

MERRY CHRISTMAS

FUR JACKET OPPORTUNITY OF THE SEASON 1st

We have just received a late shipment of Fur Jackets, consisting of Russian Mink, Russian Pony, Caracule, Near Seal, River Mink, Gaster Luster. Jackets these are temptingly priced.



- \$40 Caracule Jackets \$32.00
- \$40 Blended Russian Pony 32.00
- \$35 Blended Russian Pony 27.50
- \$60 Caracule Pony Jacket 45.00
- \$65 Blended River Mink 55.00
- \$60 Russian Mink Jacket 45.00
- \$70 Gaster Luster Jacket 50.00

GRAY'S

Our Polk County Friends.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Jarman came to Osceola last week to see what the holidays with father and mother Jarman and their Osceola friends.

The board of boys of the G. A. R. have held their election of officers for the ensuing year, and these are the boys that will stand by the flag for that time: W. S. Miller, commander; Thomas Klasey, junior vice commander; Joseph Locke, quartermaster; Rev. W. Crisp, chaplain; Fred Tims, surgeon; H. Bessie, officer of the day; Charles Burkhardt, delegate to the department convocation, with Hon. Wm. Welch as alternate delegate.

The good people of the Methodist Episcopal church have been greatly disappointed in the beginning of their revival services. Pastor Parker had two ministers engaged besides Prof. Billhorn of Chicago. The ministers were all right but Prof. Billhorn is having a slight cold and was unable to appear. The church was put over to wait for the professor to get well.

The parents of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Pulver, together with those who were invited took the train for the wedding of Dr. J. H. Pulver to Miss Irene Liddell that occurred at Omaha at the Kountz Memorial church on Tuesday evening. The church was beautifully and appropriately decorated for the occasion. The ceremony was performed by the pastor of the church Rev. H. H. Henshaw. Doctor Pulver is one of our best young men that has lived at Osceola from childhood, while his life partner Miss Liddell is one of the prettiest and most charming young ladies of Omaha and one of the sweetest singers. Dr. Pulver is attending the Christian medical college of Omaha, will graduate in the spring and then the couple will tour Europe for a year.

It is wonderful how Osceola and Polk county has grown since we came here in 1871. Schools were scarce then and there was not many pupils, just look at the number now. The county has 8,570 school children and the semi-annual appropriation of school moneys that these children have brought into the county is \$2,000,000.

Lawyer Bunk of our city of Osceola put in a little of his time on legal business at Osceola last week. H. O. has a host of friends over there that are always pleased to greet one of the best lawyers in Polk county.

Friends here are sending out congratulations and the good news that is coming to them from the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Williams of Wichita. Kansas, on account of Doctor Wick visiting the home and leaving a sweet little 8 pound baby on the 19th of December and to learn that mother and child are doing nicely.

J. H. Jarman has been absent from home several weeks over north of the singing fiddle, around Columbus. He returned home last Saturday.

Judge T. H. Saunders came over here from his Columbus home and remained several days last week. The judge was kept pretty busy shaking hands with old friends and the looks of the judge indicated that he enjoyed it.

Joe Gebner who is one of the biggest home buyers of the state went over to Osceola to greet old friends and more especially the Benigan brothers. Joe, the almost spy one that goes from Osceola to Columbus, reports that they had the time of their life, and that is what Columbus is over there for—it was last week that he was there.

Our people over here on this side of the river are always glad to greet Rev. DeWolf when he comes over to preach in the Kingdom neighborhood in Clear Creek precinct, and report that this time he came over from Columbus last Sunday afternoon and preached them a very inspiring sermon.

Max E. Bitner, president of the S. S. A. and Frank Swanson went down to Shelby last week to see what the prospects were for a Sunday school convention. The people did not turn out very well and by the looks of things they were not anxious for a convention just now, so it was called off indefinitely and the probability is that the next one will be held at Stromberg where there are a good many Sunday school workers.

County Judge Campbell has issued the following named parties permits to wed since our last report: Jessie J. Quay to Miss Maud G. Biggs; Jerry L. Crouse to Miss Grace G. Michay. Three of them were of the age of 24 and one 23.

The blacksmiths of Polk county have organized. They say it is not a trust but just for mutual improvement. The officers are J. J. Gaylord, president, Osceola and the other officers in the association are from the different towns of the county, Stromberg, Shelby and 'ok.

