw his wife."-Boston Transcript.

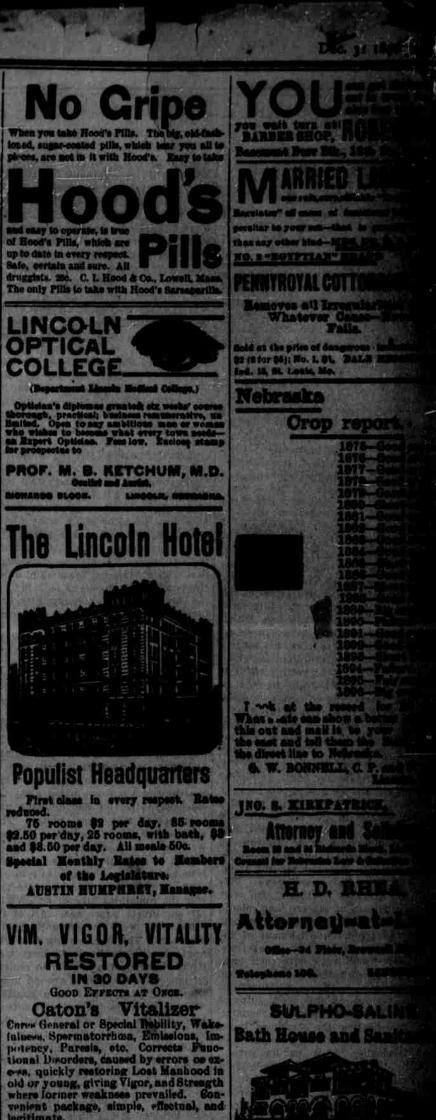
Long we have sought its other same, And now at last 'tis known; This thing they call "the trump of fame" Is but a megaphone, —Indianapolis Journal.

First Wheelman (a beginner)-"strange how a fellow will rup into things when he first begins to ride." Second Wheelman-"Yes, I ran into debt to get my wheel."-Boston Trans-

Mr. Elwell-"Isn't it strange, but true, nevertheless, that the biggest fools always marry the pretiest girls?" Mrs. Elwell-"Oh, now, go on, you fisterer."-Philadelphis In-quirer.

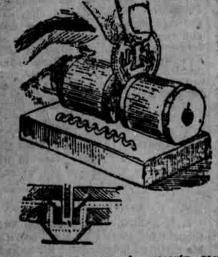
Where Her Troubles Began : "I underatand that Mr. and Mrs. Bridie are not so happy as they expected to be." "No, they are not. You see, she is afraid to stay alone at night."-

Of One Mind : "Ohumpley, I've



Looking Through a Coin.

A little toy bearing the high-sound-thg name of "X-Ray Machine Wonder of the Age" has been invented, by means of which you can, to all appear-ances, look straight through a silver dollar or a hardwood stick. The Sci-dollar or a hardwood stick. entific American prints a picture of it and shows how cunningly the trick is done. As you will see from the cut, there are two cylinders, made to look like colls of wire. When the eye is ap-plied to the end of one of these cylin-



ently Mr. Chip appeared, bobbing his tail and looking a little suspicious. When he felt sure that everything was safe up he scampered and picked up every one of the thirty kernels and stored them away in his pockets until his face looked as if he had just come down with a bad case of the mumps. Next time forty-five kernels were placed on the board and Mr. Chip suc-paced on the board and Mr. Ohip sucders, objects may be clearly seen through them, and when a coin is slipped between the ends of the cylinslipped between the ends of the cylin-ders, as shown in the cut, it offers no obstruction to the light. Objects can apparently be seen through the coin. But the small diagram shows where the trick comes in. The hole in each cylinder has a bit of mirror-glass at the end, arranged at an angle of 45 de-grees. A hole extends downward from the central hole of each cylinder, so that light entering at one end of the machine is reflected downward at right placed on the board and Mr. Ohip succeeded in getting every one of them into his pockets, although it made his eyes bulge a little. For the third trial seventy kernels were placed on the board. This time Mr. Ohip was beat-en. Although he tried as hard as he could his pockets would hold only fifty-eight of the kernels, and he had to leave the rest. But that is a pressy mode showing for a little fellow.

They say I might have fame, They say I might have fame, I like those gowgaws quite as well As others like the same. But I care not for what I have Nor lust for what I luck, One tithe as much as my heart longs. To call that lost light back.

