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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 new—
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.
"Toll 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 hoary head 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!
Went 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,
Or the tallow candle's drip,
Seemed like a rattle of snap
Of Santa's Claus' whip."
Short and Sweet.
Stockings, trees, 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 thou-
sands 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 peo-
ple had thronged the store, buying arti-
cles 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 ex-
perience. Her father had been counted
among New York's wealthy and success-
ful 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, strip-
ped 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 com-
pletely. 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 dis-
covery in the wretched street in which
she lived. She had a brother a year
older than herself, who had gone to Aus-
tralia some fifteen years before her hus-
band'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 reg-
ularly. 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 even-
ing, 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 Christ-
mas 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 part-
ner 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 illness
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 fun-
erals, 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 re-
mained 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 every-
thing in her power to repel him. She
had a struggle to pay rent promptly, and
all the little articles of jewelry, except-
ing 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 some-
thing 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 di-
vided 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 convers-
ing with him.
With a heavy heart and tears in her
eyes she entered one of the many pawn-
brokers' shops on Chatham street and of-
fered 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 fol-
lowed 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 ex-
claimed:
"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 seiz-
ing her roughly 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 pro-
ceed to 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 plead-
ing 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 necessaries.
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 Os-
borne, and stated what her father's busi-
ness 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 ex-
ception 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 father-
less 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. Os-
borne of the stranger he had met at Del-
monico's, giving a description of his per-
sonal appearance.
"Oh, I know it is my brother John,"
she exclaimed, "and the sight of him
will make me well again. Dear, dear
fallow, 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 Del-
monico'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
underfoot, 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 hav-
ing 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 ulti-
mate happiness of the end.
Before they left matters had been ar-
ranged 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 look-
ing 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, hop-
ing that every dark cloud which passes
over your life will have as bright a lining
as did that of Minnie Osborne.

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 assistant, 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 Court.
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.