

# 1895 THE OMAHA DAILY BEE DEPARTMENT

# Lewey & Stone Furniture Co.

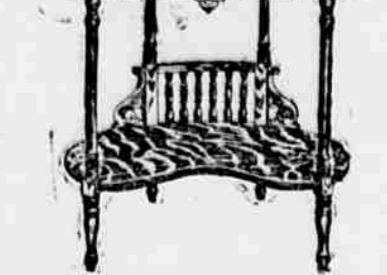
## Christmas Novelties.

### Turkish Rockers



In corduroy or leather, from \$18.00 to \$75.00. We make them any style, size or color.

### Parlor Tables



216 patterns from \$1.00 to \$150.00 each.

### Bookcases



From the solid oak curtain cases at \$3.00, up to the finest mahoganies, \$250.00. We show some pretty patterns, with desks attached, from \$6.00 to \$75.00 each.

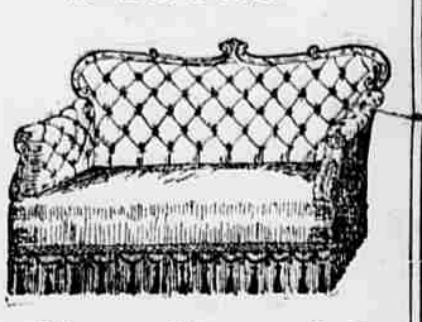
**TWO MORE DAYS** and the rush is over. We have put on extra force of salesmen to accommodate the buying public. You will receive prompt attention and deliveries. Our stock is still complete and our prices are guaranteed the lowest quoted.

## Fancy Rockers



Over 200 patterns from \$2.10 to \$75.00 each.

## Parlor Pieces



Divans, Easy and Reception Chairs. We manufacture everything in this line. A beautiful stock of upholstery goods for coverings. Order at once for Christmas delivery.

### SANTA CLAUS CONVERTED.

A Blue Silk Stocking and Its Contents.  
BY HERBERT D. WARD.  
(Copyright, 1895, by Herbert D. Ward.)

Daisy could not sleep. This does not mean that she did not sleep. She had not been known to miss a good night's rest for it must have been for six or seven years, and she was now "going on" her 9th year.

Daisy Parker was the only girl in a family of two parents and five children. She was betwixt and between, looking up to her two elder brothers with awe, and looking down upon the "two children" (she called them) with motherly condescension. And the family hung up their stockings by the great library fireplace Christmas eve. Strangely enough, neither Mr. Parker nor the children were ever satisfied to hang up their own stockings, and they always borrowed one apiece from mother. Daisy's was a tremendous long blue silk stocking, with yellow clocks on it, and she hung it nearest to the smoldering embers by the chimney, because she wanted Santa Claus to fill her first. The two big boys played foot ball and knew how to skate, and they said that "there wasn't no Santa Claus and that there never was any." But Daisy and the children knew too much to subscribe to any such bad grammar as that.

Where were "Frazier and Viscan," and the reindeer sleigh? And Santa Claus with his red cheeks and white fur overcoat, surmounted by a pack of toys? So Daisy insisted that the library fire should be allowed to burn low in order that Santa Claus might not get singed coming down the chimney.

The big boys laughed at their only sister, but Mrs. Parker said that the little lady should have her own way and that the boys should be careful about shattering beautiful holiday illusions.

Mr. Parker did not spend Christmas eve with his family this year. He was superintendent of a great city trolley system, and there was a strike among the conductors and motormen. He had discharged some employees for incompetency; 1,000 men struck in sympathy with the workman, and insisted that he should be restored to his position. Serious trouble resulted, and the city was in a holiday blockade of traffic, and there was a great deal of suffering among employees, whose whole means of living had been cut off some seven or eight days by their executive committee. Mr. Parker was uneasy and so was his wife, for threats had been made against his life, but children were too young to appreciate the difficulty of the situation.

in white, he uttered an exclamation of wonder.

"I guess you're late tonight," said Day coming nearer. "You must have an awful hard time with so many boys and girls."

