CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Then from heaven's azure riven,

Blazed a star of radiance bright;

It paled the other stars of night.

Then it climmered, gleamed and shin O'er the town of Bethlehem;

And brighter, nearer, richer, clearer,

Burned the star of glory then.

Did that star of heaven stand;

While adoring, wealth outpouring

Softly saying, 'mid their praying,

And have come to worship him!

Then came winging, sweetly singing, Hosts on bosts of cherubin,

Peace on earth, good will to men!

BY OLIVE HARPER

Some sixty years ago Madison street in

New York was one of the most aristocratic

streets in the city, and on both sides it was

built with stately stone mansions, with wide

halls, immense parlors and large handsome

rooms, and each had a garden in the rear.

Now the wealthy old Ouaker families who

once inhabited them are gone and the whole

street has degenerated until it is known as a

"tenement house district," and these old

houses are full of ragged, half starved chil-

dren; pale, wretched women, and a gener-

ally honest but rough class of men. Every

house has a family in every room, where

they eat, work and sleep, and even where

there is the most sobriety there is still enough

of noise, unhealthiness and misery. In most

of them men's drunken curses and women

and children's shrill screams are heard al-

In the attic room of one of the handsomest

of these old houses there lived a widow with

her two children, Ruth and Robert. No

words can picture the bare desolation of that

about her, and she could barely pay the rent

of this cheerless attic, her heart clung to the

old house and here she staid. Her father had

died suddenly, as had his father before him,

and Abby, his only child, had married a man

who was unworthy his trust and in a short

time he had dissipated every dollar they

possessed and then had died, mercifully for

Abby Hicks had tried to earn a living since

then, but with delicate health and two help-

less babies she could not do much. Like the

great majority of women, she had no resource

but her needle, and she found employ in a

shirt factory, and by slaving night and day

as long as her poor little hands could hold the

work, she managed to keep her children and herself alive. Their clothes were the last of

those of better days, and were almost falling

off them from sheer age, though the patient

little fingers had patched and darned them

over and over, and her heart sank as she

Her grandfather nad been a thrifty old man,

and everybody had supposed him rich; but when he died it was found that this house

and a few thousand dollars, which was at in-

terest, was all he had, and it was never quite

understood; but no amount of searching in

papers or banks brought to light anything

more and the search was finally dropped,

It grew too dark to sew and not quite dark

enough to light the lamp, and this hour the

little mother usually took to run out and do

her marketing for the next day; and so tell-

ing the children to lie still in bed, for it was

bitterly cold up there so near the roof, she

took her threadbare shawl, and throwing it

SHE BENT BEFORE THE WIND.

The snow was falling in great soft flakes

and lay thick upon the pavement, and she

bent before the wind as she made what haste

she could. As she walked along she wondered

street, and then she suddenly remembered,

eyes and trickled slowly down her cold cheeks.

Everybody she met, even in that poor loca-

tion, seemed to have something in their hands

-toys, cheap and tawdry, it is true, but still

comething to bring joy to a child's heart-but

this poor little woman could buy nothing, not

even so much as a bit of candy, for stern

rot, a turnip and two potatoes for five cents, and then as the fat butcher's fatter wife put

and the butcher being busy just then selling a fine turkey to the proprieto of a boarding

around her started out.

though the question was often discussed.

wondered where she could get more.

his wife and little children.

"Glory, glory, bear the story!

Knelt the men from Judah's land.

While their eyes with tears were dim,

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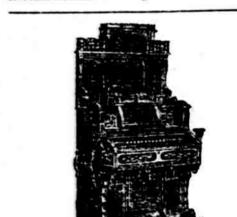
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with a great pang, that it was Christmas Eve, and two sudden tears rolled from her Repairing of all kinds of Uphol-COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.

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"For the babbies, ma'am, with my love," said the jolly woman, "and I wish it was There's a story olden, golden, Laden with the sweetest peace, more." Of a stranger in a manger, Couched on autumn's rich increase Abby Hicks stood a moment irresolute with the red spots of shame burning in her Robed not in sable, for a stable, cheeks, for never before had she accepted a With its rude and dust clad walls, gift, and yet her heart was glad for her Formed a shelter, where did swelter Cattle in their stifled stalls. children and lighter for the womanly sympa-thy which she felt had actuated this meager

> "Thank you," was all she could trust herself to say, and she hurried away, and from there she went to the little corner grocery where her wants were supplied when accompanied by cash. Here she bought a five cent loaf and a pail of coal.

