

CHRISTMAS BARGAINS.

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Newmarkets,

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Every department is complete in a choice and well selected stock of good Goods, which are offered at popular prices. All goods as represented and prices the lowest.

HARKNESS BROTHERS,

401 Broadway, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

Christmas Treasures.

I count my treasures o'er with care—
The little toy that's known—
A little age of faded lace—
A little lock of golden hair.
Long years ago this Christmas time,
My little one—my all to me—
Sat robed in white upon my knee
And heard the merry Christmas chime.
"Tell me my little golden head,
If Santa Claus should come to-night,
What shall he bring my baby bright
What treasure for my boy?" I said,
And then he named the little toy,
While in his honest, mournful eyes
There came a look of sweet surprise
That spoke his quiet, trustful joy.
And as he blazed his evening pray,
He asked the boon with childish grace,
Then toddling to the chimney place,
He hung his little stocking there.
That night, as length'ning shadows crept,
I saw the white-winged angels creep
With heavenly music to our home
And kiss my darling as he slept.
For in the moon, with smiling face,
He toddled to the chimney place
And found the little treasure there.
Then came again one Christmas tide—
That angel host, so fair and white—
And, singing all the Christmas night,
They lured my darling from my side.
A little sock—a little toy—
A little lock of golden hair—
The Christmas music on the air—
A watching for my baby boy.
But if again that angel train
And golden head come back for me,
To bear me to eternity,
My watching will not be in vain.
—[Eugene Field.]

The Good Girl and the Bad Boy.

Santa Claus came like a shadow,
Creeping in and floating out—
Found the gentle little Bella—
Followed her meek and trusting
Saw her goodness to her parents—
Ever dutiful and mild—
And old Santa, thus observing,
"Stroke his hoar hair and smiled,
Saying, "On the Christmas morning,
I will not neglect this child."
Out into the noisome alley
Good old Santa Claus then strayed—
Lo, the naughty little Thomas
With a gang of hoodlums played.
And, engaged at low amusement,
Dealt in exclamation bad—
Each swore, while Santa listened
With a countenance most sad—
"Ah, he's right," there will be nothing
Christmas morn for you, my lad."
Christmas came, and Bella's stocking
Boomed with presents rich and rare—
Peanuts, dolls, confections, ashes—
Costly articles and fair.
Language fails us in describing
Bella's gratitude and joy—
But in little Tommy's stocking
There was neither cake nor toy,
And, except a few ragged shreds,
He had been a naughty boy.
So he warned, O little children,
For each bright Christmas day
Santa Claus, like ghost or shadow,
Watches you at work and play;
No good deed is unremembered—
No kind word is heard with scorn—
Good and bad are justly treated
On the merry Christmas morn.
Good folks' stockings burst with fulness—
Bad folks' stockings hang forlorn.
—[Chicago News.]

Christmas Carols.

Sing a song of Christmas,
Stockings full of toys!
Wont that by a jolly sight
For little girls and boys?
Up the smoky chimney
Santa Claus will stay
Until the eager little ones
In bed are tucked away.
Then on Christmas morning,
When they leave their beds,
All the boys will be so glad
They'll stand upon their heads.
Santa Claus, Santa Claus,
Where have you been?
I've been off in a region
Where no man is seen.
Santa Claus, Santa Claus,
What did you there?
I've waited for Christmas
Alone in my lair.
Eat, Drink and be Merry.
Household in glee,
Big Christmas tree,
And stores of good things handy;
And all kinds of toys
For girls and boys,
Besides the fruit and candy.
At this time rare
Away with care,
And know joy, real and hearty;
Eat, drink and sing,
Full gladness bring,
To the merry Christmas party!
No better way
To pass the day
Has ever been invented;
It works so well
We need not tell
The folks are all contented.
—[McM.]

Santa Claus' Whip.

At midnight chimed the church-bells,
With grand and solemn sound,
And at each stroke the echoes woke
Mid silence so profound
That e'er the crack of embers,
The tallow candle's drip,
Seemed like a rat of ghost, or snap
Of Santa's Claus' whip.
Short and Sweet.
Stockings, toes, toys and snow,
That is the merriest Christmas we know.
—[W. S. N.]