"Look here," growled the saint, "are ye alone?"

"Of course I am, Mr. Santa Claus." Little Day stood close beside her Christmas hero and looked at him critically. "The boys are left this time. They said that Santa Claus was all poppy cock," she continued, nodding her head earnestly, and I told them they didn't know anything about it. But you look awful tired and cross. Have you malaria? Our cook has; she looks just like you."

Santa Claus looked about furtively. After a satisfactory eye and ear inspection he took a step forward and gazed down at the little helpless girl. His face wore a sardonic expression.

"So you take me for Santa Claus, do you, little miss?"

"Of course I do," answered Day, simply. Then, putting her little forefinger up with mock menace, she continued, playfully: "You can't fool me."

"Oh, Lordy," the saint put his hand up to his mouth, trying to stifle an expression of mirth.

"I don't want it all filled up with oranges and make it look like it's real fair," continued the little maid, serenely. "Nor raw tomatoes, either. Nor I don't like lumps of sugar and old beans done up in lots of little

him through and through questioningly.

"Then—then," she said with dignity, "who are you?"

"There, there, little 'un. Don't look so—I'm a—, I don't darst tell. I dropped his face before her wide look. "I wouldn't budge for the world."

But Daisy looked grave and troubled. She was lost in wonder over her visitor's identity. If he were not Santa Claus who could he be? "Didn't you bring me my doll, sir?" she asked gently, shaking her head before the searching question. He felt that he would rather confront a roomful of judges than this child's beautiful faith, which he had crushed forever. He wouldn't have done it to his children for the world. As she still looked at him with her large innocent eyes he suddenly burst out: "Papa God, I didn't bring it. I took it out to carry home to my own little gal. Sh—sh! Don't make a noise, little lady. I'm a poor man, out of work, with a starving family, and if they catch me here I'd be judged."

"Judged? What's that?" asked Day, opening her mouth.

"Sent up—put in prison."

"Oh, Lordy," she said, "I don't see what they can put you in prison for. You haven't done anything."

The man shook his head knowingly and pointed at the wide burly bag. "It's the first time," he said, "I was fired from the Consolidated three weeks ago."

"Fired?" interrupted the child, prettily per-

gularly appropriate and happy. The neighbors look out of the windows, some enviously, some sympathetically, Christmas day.

"Jack Turner lives upstairs, sir."

Loaded with parcels, two visitors find their way up the hatched stairs.

But Daisy was sitting moodily in a chair starts at Day's impulsive knocks. The superintendent, the man whom he has hated more bitterly than all other men in the world, was in with singular unconsciousness, straight to the table, and pitches the bundles upon it. The children in the room stare. The wife says something, nobody notices what she says as if he would like to speak away.

Now Day begins to notice a child of her own age fondling a gorgeous doll. The visitor makes straight for this point and both are soon oblivious to what is going on about them.

"T—me your story, and the whole of it," Turner. The superintendent sits down beside the company's discharged motorman. "If you won't say anything about my visit here, I won't mention yours to my nurse. Now, we're quits." He laughed, trying to put the man at his ease.

"Oh, the children play, the man talks, and the officer understands. If there could only be more man and man interviews between employer and employe, there would be fewer dissatisfied customers for stock."

"I guess we've both been wrong," Mr. Parker spoke cordially after listening for a quarter of an hour. "Report for work right away."

"That'll settle the strike, sir," said the motorman, standing up with new manhood on his face.

"One thing more, Turner," his superior officer says in a whisper.

"I hope you've turned over a brand new leaf. You must promise to give up your stock. The man's eyes fill. He glances over at the two little girls, unconsciously playing together. The wonderful doll says, "papa," "mamma," and then she speaks."

"No need of that, sir. I'm a different man since the devil struck me last night. She did it! God bless her!"

"Amen," whispers the superintendent. "You've got one of your own."

Thus the great strike ended on Christmas day, and Santa Claus did it.

### COSTUME DOLLS.

Instructive Holiday Presents for the Children.

Dolls, those silent, precious companions of the nursery, may have lessons to teach.