"Nothing else?" asked the grocer's clerk. "We have some fine turkeys and cranberries: chickens, too, first rate Philadelphia dry

picked; raisins, apples, jellies, celery-nothing "No, thank you," said Abby, hurrying

The coal had taken her last cent. She got out again into the street on her way back and hurried onward, only anxious to get back to where she could weep her heart out in her woe, for where is an agony keener for a mother than to deprive her children of the joy that is rightfully theirs on Christmas day! Dear little Robbie! He would hear the other children blowing their tin trumpets and beating their drums, and his sturdy little heart had always desired one and the other by turns. And good, gentle Ruthie! How her motherly soul had longed for a real doll! Not the old rag doll, but a real one, with fair hair and blue eyes. And this mother had promised long ago that she would write a long letter to Santa Claus and tell him what good little children they were, and now they would grieve over his neglect. What should she do! She had nothing to sell that they could by any possibility spare. Everything had been sold long ago that could bring anything at all; and now, to add to her despair, a buckster's wagon, loaded with cheap toys, stopped just in front of her, and the strong lunged hucksters began crying out their wares. Again she quickened her pace, and went on blindly up the stairs to her miserable home, all the while her heart nearly bursting with its agony as memory pictured this home as it had been only ten short years ago. Yes, on this very anniver-sary, and she dressed in white satin, with pearls and beautiful laces, was the envied beauty of the great ball. Where now were all those brilliant lights, the flowers, the servants, her sweet faced mother and noble



All were gone, and she left alone to battle with such a hard world. Had it not been those two little children up stairs the icy

room, but in spite of the bitter poverty so apparent it was neat and clean. The young She reached her room. The children were mother was born in this house, as had been fast asleep, and she lighted the lamp and sat her father, and though she now owned down by the little stove. nothing on earth but the wretched furniture "If we starve," she said, "I cannot work

river would have soon closed her book of sor-

to-night. By and by mechanically she went about and put the little room to rights, and hung the children's worn clothing over the chairback, and took the meat for the next day's dinner and supper from its bag. The vegetables lay upon the table, with the apples These she wiped softly and then sat down again, looking at them in a dream. Suddenly she gave a nervous little laugh, saying: "I will. It will amuse them at any rate

Then she took a knife and piece of kindling and in a little while cut it in small sticks, and these she counted until she had the number she needed, and set to work. She found the two potatoes adapted to her plan, which was to make horses of them by sticking four legs, a tail and two ears into them. Treated the same way the two red onions made rather awkward but pretty colored cows, and the turnips became a tiger and the carrot an alligator.

These made quite a little menagerie when set upon the table in a position to attract the children's attention the first thing in the morning, and a red apple was thrust into each well darned stocking and they were hung upon the board which served for a mantel-

Thus out of nothing mother love devised a

bit of Christmas for her little ones, and when this was done, somehow her heart was lighter and she blessed God for the inspiration and that she had her children and health, and thanked him while she lay down beside the two pretty if pale children. The noise of drums, trumpets and children's shouts in streets and hall waked the children almost before daylight, and they began to ask each other and their mother what it was all about, and she told them that it was Christmas, and lying then for once idle during the daylight hours she told them all the sweet story and then they began to wonder if Santa Claus had been to them, and

they bounced out of bed to see. The apples were very rare and beautiful to them, but the menagerie of wonderful animals surpassed anything they ever dreamed of, and as the mother told them: "You see, dears, they are nicer than any

wooden toy animals could be, for we can play that they are real, truly animals and we can kill them and dress them and cut them all up into little bits and cook them by and by just as the butchers do." "Oh, yes!" said Ruthie in ecstasy.