Real Estate Transfers.

Becker, Hoekensberger & Chambers real estate agents, report the following real estate transfers filed for record in the office of the county clerk during the week ending Dec. 21, 1907.

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| H. Hoekensberger to Bertha Jeagel, lots 1 and 2, blk 11, Columbus, wd. 25 00 |
| Leslie Schwartz to H. J. Ryan, lots 2, 3, 4, 5, blk 23, Columbus, wd. 20 00 |
| State of Nebraska to P. C. Inceleson, s w 16-18-19, State land, 50 00 |
| Union Land Co to Mary Mostek, lots 3 and 4, blk 4, Turnover, deod. 50 00 |
| C. J. Carrig, sheriff, to J. L. Myren, blk 3, blk 1, Onda and Humphrey, deod. 100 00 |
| J. L. Flanagan to Stan Flanagan, s e c w 10-17-18, wd. 1400 00 |
| Mary Flanagan to Stan Flanagan, s w 22-17-18, wd. 1 00 |
| Ang Storta to John Silver, s w 7-17-18, wd. 200 00 |
| S. H. Hansen to Ed. Trust Co, lots 4, 5, 6, blk 23, Columbus, wd. 20 00 |
| Ellen Young to C. H. Young, pt lots 1 and 2, blk 3, Columbus, wd. 50 00 |
| Pioneer Township Co to John Buschman, lots 1, 2, blk 17, Lindsay, 50 00 |
| K. K. Hansen to Mary Westville, lots 3 and 4, blk 23, Columbus, wd. 20 00 |
| Louise Peterson to Geo. M. Hestmacher, blk 11, Loken's 2nd add to Humphrey, wd. 200 00 |
| J. W. Kyles to C. A. Stebler, s w 28, s e 20, s w 20-25-28, agreement, 700 00 |
| Fifteen transfers, total, 2425 00 |

Route No. 4.

Jay Merrill of Greeley, Colo., and Stanford Merrill of Bellevue, Neb., are guests at the home of their brother, Forest Merrill.

Miss Minnie Hill and son Frank left last Friday for Clearwater, Neb., to visit Mrs. Hill's daughter, Mrs. Harris.

Mrs. J. J. Dodds and children of Cambridge, Neb., arrived last Saturday to spend the holidays here. They were accompanied by Mrs. W. F. Dodds who has been visiting for the last three weeks.

Wm. and Charlie Gossman returned Tuesday from a two week's visit at their old home at Crossville, Ohio.

The Osceola gas club held a shooting match Monday afternoon so that every body could have a Christmas turkey.

District No. 3, Miss Lillian Veldin teacher, is enjoying a two weeks' vacation. On last Friday evening they held an entertainment and Christmas tree.

Route No. 5.

Carrier No. 5 received a Christmas present of a sack of oats from August Fiehl.

of hope in Columbus Monday.

Miss Bobe Bryan left Saturday for Kansas City, Mo., for a two weeks visit with her sister, Lolla.

The embroidery club was entertained last Wednesday by Miss Jennie Cookson.

Route No. 3.

District No. 3, three miles east of town, held a Christmas tree and entertainment with a program, last Saturday evening.

Mrs. Harry Newman, jr., is spending Christmas with her parents.

Will Luckey is home from the State agricultural college to spend Christmas.

First-class printing done at the Journal office.

WAS TO BE JED.

One of the Troubles That Deset Men in Politics.

I know that a certain alderman in certain town on Long Island was bitterly opposed to granting a franchise to an electric line, and soon after heard that the franchise had been granted and that he had voted for it, met him on the train and said: "The you changed your mind about the franchise?" "Yes, I had to," he replied. "Any particular influence brought to bear?" "Yes, my wife persuaded me into it." "And who persuaded you wife?" "Her brother." "And was he persuaded?" "Yes, a lawyer persuaded him." "And the lawyer?" "Well, I reckon it was the president of the company that persuaded him. I stood out and stood out, but the persuasion was too great." "I have been told on good authority," I continued after a bit, "that the company gave the lawyer \$1,500 to persuade with." "You don't mean it?" gasped the alderman. "But I do. Yes sir, an even \$1,500." "Then he's a damned skunk and ought to be shown up. He persuaded the whole family of us for \$350 and put the rest in his pocket! That's what a man gets for being honest!"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

WOULD NOT BE HURRIED.