No longer are they confined to the role of the plain Susan doll or the fascinating Miss Eugenia with the head that turns and the crown of golden hair, or the dear baby in long curls who sleeps or cries as the little mother wishes.

The dolls of today bring their race history with them. The nursery rooms unpeopled without a representative of the different countries in correct and striking costume. A Spanish bull fighter, an Italian fruit seller, a German soldier, a French belle, an American, a Japanese, a Russian, a Puritan, with cap and bells, while from the west come Alaska dolls in robes of soft white fur and Mexican types, a cowboy and an Indian child complete in costume. A bond of gift and feathers about his brow with a crest in front, a pistol and scalping knife at his belt, and vertical headed moccasins upon his feet. The patient equine carries a little papoose on her back and keeps her blanket closely around her short buckskin skirt.

These Indian dolls are made of solid alabaster, buckskin or copper colored flannel and are almost undestructible.

A motormen, in company, these dolls dwelling together in more delightful harmony than their countrymen who go to make up the cosmopolitan inhabitants of a city.

These dolls may learn to know them from the stories told in the twilight hour. They will never tire of hearing how these strange little people have been made, and where the distant countries are and how they can get to them.

The reign of childhood is short and the nursery carnival calls for the merriest and the best that can be gathered together with the wire and loving forethought of older heads.

### A SWEET LITTLE KRIS KRINGLE.

plexed by the workman's slang. "Why, that's papa's road!"

"And I guess I'll do with the doll that knows how to talk, you look so tired and sick I don't boggle you any more." She looked Santa Claus in the face with such pretty, tender sympathy that he turned his head away, he found it hard to meet her trustful eyes. As he stirred the sack across his shoulder gave a metallic clank. The man started again. Then he carefully put his bag on the floor. A cry of rapture broke from the child, for in the visitor's right hand she saw that very doll on which she had set her Christmas heart.

"Don't put it in the stocking, dear Santa Claus. Let me have it now. Mamma said you wouldn't disappoint me." She held out her little eager hand.

The saint slowly dropped the doll into it. Astonishment sat on the rude face under the big cap. Then a touch of tenderness softened it. For a benefactor of the children of the race he seemed strangely embarrassed.

First he stood upon one foot watching the child's rapture over the photograph doll. Then he shifted to the other and shrugged his shoulders and looked sheepish and then he began to grow red in the face.

Daisy looked up him him enthusiastically.

"Say, Mr. Santa Claus, make it talk! Show me how," she begged.

"I dunno," he answered, in a gruff whisper.

"Well, I suppose mamma will," she said with resignation. "Show me what you've got in the bag! I want to see what you give other children besides us."

"What the man's nature had sought a little while ago his better nature now detested. "After takin' me for Santa Claus an' give me the doll for my gal, I wouldn't take it for a thousand dollar bill. It's mean business, and I'm done with it. They can starve first, 'help me out."

How should this little angel guess? It had never occurred to the superintendent's daughter that the visitor's bag contained all their family silver.

Not surprised at anything now, no matter how queer, Day gravely followed him. She tucked her little hand in his, and he led her to the open parlor window, which he had easily forced.

In an instant he was outside. His foot was on the stone ledge and his face, on the other side of the sill, was on a level with her.

"Goodbye, little lady," he whispered in his gruff way. "I didn't mean to frighten ye, nobody. You'll forgive me, won't ye? There worse men than he had headed for the good opinion of those better than they—though God knows who of us are very good."

The child was beginning to realize what manner of man this really was, and now began to tremble violently. Her strength was almost gone.

"I guess you're nearer Santa Claus than a burglar, anyway," she managed to say.

She could not add a word. Softly the window closed, separating the motorman and the little girl. It descended like a dream between them, shutting out a man's eager, repentant face, shutting in a poor, weak child. Day turned and found herself folded in strong arms.

"Papa!" she cried. "Papa, papa, papa." Then she began to cry.

III.

Oh, the difference in Christmas days! The fortunate and the rich hall it as the happiest of the year. The poor and discontented look askance at it because they cannot afford to give, or not to receive.