"I don't want my ollumgater cut up," declared Robbie, stoutly. He was pacified, and ing with their animals, though it required the constant service of mamma to replace broken legs, horns and tails, and the children did smell rather strong of onions; still they were happy and her heart lightened. But when the time came for the final part of their play, nobble would not allow a single one of his precious "ammuls" to be sacrificed, and at last he became so obstreperous that his mother was obliged to punish him by shutting him into a good sized closet which had always stood between the chimney and the gable window. Robbie did not enjoy his imprisonment and kicked and cried until he for a moment at the holiday aspect of the made the very rafters ring, but suddenly after a rather more violent outbreak than usual there was a silence, and his mother waited a while, surprised at this new freak, and then she opened the door and looked in. There on the floor sat Robbie, with a piece of the baseboard lying flat, and disclosing a hole within which was a tin box. This he was trying to pull out, but it seemed too heavy for him to move, and soon Mrs. Hicks had it out and was examining it. When she had wiped off the dust she found painted upon it in white letters "Owen Hardcastle." It needed no more to take every bit of strength she had and make her sink white and suffocating on the chair. This was her grandfather's name! What if this box contained the money he was supposed to have hidden somewhere? It was heavy enough. A moment's reflection convinced her that, as she was the only living member of all the family, this box and its contents were hers, and so with a knife and piece of wood she pried it open and found even as she had

noped. The box was full of gold, and also away—the rough soldier, or the man at Cold contained several valuable diamonds, so that Harbor who said, "Boys, do you hear Bebout this woman, who had the night before been and Stone calling our names and begging for on the verge of despair from poverty, and who had had to make a travesty of her

lifted above want again.

But, though she had found this treasure, and she knew it was her own in all right, she was too sensible a little woman to bruit the news about, and so they sat down to their Christmas dinner of soup made out of a whole menagerie, and up to this day, though she lives in a different way now, the lawyers never got wind of her inheritance nor share in it. Robbie and Ruthie have pretty toys, but probably none of them have ever been quite as dear to their little hearts as the strange animals their mother's breaking heart wrought out for their pleasure.

A CALIFORNIA CHRISTMAS, 1852.

BY KATE VAN NORMA GIBSON. We reached California late in the fall of 1852, and before we knew it could be winter in a country where the grass was freshly sprouting and the trees bright and green, Christmas was upon us, and no turkey in the state. The children held a solemn conclave and concluded that Santa Claus could never get so far, besides there was no snow for his sleigh to travel on.

As I said, there was probably not one turkey in the whole state, and though there were a few chickens, no one would have consented for a moment to kill them when eggs were worth \$1 apiece. So our hopes for an old fashioned Christmas fell far below zero, and in spite of our best endeavors we felt a little blue and homesick.

There was plenty of the poor Spanish beef to be obtained, and also veal, but a sucking pig would have been an impossibility, and here was absolutely no fruit in the country except such as grew wild, and, of course, there was none at this season, but the genius of women for making something out of nothing is proverbial, and the men of the family thought the women would pull through somehow, though how was that to be without fruit. eggs, milk or cream, or, indeed, anything except bayon beans, Spanish beef and a very ew potatoes, and no onions to season anyhing with, nor knives! This was in what is Oskland now, but at that time there were but three wooden houses and a few tents there. The two women put their heads together and finally decided that they could at least "store" there were no raisins, nothing but

dried apples. They bought six eggs, paying \$8 for them, considering the season, and took some dried apples. These were put to soak over night and on Christmas morning they were chopped into small bits, and with the eggs and a plentiful supply of molasses, flour and suet, a big pudding was put into a bag and over the fire to boil. This success stimulated the women to try an apple pie or so. In the meantime a big rib of beef was duly salted and peppered and surrounded with potatoes, and was made ready to put in the oven when Uncle Charlie, who was a mighty hunter, suddenly made his appearance with a big fat goose in one hand and a fine big turkey, as we thought, in the other, both plucked and dressed, ready for the oven. Some one was sent to buy an onion, as the grandmother said the goose really must have onion in the stuffing, and for that one little onion, no larger than an egg, we paid \$1 and were glad to get it at that price. Grand-

mother brought out her wonderful bag of herbs and a little of very precious sage, and summer savery was sifted into the dressing and the two fine birds were put down to cook, and we all began to rejoice that even in far off California Christmas was not quite lost. The two birds now cooking had been shot early that morning. One was a honker goose and the other was an enormous sand hill crane, or, as they were then called, California turkey. These immense birds grow very fat and are really delicious eating, as we found at dinner time. And when the table was laid out with the finest linen and choice dishes that had followed the family fortunes "around the Horn," that dinner was voted a success, but the pudding, covered with blazing brandy, looked just as Christ-mas like as if it had been a real plum one, though it had a sprig of "live oak" instead of holly in it, and although it did not take quite as good.

