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GERMAN NATIONAL BANK

3571.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 10, 1886.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

The Lincoln Savings Bank

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MISCELLANEOUS CONCERTS

—OF—

Songs of all Nations

AT THE

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

Tuesday and Wednesday, December 18th and 19th.

CHORUS OF FIFTY-SIX VOICES.

PRINCIPAL VOCALIST,

MISS GENEVRA JOHNSTON.

ORGANIST AND ACCOMPANIST,

MRS. P. V. M. RAYMOND.

PIANIST,

MISS EDITH DOOLITTLE.

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LINCOLN PAPER HOUSE.

THE CHORUS.

SOPRANOS.

MRS. SAYER,
" MOORE,
" DOBSON,
" CRISSEY,
" GARDNER,
" COLEMAN,
" GARDNER (
" GREENLEE,
" HARD,
" CRAIG,
" COLEMAN,
" CHURCHILL,
" KILROY,
MISS HOWE,
" NORTH,
" BAKER,
" PERSHING,
" COLEMAN,
" SHOLES,

MISS CARMIDAU,
" JONES,
" MARSLAND,
" BARNABY.

ALTOS.

MRS. HOPPER,
" FLICK,
" KING,
" BELL,
" KING,
" GULE,
MISS THOMSON,
" ROSEMAN,
" CHURCHILL,
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" SHOLES,
" HOPPER,
" SAYER,
" FOLSOM,
" LOOMIS.
" BARNES,
" ROSE.

SONGS OF ALL NATIONS.

FIRST CONCERT.

1.—CHORUS.—America.

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing,
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love.
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Our fathers' God! to thee;
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our king!

2.—LADIES' QUARTETTE.—The Blue Bells of Scotland.

MRS. JANSEN, MISS LATTA,
MISS LILLIBRIDGE, MRS. WATKINS.

Oh! where, and oh! where, did your highland
laddie dwell?
He dwelt in merry Scotland at the sign of the
Blue Bell;
And it's oh! in my heart I love my laddie well.

Oh! where, and oh! where is your highland
laddie gone?
He's gone to fight the foe for King George upon
the throne,
And it's oh! in my heart I wish him safe at
home.

Suppose, and suppose your highland lad should
die;
The bagpipes should play over him, and I'd sit
me down and cry;
But it's O! in my heart I wish he may not die.

3.—SONGS.

{ *a* Pourquoi (French). *Rothschild.*
 b Last Rose of Summer (Irish).
 c The Echo (Swiss). *Eckert.*

MISS GENEVRA JOHNSTON.

4.—PIANO SOLO.—Yankee Doodle. *Arr. by Rubinstein.*

MISS EDITH DOOLITTLE (by request)

5.—SOLO AND CHORUS.—Battle Hymn of the Republic.

MISS ETHEL HOWE AND CHORUS.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of
the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the
grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of the ter-
rible swift sword.
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening
dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps,
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished
rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you
my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent
with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never sound retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his
judgment seat;
O, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant
my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lillies Christ was born
across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigured you
and me!
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free,
While God is marching on.

6.—SOLO AND CHORUS.—Guide's Song (Italian.)

MR. H. J. W. SEAMARK AND CHORUS.

7.—SONG.—'Twas within a Mile of Edinboro' Town.

MRS. CHAS. LIPPINCOTT.

'Twas within a mile of Edinboro' town,
In the rosy time of the year;
Sweet flowers bloomed and the grass was down,
And each shepherd woo'd his dear.
Bonnie Jocky, blithe and gay,
Kissed sweet Jenny makin' hay,
The lassie blush'd and frowning cried,
No, no, it will not do,
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, wonnot
buckle too.

Jocky was a wag that never would wed,
 Tho' long he had followed the lass;
 Content'd she earn'd and eat her bread,
 And merrily turned up the grass.
 Bonnie Jocky blithe and free,
 Won her heart right merrily;
 Yet still she blush'd and frowning cried,
 No, no, etc.

