



Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us
Thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are
shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the
stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Savior of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devo-
tion,
Odors of Edam, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the
ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from
the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor se-
cure,
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the
poor.
—Bishop Heber.



OFFICER 4954'S CHRISTMAS

Everybody said Michael Flanagan would "get broken" if he wasn't more severe on his beat. Crime was rampant everywhere in the city, and there was a loud outcry against the police for not putting an end to it.

The evils complained of could not be localized in any particular quarter, they seemed to be smeared all over, emanating, or leeching out, however, from certain well-known centers, or "tough" precincts along the river. Officer Flanagan's beat was in the worst of one of these "slum" districts, but the strangest thing about it was the fact that at night it was the quietest and most orderly portion of the city. As he explained to the chief, who privately grumbled because he did not "run in" a patrol wagon load of suspicious characters every night:

"'Tis at night I'm on duty, Chief, an' 'divil a hide or a hair of the ugly birds is to be then found in the dirty nest. They're all over beyond in the respectable quarter plunderin' hens' nests an' lootin' family diamonds. You wouldn't have me leave my beat to follow them in their wanderin's?"

"Certainly not," replied the chief, severely, "that might cost you your job."

"Then, how the divil am I to run in them as are not in my beat?"

The chief laughed.

"You're too easy with the toughs, Flanagan. You must be more severe. I am told you act more like a grand-papa than a policeman. It will not do; you must be harsh. Kindness will



"You're too easy, Flanagan!"

never reform the criminal classes, officer. Make a record of arrests; run in a wagon load occasionally to satisfy the public clamor."

"May the divil seize me if I turn brute to satisfy what the chief calls 'public clamor,'" muttered Flanagan as he left his chief. "They're poor, an' live in dirt an' vulgarity, but that doesn't make them criminals. Put them in good clothes, give them decent food an' drink, an' let them ride in automobiles, an' they'd be as fine as the fellows as is makin' the public clamor, begob's!"

When he went on duty that night, Officer 4954 had made up his mind to be very severe and know neither friend nor foe. "I'll exterminate the beat by depopulat' it. 'Tis the only way I know. I'll run in every rapscallion I can lay my hands on." And he walked along, fiercely swinging his club, in deep meditation. Suddenly a violent push from behind nearly upset him, and, turning quickly, he made a grab, catching a small, elfish girl by the arm.

"I have one already, begob's! What do ye mean by assaultin' the majesty of the law? 'Tis high treason you're committin'," and he said in what was intended to be a very severe tone of voice, but there was a humorous twinkle in his eye as he recognized his little crony, Patsy.

If anybody had called her Patricia, which was truly her real name, she would not have fainted, for she was not one of the fainting kind, but she would have considered the language as some new kind of abuse, and resented it with a handful of mud, of which there was plenty within easy reach.

The child was hardly 10 in years, but an adult in precocious knowledge. She was more than comely, she was positively pretty when her face was clean and her lovely hair free from tangles and snarls. But in her usual squalid rags, unkempt hair and her face resembling that of a young eagle peering through a dust brush, she was as ugly as sin and as hateful as an in-

fant demon. Flanagan, however, had seen into the heart of the little maid, and he cherished her.

She lived, or rather existed, down a damp, filthy cellar, with an old crone who was not her mother, but who had stolen her somewhere and thought to make her useful, and who spent more time in administering blows to force her to grow up crooked than in training her infant mind in the direction of a higher life. Patsy was evidently going to the dogs, but she was not aware of that fact, never having known anything better than her present surroundings. She had no regard for the law as personified by the police, and therefore did not scruple to take liberties with its dignity.

"Patsy, my darlin', I've a mind to run ye in. 'Tis the orders from headquarters, an' I may as well begin with ye since ye have put yourself in the way of it. How would ye like that, mavourneen?"

"Fine," answered Patsy, dancing with glee. "A nice warm corner in the lock-up hot breakfast in the morning, and nobody to lick me. Come on, cop." And she thrust her small hand into his big one, endeavoring to pull him to the patrol box.

Flanagan looked down quizzically at the small, eager creature who was



"Come on, cop!"

smiling up at him fearlessly and dancing about with joy at the very idea of being run in as a disorderly character.