Rudely Aroused Oriental Made an Indignant Protest.

The American traveler who endeavors to hasten the comfortably gaited oriental against his wish soon comes to a halt. That was the experience of "A Woman Alone in the Heart of Japan." "Make the rikman hurry. I have a date and can't wait here all day," she said to the "boss rikman" at the station. He blazed like a fiery dragon. "Well, you get so mad, you no can wait for dia, you go find 'noddie rikman." He said. She answered very meekly: "Dear friend, you do not know me. I am not the least bit mad. This is only a gentle American hustle. If you want me to be real mad, I will show you the difference." "Well, you was almost mad," he insisted. "You seem for like mad when you say 'No one wait; man' have riktha quick; hurry up!"—Youth's Companion.

TOOK HIS OWN FROM ROBBER.

How a Pilgrim Got Back His Stolen Purse in Church.

From Cassatocowa, the Mecca of Polish pilgrims, comes an amazing story of coincidence. A pilgrim went to one of the priests and complained that some thief had stolen his purse while he was in church, and asked for money. The priest replied that he had no money and that the best thing for the pilgrim to do was to try to find the thief. "I shall go into the church and steal money from somebody else," said the pilgrim. "For I have nothing to go home with." He went into the church and seeing a man in the crowd with a gaiter on his back slipped his hand into it and pulled out his own stolen purse, with the exact sum he had lost in it. He was so glad to find his money that he hurried off to tell the priest and the thief got away.

SOME CAUSES OF DESERTION

"A lot of them are bulging forward, I see, with replies to that question. What's the matter with the army?" said a grizzled old sergeant at one of the Chicago army recruiting offices. The reasons given for desertions are pretty close to the mark, too. But there are some others.

"Frequent desertions become epidemic in a military post. Any number of things can start an epidemic of desertions, and nothing can stop it short of switching the whole layout to another post, and even that doesn't always work."

"I recall the desertion epidemic that broke out in Fort Sheridan a few years ago. Inside of three months only a skeleton of the command was left. The thing was started by an outfit of unpopular officers, who fell to quarreling among themselves."

"One engineering or unjust officer in a post can cause more desertions than had rations or crucifying fatigue or practice march duty. Once I knew a little runt of a shavelit just out from West Point cause 23 men from one cavalry troop to jump the outfit within two months after he'd joined down in Arizona."

"The death of a well liked officer or even of a very popular enlisted man will often start an epidemic of desertions. Once at a little two-battery post in the far northwest where I was stationed there died a first lieutenant who was immensely popular with the enlisted men, and that in spite of the fact that the drink had got him."

"The desertions began the next day. The post was not only lonesome, it seemed almost uncanny without him. Little unaccounted things will start desertions. The reappearance at a post of a former member of the outfit topped out in joyous mutiny and showing other evidences of prosperity always has the effect of getting the gang-a-going."

"Once I belonged to an outfit that was stationed at the Presidio of San Francisco. One of our men caught on as a faro bank dealer at a big San Francisco gambling house at the window of his second enlistment. It wasn't long before he had an interest in the bank himself, and he got the money fast."

"Well, all diked out in expensive clothes and wearing the spurs and diamonds, he used to drive out to the Presidio behind a stylish pacer in a trap with yellow running gear. After a few months of that the commanding officer of the Presidio had to request that quarrel as a special favor to him to cease his visits at the post. A large number of desertions were easily traced to his visits."

"The gang would look their ex-mate over and become ambitious all of a sudden. If he had made such a fine thing of it in civil life why couldn't they do the same, or make some kind of a stab at it anyhow? So they hopped out of the Presidio gate, not to come back any more, just because they had seen all of these signs of prosperity on a man who had once bunched under the same roof with them."

"Rumors about the transferring of outfits, too, is another cause, and in the aggregate a big contributing cause to the desertion business. Men who enlist in a certain part of the country for service in that section don't like to make a long shift to another part with a different climate. More desertions result from the shifting about of regiments than ever appear in the figures."

"Queer, too, the distance some soldiers will go when they get mixed up with women. The most aggravated case of that kind I ever saw was when I was in the Philippines the first time. "With my outfit was a snappy, hustling youngster from Tennessee, boy not much past his majority, who got the corporal's chevrons very soon after hitting the islands for sorry work in campaigning. The kid had all the makings of a fine soldier, and, as he was well educated, a commission wasn't any too high for him to look for if he'd been of that mind and had kept out of trouble."