But when he vow'd he would make her his bride,
 Tho' his flocks and herds were not few,
 She gave him her hand and a kiss beside,
 And vow'd she forever be true.
 Bonnie Jocky blithe and free,
 Won her heart right merrily;
 At church she no more frowning cried,
 No, no, etc.

8.—SOLO, DUET, AND CHORUS.—Rule Britan-
 nia. *Arne.*
 MISS. JOHNSTON, REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

9.—PART SONG.—The Carnovale. *Rossini.*

We are beggars struck with blindness,
 Living on the rich man's kindness,
 On a day of joy and feasting,

To the poor, oh! please to give.
 Pretty maidens, wives, and matrons,
 Ope your purses, be our patrons;
 As we blind can't see your beauty,
 Let us know your hearts are kind.

Please to give, please to give.
 We are merry beggars singing,
 Gaily money boxes ringing;
 Listen to our pleasant ditty,
 With do, re, me, fa, sol, la,
 All we sing is
 Please to give.

We know good manners, tho' we be blind beg-
 gars all.

We thank you heartily for gifts however small.
 Come, show your charity, kind lads and lasses,
 Let each bestow a trifle as he passes.
 Come show your charity unto the blind.
 Carnival's passing away.

10.—VIOLIN SOLO.—Spanish Dances Nos. 2 and
 3. *Moszkowski.*

PROF. MENZENDORF, ACCOMPANIED BY MISS COCHRAN.

11.—SOLO AND CHORUS.—Ye Banks and Braes.
 MISS LILLIBRIDGE AND CHORUS.

Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair,
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary, fu' o' care?

Ye'll break my heart, ye little birds,
 That wanton thro' the flowery thorn,
 Ye mind me o' departed joys,
 Departed never to return.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine,
 While ilka bird sang o' its love,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' heartsome glee I pu'd a rose,
 The sweetest on its thorny tree,
 But my fause love has stol'n the rose,
 And left the thorn behind wi' me.

12.—SOLO AND CHORUS.—The Star Spangled
 Banner (in costume).

MISS JOHNSTON AND CHORUS.

O say, can you see by the dawn's early light
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's
 last gleaming?

Whose broad stripes and bright stars through
 the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gal-
 lantly streaming!

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting
 in air,

Gave proof through the night that our flag was
 still there.

CHO.—

O say, does that starspangled banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the
 brave?

O, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved homes and the war's
 desolation!

Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-
 rescued land

Praise the power that hath made and pre-
 served us a nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."

CHO.

13.—CHORUS.—Watch on the Rhine.

I.

There swells a cry as thunders crash,
 As clash of swords and breakers dash;
 To Rhine, to Rhine, the German Rhine,
 Who will protect thee, river mine?
 Dear Fatherland, let peace be thine,
 Brave hearts and true defend the Rhine.

II.

To millions swiftly came the cry,
 And lightnings flashed from every eye;
 Our youth so good and brave will stand
 And guard thee, holy border land.
 Dear Fatherland, etc.

III.

And though my heart should beat no more,
 No foreign foe will hold thy shore;
 Rich as in water is thy flood
 Is Germany in hero blood.
 Dear Fatherland, etc.

14.—ARIA.—Cabaletta (Traviata). *Verdi.*

MISS JOHNSTON.

15.—QUARTETTE AND CHORUS.—Gipsy Life.
Verdi.

MISS BAKER, MRS. HOPPER,
MR. CORCORAN, MR. CHAPIN.

Gipsies in Costume, Tamborines and Triangles.

Where yonder dark forest the sunlight shuts
out,
There's rustling, there's whisp'ring, there's bust-
ling about;
The fire is ablaze and its strange light is thrown
On figures fantastic, on leaf and on stone:

A troop of the vagabond Gypsies is there,
With eyes brightly flashing, and black, wavy
hair;
From Nile's holy waters their first life they drew,
By Spain were they tinged with that brown,
sunny hue.