A plain hired cook draws up before a wooden trestle, a little girl plainly and warmly dressed, jumps out first. She hugs several parcels to her breast, and looks sin-

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See that the People are Moving South  
...BECAUSE

No Drouths, No Floods, No Blizzards, No Cold Winters, No Hot Winds, No Heated Terms, No Cold Snaps, No Crop Failures

MENACE the intelligent labor of the husbandman, who can successfully grow two or three crops yearly.

REMEMBER ORCHARD HOMES

The great fruit growing and vegetable raising district of the South. A soil that raises anything that grows and a location from which you reach the markets of the whole country. Four fruits and garden truck sold on the ground and placed in Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans markets in 12 to 24 hours in this garden spot of America.

NO PLACE ON EARTH

Offers greater advantages to the intelligent settler. One half the work you now do here will give four times in this wonderfully productive country. The people are friendly; schools, churches, newspapers are plenty; railroad facilities fine, and a soil whose richness is unsurpassed.

Two and Three Crops Can be Successfully Grown the Same Year.

Timber is abundant—Lumber is cheap—Fuel costs nothing—Cattle are easily raised and fattened—Grazing is fine all the year.

CLIMATE

Is healthy and delightful; land and sea breezes and cool nights. The mean temperature is 42 to 66 degrees. The average rainfall is 66 inches. No extreme of heat or cold; sufficient rain for all crops.

20 TO 40 ACRES

properly worked makes you more money and makes it easier than the best 100-acre farm in the west. Garden products are a wonderful yield and all bring high prices. Strawberries, peaches, plums, apricots, grapes, pears, figs, early apples, in fact all small fruits, are sure and profitable crops.

GO SOUTH. SEE. GO SOUTH.

Orchard Homes

NO PLACE ON EARTH.

Surpasses its soil, climate, location, present and future value or home advantages.

The Most Equable Climate in America.

This is your opportunity. The people are friendly; schools sufficient; newspapers progressive; churches liberal. The enterprising man who wants to better the condition of himself and his family should investigate this matter and he will be convinced. Carefully selected fruit growing and garden lands are now offered on liberal terms and reasonable prices.

Orchard Homes

The most carefully selected lands in best locations. Will grow you money. Will grow in value. Will suit you. Call on us or write for full information.

GEO. W. AMES, GENERAL AGENT, 1617 Farnam Street, Omaha, Neb.

**WILCOX COMPOUND TANSY PILLS**  
Safe and SURE. Always reliable. Take nonstop. For sale by all druggists. Price, 50c. Sold to Women's Sufferers. WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., 28 SOUTH EIGHTH ST., PHILA. PA.

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### DAY AND THE INTRUDER.

not at all afraid. She stepped very softly. In a few moments she stood at the library door. It was closed, but not locked. She pushed it open gently, and stepped in.

As she did so her heart gave a great leap at the sight that confronted her. Her first impulse was to scream, but immediately her better judgment came to her rescue. She remembered that it was Christmas eve yet.

"Why, it's Santa Claus!" she thought. "He must be late." She stood quite still.

Now Santa Claus had not seen and did not hear her. So she had a good chance to look him over. He was a tall, thin saint, entirely different from the preconceived idea in this respect. But in others he was like enough. He was dressed in a huge gold-silk coat, of the natural white color, and he had a bag slung over his shoulder. At this moment, in the soft light of the embers, he could be seen bending over the blue silk stocking. What, oh, what was he putting into it?

"Please, Mr. Santa Claus," came a treble voice, "don't forget the doll that talks."

The saint whirled about like a startled mackerel. His hand sought the breast pocket. But when he saw the little vision

### LABOR AND INDUSTRY.

A new gr. 14 steam boilers has been designed which the bars or from any hollow tubes, and are constructed to serve as feed-water heaters.

A Geneva watchmaker has almost completed a watch which will call out the hours and minutes, and is being touched. It contains a very small photograph.

Irish post made into an antiseptic wool by a German syndicate, and has been adopted for army use by the French government.