After dinner we had games, and though the children missed the hanging up of the stockings, they went to bed happy in the hope, afterward fulfilled, that Santa Claus might get there by New Year's, seeing that fast; chilled to the marrow; snow a foot they lived too far away for him to reach them on Christmas.

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

From the shelf I hang, suspended In the firelight's glow, distended my sides are almost split with everything that's good; If I don't have indigestion— Never yet was I so stuffed with such peculiar

In my toe (oh, goodness gracious) e one's put a big potato and it makes me feel so strange; I wonder, now, what made them do it. Do you know that right next to it They have put a lot of candy-something sweeter

Then a bank to save up money, And a man that acts so funny When you pull him sharply by his stringy hempen And a set of little dishes;

Pair of mittens, popcorn and a little wooden pail. Then on top a piece of paper, Isn't this a funny caper? Perhaps they want to burden me with some new

fangled dish. Let me try my best to con it. Why, this is what they've written on it: "May you have a merry Christmas is my hearty -Tom Masson.

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM.



"Santa Claus would be puzzled to get anything into my stocking; 'cause why I haven't ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1962. By John R. Paxton, Private, Company G, 140th Pennsylvania Volunteers. There was my old comrade, Sergt. Nelson, who had gathered somewhat of evil in the army, whose Christian virtues were not

highly polished, and who, on occasion,

water?" We left them at the foot of the hill wounded that afternoon when we charged meager dinner to give her fatherless babies a and were repulsed. "Boys, its mighty little of the joy that Christmas brings, was risky. There is no truce to-night, and them rele shoot about as fine by starlight as by day. But I'm going out to them. You see, if you and I were lying over there with a hole through us and we called for water and no one come, though you heard us, we would curse you all. Who will go with me!" "I, sergeant." "And I." They went, and two of them were killed. I wonder which Nelson God will keep, which throw away-the Nelson who was no saint, or the Nelson who died for man, like Jesus Christ?

I wonder which man is me and which will come to the front and be on top at judgment: this me in the study here, with an open Bible before him, who flatly contradicts the other me, who shivered with cold on the Rappahannock twenty-five years ago.
It is such a funny world! You and I load

our friends down with our aches and misfortimes and troubles, but when a rich old uncle dies and leaves us half a million, we do not ad that on them. Oh, no. But here am I preaching, so strong is habit. Yet which is me—this gentle, meek, apologetic clergyman, or that other me of a quarter of a century ago! that other me who wore that faded blue roundabout hanging on my study wall, with a lieutenant's shoulder straps on it, who wore that sword and belt there before my eyes? Which is me-this man acquainted with meekness and piety and alms and grief, or that me of the sword and brass buttoned jacket on the wall, who was acquainted with war, deviltries, death, reckless daring, love's young dream? Here a happy thought strikes me: to try on that soldier's jacket and buckle on again that sword. I am going to get into that jacket, so faded, so small for me now; I am going to buckle on that sword, if it does compel crowding, bad language, rebellion, pains, and being carried off the field swooning, as some ladies are betimes, because of the uproar and rage of the incommoded quests within. Well, it happened on this wise hat I found myself shivering on the banks of the Rappahannock on Christmas Day, 1862, enlisted for three years or during the war, food for villainous saltpeter.