MINNIE'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

How a Gotham Girl Found a Friend in Need.

Six o'clock in the evening of Saturday, December 24, 1881, a young woman, clad in garments which afforded but little protection against the searching gusts of the raw east wind, which was blowing sharp and keen, stepped from the door of one of the large dry goods stores on Sixth-ave., and made one of the thousands who were hurrying toward their homes. She shivered and tried to draw her threadbare cloak closer to her form, as the chilling wind pierced her through and through.
For a few moments she walked quite briskly, but she was so weary from the toils of the day that she was obliged to go more slowly. The past week had been a busy one, and great crowds of people had thronged the store, buying articles for their own use or presents for their friends, while she, thinking of her own meagre salary, had waited upon them with a sad heart.
Two years before Minnie Osborne had never known what poverty or work meant; only knew that there were such words. But now she knew full well and with a knowledge derived from bitter experience. Her father had been counted among New York's wealthy and successful merchants, but in an evil hour he listened to the advice of so-called friends and embarked in stock speculation. He

was successful at first, and, elated with that success, became reckless and at last found himself, as many others have, stripped of all his wealth.

The elegant home on Madison avenue had been decided to his wife, so that, of course, was saved. His losses weighed heavily upon him and he soon fell into a decline from which he never rallied. The house was sold to pay the expenses of his illness and death, and Mrs. Osborne, with Minnie, who was then nineteen, and two younger children, Jamie and Maud, sadly gave up the old home and found refuge in a tenement house on the east side. Here they were living, or rather existing, at the time our story opens.
Mrs. Osborne had been in delicate health for years, and the death of her husband, together with the loss of the luxuries to which she had been all her life accustomed, prostrated her completely. She had wealthy friends, it is true, but she also had pride, and that kept her from asking help of them. None of her old acquaintances knew of her whereabouts, and she was safe from discovery in the wretched street in which she lived. She had a brother a year older than herself, who had gone to Australia some fifteen years before her husband's death. In the days before her marriage they had been all in all to each other, being the only ones left of their family, and for the first ten years after his departure they had corresponded regularly. But his letters suddenly ceased, and, as she had no tidings from him since then, she mourned him as dead.
With her feeble hands she, of course, was unable to do anything toward the support of the family, and the whole burden was thrown upon Minnie. Although unaccustomed to work of any kind, Minnie proved herself equal to the emergency and found employment as a saleswoman in the store of which we have spoken. The little she made there barely sufficed to pay the rent and keep them in fuel; but Jamie, who still went to school, sold papers morning and evening, and what he thus earned kept "the wolf from the door." But Jamie was now ill, for, having but little clothing to protect him from the chill winds, he had taken a severe cold, and had been in-doors for a week past.
Minnie had dreaded the long, cold winter and had hoped to get an increase of salary, but was disappointed and was almost in despair. To-night was Christmas eve and she hated to go home. She must get something nourishing for her mother and Jamie, and Maud had no shoes, but she must wait another week. Minnie had money enough to pay the rent and get a few baskets of coal and then have a few cents left. The only way she could get the little things which her mother and Jamie craved and needed was to get the landlady's half his rent that week, and perhaps Jamie would be out next week and could earn enough to make it up. "And," thought she, "if it comes to the worst I can pawn my ring."