"Easy now, chicken, ye haven't the idea in mind. I'll not run ye into the lock-up, but into better quarters," said he, following an inspiration. "How would ye like to go home with me, Patsy, an' be one of my little ones? I have two already, an' I yearn for a third. Ye shall have your fill of good eatin' an' drinkin', no beatin's, an' go to school. What do ye say, my girl?"

Patsy's eyes grew large with astonishment, and pushing back her elfin locks, for all answer, she pressed her tender lips upon his great, rough hand. The mute appeal almost broke the big man's heart, and he brushed his eyes with the back of his free hand. Taking her up in his arms, he said:

"Be ready, darlin', in the morn when I go off duty. I'll come an' get ye an' have a brush with the old woman for ye." She pressed her cheek close to his in token of affection and thus he carried her to the corner of the alley and sat her down, bidding her be good and go to sleep without any more rampaging about.

Mrs. Flanagan was as bad as her husband in such things. "'Tis only one more small mouth to fill, an' we'll fill it, please God. Now, away you to bed, Mike, an' by the time ye are ready for duty this night, I'll have the child made over so that you'll not know her."

Patsy's lines had indeed fallen in pleasant places. She soon forgot her coarseness and vulgarity in the pure surroundings of a home, and, animated by the force of good examples, she soon became a model young lady. She was treated as one of the family, and her tractability and amiable disposition captured the heart of every one with whom she came in contact. Her vivacity and beauty attracted the attention of many, who wondered why Flanagan had a daughter so different from the rest of the family.

"Faith, 'tis all hereditary influence," he explained. "There's my old woman Ellen, she's not a beauty, but her heart is, an' as for myself, I'm just what ye see, an' two of my girls take



"I've a mind to run you in."

after us. Did ye ever see my great-great-grandmother? No, eh? Well; she was grand; she was the beauty of the whole county, an' 'tis from her that my Patsy draws her looks." He said this so often in all seriousness that he not only made others believe it, but he actually believed it himself.

But a turning point came in Patsy's life. A childless woman of means had often noticed the bright, vivacious girl, and, wanting a com-

panion, approached Michael and his wife on the subject.

"What, me give up me own flesh an' blood? I am astonished, ma'am, that ye should make me such a proposition!"

"Nonsense," said the lady with asperity, "she is no more yours than she is mine. You picked her up somewhere in your rounds. It was a jewel you found, to be sure, but I can better afford to give her a future than you. Give her the chance, man. She deserves it at your hands."

Then the whole story came out, and the lady was more determined than ever to have the girl, believing that blue blood was in her veins. Finally, Michael and his wife submitted to the pain of separation for the good of the child. She herself refused and threatened to run away and hide in the slums if they tried to force her to leave her "cop," as she always called Flanagan. But gentle persuasion accomplished the desired result, and she at last consented to be good and go with the lady.

"Remember, Patsy darlin'," said Flanagan in his last interview with his pet, "I am always your father."

"You and no other shall ever find that place in my heart," she said as she broke from his arms and ran away sobbing as if her heart would break.

Many years passed, and Flanagan did not hear from his lost Patsy. That was part of the hard bargain wrung from him by the lady who adopted her. "Some time you will meet her, but better let her alone so as not to spoil her future," was what the lady said.

By and by reverses came to the good man; first, his faithful companion went, then his daughters; one after the other was stricken down by the great destroyer, until Flanagan, left alone, became indeed negligent through over-much brooding. Instead of a stern policeman running in wagon loads of unfortunates to satisfy the public clamor to suppress crime, he was the guardian, comforter and console of the afflicted, sorrowful and heavy laden in his beat. At last he was charged with being a shielder of criminals, and as he made no defense, he was "broken," as everybody had predicted he would be. This cost him his right to a pension, and very soon he became dependent and fell ill. His sister, the Widow Malone, a woman of spare means, took in washing and ironing and went out occasionally to do a day's work, thus managing to keep the wolf from the door. She would not hear of Michael's being sent to the County Hospital.

"Not while I have the breath in me body to earn a penny shall Mike be taken from me. 'Tis he that ought to be livin' in a palace. Hospital, indeed!"