I started for Richmond in July, 1862, a lad 8 years old, a junior in college, and chafing to be at it-to double quick it after John Etown's soul, which, since it did not require a knapsack, or three day's rations, or a canteen, or a halt during the night for sleep, was always marching on. On the night before Christmas, 1862, I was a dejected young patriot, wishing I hadn't done it, shivering in the open weather a mile back of the Rappahannock, on the reserve picket, and ex-posed to a wet snowstorm. There was not a stick of wood within five miles of us; all cut down, even the roots of trees dug up and burned. We lay down on our rubber blankets, pulled our woolen blankets over us, spooned it as close as we could get, to steal warmth from our comrades, and tried not to cry. Next morning the snow lay heavy and deep, and the men, when I waked and looked about me, reminded me of a church grave yard in winter. The snow covered us all, and my comrades seemed as if a small cemetery-just like a graveyard and its mounds. "Fall in for picket duty! There, come, Moore, McManus, Paxton, Perrine, Pollock; fall in!" We fell in, of course. No breakdeep. We tightened our belts on our empty stomachs, seized our rifles, and marched to

the river to take our six hours on duty. It was Christmas Day, 1862. "And so this is war," my old me said to himself, while be paced in the wet snow his two hours on the river's brink. "And I am out here to shoot that lean, lank, coughing, cadaverous looking butternut fellow over the river. So this is war; this is being a soldier; this is the genuine article; this is H. Greeley's 'On to Richmond.' Well, I wish be were only here in my place, running to keep warm; pounding his arms and breast to make the chilled blood circulate. So this is war, tramping up and down this river my fifty yards with wet feet, empty stomach, swollen nose," Alas! when lying under the trees in the college campus last June, war meant to me mar-



tent music; gorgeous origadiers in blue and goid; tall young men in line, shining in brass. Wer means to me tamuntuous memories of Bunker Hill, Cæsar's Tenth legion, the charge of the Six Hundred-anything but this. Pshaw! I wish I were home. Let me see. Home! God's country. A tear!-yes, it is a tear. What are they doing at home! This L Christmas Day, 1862. Home? Well, stockings on the wall, candy, turkey, fun, merry Christmas, and the face of the girl I left behind. Another tear! Yes, I couldn't help it; I was only 18, and there was such a contrast between Christmas, 1862, on the Rappahannock, and other Christmases. Yes, there was a girl, too-such sweet eyes; such long lashes; quicker! Who goes there!" Shift the rifle from one aching shoulder to the other. was no ice-too swift for that.

"Hello, Johnny, what you coughing so

The snow still fell; the keen wind, raw and flerce, cut to the bone. It was God's worst weather in God's forlornest, bleakest spot of ground, that Christmas day of 62 on the Rappahannock, a half mile below the town of Fredericksburg. But come, pick up your

prostrate pluck, you shivering private. Surely there is enough dampness without adding to it your tears. "Let's laugh, boys."
"Hello, Johnny!" "Hello yourself, Yank!" "Merry Christmas, Johnny!"

"Same to you, Yank!"

"Say, Johnny, got anything to trade!"
"Parched corn and tobacco—the size of our Christmas, Yank." "All right; you shall have some of our coffee and sugar and pork. Boys, find the

Such boats! I see the children sailing them on the small lakes in our Central Park. Some Yankee, deserately hungry for tobacco, in vented them for trading with the Johnnies. They were hid away under the banks of the

river for successive relays of pickets. We got out the boats. An old handkerchief answered for a sail. We loaded them with coffee, sugar, pork, and set the sail, and watched them slowly creep to the other shore. And the Johnnies! To see them crowd the bank, and push and scramble to be first to seize the boats, going into the water, and stretching out their long arms! Then when they pulled the hoats ashore, and stood in e group over the cargo, and to hear their ex-clamations: "Hurrah for hog!" "Say, that's not roasted rye, but genuine coffee. Smell it, you uns." "And sugar, too." Then they divided the consignment. They laughed and shouted, "Reckon you uns been good to we uns this Christmas Day, Yanks." Then they put parched corn, tobacco, ripe persimmon into the boats, and sent them back to us. And we chewed the parched corn, smoked real Virginia leaf, ate persimmons, which, if they weren't very filling, at least contracted our stomachs to the size of our Christmas dinner. And so the day passed. We shouted, "Merry Christmas, Johnny." They shouted, "Same to you, Yank." And we forgot the biting wind, the chilling cold; we forgot those men over there were our enemies whom it might be our duty to shoot before