The ring was her betrothal ring, and had been placed on her finger two months before her father's downfall by one whom she loved dearly, but to whom she was too proud to make known that she was in the city.
Frank Johnson was a young man of sterling qualities, and had arisen from an office boy to the position of junior partner in the firm for which he had worked. He had known Minnie a long time, and loved her, but had hesitated to declare his passion until he had the means to support her in the same style in which she was then living. However, when he was admitted to the firm he told her of his love, and was accepted, both by Minnie and her father. He was absent on business when Mr. Osborne's losses came, and did not return until after that gentleman's death. The first intimation he had of it was when he called at the house on his return, and found everything changed—strange faces and strange furniture, and he could get no information as to the whereabouts of Minnie and the rest of the family. He had sought in vain for some tidings of them, and had arrived at the conclusion that they had left the city. He had not given up all hope, and was only waiting a favorable opportunity, when business would permit, to make long search for the object of his love.
Minnie, whose handsome face, elegant and graceful carriage had attracted the attention of more than one gentleman who had asked her for her hand, had remained true to her first and only love, though she had thought he had gone from her forever. The landlord of the miserable tenement house in which she lived had pressed his attention upon her; she, without being rude, had done everything in her power to repel him. She had a struggle to pay rent promptly, and all the little articles of jewelry, excepting the ring mentioned, had gone toward paying him, as she did not wish to get herself into his power, and she now thought it would be better to pawn the ring than to get behind in the rent.
Occupied with her thoughts, she had now arrived at the door. Up three flights back she went, and found her mother even worse than she had left her, and moaning on account of hunger. Little Jamie said it was Christmas eve, and he hoped that Santa Claus would now bring him lots of good things to eat and something warm to wear.
With an almost breaking heart Minnie got the room into something like order, though to be sure there was very little in the way of furniture in it, and after sending Maud out for a loaf of bread, took a mouthful or two herself and divided the remainder among the others. She then went down stairs, meeting the landlord in the entryway. She had not the courage to ask him to take half the rent, but hurriedly gave it all to him and ran out upon the street to avoid conversing with him.
With a heavy heart and tears in her eyes she entered one of the many pawn-brokers' shops on Chatham street and offered her ring. The money-lender gave her not half of what she had expected to get for it, but she could not refuse, so with a last look at the dear ring she left the place and hurried toward the market.
Turning down a side street, busy with thoughts of Frank Johnson and the night when he had placed the ring on her finger, she did not notice that she was followed by a rough-looking man, who, when just in the shadow between two gaslights, seized her by the arm and said: "Good evening, miss. You had better take a little walk with me."
Minnie uttered a little scream, and exclaimed: "Release me instantly, or I will call the police."
The man laughed, and said: "What will I be doing all this time? Do you think the cops are around on such a night as this? You can bet your life they ain't. So, come along, my beauty," trying to force her along.
Minnie screamed outright, and as she did so a young man, dressed up, and seizing the rough by the throat, drew him away from the trembling girl and threw him to the pavement.
Quite a little crowd had gathered, but the young man did not notice them, and

as the rough had slunk away, feeling of his sore bones, he turned to Minnie, saying: "Will you allow me to escort you to your home?"