About the bright fire on their cushion of green,
The men, wild and fearless, reclining are seen,
The women cower round to prepare the rude
meal,
Well pleased the old goblet with liquor to fill.

Now right merry songs and good stories go
round,

The gardens of Spain seem to rise at the sound;
While some gravely listen, the old woman tells
Of charms against danger and magical spells.

Now black-eyed young damsels are dancing
away,

While torches are flinging their bright ruddy
ray;

As clangs the loud cymbal and sounds the guitar,
How wild with joy all the revellers are!

Worn out with the dance now in slumber they
lie,

While branches are rustling a soft lullaby;

And those who are driven from their dear na-
tive shore,

Behold the sweet South in their visions once
more.

But now in the east has awoke morning's light,
And scattered are all the fair visions of night;

The mule is in motion before heat of day,
And gone are the Gypsies, but where, who can
say?

SONGS OF ALL NATIONS.

SECOND CONCERT.

1.—PART SONG.—Men of Harlech (Welsh).

Men of Harlech! In the hollow,
Do ye hear like rushing billow,
Wave on wave that surging follow,
Battle's distant sound?
'Tis the tramp of Saxon foemen,
Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen,—
Be they knights, or hinds, or yeomen,
They shall bite the ground.
Loose the folds asunder,
Flag we conquer under!
The placid shy now bright on high
Shall launch its bolts in thunder!
Onward! 'tis our country needs us,
He is bravest, he who leads us!
Honor's self now proudly heads us!
Freedom! God, and Right!

Rocky steeps and passes narrow
Flash with spear and flight of arrow,
Who would think of death or sorrow?
Death is glory now!
Hurl the reeling horseman over!
Let the earth dear foemen cover!
Fate of friend, of wife, of lover
Trembles on a blow!
Strands of life are riven;
Blow for blow is given,
In deadly lock, or battle shock,
And mercy shrieks to heaven!
Men of Harlech! young or hoary,
Would you win a name in story?
Strike for home, for life, for glory!
Freedom! God, and Right!

2.—TRIO.—The Laughing Trio. *Martini.*

MESSRS. NORTH, SEAMARK AND CHAPIN.

Va da si via di qua,
Che questo in verita,
Da re da re mi fa,
Ha! ha! ha! ha!

- 3.—

3.—	{	a Aranges (Spanish) <i>Scotchdopole.</i>
		b Fjerran a Skog (Swedish). <i>Berg</i>
		c Ich hatte einste ein schones Vaterland. <i>Lassen.</i>
		d Home, sweet home. <i>Miss Johnston.</i>

4.—CHORUS.—Marseillaise Hymn.

Ye sons of freedom, wake to glory,
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise;
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries.

Shall lawless tyrants mischief breeding
With hireling host, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
The patriot sword unsheath!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On liberty or death!

Oh liberty! can men resign thee,
Once having felt thy glorious flame?
Can tyrants' bolts and bars confine thee,
And thus thy noble spirit tame?
Too long our country wept bewailing,
The blood-stained sword our conquerors wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! etc.

5.—ORGAN SOLO.—Overture to William Tell. *Rossini* (Arr. by D. Buck.)

(By Request.)
MRS. P. V. M. RAYMOND.

6.—SOLO AND CHORUS.—Hail Columbia. MRS. A. W. JANSEN (in costume)

Hail! Columbia, happy land!
Hail ye heroes, heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let Independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

CHORUS—

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our liberty,
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more!
Defend your rights, defend your shore.
Let no rude foe, with impious hands,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In heav'n we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice may prevail
And every scheme of bondage fail.

CHORUS.

Sound, sound the trump of fame!
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause!

Let every clime to freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill, with steady power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease
The happier time of honest peace.

CHORUS.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands,
The rock on which the storm will beat!
But armed in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you;
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or Liberty.

CHORUS.

7.—SOLO.—The Lorelei (German).

MRS. LIPPINCOTT (in costume)

I know not what it presages,
This heart with sadness fraught;
'Tis a tale of the olden ages
That will not from my thought.