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The Anconada Standard makes the statement that between 1,500 and 2,000 men are employed in and around Butte than ever before, even when the silver mines were running. The mines of that district pay out \$44,000 per month for wages.

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I must own that all this fussing about the nerves, the nerves, the nerves, for a week back I've been running to the cellar for preserves. To the left to bring the ham down, To the barn for eggs; you see I'm a home and mother and all.

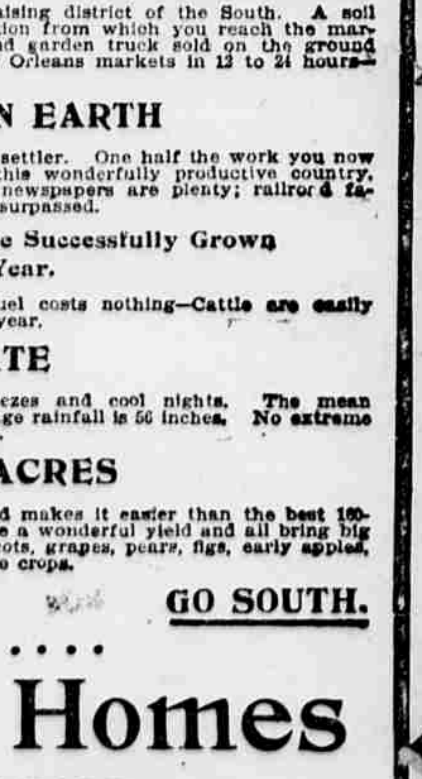
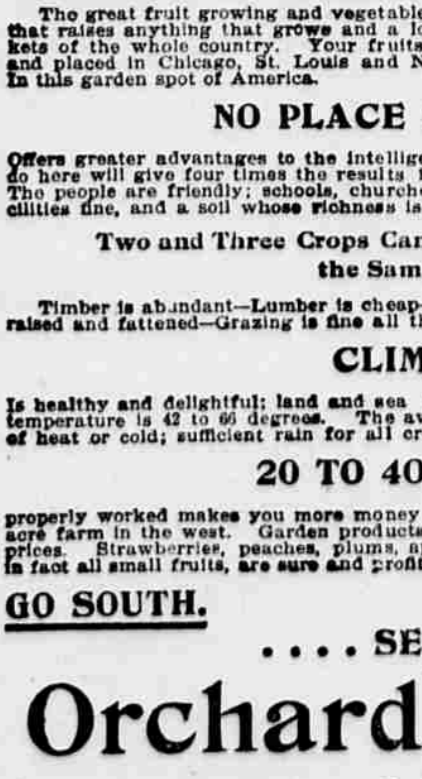
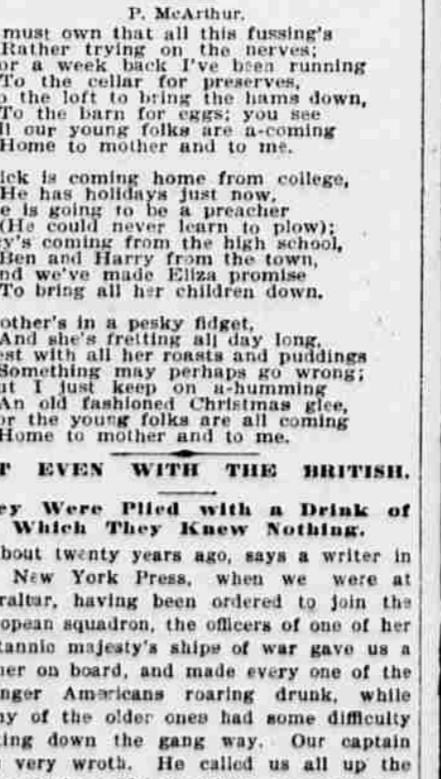
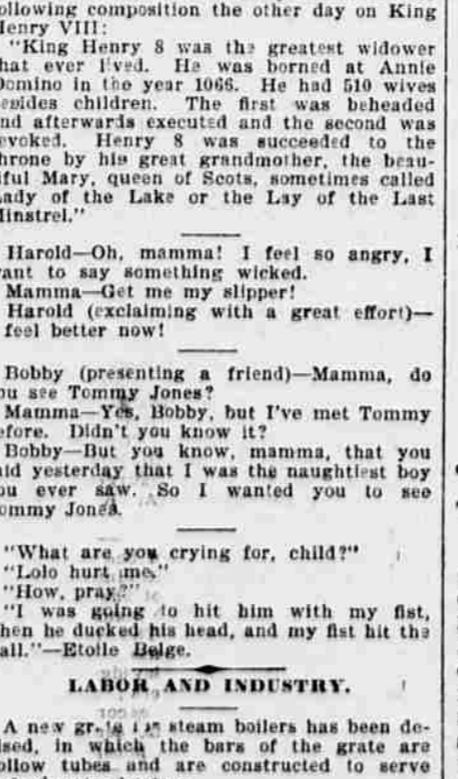
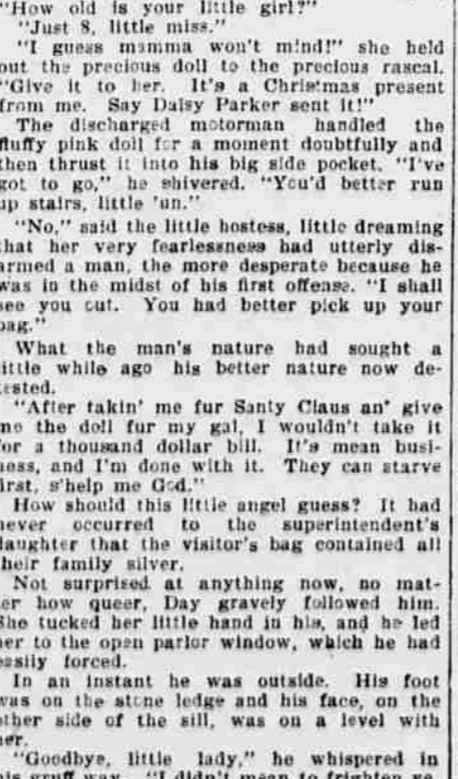
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Mother's in a pesky fidget, And she's fretting all day long. Let with all your roasts and puddings, Something may perhaps go wrong; But you'll jump on 'em—jumping, In the old-fashioned Christmas gee, For the young folks are all coming Home to mother and to me.