Come back, dear benished smile, come back, And into exile drive ill thoughts and aims and jealous hopes That in thy stead would thrive. Who wants the earth without its sun, And what has life for me That's worth a thought, if as its price, It leaves me robbed of thee? —Edward 8, Martin, in Soribner.

The Coming Man.

- A pair of very chubby legs, Incased in scarlet hose; A pair of little stubby boots, With rather doubtful toos; A little kilt, a little coat, Gut as a mother can— And lo! before us stand in state The future's "coming man."

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars, And search their unknown ways; Perchance the human heart and soul Will open to their gaze; Perchance their keen and flashing glance Will be a Nation's light— Those eyes that now are wistful bent On some "big fellow's" kite.

Those hands—those little busy hands— So sticky, small and brown; Those hands whose only mission seems To pull all order down; Who knows what hidden strength may be Hidden in their clasp, Though now 'tis but a taffy stick In sturdy hold they grasp?

Ah, blessings on those little hands, Whose work is yet undone, And blessings on those little feet, Whose race is yet unrun! And blessings on the little brain That has not learned to plan! Whate'er the future holds in store, God bless the "coming man." —Somerville Journal.

Home at Last.

Child, do not fear; We shall reach our home to-night, For the sky is clear, And the waters bright; And the breezes have scarcely strength To unfold that little cloud, That like a shroud Spreads out its flocoy length: Then have no fear. As we cleave our silver way As we cleave our silver way Through the waters clear.

Fear not, my child! Though the waves are white and high, and the storm blows wild Through the gloomy sky; On the edge of the Western See, See! that line of golden light, Is the haven bright Where home is a waiting thee; Where, this peril past, Where, this peril past, We shall rest from our stormy voyage, In peace at last.

Be not siraid; But give me thy hand, and see How the waves have made A cradie for thee. Might is come, dear, and we shall rest; Bo turn from the angry sizes And slose thise eyes. And slose thise eyes. And slose thise eyes. And so not weep; In the caim, cold, purple depths There we shall sleep. —Addenate A. Process.

- -Adelaide A. Prooten

The same opportunities make a hero of one man and an ass of another.

lent you that \$50." "Strange f for I am equally certain that I was not re-sponsible when I borrowed it."-Deroit Free Press.

"Lady-"Thank you, sir; but I don't like to deprive you of your comfortable seat." Hibernian-"Be th' powers, leddy, it was comfortable no longer when Oi saw you standin'." -Harlem Life.

Caller-"I understand that your husband distinguished himself at the banquet last evening." Mrs. Rumly -"Possibly ; but it was more than he could do when he reached home."-Detroit Free Press.

"I hear you had a financial dis-cussion with Deadwood Pete. Did you find him open to conviction?" "No, but when I left him the doctor had to take fourteen stitches in him." -Detroit Tribune.

Husband-"There's one thing I can say for myself, anyway: I have risen by my own efforts." Wife-"Never in the morning, John I notice that it takes two alarm clocks and all the members of the household to get you up then."-Boston Courier.

Good Watch for a Dollar,

Good Watch for a Bollar. A watch that will record the passing hours with fair accuracy can be bought nowadays at retail for the price of a table d'hote dinner. A watchmaker and jeweler on upper Broadway dis-plays a tray full of nickle case watches for one dollar each. They are not toys, but real watches that "go," and while they are not to be depended up-on to catch railroad trains, they serve all the purposes of a dilatory man in keeping appointments. "That dollar watch," said the dealer, "sold for ten dollars ten years ago, but the improvement in the machinery for making the parts has been such within the last two years that a factory equipped for manufacturing the cheap article can turn them out almost as fast as clothes pins are made. No,

fast as clothes pins are made. No, they are not furnished with jewel bearings, although some people expect the pins and shafts to be set in dia-mond sockets, and even then think a

Deepening Waterways.

After sinking millions of dollars in the hopeless task of deepening the channel of the Mississippi River, a young inventor has worked out a plan young inventor has worked out a plan for an hydraulic dredge that will make the undertaking of deepening water-ways comparatively easy. He has re-cently built a machine that will go through a sandbar at a speed of eight or ten feet per minute, cutting out a clear channel forty feet wide and twenty feet deep. It costs ten thou-sand dollars per month each to run these immense dredges, but they work so rapidly that the arpenditure is not great, when one considers the silvan-tages to be gained.

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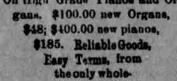


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