"Thank you, sir," replied Minnie; "but I was just going to market when that man spoke to me. How can I thank you sufficiently for your timely act?"
"By saying nothing more about it," said the young man, "and if—why, great heaven! it is Minnie! Minnie, don't you know me? I am Frank—your Frank!"
Poor Minnie grew faint, and allowed herself to be drawn close to his side for a moment. Then, trying to push him away, she said: "Yes, Frank, I do know you now. But, Frank, you seem to forget the change in our position. I am only a poor sales-woman now, and—"
"Say not another word about that, my darling. I care not what you are, so long as I have found you again. I shall never let you go now."
They walked on toward the market, and Frank told of his fruitless search for her and how he had intended to prosecute it even more thoroughly, how he had prayed for their meeting once more, and how that meeting had come.
Minnie, who loved him as dearly as he did her, could not resist his pleading and told him her whole story—how poor they were, how she had struggled during the past two years, and how Jamie and her mother were suffering at home for the want of a few necessities. They had now reached the market, and in spite of Minnie's remonstrances Frank purchased two great baskets of good things and ordered many more to be sent to her home. On the way Frank told her that while dining with a friend at Delmonico's that very day he had been introduced to a gentleman who, in the course of conversation, had asked him if he knew of a family of the name of Osborne, and stated what her father's business had been. He, of course, told them all he knew respecting them, and they had then made a compact to find them, if possible, the gentleman saying that he was the brother of Mrs. Osborne, but had not seen her for many years.
"Why, that must be mother's brother John, of whom I have heard her speak so often," said Minnie; "I hope it is; she will be glad to see him."
"Almost as glad as I am to see you, my darling," said Frank passionately. "And to think that while you have been having such a struggle with poverty, I have been living in luxury, with the exception of being hungry for a sight of your dear face. Why did you not come to me Minnie?"
"Well, Frank, pride kept me away for one thing, and for another, I knew how honorable you were and that you would keep your word with me, but I was afraid you might feel as though you were sacrificing yourself in wedding me—not Minnie Osborne the rich man's daughter, but Minnie Osborne the poor sales-woman."
"No, Minnie, it can be no sacrifice, for I loved you for yourself alone, and with a love which comes only once in a man's lifetime," replied Frank earnestly.
"Well, Frank," said Minnie, "the present is so happy and beautiful that I can almost forget the dark, weary past. I have learned many good lessons in the school of sorrow and trial, and though we have suffered much, my faith in Him who careth for the widow and the fatherless has never wavered, and I thank Him to-night for having brought us together again. Indeed, Frank, I am, I trust, a better woman and a better Christian for having walked in the path of the lowly."
"You have always been an angel in my eyes, darling, and the thought of your purity and beauty of character has spurred me on to try to keep in the straight and narrow way, and, thank God, by His grace and assistance, I have succeeded. And with you I feel grateful to Him who has permitted us to meet here to-night."
"Well, Frank, here we are at our mansion," laughed Minnie. "You can never carry those baskets up three flights of stairs alone; let me help you."
"Oh, I can carry them easily enough, only you lead the way," said Frank.
There was a happy party in the little, low back room that night, and Frank, who had always been a favorite, was welcomed by Mrs. Osborne, Maud and Jamie in a manner so cordial as showed that they were glad to see him once more, not for the good things and the health and comfort he brought them, but for him alone. After the greeting was over, and there was a little lull in the conversation, Frank told Mrs. Osborne of the stranger he had met at Delmonico's, giving a description of his personal appearance.
"Oh, I know it is my brother John," she exclaimed, "and the sight of him will make me well again. Dear, dear fellow, when can I see him."
"You can see him to-night if I can find him," answered Frank; "it is not very late and I think he will be at Delmonico's now. At any rate I'll go and see."
He went and returned in about an hour with the stranger, who was, indeed, Mrs. Osborne's dearly loved brother whom she had mourned as dead. It was a happy meeting, if the place was poor, and they ate and talked till Christmas was ushered in, and the bells of Trinity pealed forth their chimes.
So the Christmas eve which had seemed so dark and dreary to Minnie as she was going home from the store proved to be the happiest she had ever experienced, for out of deep sorrow had come great joy.
Mrs. Osborne's brother explained that he had gone into the interior of Australia and had not heard from his sister since that time, the letters on both sides having been miscarried.
The gentlemen took their leave in the "we sma' hours," and in each heart was the feeling of "Peace on earth, good will to men," and thankfulness to the giver of all good for the way in which He had led them through all their trials to the ultimate happiness of the end.
Before they left matters had been arranged so that on New Year's day there was to be a quiet wedding, and Minnie Osborne was to become Mrs. Frank Johnson. Frank was to go into business with Mr. John Drake. Mrs. Osborne's brother, who was to be a silent partner. They even went so far as to plan a trip to Europe in the summer, and though Minnie said she thought they were looking too far ahead, she was too happy to spoil the bright air-castles by not giving her consent to all the propositions and plans.
And now, dear reader, we leave them to the enjoyment of their happiness, hoping that every dark cloud which passes over your life will have as bright a lining as did that of Minnie Osborne.

Mrs. A. Bryan, having moved her dressmaking establishment to 604 South Main street, up-stairs, wishes to call the attention of her old customers to the fact that she is now prepared to give personal attention to the cutting, fitting and repairing of dresses and cloaks; also all kinds of children's clothes.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

FROM OAKLAND.

The Bee Correspondent Gathers Up Numerous Items There.

OAKLAND, IOWA, December 20.—The weather is cold. The thermometer points to zero, and Jack Frost reports but little soft corn around Oakland.

Corn is coming in quite freely, for which the farmers are receiving the highest market price.

Two of Avoca's prominent citizens were in town the other day, talking with the people in regard to getting a sitting court in the east end. The most of people seem to be strongly in favor of the idea; in fact, they cannot afford to be otherwise when they found the cost of prosecuting a suit at Council Bluffs.