The air grows cool and darkles;
The Rhine flows calmly on;
The mountain summit sparkles
In the light of the setting sun.

There sits, in soft reclining,
A maiden wondrous fair,
With golden raiment shining,
And combing her golden hair.

With a comb of gold she combs it,
And combing, low singeth she,
A song of a strange, sweet sadness,
A wonderful melody.

The sailor shudders as o'er him
The strain comes floating by;
He sees not the cliffs before him—
He only looks on high.

Ah! round him the dark waves flinging
Their arms, draw him slowly down—
And this, with her wild, sweet singing,
The Lorelei has done.

8.—CHORUS.—Russian National Hymn.

God save the noble Czar!
Long may he live,
In power, in happiness, in peace to reign!
Dread of his enemies,
Faith's sure defender,
God save the Czar, God save the Czar.

9.—PIANO SOLO.—Yankee Doodle.

Arr. by Rubinstein.

(By Request.)
MISS DOOLITTLE.

10.—SOLO.—Red, White, and Blue.

Miss Johnston (in costume)

Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,

The shrine of each patriot's devotion,

A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble
When Liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue.

When war winged its wide desolation,
And threatened our land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia rode safe through the storm.
With her garlands of vict'ry around her,
Where so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag floating proudly before her,
The boast of the red, white, and blue.

Come all then Columbia's son's hither,
To join in our song with delight;
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
May the star of their glory shine bright!
May the service united not sever,
But they to their colors prove true,
The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

11.—CHORUS.—Ye Mariners of England.

Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe,
And sweep thro' the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave,
For the deck it was their battle field,
And ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep,
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
While the stormy winds do blow.

12.—SOLO AND CHORUS.—God Save Ireland.

MRS. KILROY (in costume)

High upon the gallows tree
Swung the noble-hearted three,
By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom;
But they met him face to face
With the courage of their race,
And they went with souls undaunted to their
doom.

CHORUS—

God save Ireland, said the heroes,
God save Ireland, said they all.
Whether on the scaffold high
Or the battle-field we die,
Oh, what matter when for Erin dear we fall!

Girt around with cruel foes,
Still their courage proudly rose
As they thought of hearts that loved them far
and near—
Of the millions true and brave
O'er the ocean's swelling wave,
And the friends in holy Ireland, ever dear.

CHO.

Climbed they up the rugged stair,
Rang their voices out in prayer,
Then with England's fatal cord around them
cast,
Close beneath the gallows tree,
Kissed like brothers lovingly,
True to home, and Faith, and Freedom to the
last,

CHO.—God save Ireland, prayed they loudly,
God save Ireland, prayed they all, etc.

Never till the latest day
Shall the mem'ry pass away
Of the gallant lives thus given for our land;
But on the cause must go,
Amidst joy, or weal, or woe,
Till we've made our isle a nation free and grand.

CHO.—God save Ireland, say we proudly,
God save Ireland, say we all, etc.

13.—SOLO.—Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.

MR. H. J. W. SEAMARK.

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory.
Now's the day and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour,
See approach proud Edward's pow'r,
Chains and slavery.

Wha would be a traitor knave,
Wha would fill a coward's grave,
Wha sae base as be a slave,
Let him turn and flee.
Wha ior Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa,'
Let him on wi' me.

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.
Lay the proud usurper low,
Tyrants fall in every foe,
Liberty's in every blow,
Det us do or die.

14.—ARIA.—Jewel Song (Faust). *Gounod.*

Miss Johnston.

15.—QUARTETTE AND CHORUS.—Gipsy Life (see
page 5.) *Schumann.*

You Never will Regret it if you COME.

It is not really necessary to remind you of it, but we have as usual, at this season, a very choice lot of NOVELTIES SUITABLE FOR GIFTS. We have made this year a special effort on FINE ART BOOKS from \$1.00 to \$25.00. Most of the beautiful work you see advertised in the illustrated papers and magazines, you will find on our counters.

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