"But he got all wrapped up with a Filipino girl, the daughter of a Filipino president down Mindanao way, and when we were ordered to Manila to take the transport for the United States he couldn't see the thing of leaving the girl. I believe they'd been married. Anyhow, when we went to Manila the judgment-lacking gooson stayed behind with the Filipino woman."

"But he did something even more idiotic than that. When the old man sent a non-com. and some bucks back for the kid he was insane enough to join the enemy—the war was still going on down there—instead of just taking to the underground and staying there for a spell until the search for him was over. They got him by the time our transport reached the States."

"Well, I've known what that nice-looking and bright kid from Tennessee is doing now? He's doing 99 years on Alcatraz island for deserting to the enemy—the court-martial's sentence was death, but it was changed to 99 years for him. Did you ever happen to take a look at Alcatraz? Well, if you'd ever seen it you'd wonder how a white boy from Tennessee—boy with a head, even if he didn't have any sense—could let a skinny, mop-haired, pig-toed, rice-powdered Filipino girl land him at Alcatraz for a dose like that, even if her eyes were fine!"

There are many puzzling differences between Scottish and English law terms. For instance, bankruptcy is in Scotland "an act of sequestration," a solicitor is either a "writer" or a "law agent," the argument in a case is the "debate," and assizes is the jury, a writinger is a "delegation," an idiot in Scottish law is "a fituous person," and a burglar is (with true Scottish precision), "a man who goes with a gun." Finally, an author, in Scotland, not a person who writes, but the vendor or seller of real property, from whom the title to it is derived.

THAT IDEAL FACE

By ROBERT GARLTON BROWN

Had he reached out his hand at that moment he could have touched her.

There she stood, plainly outlined before him, and yet Wallace did not reach out and touch her—for just then he woke up.

It was with a pang that he realized that it was only a dream—a flash—that she was not real—that she was not there.

Slowly he pulled on his clothes, thinking ever of that face, it had been so near to him. And yet it was but a dream. The realization maddened him, for now he knew that it was the face of his ideal.

The face haunted him; he could not get it off his mind. Somewhere, some time, he had looked into those eyes before. But where—where?

All during breakfast he thought of it, and now he had suddenly realized that he knew it, that he was familiar with its every feature.

But who was she? He was dimly conscious that he saw that face daily. But why—why had he never realized before that this really was his ideal, why had he not thought of it when he had seen her, for surely this was the girl, the only one whom Wallace ever could love?

The strangeness of the situation bothered him, to think that he had seen this face daily and never before had realized that she was the one for whom he had searched so long.

He blessed the dream which had brought the realization and determination to find her—and win her.

Not one face did he miss on his ride to the city that morning. He was certain of finding her somewhere, she was so familiar. And yet, try as hard as he might, he could remember nothing of her except that face, those eyes which he was certain he looked into daily.

He did not discover his ideal on the car, but he knew that some time during the day he would confront her. There could be no doubt of that, and as he walked slowly to the office he began building more grand and extravagant air castles than he had yet allowed himself to indulge in.

During the morning he walked through the several offices where he was in the habit of going; searching always for the ideal that had been revealed to him in the dream, and certain that he would find her.

At noon he still was hopeful, and stood on the corner before going to lunch in the hope of finding that face.

"Queer," he mused to himself. "She must be somewhere. I'll swear I've seen that face every day for the last six months. I wonder where she can be?"

The whole morning had been wasted as his futile search, so that afternoon he turned resolutely to his work and forgot the face—the ideal—for the time being.

A stenographer stepped into his office, he looked up eagerly, hoping, never hoping—but no, it was not she.

Somehow the work would not go right, and at three Wallace pushed back his papers wearily, closed up his desk, and sat dreaming.

NEW MUSIC STORE

WE have opened a new music store in the Landon furniture store on Eleventh street and will handle a complete line of first-class pianos. Our prices defy all competition. Remember we are permanently located in Columbus.

BECKER BROS.

HENRY J. BECKER, Manager

RAIN WAS SURE TO COME.

Farmer So Certain That He Was Rather Unduly Impressive.