The grand jury have found an indictment against Douglas McCarty, the horse thief who was bound over by Justice Fetter a short time ago. His trial is set for the 26th inst.

A very interesting lecture was delivered by Prof. Callison Monday evening. Subject, "Education." It was well attended and enjoyed by all present.

Oakland will have no public Christmas tree this year. Dinners, socials and private trees will be the programme for the holidays.

The new agricultural store is doing a good business. The proprietor, Mr. Harcourt, is a "rustler," and we wish him success.

Talk about a country store. You ought to see Pettey & Degraff's, of Oakland. It is just immense.

Bill Lyman was rusticated on his farm Tuesday.

Banker Fellman was an Avoca visitor Wednesday. T. F.

If you want a Gift for your wife, you will find it at Seaman's.

BROKEN INTO BY BURGLARS

Lacy's Saloon Entered and the Till Tapped.

Yesterday morning it was discovered that sometime during the night burglars had visited Lacy's saloon on Broadway. They secured an entrance by a transom over the door, and helped themselves to the contents of the money drawer, which contained about \$50. There was in the drawer a revolver and a pair of brass knuckles, but these the thieves left and they did not apparently carry off any of the liquors and cigars. A young man giving his name as Echlin, and who has been hanging around the place for a week or two, was arrested on suspicion, but as there was no evidence against him a charge of vagrancy was preferred.

DR. CROSS' CASE.

Can He Be Admitted to Bail?—That's the Question.

Yesterday Messrs. Wright & Baldwin, as attorneys for Dr. Cross, who is charged with the murder of Dr. McKune, made a motion that he be brought into court for the purpose of fixing his bail. This virtually raises the question as to whether, under the indictment for murder found against him by the grand jury, he can be admitted to bail in any amount, or whether he will have to stand committed to jail until his trial. This question is to be argued in the district court this morning, and the public will watch eagerly for the decision.

Go to Seaman's and get Gifts for your sons and daughters.

School's Out.

The public schools closed yesterday afternoon for their holiday vacation, expecting to open again Wednesday, January 2. There were special exercises at the Bloomer school building, noticeable in which was the presentation in costume of a portion of "Midsummer Night's Dream," which, considering the youthfulness and inexperience of the participants, was well given.

The exercises at the high school, on the hill, were also very interesting. The room was nicely decorated and various recitations, declamations, compositions, etc., were given, and a pleasing colloquy entitled "Sleeping Beauty."

St. Joseph's academy also closed yesterday. Prof. Slattery treated the boys to a feast of candies, nuts, apples, cake, etc., and a merry time was had. The professor and his assistants, Miss Coyne, were also happily surprised, the pupils presenting each with an elegant morocco bound album. The school is arranging to give an entertainment on the 24th, 25th and 26th, at the Academy hall, at which a Christmas tree, the stable of Bethlehem and other interesting features will be prominent.

Buy your harness, whips, saddles, etc., of Beckman & Co., 519 south Main street.

Absurdities of Science.

To-morrow evening, Rev. J. G. Lemarr will, at the Baptist church, give the third of his series of lectures on the above topic. A large number of citizens are becoming very much interested in these discussions, presented as they are in so entertaining and clear a manner, and none should miss hearing this one to be given to-morrow night, as it will be concerning questions of vital importance to all who stop to think.

In Crime.

The trial of O'Brien, the man charged with stealing a watch from Mr. Hogan at the Northwestern last summer, was ended in the district court yesterday by a verdict of guilty.

The case of A. Campbell is on trial now, it being for an assault on Mr. Elliott, in Moreland township, about two years ago.

A Great Sacrifice.

H. E. Palmer of the firm of Mayne & Palmer, dealers in hard and soft coal, has arrived in the city with his stock in trade, books, blank books, stationery of all kinds, pictures, vases, curtains and toys, which must be sold immediately at cost. This is a sacrifice Mr. Palmer is compelled to make so he can attend to his interests in the coal business. It will pay you to call and see his Christmas presents at his store, the east one in the new opera house.