GOT EVEN WITH THE BRITISH.

They Were Piled with a Drink of Which They Knew Nothing.

About twenty years ago, says a writer in the New York Press, when we were at Gibraltar, having been ordered to join the European squadron, the officers of one of her Britannic majesty's ships of war gave us a dinner on board and made every one of the younger Americans roaring drunk, while many of the older ones had some difficulty getting down the gang way. Our captain was very wrath. He called us all up the next morning and lectured us. In a few days he returned the courtesy of the British officers, inviting them all to dine aboard our ship. Dr. King, one of the surgeons on board, a nephew of the noted journalist, Judge King of Philadelphia, and a Philadelphia himself in the British army, the captain if he would like to get even with the British for getting us all drunk. The captain said it was not possible to do it; that the British could drink all our boys under the table. King insisted, and finally was allowed to make the attempt. He made a few gallons of fish-house punch and served the innocent looking liquid liberally among the visitors. They had never tasted anything like it, and could not get it down half fast enough. At midnight each of them was lowered from the end of the yardarm in a net, carefully deposited in a boat and borne to his ship, where he was hauled aboard in the same way. I don't think we saw an Englishman for a week. Poor King is dead. He was the third husband of the famous North Carolina beauty, Miss Minnie Henderson, who had been successively Mrs. John Tunia and Mrs. Andrew Signoray of Norfolk, Va. After disposing of the three husbands she, too, died, leaving a handsome daughter, Miss Tunia, who has disappeared from public view.



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Timber is abundant—Lumber is cheap—Fuel costs nothing—Cattle are easily raised and fattened—Grazing is fine all the year.

CLIMATE

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