The sick man, who was really suffering a decline occasioned by sor-

rowing, thought of Patsy continually. "She's the only one living of all, an' she'll come to her old father soon." By and by this thought grew upon him until he fixed the date for her return to his arms. "She'll be here on Christmas morn," he told everybody who came to see him, and on Christmas morning he awoke early and called to his sister:

"Mary, I dreamed of little Patsy last night; three times I dreamed of her. I thought she was here. Where have you hid her, Mary?" he demanded querulously. "Fetch her to me, Mary. My heart aches to see her."

"Faith, your Patsy's like all the rest ye spent good money on. They've all forgotten ye in your need."

"No, no, Mary, Patsy would never forget—listen, Mary," and he held up his finger. "The sound of wheels—they stop at the door—run, Mary, 'tis Patsy, mavourneen."

The door flew open and in rushed a lovely, magnificently dressed young lady, who literally cast herself upon the sick man, hugging and kissing him while weeping tears of joy.

Flanagan thought he was dreaming, for he still some moments submitting to the delicious caresses, but by and by his brain cleared and he awoke to the reality.

"Patsy, acushla, they're all gone but you, an' you did not forget?"

"Never, never, dearest father," sobbed the girl.

"Patsy, do ye mind that 'tis Christmas morn. Let us give thanks, Patsy darlin'." Which they did in each other's arms.

"Mary, I think I'll get up an' have a turkey dinner. I've not had one for years."

"And I'll have it with you," said Patsy, "and to-morrow, too, and every day of your life hereafter you shall have a Christmas dinner if you wish."

"Includin' turkey, Patsy? I think I could eat a whole one."

"Yes, and cranberry sauce, all you can eat," answered Patsy, giving him another hug.

"Run, Mary, to Patsy!"

John Hockerball, a young farmer who lives a few miles south of Humboldt, had a miraculous escape from violent death. He had been hauling grain to the elevator and was just starting home. When crossing the tracks he caught sight of the fast Billings-St. Joseph passenger train too late to stop and jumped from the rear of the wagon just as the train struck it with terrific force. Both horses were instantly killed.

A. A. Langston of Fremont, who tried to commit suicide about three months ago by cutting his throat with a piece of glass, made another unsuccessful attempt. He first tried to cut his throat with a pocketknife, but the knife was dull and his knowledge of anatomy rather deficient, and instead of severing an artery he only made several jagged wounds below the right ear, which bled profusely and were painful. He then decided to try the gunshot route, but in this was also unsuccessful.

The new Auditorium at Orleans was formally opened. It is the first city in Nebraska to build an auditorium for the use of its citizens. The structure has a seating capacity of 800, with a state twenty by thirty-six feet, and is equipped with an excellent line of scenery. It is lighted by gas.

William L. Golder of Scribner died at Riverside, Cal., where he had gone with his wife six weeks ago to spend the winter. His demise was due to stomach trouble, believed to be cancer. Mr. Golder had lived in Dodge county for thirty-five years.

NEWS IN NEBRASKA

THE STATE IN A NUTSHELL.

Several of Fremont's school children are down with the mumps.

Miss Mae Phillips and Miss Minnie Nelson are holding revival services in Nemaha with encouraging success.

Nebraska's figures on crops for 1903 show the following: Wheat, 43,660,318 bushels; corn, 163,693,965 bushels; oats, 66,619,504 bushels; rye, 10,105,700 bushels.

John Wesce, while hunting one mile west of Papillion, shot a large gray wolf. These animals are very scarce in that part of the country, none having been seen for several years.

Mrs. George Trullinger of Nebraska City, who was badly burned by the explosion of a can of coal oil, with which she was trying to light up the fire in the kitchen range, died from the effects of her burns.

Rev. W. H. Parker, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Table Rock for the past five years, preached his farewell sermon to the congregation last Sunday. He will leave for his new charge at Carlinville, Ill., in about ten days.

The aggregate bank statements for all towns in Dodge county show these items: Loans, \$3,053,724.83; deposits, \$3,006,113.58; cash and reserves, \$662,788.17. There are eighteen banks in the county, six of them being located in Fremont.