evening.
We had bridged the river—spanned the bloody chasm. We were brothers, not foes, waving salutations of good will in the name of the Babe of Bethlehem, on Christmas Day, in '62. At the very front of the opposing armies the Christ Child struck a truce for us our peace. We exchanged gifts. We shouted greetings back and forth. We kept Christ-mas, and our hearts were lighter for it and our shivering bodies were not quite so cold. Go thou and do likewise; push no poor debtor, prosecute no quarrel, bear no grudge, at Christmas time; forgive your enemies, remember your mercies and do not brood over your misfortunes, at Christmas time. If the times are hard do not let the children know it, or Lazarus on your doorstep become aware of it, at Christmas time, to his deeper despair. Cannot you be cheerful and brave by your firesides, as we soldiers were on the Rappahannock on Christmas Day in 62, shouting good wills to rebels on the opposite shore! Let us all shake hands on Christmas



Day. Let us all touch elbows and share with our neighbor who needs us most. Then make a truce with enemies, with care, with fears, with tears and scrrow, and let joy be unconfined on Christmas Day. Let justice soften iato mercy. Let not bate harden into wrong, but be transformed into love. Let anger cease, let wrath be forgotten, let quarrels be

Let charity dispense bounty. Let the rich ly? Direct solar power can only be had man love the poor. Let the lap of childhood | very occasionally, and the cost of bottling be filled with plenty. Let all Rappanannocks of estrangement, separation, bitter- certain places, and hence often leads to ness, unequal lots, opposing interests, be bridged by the Babe of Bethlehem on Christmas Day of '87. And "be ye kind one to aneven as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven into money. At present coal power is the you." There, I am preaching again, in a secular journal of civilization. Yet I can't help it. This Christ born me has thrown off and left behind the other me, the old me, electric current. Its value in the conveywho followed Grant and Hancock to Richmond in the wild, mad days of turbulent youth. I have taken off that faded blue jacket, and can stretch my arms; I have unbuckled that worn belt, and can breathe freely. Come, jacket; come, sword-hang again on the wall. You are my old me; but the present, real me is a man of peace and newspapers are printed on, is an expensive acquainted with grief; not so happy as a and intricate piece of machinery. The saint as he was as a soldier, but still trying cost runs up among the thousands of dolto do his work, since God didn't send for him lars, and it consists of many delicate parts at Gettysburg.-Harper's Weekly.

IN KENTUCKY AND TENNESSEE. How Christmas Day is Celebrated

Christmas day is not only the most widely and universally observed holiday in the Christian calendar, but it is also susceptible had started the machine without removof a greater variety of observance than per- ing the wrench, which he had been using. haps any other holiday. Santa Claus and In an instant, so rapid is the motion of the Christmas tree are known and loved of these presses, cylinders were broken, all children. In Kentucky and other south- wheels twisted out of shape, thousands of ern states the day is ushered in with a gun- dollars of damage done, and, most aggrapowder accompaniment. In the north the Fourth of July is made horrible by the boom- tiser. ing of cannon and the rattle of firecrackers. In the south these are reserved for Christmas morning. Among the country and village population Christmas is the occasion of a general turnout in fields and woods with who can be accepted as the typical Ameriguns and dogs. On that day of all days do can be accepted as the typical ring guns and dogs. On that day of all days do can. Our population is today more dithe rabbits, squirrels and quail find them- verse than when the thirteen colonies selves pursued by about every man and boy, were settled. As a nation we are a unit. both white and colored, who owns or can but as a people, in the ethnological sens., borrow an old shetgun, blunderbuss or shooting iron of any kind, and the fields and woods resound from morn till night with the echoes of exploding gunpowder as the hunters stalk up the hapless game. The dogs the constant accessions to our population lend their quota to the day's noise and ex- from every country in the world. citement, baying on the trail of frightened foxes and rabbits. In Tennessee the wise men who made the

laws in the early days of the state's existence recognized the merit of markmanship, and such a low, tender voice! "Come, move | to encourage this accomplishment enacted a uicker! Who goes there!" Shift the rifle law exempting wagers on marksmanship from one aching shoulder to the other.
"Hello, Johnny, what are you up to?" The species of gambling. So that the men of a river was narrow, but deep and swift. It | village or farm community may congregate was a wet cold, not a freezing cold. There | and put up money, a quarter of beef or a turkey, as the prize to be carried off by the best shot. The target is often the top of a paper cap box about as large in diameter as a silver quarter, and the distance ranges remedy known to Cleanse the System holes, nothing to eat but parched corn and from twenty-five to 100 steps. The guns when Bilious or Costive; to dispel Headtobacco, and with the derned Yankee snow a used are long single barrel muzzle loading foot deep there is nothin' left—nothin' but to rifles. If the match is to be shot off hand get up a cough by way of protestin' against (resting the gun against the shoulder with-this infernal treatment of the body. We uns, out a rest) the distance is seldom greater Manufactured only by the California Fig.