A New York man who had been summering in the White mountains, on his return to town, told of an encounter with a New Hampshire farmer. It was late in September, and it was almost time for the equinox, or "lime storm," as the natives call it. The city man was planning a certain trip on his motor cycle, but the morning on which he had been intending to start was so gray and overcast that he felt some hesitation about setting out. He was trying to persuade himself out of this feeling, even though his better judgment was against him. The mountains were veiled in wreaths of mist and cloud that hid settled down almost to their bases. He was getting his wheel ready, when one of the near-by farmers came up and leaned over the fence, watching him. "I s'pose you don't mind gettin' somewhat," he finally inquired. "Oh, I don't believe it's going to rain," answered the optimist, jauntily. "It looks a bit threatening, but I think it will clear up by noon, so I'm going to start just the same." The farmer was silent a moment, then he pointed solemnly toward the clouds, which had entirely shut out from view the mighty mountain four miles away. "Young man," he said impressively as he pointed. "Look thar. When the cloud settles down over Kearsarge, God's mightiest couldn't stop the rain!"

Polite English Shop Girls. He had a voice that could shake mountains, and whatever it lacked in any other feature it made up in volume. He couldn't read music any more than he could English, but he learned a tune very readily. One Sunday we were to be favored with a new anthem because it was a special occasion, and the harytone had one portion all to himself. Unfortunately he had missed many of the practices. The anthem went along excellently until it came to a beautiful part which read: "And, dying, bids us all aspire." Here the rest of the singers stopped short, in that quick, sudden way that choral have, and in the ensuing stillness sounded the ponderous tones of the blacksmith: "And dying bids us all aspire with fire."

Monk's Intelligence. In the Breslau Zoological Garden a monkey of rare intelligence was discovered to be suffering from defective eyesight, caused by a cataract. A special operation relieving the trouble somewhat, but the eyes were still weak, and it was decided that the monkey should wear glasses to keep him from losing his sight eventually. At first he fought the keepers when they attempted to put on the glasses, but ultimately he learned the value of the lenses so thoroughly that he now puts on his "specs" every morning and lays them in a safe place at night before he goes to sleep.

The First War Balloon. In view of the success of the new army airship and the part it is probably playing in the next war it is interesting to note that balloons were first used in war as long ago as 1794, when Guyton de Morveau made two ascents and obtained important information during the battle of Fleurus. Their next appearance was during the battle of Solferino, in 1859, and two years later the federal army employed them near Washington, while their use for conveying the mail bags out of besieged Paris is almost too well known to need mention. The word balloon, by the way, has many meanings, although it is now almost entirely confined to the aeronautical sense. Originally a balloon was simply a large inflated ball, like a football, from which it came to be applied to the game in which it was used. A large, short-necked glass vessel and a method of training fruit trees are also among its meanings, while the king of Siam travels in his balloon, which is, however, a state barge of gorgeous design.

Wrecks in San Francisco Bay. What a melancholy sight the bottom of San Francisco bay must present. A diver recently told of going down to the City of Chester, sunk many years ago at the mouth of the harbor by one of the large China steamers. He descended with a stout heart and a mind lured to the tragedies of the sea, but when he saw two sisters of charity sleeping quietly in their berths, and nearby a man on his knees, praying back and forth with the motion of the tide, and a dim, mysterious light over all the lumber objects, his heart failed him and he gave the signal to be hoisted above. The San Rafael lies there, too. She went down in 1901, sent to the bottom by a collision with another steamer in the fog. The relentless tide runs over her cozy cabins and beautiful stairway, dark with the passage of time.

Grog as a Schoolboy. Grog was not a pattern schoolboy. In a description of his days at school he wrote: "Knowing that by arriving late I would not be allowed to enter the class until the end of the first lesson, I used, on wet mornings, to stand under a dripping roof, until I was soaked to the skin. The master then sent me home to change my clothes, but the distance being long this was equivalent to giving me a dispensation! You may guess that I played this prank pretty often, but when at last I carried it so far as to come one day wet through, though it had hardly rained at all, they became suspicious, and kept a lookout. One fine day I was caught, and made an intimate acquaintance with the birch!"

SOLO MADE A SENSATION. Barytone Had Caught the Music, But Not the Words. A certain young Unitarian minister is visiting a friend and classmate who lives in Roxbury, says the Boston Herald, and while the two were sitting around a fire and spinning yarns the minister who is visiting and who comes from the west told this: "When I went west first I was in a small town called L., and in the chair of my church the village blacksmith

H. F. Greiner

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