The Murdock store at Springfield has been closed by creditors, with liabilities of \$8,000. W. H. Davidson has been appointed receiver for the store. It is said that the establishment has been doing a good business and its failure causes much comment.

A corn show will be a feature of the coming Johnson county farmers' institute, which will be held in Tecumseh, February 10 and 11. Premiums will be given for the best displays of corn, and this corn will be turned over to the state commission for exhibition in St. Louis next year.

Governor Mickey announced that a mandamus suit might be brought to enjoin the auditor from paying salaries to officers in appointive departments of the state government. The question came up while an investigation was being made to determine whether or not the governor was liable on his bond for any shortage on the part of these officers.

Prof. Morey, superintendent of the Institute for the blind at Nebraska City, is so proud of the work done by his pupils and so anxious that the public should know what a blind boy or girl may be taught to do that he has asked the governor's permission to select a company of the inmates and give entertainments in the larger towns this winter.

J. T. Royston of St. Edward has been making arrangements, now almost completed, to move his milling business to Fremont. He expects to build there a mill of 300 barrels per day capacity, with an elevator and three large steel storage tanks in connection. Several sites for the plant are in view, and it will probably be located on the Union Pacific railroad's right of way.

"I am going to my grandma in Iowa if I have to walk all the way," said little Kittle Cameron, a 13-year-old girl of Petersburg, when something went wrong the other day, and she has not been seen at home since. One neighbor passed her a day later eight miles away walking toward the state of Iowa as fast as her little legs could carry her frail, cold form, but nothing else has been heard from Kittle.

The condemned cannon which the Grand Army post of Tecumseh secured from Fort Constitution, N. H., through the assistance of Congressman E. J. Burkett, has arrived. It will be taken to the court yard and in the spring a suitable concrete and stone foundation will be provided for mounting it. It is a 100-pound Parrott gun, is about fourteen feet long and weighs 12,000 pounds.

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APPORTIONS SCHOOL MONEY.

State Superintendent Fowler Notifies Counties of Amount Due Each.

State Superintendent Fowler has made his report of the apportionment of school moneys. The counties have divided among them \$255,438.43, which is 67,893 cents per pupil for a total number of 376,303. The money was derived from these sources: State tax, \$68,771.94; interest on school and saline lands sold, \$42,791.27; interest on school and saline lands leased, \$56,348.48; interest on United States bonds, county bonds, and school district bonds, \$67,682.82; interest on state warrants, \$18,038.34; fish and game licenses, \$1,847.00; emblamers' balance, \$8; less warrant No. 5525 for \$4.37. Douglas county lands first with the largest number of pupils, 42,002, among which is apportioned \$28,516.42. Following is the report in detail:

County.	No. of Scholars.	Amt. Due.
Adams	7,930	\$ 5,382.92
Antelope	4,722	3,203.90
Banner	253	171.77
Blaine	171	116.10
Box Butte	4,434	3,010.38
Boyd	1,662	1,128.38
Brown	5,350	2,274.42
Bucyrus	1,253	850.70
Buffalo	7,909	5,369.66
Burt	4,527	3,073.52
Butler	5,629	3,821.70
Cass	7,478	5,077.04
Cedar	6,958	4,434.03
Chase	927	629.37
Cherry	1,815	1,232.26
Cheyenne	1,603	1,088.33
Clay	5,510	3,740.91
Colfax	4,334	2,942.48
Cuming	5,609	3,808.12
Custer	7,849	5,328.92
Dakota	2,329	1,581.23
Dawes	1,835	1,245.84
Dawson	4,477	3,029.57
Deuel	896	472.54
Dixon	4,679	2,769.36
Dodge	7,686	5,216.20
Douglas	42,002	28,516.42
Dundy	869	569.90
Fillmore	5,467	3,711.51
Franklin	3,480	2,362.68
Frontier	2,919	1,981.80
Furnas	4,003	2,717.76
Gage	10,642	7,157.28
Gardner	872	592.71
Gosper	1,805	1,225.47
Grant	299	141.90
Greeley	2,580	1,751.64
Hall	5,938	4,021.49
Hamilton	4,945	3,357.31
Harlan	3,195	3,169.18
Hayes	899	610.36
Hitchcock	1,594	1,082.22
Holt	4,797	3,256.88
Hooker	158	107.27
Howard	4,233	2,873.91
Jefferson	5,333	3,620.73
Johnson	4,086	2,774.11
Kearney	3,581	2,431.25
Keith	660	448.09
Kimball	1,158	786.20
Knox	827	594.85
Lincoln	5,862	3,979.89
Lancaster	22,072	14,958.24
Lincoln	3,933	2,670.23
Loup	245	234.23
Loup	682	395.14
Madison	6,290	4,270.47
McPherson	112	76.04
Merrick	3,127	2,123.02
Nance	2,914	1,978.40
Nemaha	5,049	3,427.92
Nuckolls	4,363	2,962.17
Otoe	4,221	4,880.15
Pawnee	4,221	2,865.76
Perkins	597	344.22
Phelps	3,645	2,406.81
Pierce	3,444	2,338.24
Platte	6,538	4,438.85
Polk	4,027	2,734.05
Red Willow	3,114	2,317.87
Richardson	6,689	4,541.36
Rock	1,146	778.05
Saline	6,679	4,534.57
Sarpy	3,127	2,123.02
Saunders	8,077	5,483.72
Scott's Bluff	1,141	774.66
Seward	5,643	3,821.20
Sheridan	1,853	1,288.06
Sherman	2,881	1,820.21
Sioux	587	405.32
Stanton	2,734	1,866.19
Thayer	5,291	3,592.22
Thomas	207	140.54
Thurston	2,106	1,429.83
Valley	2,896	1,966.18
Washington	4,602	3,124.44
Wayne	3,772	2,560.92
Webster	4,025	2,732.29
Wheeler	483	327.92
York	6,283	4,265.72
Total	376,303	\$255,438.43

Has Faith in Dowie.

HUMBOLDT—Mr. O. W. Davis, until two years ago a well known newspaper man of southeastern Nebraska, has been heard from in a recent letter to inform his Nebraska friends that "all is well in Zion," where Mr. Davis has invested considerable capital in the industries carried on there, after disposing of the Index and other property at Salem.

Machine Which Never Stops.

NEHAWKA—Bert Painter of this place has discovered perpetual motion, he claims. He has invented a machine which has run seven weeks without stopping and without any apparent loss of energy. He is having a model made on which he hopes to secure a patent.

Man is but clay, and sometimes his name is "mud."

Hog Thieves Busy.

FREMONT—Hog thieves made a raid southeast of Hooper a few nights ago. At Mrs. McMullen's place they took two fat hogs, and three at Charles Ladd's home. Tracks in the snow showed that probably two men did the job, hauling off the plunder in a farm wagon. One of the hogs, the track showed, got out of the wagon after having gone about a half a mile and the next morning was back in its pen. Thus far the thieves have not been apprehended.

A PINCH OF SALT.

Article Now Universally Recognized as an Absolute Necessity.

The true value of salt in food is best realized by its absence, when almost everything we eat is without flavor. Since its introduction salt has steadily increased in value, until it has become an absolute necessity.

But it is not in food alone that salt was valued by the ancients. Among them a salt spring was regarded as a gift from the gods, and any salt found in the soil lent it a peculiar sanctity, and made it a place where prayers were most readily heard. Every meal that included salt had a certain sacred character, creating a bond of piety and friendship between host and guest; hence the expression "There is salt between us," meaning friendship, and to be "untrue to salt" means to be disloyal or ungrateful.

The numerous references in the Bible to salt indicates that the sacred writers attached much importance to it as a symbol of something that was of great value.

"Ye are the salt of the earth."

Matt. v. 13.

"Have salt in yourselves, and have peace one with another."—Mark ix. 50.

"Let your speech be always with grace seasoned with salt."—Col. iv. 6.

"With all thine offering thou shalt offer salt."—Lev. ii. 13.

The value of the article as well as the significance which attaches to the word is still retained, showing it has "lost none of its savor."

A sailor is frequently termed an "old salt," because his business takes him over the briny ocean.