dozen rifles into a space which can be covered with a silver dollar. Ingely reserved for the Christmas day, and are looked forward to all the year round. On these occasions all the young men who boast of their ability to "aut the bull's eye three times out of five" gather to banter and take the conceit out of such as think themselves

crack shots. Christmas night is largely given up to "fiddlin' and dancin'" in the homes of the hospitable backwoods southrons, and even in the towns and villages it is a very common custom to have a dance on Christmas night.



you is I will come in your bed."

CHRISTMAS IN OLDEN TIME.

Heap on more wood, the wind is chill: But let it whistle as it will; And well our Christian sires of old Loved, when the year its course had rolled. And brought blithe Christmas back again. With all its hospitable train. Domestic and religious rite Gave honor to the holy night. On Christmas Eve the bells were rung: On Christmas Eve the mass was sung: That only night in all the year Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear. The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;

Forth to the wood did merry men go To gather in the mistletoe Then opened wide the baron's hall To vassal, tenant, serf and all: Power laid his rod of rule aside, And Ceremony doffed his pride: The heir, with roses in his shoes. That night might village partner choose; The vulgar game of "post and pair." All hail with uncontrolled delight And general voice the happy night That to the cottage, as the crown. Brought tidings of salvation down.

-Sir Walter Scott.

CHRISTMAS THE HAPPIEST. Among all our holidays Christmas is the happiest. Other days, like the Fourth of July and Decoration Day, have a patriotic association which is inspiring, and New Year's Day has an admonitory significance which is pathetic. But the tradition of Christmas is more universal and ideal than that of other holidays, because it is the feast of fraternity, of human sympathy and helpulness. Not only is its sentiment glory to God, but its distinctive gospel is peace on earth and good will to man. It is the one day in the year on which selfishness is the most odious sin. Its peculiar observance is obvious, palpable, active thought of others. We all live under the general law of charity and of doing good. But this is the day on which we must make sure that our light shines so that men shall see our good works -Harper's Weekly.

Stores of Bottled Sunshine. A remarkable peculiarity of the life these modern days is the discovery of immense cellars of bottled sunshine. For, speaking unconventionally, how can we better describe our coal fields? From these we obtain heat, light and force, by fires, gas and steam engines, to a wonderful extent. At present we use this in a very wasteful fashion. And as a rule we do not get 5 per cent. of the energy stored in the coal we use. At a recent trial of steam

engines one was able to use 12 per cent. of the energy stored in the coal it burned, and that was thought a remarkable result. The great problem evermore is, at which shop can we get our sunshine most cheapis high. Water power can only be had at power is dear; the growth of the food of the animal, his stable and attendants run ance of energy is very great; so that in time it may prove a cheap way of getting sunshine to work. - Christian at Work.

Wrench in a Printing Press.

A perfecting press, such as most leading nicely adjusted. At the same time it exerts a tremendous mechanical force when in operation, and is not a thing to be trifled with. Imagine the sensations of a leading publisher one day this week, when he saw an iron wrench go crashing through his press, following the path designed for a single thickness of paper. It was the fault of a careless pressman, who vating of all, the wrench came out unin jured.-New York Commercial Adver-

The Typical American. America is entirely too cosmopolitan to furnish, as yet, any one of her citizens but as a people, in the ethnological sense, we have not yet commenced to exist. And why should we? No race was ever formed in so short a time as has elapsed since the settlement of America, to say nothing of the constant accessions to our population from every country in the world.

May be in 1,000 years from now we shall have begun to develop the typical American, but not short of that time.—San Francisco Chronicle.

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